

ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY









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ILLINOIS WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.—WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT IS DOING.

PROF. J. R. JAQUES, A. M.

It has been said that a college, in order to succeed, must have, "*brick, books and brains*"—in other words, a place to meet, brain to be cultured by brain already cultured, and books as the instrument of culture. And this was a good definition of a college of the olden time, but the modern college must be somewhat more complex. A college or university—like the Illinois Wesleyan University— to vindicate its claim to the title it bears, must contain at least these elements :

1. Buildings and grounds, ample and convenient, with modern improvements.
2. An ample financial foundation—affording strength, vigor, stability, and not only the prestige of past and present success, but the promise of a sure future.
3. Full and thorough courses of study—equal to the best of this country and age.
4. Skilled and devoted professors who think their office, as Christian educators, is high enough to gratify the highest ambition of a noble soul.
5. Apparatus, specimens, models, maps and charts, with which to illustrate the theories of science.

6. Libraries, adapted to the wants of students and professors.

7. Dialectical, parliamentary and elocutionary discipline, fitting the student to use and communicate his knowledge by tongue and pen.

8. Religious and moral culture by theory, precept, example and practice.

9. Social culture, qualifying the student to mingle in society easily and becomingly.

10. Convenient and economical provision for the home-life of the student.

11. And in all, around all, and above all, a stimulating intellectual and moral atmosphere—whose *tonic effect* shall be felt by the student as a constantly operative force.

These are the indispensable elements of the true college or university of this age—and these, we may safely say, are the elements of the present success of the Illinois Wesleyan University.

Some of these elements of power and success claim more than a mere mention.

THE NEW UNIVERSITY BUILDING

is acknowledged to be one of the finest

educational buildings in the United States. A building costing \$100,000 ought to make some show; and visiting friends are agreeably surprised at the imposing pile of brick and stone, and acquit us of all design to overcolor our descriptions. The two buildings are ample for all present purposes.

#### THE FINANCIAL FOUNDATION

of the institution is a guaranty against future failure. With property amounting to a *quarter of a million of dollars*, the Illinois Wesleyan University, in the ordinary course of human events, cannot die. The endowment fund alone will ensure the presence of a respectable faculty, even if the patronage of students should cease entirely—which is a contingency very improbable, as there are now more students than ever before in attendance, and a prospect of a large increase of numbers.

#### THE CURRICULUM OF STUDY

is abreast with the age, and yet retains the time-honored classical course in substantially its old form. The courses of study are flexible and elective to such an extent, as to be adapted to different mental constitutions, without sacrificing true culture. Students receiving our degree of "A. B." can translate Greek and Latin, as well—to say the least—as the average graduates of our best colleges and universities in the country. Perhaps more than this might be truthfully said. To make the test fair, we might say that we will fearlessly match *our average* graduate with the *average graduates* of other institutions of like grade. Nor can a student receive the degree of "B. S." who has taken merely an academic course, as is sometimes the case in other institutions. To receive this degree, he must master a course of severe discipline in the sciences, and *must* pass through a respectable course in Latin and German.

#### COMPETENT PROFESSORS

and instructors,—numbering more than a dozen—constitute a faculty that challenges the respect of sister institutions in this and other States. They are not transient adventurers, but well-known, skilled and professional educators—each of whom has his special department,

which he masters and manages as his life-work. The advantages of such a corps of instructors are great and obvious.

#### ILLUSTRATIVE APPARATUS

has been accumulating for years, till the Illinois Wesleyan University, with a little more expense, will afford all that is necessary in this department. To the visitor from abroad, our museum is a sight of never-failing interest. But in this department, there is always room and use for more.

#### LIBRARIES

of great value and convenience are accessible to all. The College Library, the Society Libraries, the Bloomington Library, the Law Library, and others, containing many thousands of volumes, are invaluable to students and Professors.

#### CULTURE IN ORATORY AND RHETORIC

is made a specialty. The culture afforded by a skilled instructor in elocution—by the exercises of the Literary Societies, and by the models of fine speaking constantly heard—can scarcely be too highly recommended. The Literary Societies, in their new and elegantly finished and furnished halls, are an integral part of the college life, and do a work which, in its appropriate sphere, is invaluable. And here it is proper to mention the Sunday Lectures, the Law and Medical Lectures by the Professors and their assistants, as well as the Lyceum Lectures of distinguished orators from all parts of the United States—all of which have a powerful influence on the oratory as well as the literary taste and style of the students. The result has been that a marked excellence in oratory and rhetoric is conceded to our students by the public generally.

#### THE MORAL AND RELIGIOUS CULTURE

of our students is systematic, practical and genial. Not by rigid rules, but by cheerful example, and kindly advice, the students are influenced in their moral and religious character. They appoint their own prayer-meetings, and sustain two each week throughout the year with unflagging zeal and success.

#### THE SOCIAL LIFE

of the University is refined and high-



toned. Parents and patrons may be assured that students will here have every opportunity for high culture in manners and social accomplishments.

THE QUESTION "WHAT SHALL WE EAT AND DRINK?"

is a less perplexing question than formerly. The boarding-clubs and other methods of economy, have very considerably lightened the financial burdens of students.

THE "TONIC ATMOSPHERE"

of the institution is very salutary in stimulating a high and holy ambition to excel. This is one of the most precious parts of the *endowment* which cannot be expressed in dollars and cents—being so much better than "bricks, books," or even "brains." A subtle agency ever operating to urge the student to be a *man* and to *do his best*, is the greatest power of a college or university.

"THE NEW DEPARTURE."

There are some advantages just now accruing to the institution, which constitute an era so important as to be not unfitly termed "*a new departure.*"

1. The recitations and other exercises are now removed to the new building—the effect of which is already felt in the higher tone of the institution.

2. REV. SAMUEL FALLOWS, D. D., late Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State of Wisconsin, assumes his place as President and Instructor, Jan. 5, 1874. The eminent fitness of Dr. F. for his high position, renders his advent among us peculiarly gratifying to the friends of the institution.

3. JENNIE F. WILLING, M. E. L., A. M.,

begins at the same time (January 5th, 1874) her work as "*Professor of English Language and Literature.*" Mrs. Willing is a well known author and eloquent speaker and is, moreover, a licensed preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

With these additions to the Faculty, the University starts out at the beginning of 1874 under the most favorable auspices.

In reviewing these facts, as thus pictured in no false colors, every careful observer will see

SOME STRONG POINTS.

Besides the advantages thus enumerated, there are others that deserve the attention of such as are selecting a place for intellectual and moral culture.

Bloomington is a city of more than twenty thousand inhabitants, with advantages as an educational center that must ever give our University a commanding position. Nor does the city fail to see and acknowledge the worth of the Illinois Wesleyan University. Facts might be given to show the estimate in which our Institution is held by the people of Bloomington—among which is the significant fact that on Sunday night of commencement week, all the leading Protestant churches suspend their regular services to attend the address at the University—and on commencement day the courts adjourn, and the McLean County Bar, in a body, attend the commencement exercises at "Amie Chapel."

We count it no small part of the good fortune of the University, that it has its location in Bloomington, a mere residence in which affords to the earnest student culture, refinement and inspirations

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MAKE HASTE SLOWLY.

R. H. BOSWORTH.

SOME one has said that an American may be known by his walk. He goes in a great hurry, as if the fate of nations depended upon the number of movements per minute of his pedal extremi-

ties. The effect of his little move from the old homestead, seems to be the leading cause of this, his peculiar characteristic, for the resultant tendency of a departure from the old to the new proves to

be that of a more hurried movement in prosecuting the several duties pertaining to daily life.

In those lands still bearing the impress of antiquity, *moderation* is the ruling principle; while, on the contrary, those of *recent* origin apparently possess *no* laws of procedure; every man assuming instead that he is to be a law unto himself. This *lawless* state, however, is not a settled one by any means, for if a person chuses to abide for a time in some select position, he is promptly stigmatized with the title of "old fogy."

After all, we are obliged to take the position that in this age one must keep pace with the masses would he sojourn in peace and prosperity in our country. Better be under the clods of the prairie than behind the times of "Young America." Infused with this spirit of rush, the wheels of commerce take to themselves wings and fly off—anywhere.—cities rise in an hour, survive their day and disappear forever; tradesmen enter the whirl of business, bide *their* time, when suddenly they are *not* seen any more, by their anxious creditors. However, this order of things may be regarded by the political economist as necessary to insure *financial* success, it will not secure the highest state of intellectual development to the individual governed thereby.

The system of American education is, in our opinion, defective, in that it allows altogether too great haste on the part of those pursuing it. There is need to approximate nearer to an adherence of the seven and fourteen years' plan of apprenticeship practiced in the old world. The

too prevalent practice of to-day among us, of merely hurrying *over* a college course, needs to be abandoned for the adoption of the thorough course of the Germans. True, *that* will take time, but the increased benefit is most certainly proportionate to the additional time required—better a retarded preparation than a hurried entrance upon a life work "greater than we can bear."

Take time. What of it? Acceptable labor in these days takes well trained heads, and thoroughly developed brains. There are too many already engaged in the active duties of life, whose efforts, owing to a meagre preparation, are a burden to themselves, and an aggravation to those they serve. But it would take time, and the world needs us now. True, the world needs you, but where? Not floundering about in bogs and quicksands, of whose existence you were ignorant; but in the halls of preparation, learning the condition and demands of the field of action.

Yet *some* will discard a long course of culture, infatuated with the notion, that *we, we*, can do well enough without it. True, the surface skimmer may perchance sometimes maintain an appearance of success, but it is only the well wrought metal that endures. Natural sharpness and impulsive ardor may abound, and lead to some considerable results in a few cases, but patience and perseverance, both in preparation and in after-life, are the crowning virtues of all. The only proper limit of culture for any one is the farthest boundary of the possible.

## THE LIFTING OF THE VAIL.

J. B. T.

THE strange visitation of sight to a blind man narrated in the following lines, actually befell, during the last summer, a gentleman who is personally known to the writer, and who has lived in darkness for a number of years: and all the main facts are literally true. The writer has only tried to tell the story. The gentleman in question had had, some two years pre-

vious, a return of sight of a few minutes duration while away from home, which encouraged him to hope for its recurrence. All the circumstances, with the saintly character and high culture of the man, have caused the mind of the writer to conceive the minutæ of the case as follows:

## I.

## THE PRAYER.

For long time, dearest, I have prayed  
 That this dark vail which hangs twist me  
 And light, might be lift up, that I  
 Might catch, if nothing more, but one  
 Swift glimpse of those I love, and then  
 Go back, if need be, to my land  
 Of night.  
 Then while the darkness reigned without,  
 I could light up the sacred lamps  
 Of memory within, and gaze  
 On your dear forms. Some of our fold  
 Have come into the light, since I  
 Went out of it. Their little souls  
 Have spoken to me in their tones,  
 And oft their spirits come to me  
 In words; but how I yearn to know  
 What forms those spirits take!—to see  
 Their souls wrought out in human flesh!  
 Our first has budded into full  
 And glorious womanhood, since last  
 I saw. What are you now, my wife?  
 O God, if 'tis Thy will, grant me  
 But one brief hour of light!

## II.

## THE ANSWER.

The prayer was heard. One day around  
 Their cheerful board the little flock  
 Had come. The man, whose eyes of faith  
 Were bright, had looked up to his God  
 With fervent thanks for all His gifts.  
 One who stood by, of radiant form  
 And heavenly countenance, unseen,  
 Had caught in censer made of gold  
 Each thankful word fresh from the lips  
 Of gratitude, and borne them up,  
 To wave as incense of sweet praise  
 Before the altar of the skies;  
 When straight back through the pearly gates  
 Of Heaven, yet standing open, he  
 Was sent with answer to the good  
 Man's prayer, and charged to lift for one  
 Brief space the vail which shut from him  
 The light, and those more dear than light.  
 With beaming countenance, he does  
 His work of love, and then with tears  
 Of sympathy, looks from his place  
 Aside upon the joyous scene.  
 The good man sees. For half of one  
 Sweet hour he strains his loved ones to  
 His breast, and drinks their images  
 Into his soul; and when, with hands  
 That linger o'er their task and tears  
 Of sadness now, the angel lets  
 The curtain down, he goes back to  
 His world of night, to recollect  
 With praise and gratitude to God  
 THE LIFTING OF THE VAIL.

## FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

A VERY little thing may give a man popularity; a lucky hit will sometimes make his living. Genin, the latter founded his whole fortune on the enormous sum he paid for a ticket to one of the Jenny Lind concerts; and Robert Bonner owes his great success simply to a joke he played at the expense of Messrs. Harper & Brothers. Neither of these gentlemen, however, made a luckier venture than Francis Bret Harte, when he wrote for the columns of the *Overland Monthly* his "Heathen Chinee." He not only founded a prosperous fortune, but a school of poetry; he not only gained the public ear, but he became in some degree the public mouth-piece.

Bret Harte was born at Albany, in 1837. His father, a professor in a seminary, died when his son was a mere boy, leaving his family unprovided for. After a few years at school, and a few more at a New York store, the boy, now grown a young man, went with his mother to California, at that time the *El dorado* of all fortune-seekers. He first opened a small school, then mined a bit, then entered a printing office as a compositor. He finally started a paper of his own in connection with a friend in San Francisco, but only continued it for a little while. He then accepted several positions under government employ; and at last in 1868, when the *Overland Monthly* was started, he was chosen to edit it; and through its pages he has gained his present notoriety. All his best stories, all his best poems, all his best work of every kind appeared while he was connected with this magazine. Since he has come East he has been steadily losing in power; and though he is still a general favorite and a popular writer of short sketches, not many of the best believe in him, and a few of the brave dare dislike him.

It is a fact nevertheless that he has founded a school of poetry. John Hay, Will Carleton, and numerous other more ephemeral *literati* followed in his footsteps, and the newspapers and magazines began to be full of the productions of the so-called realistic school. It was a school

which in one way has had a large influence for good, but which, after all, has been productive of enough evil to counterbalance its pretensions ten times over. It was good in that it touched a popular chord, and made rhymed verse familiar to many a household in the land where it had rarely ever had a hearing. It was good because that it attempted to beautify the commonest incidents of common life and put them in the way of common people so that they could see themselves as in a glass. It was good because it was human. But in reality it failed to fulfill its best endeavors. It was popular enough, but it neither elevated nor refined—it rather degraded all it touched. It gave countenance to slang and vulgarisms, and to scenes and incidents before confined to the gambling house and the brothel. It not only showed the worst side of our "poor human nature," which there was scarcely need of showing at all, but it made the worst side worse than it actually was. In many of Bret Harte's stories, and in very many of the other stories and poems of this school, there are passages, which, if actually true, ought to shame the man who could describe them, to say nothing of the publisher who gave them to the world. The point of fact really was, that Bret Harte had struck a lucky vein at last in his various diggings, and the rest just tried their fortune with him. He and his colleagues nourished, then and now, that morbid sensuality of the common mind which shows itself so clearly in a fondness for reading in the papers of murders, suicides, and all sorts of loathsome details. They contributed their mite, whatever it was, to the rapidly gaining tide of infidelity and indifference popular with that class, and instead of being what they might have been, a real benefit to our national literature, they were a real hurt and hindrance. They catered to bad tastes; and, like the Roman epicures of old, their patrons got a liking by and by for food more or less diseased, or, perhaps, decayed.

For this Bret Harte is to-day a popular man. With the best he has no place, but

nevertheless he wields an influence wider by far than he should have, and *worse* by far than he should have likewise. Some of his sketches are charmingly written; pages of tenderness and pathos occasionally wake the softest feelings of the heart, —but the leaf will turn to details so disgusting that a courtesan only should read them without a blush. Francis Bret Harte has much to answer for. He has made a lucky hit; he has struck a yielding vein; it may go on producing, and the gold he gets be good; but that which he gives to the world is mostly spurious.

The popularity of one or two decades

is small. To be known and soon forgotten seems hardly worth much striving for. It is the imperishable records on which men ought to seek to write their names. But now-a-days, with all our luxury and ease, we scarcely strive for anything at all. "He builds too low who builds beneath the stars" is an adage out of date. Few of us realize the true reality of life; few know what life is worth the living. But many know the life that is, and never try to make it better than it is, and of these Francis Bret Harte is one.—*T. C. in College Mercury.*

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## PRUDENT ADVICE.

G. W. LIGHT.

"His prudent soul danced on a silver sixpence, till it lost its breath."

When poor people want assistance,  
 You must never pass them by—  
 But, at a convenient distance,  
 See the sorry rascals die.

Should they corner you, however,  
 In your necessary walk,  
 Then with softened shrug, endeavor  
 To console them with your *talk*.

If you must survey their trouble  
 With your justice-beaming eyes,  
 Tell them *you* have seen full double  
 That, with less than half their cries.

But inform them, that you really  
 Hope they may see better days—  
 For you always loved them dearly,  
 Though you must condemn their ways.

Should they hint at bread and butter,  
 Cant of heavenly food the best:  
 If they mention shelter, mutter  
 All about celestial rest.

Then go home and make thanksgiving,  
 You were born to fare so well—  
 Thriving on your holy living,  
 With no soul to lose or sell.

## MUNSELLIAN SOCIETY DEPARTMENT.

M. V. CRUMBAKER, EDITOR.

## PUBLIC SCHOOLS VS. CATHOLICISM.

W. S. MARQUIS.

Two hundred and fifty years ago, while Plymouth was still the only village on the New England coast, and it a village of log huts lying between an ocean of water on the one hand, and an ocean of wilderness on the other; while its inhabitants were still struggling with the barren soil for those supplies necessary to their existence, even thus early, amidst their hardships and privations did the Puritans turn their attention to the subject of education.

At a public meeting, convened in the town hall by the order of their Governor, it was determined to establish a school, and a free school; the necessary building, it was agreed, should be erected by the united effort of all the men in the village; the annual expenses to be equally divided among the property holders. This was a just division, since at that time they were equally wealthy, each owning but twenty acres of land. Such was the origin of the free school system of America, and from that humble birth behold the vast proportions to which it has thus quickly grown. That tiny seed cast in Massachusetts's rocky soil, and nourished by the self-sacrificing love of our Puritan ancestors, now towers amidst us in strength and beauty; welcoming all to partake of its protection and its fruits.

America has many characteristics, but no feature of her civilization is so distinctly American as her system of free schools. To America belongs the honor of originating and maintaining, in addition to first class universities and colleges, the most successful system of public schools the world has yet seen. Long centuries ago, Greece, which reached the highest civilization previous to the 17th

century, had perfected a system of free schools for physical culture; but America, thinking less of muscular strength, endeavors to develop that nobler part of man, that part made in the likeness of Divinity, his mind; and this preferment she offers not alone the few, the rich and honored of her citizens, but unto all she extends the priceless gift of knowledge.

It is not my purpose, however, to speak the praises of our public schools. My object is a far less pleasant one, viz: The consideration of the fact, that current of opposition, growing stronger and more rapid year by year, is sweeping down against this cherished institution. We can no longer allay our fears by hoping that it is not true, and that Roman Catholicism is not the enemy of free education. She openly avows herself as such. The following sentiments, publicly expressed in a convention held in the city of St. Louis a short time ago, cannot be mistaken: in this convention one Rev. Father made the assertion: "That children from the public schools turn out to be learned horse thieves, scholarly counterfeiters, and well posted in all schemes of devilry." Another, equally complimentary, remarked: "A good Catholic would as soon think of sending his children to the pest-house, or of burying them, as of letting them go to the public schools."

But evidence of their opposition exists nearer home. Only a few weeks ago the Catholic priest of this city delivered a sermon against our public schools, denouncing them most bitterly, and urging his people to withdraw their children and send them to the schools just established by the church. This he said he was

aware would incur an additional expense, but this they must patiently bear, since that day was not far distant when Catholics would no longer endure to be taxed for the support of sectarian schools.

This is their opinion of our public schools, and such their expectations.

Protestants have been wont to dismiss this as an unpleasant subject, but is this any reason for smothering it? Does he who sees some ferocious beast approaching, quietly sit still because he has not as yet felt the grip of its merciless jaws? And shall we stand by and see this Hydra-headed monster, Roman Catholicism, creeping nearer and nearer with the unmistakable purpose of seizing and destroying our public schools, and never turn a hand to prevent it? Some say there is no danger yet; "that we are ten to one." Ten to one! So the people of Chicago thought, but how did the last election determine it? Who are the rulers of that city to-day? A set of men the majority of whom are Roman Catholics, of which majority the *Inter-Ocean* says: "They are the enemies of law, order, and decency." Ten to one! This is just what Rome would have us think; her greatest desire is that Protestants will lie still a little longer, until, with every energy bent, she shall with one triumphant bound, seize the reins of government; these once in her hands, how quickly will all these institutions which foster freedom and independence of spirit and thought be stricken to the earth.

It is easy to divine why Rome is the enemy of education. Catholicism is based on superstition, but knowledge is the foe of superstition; therefore the church, in order to maintain an existence is compelled to prevent her followers from acquiring too much knowledge.

This, of course, any Catholic would deny, and in all probability point you to the many schools the church maintains at her own expense, as a proof of the contrary. But hear what a distinguished and unsectarian editor of this State says in regard to these schools: "Seventy-five per cent," says he, "of our criminal classes are educated in Catholic schools, and there is not a country in Christen-

dom, where these vaunted schools are the rule, that is not inferior in its civilization."

History proves the truth of this assertion. Look at Europe in the Dark Ages, when Rome held absolute sway. If she is the friend of education, why did she not improve that glorious opportunity to make it apparent?

Look at Italy and Austria, over whom the dawn of a new day begins to break, the moment they cast out the Jesuits. Look at the gross ignorance and superstition which to-day envelop priest-ridden Spain and Portugal in the blackness of night. Look at all these, and say, if you can, Catholicism is the friend of education.

Now what manner of foe is this with whom we must contend? A church distinguished for its mastery of cunning; a church which teaches it is no sin to lie, if you lie for its benefit; and which authorizes its priests to perjure themselves rather than witness against her; a church, the pages of whose history are stained past purification with the blood of ten thousand martyrs; finally, a church which considers no plan too base, no cruelty too great, if through them she may obtain the objects of her desires.

Fellow-citizens, we stand most certainly upon the verge of an eventful future. In the past the United States has been distinguished for the brilliancy of her career; but whether this prosperity shall continue or not depends largely upon the decision of the question, shall Catholicism abolish free schools? Should she succeed in her Satanic plan, we may look to see a cloud of ignorance and superstition settle over our land; we may expect this nation, which now ranks among the first on the globe, to sink to the level of Papal Spain. On the other hand, if loyal hearts will gather around this Ark of Freedom, if they will rally as they rally 'round the Stars and Stripes, determined that it *shall* stand or they will fall with it, then only He, whose searching eye doth pierce the deep unknown beyond, can foretell the future greatness of America.

## INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

LANNIE KANAGA.

CHRISTIANITY had its origin with the Jewish nation, and its influence is seen in the power which it exerted upon surrounding nations, in the various stages of the history of this people. The effects of its influence have been to diminish evil, and to increase good. As early as the second century the power of christianity was observed upon the wicked practices and customs established among many nations.

Christianity also, in every country in which it is professed, has obtained a marked, although not complete, influence upon the public judgment of morals. In the present age, the Christian influence of England and the United States is seen throughout the world. To the inspiration of the Bible, and the truth and purity of the principles contained in this system, christianity owes its influence and power among men. Since its teachings

are such as to elevate and enlighten the human race, thereby adding to their happiness and prosperity, it is desired and sought for by man. As a result of the influence which christianity has exerted throughout the world, we may note as facts, that heathen nations have manifested a willingness to become civilized and a desire to be educated, have cast aside as false their dark and gloomy superstitions and accepted the simple and reasonable doctrine of christianity.

Cruel slavery and serfdom have been abolished. Better laws and more perfect governments have been established. A greater degree of perfection in the useful arts and sciences has been attained, and the education, happiness and welfare of mankind generally has been promoted by this influence.

## MUNSELLIAN NOTES.

—W. A. Smith, of '75, is teaching near Arrowsmith.

—T. R. Wiley, of '71, is in Chicago pursuing the study of medicine.

—The Society numbered 70 members during the Fall term, 28 new members having joined.

—The recent meeting of the "Patrons of Husbandry" in convention in our city was a reminder of the fact that farmers read and think for themselves, and are capable of judging when their interests demand a change in the existing state of affairs. For years there have existed in almost every department of industry, agriculture being excepted, unions, which have for their object the promotion of the interests of that department under which they are organized. That such or-

ganizations are to some extent beneficial we have no doubt, as through them, by interchanging opinions and experiences the laborers in any business may improve and perfect their department. But that these organizations have not confined themselves to this legitimate course, but have, by powerful combinations, oppressed other departments, and especially those which have not been organized, is a fact which cannot be successfully denied. And if the farmers of the nation could offer no other argument in favor of the necessity of their organization than self-protection against other combinations, this in itself would be sufficient; and that they feel this necessity is evident from the rapid growth of the order. Only a few months since it was almost unknown, today it numbers its members by thousands. What the results will be which this organ-



ization will bring about is, as yet, to a great extent, a matter of speculation. It is an organization of great power, especially in the West, comprising as it does so great a proportion of the population; and if its labors be directed in the right channel they will result, no doubt, in good, not only to the farmer but to society in general. The resolutions passed by the convention in our own State were, in the main, an expression of the sense of the Order concerning matter of general interest; in the State convention of Iowa the subject of education seems to have received special attention, and it was recommended that those branches of study which directly pertain to agriculture and horticulture should be taught. This is certainly a step in the right direction, and if followed up will certainly bring beneficial results.

—The Munsellian Society on Dec. 19, presented a most attractive programme to one of the largest audiences that has ever been in attendance at its regular sessions. The hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, every available place was filled with eager listeners.

The exercises of the evening were opened by a chorus, "The Good Old Days of Yore," which was well sung.

Declamation, "On Board the Cumberland," by S. VanPelt. This gentleman is one of the finest declaimers that ever graced the rostrum of the Wesleyan, and when we say the piece was well given, we only say what every one expected.

Oration, T. I. Coultas. Subject, "War, the Triumph of Passion." This oration was marked by rare excellence of thought and beauty of expression. This gentleman is a natural orator, and as soon as he commenced, we were convinced he was master of the subject.

Instrumental Solo, "Concert Polka," by Miss Mary Kuhl. Although the selection was a difficult one, yet the lady was mistress of the keys and well merited the applause she received.

Debate, — *Resolved*. That the turkey should be substituted for the eagle as our national emblem.

The affirmative was supported by W. S. Marquis. After defining the word emblem this gentleman proved, by syllogistic rea-

soning, that the turkey is a better representative than the eagle. To give an adequate idea of this gentleman's speech would be impossible in this short space; suffice it to say, it abounded in humor and was splendid.

The negative was defended by G. E. Scrimger, who exhibited to the audience the painting of a full sized eagle, and then proceeded to eulogize this great bird. First, reaching the sublime, then suddenly falling to the ridiculous, then passing to the humorous, he kept the audience either spell-bound in admiration or convulsed with laughter.

Bass solo, "A Name in the Sand," by J. O. Wilson. This gentleman is a fine singer, and rendered this in an artistic manner.

After recess the Society listened to an instrumental solo by Frank Muellier. It is needless to comment—all are acquainted with Mr. Mueller's success as a pianist.

Toast, "The Ladies," was responded to by J. O. Wilson in a pleasing manner, paying a high tribute to the ladies of the Wesleyan.

Vocal solo, "Riding in a Sleigh," by Annie Mitchell. This little girl has a sweet voice and sang beautifully.

Toast, "The Gentlemen," responded to by Miss Fannie Kanaga. This lady is an impressive speaker. She took the opportunity to retaliate for the many honied words and flattering remarks which the fair sex had received. This was the most brilliant exercise of the evening.

Duet, "Why do the Swallows Change their Homes?" by Lillie Lyon and Josie Hall. This was a beautiful piece, and the ladies both possessed sweet voices, which blended harmoniously. This was decidedly the finest piece of music of the evening.

Toast, "The Society," responded to by O. W. Gray. He traced the onward progress of the Society from its founding to the present time. Noticing its struggles and its victories until now it stands without a rival in the West.

The exercises of the evening were concluded by a piano and harp duet by Messrs. Mueller and Barger, which was well received.

Thus closed the last regular session of the term, which all enjoyed.

## BELLES LETTRES SOCIETY DEPARTMENT.

E. M. HEAFER, EDITOR.

## INFLUENCE OF PURITANISM.

J. M. BLAZER.

OF the elements that make up society, two in particular deserve attention, on account of the effects resulting from their widely different influences. Until a very recent period they were the unrelenting opponents of each other, and neither would allow that any good could result from the tenets taught by the other. But time has done much to smooth the asperities of the one, and bring the air-castle theories of the other more into the bounds of common sense. In the times when their influences were more felt, these elements were designated as Puritanism and Chivalry, and for want of a better name the former term is still in common use. There is no doubt of the powerful influence wielded by Puritanism in the settlement and moral and political growth of America. And for that reason a view of its present influence may not be uninteresting.

Some assert that Puritanism is dead, and rejoice in its demise as though it had been a mere whim of the dark ages, and a drawback to civilization and religion. Such forget that by its skilful hand was laid the firm foundations of the empire, on whose shores the sun never sets, and would fain sweep into oblivion the fond memory of the task performed on Cis-Atlantic shores of establishing a government, whose principles of action more than realize the sublimest dreams of pagan or Christian sage. Its form is not the same as in colonial times, when its austerity and bigotry were often repulsive and out of harmony with its liberal designs and pure motives; yet it still exists in as tangible a form as then, and exerts its influence in a more effective manner than it ever did in the days of strictest

Puritan rule. Nowadays its disciples are not known by any particular style of dress or by the nasal twang of speech, but its influences are exerted on the spiritual man, and in this way it wields a greater power to-day than in the era of external observances, when the outward form was to the rabble the distinguishing characteristic of Puritan and Cavalier. It takes a firm hold on the actions and feelings of the people, inspiring patriotism, honesty, charity and a host of similar private and public virtues. It requires much, and obtains much that it requires of private and public servants. The people are particular—not over-exacting, as some would have it—and they have a perfect right to be so; for he who puts himself forward in a public situation invites criticism and is sure to receive plenty of it, not only from enemies, but also from friends. He must meet the test. If he fails in the fiery ordeal there is no one to blame but himself. If fortune smiles upon him he but receives the just wages of his toil, and no one should detract from his fair name on account of his success, but rather encourage him onward and upward.

This must be the standard of private and public life in a republic, or the noble ship of state will be left without a competent pilot, and must soon become a prey to the winds and rocks of the troubled sea of politics. The preservation of the many active principles for the production of good must devolve on Puritanism, whose mainspring of action has ever been to live, to plant, to build, to educate and legislate for the greatest good of the nation and of future generations.

This self-denying and sturdy spirit exerts a controlling influence in England and America and, because of the superiority it gives us, excites the merriment and contempt of the French atheist, and, by the German neologist, is considered a fit subject for refutation by his most ab-

struse propositions. As long as we adhere to its fundamental doctrines and spirit, our liberty is secure, our position at the head of the nations will remain unchanged and the star of our empire will never pale.

## THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

J. J. BROWN.

AMONG the daily incidents of human life how many occur seemingly devoid of interest, that have afterward formed the character of men and shaped the destiny of nations, and among the innumerable hosts of intelligent beings who are spread over this mundane sphere from pole to pole and from ocean to ocean, who will doubt that kindness has raised thousands from the obscurity of gloom and despondency to fill exalted positions in society and to register their names in the annals of their country's history.

The soldier often, at his country's call, has gone forth to battle, with a bravery bordering on the sublime; he has scaled parapets and from these dangerous summits has courted and found death,—but while the life blood flows freely, as the melting snow before the noon-day sun, and his eyes are about to close “in the last long sleep of death,”—could we know the promptings of the innermost recesses of his heart, could we follow his thoughts as they revert to other days, we would find them dwelling on the kind words of some loved ones at home,—perhaps a loving sister or wife, as she bade him adieu while the burning tears rolled down her cheeks, cheered him with the words of sympathy and love which emanated from her sympathetic heart and found a place in his that *nerfed* him to deeds of prowess and *bravery* rivalled only in the history of the *Dacian gladiator*.

Methinks it was in reply to some loving sentiment of his wife, that caused that talented young officer, whose character

drained the fullest cup of eloquence, even in the British Parliament, to exclaim: “You shall never blush for your Montgomery.” Such were the incentives that caused him to offer up his life where carnage raged the fiercest.

O, the power of human kindness transcends human praise! It exceeds the very stars of heaven in brilliancy.

This Heaven-born spirit, like soft breezes wafted from the supernal regions, cheers and exhilarates all whom it meets.

The shivering mendicant, crying in the midnight cold for shelter, knows that kind acts are the richest boons that mortals can bestow. The child reared in the path of virtue only feels the full import of its power, when it has left the paternal roof and is compelled to battle the world's cold storms, then all the sweet endearments of home, the anxious entreating words of an affectionate parent come thronging back upon its memory and lure it upward and onward, until it gains the pinnacle of honor and virtue, then it is elevated to a plain from which it can view and comprehend the bounteous love of the Eternal One, then its thoughts will soar heavenward, free as the flight of the mountain eagle.

The good mother has often wept over the erring conduct of a wayward son. She has exhausted all the influence which a mother alone possesses seemingly to no effect. She has gone down the dark valley of shadows without a single ray of hope that her son is reclaimed. He may still resist the mute but powerful pleadings of that mother's form in death; he may seek the

company of the lovely and the gay, and for a time forget that mother's training, but for a time only: in the tranquil hour of reflection as he indulges in reminiscences of by-gone days, prominent among these will be his mother's kindness and

love. He cannot longer elude their grasp, but with a heart all melted down with penitence and contrition, he follows the footsteps of his sainted mother to the haven of perennial rest.

### B. L. S. EDITOR'S CORNER.

—One need only read the production by James B. Taylor published in last month's JOURNAL and entitled "A Plea for toleration," in order to perceive the benefits arising from the influences of an Alma Mater in the shape of a literary society. J. B. is a Belles Lettres.

—The *Leader* in its issue of Monday, Dec. 8th. '73, says: "Work on the new test well was commenced on Friday last, and Saturday evening the well had reached a depth of 8½ feet, leaving off in a water-bearing *strata*." If the writer wishes to express the idea of plurality, we suggest that he dispense with the article *a*; but if he wishes to express the idea of unity, we still suggest that he singularize the noun *strata*. This may be very hard for him to do, just as it is for some to say this molasses instead of these molasses. But remember, "practice makes perfect."

—The Society has already appointed a committee to make arrangements for the exhibition to take place next term. The public may expect one of the richest literary treats that it has ever had the pleasure of witnessing. We say *literary* because we feel safe in predicting that it will be strictly so, nothing of a theatrical character is likely to be entertained either by the committee or Society. Dramatic performances are not our specialty: more than this, our patrons, by their past attendance at our exhibitions, have manifestly shown, we are happy to say, that they appreciate something higher than a drama, even if it be performed by the most gifted and skilfully trained artists, to say nothing of the mere attempt to produce one by any true literary society that properly and unceasingly attends to the

duties devolving upon it by reason of its avowed object of organization, "literary culture." We would not depreciate the dramatic ability of our members, not at all; on the contrary, we believe we are in that respect inferior to no similar institution in the land. But we do not regard dramatic exhibitions as the legitimate work of a first-class literary society.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.—In speaking of the Vienna affair, President Grant says that it is believed that the object Congress had in view when it passed the joint resolution providing for the transportation, &c. of American articles of invention to the Vienna exposition was attained. We do not know of any one who believes anything of the kind, but if perchance there be such a one he must surely have an humble opinion of "the object that Congress had in view." For the finality of that piece of legislation was the most consummate model of mismanagement, rascality, individual aggrandizement and consequent public and national misrepresentation that a free American people can possibly boast.

True, the Americans received diplomas that were highly flattering to "Vankee ingenuity." But was it not the inevitable result of the actual merit that the articles on exhibition possessed, and in spite of the malice and trickery of the Commissioners who pretended to be the "guardian angels" of the interests of American inventors? We would be understood to discuss the result attained and not the object aimed at, unless they be one and the same thing, as the President makes it appear. He recommends that Congress authorize the executive to approve of so

much of any measure passing the two houses as his judgment may dictate, without approving the whole. The disapproved portion or portions to be subjected to the same rules as now, to-wit: to be referred back to the house in which the measure or measures originated, and if passed by a two-thirds vote of both houses to become a law without the President's approval. The above recommendation is worthy perhaps of more praise than we at first thought are likely to allow it. Any one who has read the Constitution knows that a bill which has passed both houses but receiving the President's veto is to that point lost, because it is required that it pass both houses again by a two-thirds vote: therefore if Congress fail to act upon it the second time or, if acting, fail to agree, the bill dies, perhaps never to be resurrected. The principal objection to that part of the Constitution relating to this subject as it now stands, is, that it places too little restriction upon a disloyal executive, and admits of great liability through the negligence or acquiescence of its friends, and the vigilance and earnest attention of its enemies for its ultimate defeat.

How an unfaithful executive can work ruin to bills beneficial in their character is too plain to admit of argument, but it might be claimed that whatsoever limits his power to destroy the virtues of a bill will necessarily limit his power to strike out its vices. To this proposition we reply, it is not so important that vice be crushed as that virtue be permitted to live, at any rate in this particular instance. If Congress chooses occasionally to send forth to its masters, the people, an enactment possessing a few points intended practically to provide for the general welfare, we would that the President could not intercept it. Congress will crush enough of good any way, so let us have what good it may please that honorable body to give us. As for the corrupt parts the President will not care to have them pass him, but if he *does permit* them to pass they will then meet us face to face, and we will every day see and experience their vileness and be compelled to review the pettifogging that was practiced in the Congress where such a bill originated, and

ultimately our indignation will persuade, yea, force us to throw it back into their faces, and perhaps to send other men to their places. So then, that which absolutely becomes law we are made acquainted with, and finally with its enactors, and if good, we can accept the law and praise the makers; if otherwise, we can send it back with other men to make better ones. Whereas, in reference to enacted virtue, if crushed in its incipient state the people hear scarcely anything about it. It is only when the people as a people come to perform their duty in accordance with the law that they consider its features.

Again, the circumstances mentioned might occur in many ways, but we will only notice that the friends of a bill, having passed it once, may be so certain of its success the second time that they may become engrossed with other matters, and thereby neglect it, while its enemies, equally certain of its second passage and yet hopeful of its defeat, will be intensely stimulated to put all their powers to work against it, and only having to muster as their final means one-third of all the members present and one member more, have every facility for trampling truth under foot. As in commenting on one's character, it may be a better principle to condemn the intentions of the individual as being wrong and afterwards be deceived by his honest and upright actions, than to praise his intentions as being what they morally should be, and afterwards to be deceived by his unmanly and wicked doings, we hope we may be excused for not lauding President Grant to the skies at present. We did that in the campaign of '72, and were afterward deceived when he provided for himself an annual grab of twenty-five thousand dollars from the people's treasury. Who knows but another salary-grab bill is in preparation and that this proposed amendment is only an additional facility for the President to make his *pull*. It is to be hoped that such is not the case, and that his intentions are equally as good as his proposed amendment. But if our memory serves us the following advice may be found somewhere in print: "Be careful whom ye praise lest ye praise the devil and invoke the wrath of God."

[For the Alumni Journal.

## HOW HUGH HOWARD DIDN'T GO TO THE PARTY.

In looking over a package of old letters the other rainy day, I chanced upon a little note written years ago by a dear schoolmate, which called up reminiscences of the happy days of girlhood spent in Madame Beaumont's fashionable boarding school. It ran thus:

"*Dear Lou:*—A greeting to yourself and all the girls. Have you made any engagements for the holidays? If not, summon our set according to the old custom, and tell them I want all to spend Christmas day at my home. Of course, the gentlemen from the college will join the party, but keep this from Madame B.—

Yours, as ever, ELLA DE WITT."

I read and re-read this little old note, and sweet memories of "Auld Lang Syne" filled my heart. Again I was the merry school girl. I read the letter with joy, clapped my hands gleefully over the contents, decided in my mind Ella was the dearest girl that ever lived, rushed across the hall to Belle and Nellie's door, told them I had splendid news; "go right to my room:" then, in the same delicate manner I reached Sue and Carrie's room and gave the same command, and so on until all our girls were summoned. In five minutes we were assembled, and calling the meeting to order I mounted a chair (with the letter carefully concealed,) and told them to guess what I had. I felt my importance and, as I met their eager, upturned faces, was slightly inclined to tease. Oh! those dear, dear faces, again they are all before me—dimpled, rosy, dark and fair cheeks; laughing blue, roguish brown, sparkling black and loving hazel eyes; lips red and pouting, some curled a little haughtily; Grecian, Roman, roaming and saucy little pug noses—in short, the jolliest set of school girls, all in all, ever heard of.

They were kept in suspense a little while, then waving the letter and securing attention, I read and proposed three cheers for Ella. We gave three hearty cheers and then the exclamations of delight, "O that's splendid!" "Won't we have a good time!"

Finally, thoughtful Helen put a damp upon the exuberance of spirits by saying:

"I wonder if Madame will let us go?"

"If she does," said Marie, "she will send some of those stiff, prim under-teachers with us, and I would rather stay at home than to think twice before I speak, and guard every movement of my hands and feet, as if on drill."

A pause followed this speech and there was a knock at the door. Our doubts were to be settled sooner than we thought. In our joy we had forgotten all rules and regulations,—had left our rooms, were holding communication, were creating disturbance—in short, were breaking all rules that came in our way. The noise had reached Madame's apartment, hence the well-known knock. Now Madame Beaumont was a dear little woman, but sometimes pretty stern, especially when discharging her duties in the presence of the other teachers. But she loved each of her girls, and when by herself, we could carry our plans more successfully by coaxing than when a petition was solemnly presented respectfully soliciting her attention to the same. In the present instance little Carrie, our pet, our youngest, opened the door, and in answer to Madame's look of surprise and displeasure seized her hand, looked beseechingly into her eyes and said, "Oh! dear Madame, do forgive us for leaving our rooms, talking so loud, and making this disturbance. Indeed, indeed, we could not help it. We got the most splendid invitation from Ella De Witt, to go there Christmas day, us girls, and we will have a big dinner and the best time. We do want to go so bad. "Oh, dear Madame, do let us go, do please and (a little lower, a little more beseechingly) dear Madame, please let us go alone, its so much nicer, and its Christmas and you will let us won't you?" and she stopped for want of breath. We added our petition to Carrie's. The displeased look left Madame's face and she said: "Well, dear girl, I always want you to enjoy yourself at Christmas time. But, young ladies, (with a sterner look) "You are taking

your holidays a little too soon, and you are sadly out of order." (Then, more kindly, as she saw the woe-be-gone expression on our countenances,) "Do not say anything about this interview. Present your petition in a proper manner and we will consider it, but you must answer for the liberty taken, young ladies. Disperse to your rooms."

The door closed and we were again alone. In our minds there was no doubt now; we were sure of the necessary permission, but kept it secret that the gentlemen were invited, to prevent a teacher being sent with us. We dispersed with light, happy hearts. A few days after, an invitation was read to the young ladies from one of the citizens, for a Christmas eve party. After reading it Madame added that to make it more pleasant some of our gentlemen friends from the college were invited, and that she was glad to have us enjoy such a gathering occasionally. Ah! we felt rather guilty just then. The uncomfortable feelings were soon forgotten, however, in anticipation of the holidays drawing near. Visions of evening parties, sly flirtations, merry rides and general good times filled our minds to the detriment of books and study. Christmas eve came and with it the party which was most delightful. As Madame had stated, our gentlemen friends had been invited, and with their clean collars and striking neckties, made our hearts flutter. Whether our flowing ribbons, high ruffs, &c., produced the same pleasant sensation in their martial bosoms, I know not. In accordance with our rules we left the festive scene at an early hour. When we entered our hall Madame sent word that we might have a little social chat in the music room, but in a half hour the portress would be there to close it. We joyfully embraced the opportunity to talk over the incidents of the evening just past and anticipate the events of the morrow. We were a merry crowd and chattered away about what we should wear, what gentlemen should join the party, &c. "Of course Hugh Howard will be with us," said Nell. "what a favorite he has already become, and yet he has been in the college but a short time."

"O, yes," said she, "he is elegant. The girls are crazy over him and half the

gentlemen envious. What charming eyes! and his straight black hair is more in keeping with his dignified address than any ringlets could be. He talks so charmingly about the heavens with their silvery clouds and twinkling stars, and then when he looks at me with those rapturous eyes they are so bewitching, and his voice so low and sweet."—here Sue blushed and added abruptly in a loud tone—"certainly Mr. Howard will be with us, for without him our festivities would be very incomplete and none of our set would dare give a party without inviting him."

"Girls," exclaimed Marie, excitedly, the hum of voices ceased instantly, and all turned to where Marie stood. "Girls, I know some one who *has* dared give a party without inviting Hugh Howard."

"Who?" we asked in chorus.

"Ella De Witt."

"No, its a mistake." "Impossible," exclaimed one and another. "Why he must certainly be invited, for what will May do? He has paid exclusive attention to her of late."

"Nevertheless," persisted Marie, "you will not see him to-morrow, and I for one am glad."

"For shame," cried some one.

"But May?" May had not been at the party that evening, and was not now in the room. "May is not going with us to-morrow but is to spend Christmas with her aunt," explained Marie, "so you see Mr. Howard did not have to be invited on her account and Ella had spirit enough to omit him."

"But why should she wish to omit him," was asked.

"Because she has long considered him too self-conceited. To-night at the party I overheard a *tete-a-tete* between Mr. Howard and Blanche De Witt which revealed to me more satisfactorily his true disposition. Becoming tired, I left the parlors and wandered toward the conservatory, and there excusing my escort, was about to enter, when I heard voices. I would have left, but could not do so without disturbing a group in front, and while I stood thinking what to do, I could not help hearing Mr. Howard recite his wrongs, as he considered them. He told Blanche that he felt hurt at not being invited by her sister Ella, because he was

May's friend, (you know Blanche and May are very intimate,) and soon mentioned the favor once done of escorting Mrs. De Witt to the depot, carrying her satchel. Here I lost a few sentences. Blanche's low spoken replies I did not hear but doubt not they were dignified and lady-like. Again he said, "Miss De Witt, I never bowed at your feet and never intend to do so." "Now girls," continued Marie, "which do you think would have accorded the more with true dignity? on finding himself uninvited to have passed the matter without remark, or to treat Blanche as he did to such interesting rebuke? I say again, I'm glad he is not going."

"There, Marie, do not say any more," said gentle Helen, who was always in the right and who had won the love and respect of all with her gentle spirit and clear judgment. "You are excited now and are saying things you will regret. I do not doubt the truth of what you have told, and it grieves me to know that Mr. Howard gave vent to these undignified reproaches. True, he, like others, has his faults. Yet let us not forget to do him justice. I certainly consider him in many respects one of the finest gentlemen it was ever my pleasure to meet, still I acknowledge to have seen these little faults which are so hard to express in words but which have been brought out this evening in your remarks concerning him, and which mar his otherwise faultless character. Let us hope that he may discover and eradicate this one fault which, perchance, many of us may possess, that of thinking more highly of himself than he ought to think."

Here the tap of the portress at the door interrupted. This was the signal for hurried good-nights, and all hastily agreed that, as usual, Helen had put the matter in its true light, and then we sought our several apartments to dream of the pleasures of the coming day.

Christmas morning dawned clear and

beautiful, and we were up betimes and joyous in anticipation. What can conduce more to the hilarity of boarding-school girls, continually restricted by so many rules and regulations, than the prospect of a day from under the ever watchful eye of a preceptress and her faithful assistants.

The early train bore us from the city to the elegant home of our friend, where we knew the following train would add to our numbers the gentlemen from the college. The events of this happy day it would be impossible to describe in detail, since the many trivial things which go to make up the sum total of happiness upon such occasions seem insignificant when repeated. A sumptuous repast was served, and in whatever way inclination directed, each one took in all the enjoyments of which he was capable, and as the "grand finale," the festivities ended with a social hop in the evening.

That Christmas was one never to be forgotten, and to-day as I read this little note, yellow with age, it vividly recalled scenes long past, and I have put down the names of the actors and the various parts played, fully conscious that to most of you it can be of little interest, yet in the vain hope that, perchance, it might meet the eye of some of those dear school friends and that they might be carried back for a moment, as I have been, to the old happy days. As I read the invitation to the Christmas party, that which I thought of first, was why Hugh Howard did not go, for indeed that was the sensation of the week. It was the wonder and excitement on the eve of the party, and was talked about long after. After true school girl style we took no special pains to keep our opinions from circulating, and, of course, they soon reached the ears of Mr. Howard, who, we believe, really profited by them, so that after all a lesson was learned by not going to the party.

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The heart that trusts forever sings  
And feels as light as it had wings;  
A well of peace within it springs,  
Come good or ill.

—Williams



## A WORD TO OUR FRIENDS.

WITH the present number the ALUMNI JOURNAL begins its fourth volume. A word or two retrospective as well as prospective may not be an intrusion. In the past, we, as editors and proprietors, have labored to overcome the difficulties which usually beset all similar enterprises in their beginnings.

We have endeavored to make the pages of the JOURNAL not only pleasing and interesting, but instructive; and, if at times the criticism occasionally offered by some of our *lighter* exchanges in regard to the *weight* of its columns was well founded, its pages have been comparatively free from that merest trash and useless jesting, having only an exclusively local signification, which so frequently, and indeed, so generally characterize college journalism.

While there is no doubt great room for improvement, and none more keenly realize its imperfections than those whose work it has been to prepare it for its monthly visits, yet it is just what its editors have been able to make it amidst the busy changes of a year which has proved to be unusually full of care and excessive labor; and it is left for those who have been impartial readers of its pages to declare how well the work has been performed.

The work of publishing the JOURNAL has been prosecuted in the past, and will be continued, in the direct interest of the University. The publishers are actuated by no mere selfish motives, and are stimulated to effort by no prospect of lucrative employment or financial remuneration. Indeed the greatest bar to complete success during the past year has been of a financial character. A lack of means wherewith to secure contributions for our pages has compelled us to depend to some extent upon the voluntary offerings of our friends. To those who have so nobly stood by us and given us material aid by enriching our columns with their choicest thoughts couched in pure, elegant English we are truly grateful. We would that a thousand friends had given us less than a tithe of what these have to aid in the sup-

port of the enterprise. Two thousand subscribers to the JOURNAL would place it upon a safe financial basis and insure its permanent success beyond a doubt. However, though these figures have not been realized, we still are happy to state that the work of the past year has been quite successful, and we feel hopeful as we look toward 1874, and trust by our own personal efforts, aided by our friends, to realize a large increase in our subscription list, during the year upon which we are just entering. As to the future, the JOURNAL can make no very definite promises, farther than to state that it will continue its monthly visits to the cheerful firesides of all its old friends who signify their desire to see its familiar face. It is also ready and hopes to have an opportunity to greatly enlarge its circle, and to become a welcome guest at many new tables ere the year shall close.

Several writers of acknowledged ability have already been secured, to aid in filling its columns with valuable and attractive material. Among them might be mentioned President Fallows, Prof. Jaques, and other members of the faculty of the University, Dr. E. Duis, whose articles in its pages have already proved to be so acceptable, J. B. Taylor, A. M., another name familiar to our readers, and some of the leading members of the patronizing conferences. We are also promised a series of articles upon the Indian tribes of the West from the graphic pen of Capt. F. M. Bishop, of Salt Lake City, late of the Powell and Thompson Colorado Exploring Expedition.

The literary societies of the University will continue their respective departments which in the past they have so ably and satisfactorily conducted.

As an inducement for those who may desire to possess themselves of a handsome picture, we have made arrangements whereby we can furnish to any one who will send us five pre-paid subscriptions a magnificent "FLOWER PIECE CHROMO," 15<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> x 24 inches. The flowers are tastefully arranged in a bouquet and placed in a vase, and are especially true to na-

ture in both form and color. This chromo is as elegant and handsome as many for which the purchaser pays \$5.00.

To further aid in extending our circulation, as well as to accommodate our friends, we have made arrangements by which the various popular monthlies can be secured in connection with the JOURNAL at less than regular rates. For a full explanation of clubbing rates and premiums, address ALUMNI JOURNAL, Bloomington, Ills.

It only remains for all the friends of the enterprise to aid in placing a copy of the JOURNAL in every family within the bounds of the patronizing conferences. To do this, we depend largely upon our ministerial brethren. They will greatly aid us in this work, and at the same time advance the interests of the University and the cause of christian education, by sending us the names of families in which

are young men and women who ought to be in college. Brethren, secure a subscriber in every such family, if possible, and forward us the name and money, and should you fail in this, send us the address *without* the money. From the very name which the JOURNAL bears we should expect and receive the hearty co-operation of every son and daughter of our Alma Mater. Thankful for the favors of the past, we solicit the sympathy and support of all whom the University may have honored.

With these words of explanation and earnest solicitation we send forth the JOURNAL for 1874 upon its mission, trusting that it may prove successful in its efforts to advance the interests of the University which it represents, and thereby aid the cause of higher education and true christian culture.

#### CURRENT PUBLICATIONS.

THE SCHOOL FESTIVAL.—No. XIV of this beautiful little Quarterly Magazine, devoted to new and sparkling original matter for Day and Sunday-school and Temperance Exhibitions, is received. No teacher or pupil should be without it. It costs only 75 cents a year; single or sample copies, 20 cents. Write for it to Hutchins & Horton, East Boston, Mass., and you will not regret it.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY.—This favorite monthly commences the new year very much enlarged and improved, yet still under the editorial control of Oliver Optic. With a laudable desire to retain their old subscribers as they grow up, the publishers are adding new features in stories and articles for old as well as young.

THE first number of *La Creme de la Creme*, a collection of music for advanced

players, has been laid upon our table. It contains five choice gems, the value of which in sheet music form would exceed \$2.00. The *La Creme de la Creme* is to be issued monthly by the popular music house of J. L. Peters, New York. Price, single number, 50 cents, or \$4.00 per annum.

ST. NICHOLAS, for January, comes loaded not only with its own store of good things for the Christmas time, but with the best of what had been promised to the readers of *Our Young Folks*,—for the last named magazine has been bought by Scribner & Co., and is now merged in *St. Nicholas*, which will retain all the best writers of both. The pages, *seventy-two* in number, are filled with entertaining and instructive matter, and the engravings, of which there is a generous display,—about forty in all,—are of that high order which has already made *St. Nicholas* noted as a magazine of art.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE for January, contains a lavish supply of first rate articles. It is now in its fourteenth volume and every year has increased its popularity and added new friends to its large list of admirers. Though retaining its old name, it has not the slightest connection with its former proprietor, but has for many months been the exclusive property of Mr. S. E. Shutes, its present publisher. H. V. Osborne (Tenoroon) still continues as its editor and is the *only* person employed in that capacity—giving to the magazine not a careless supervision, but direct personal attention in every department. The magazine is improving constantly, and is splendidly adapted to the members of the household. The present number contains three engravings and other good things in proportion.

We furnish the above magazine and the ALUMNI JOURNAL with the magnificent chromo, Yosemite, for \$2.00 per year.

WE have received Number Six of the first volume of "*The Home Grange*," published in St. Louis, and, as its name indicates, in the immediate interests of the farmers. The editorials and selected articles are of such a character as to be of especial interest to the portion of community for whom they are intended. Parasitic Growths. What ought you to read in 1874? Agricultural papers, The Mississippi Valley and Liverpool Trade, Co-operative Farming, English Crops of 1874, Comments on the President's Message, and several pages of interesting items for the family, are among its contents. The second volume will commence with the January number. With the great interest at present manifested in effective organization among farmers, the *Home Grange*, stored with golden grain for the field and family, ought to be a success.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, now in its 29th year, enjoys the widest circulation of any weekly newspaper of the kind in the world. A new volume commences January 3, 1874.

Its contents embrace the latest and most interesting information pertaining to the industrial, mechanical, and scientific progress of the world; descriptions, with beautiful engravings, of new inven-

tions, new implements, new processes, and improved industries of all kinds; useful notes, recipes, suggestions and advice, by practical writers, for workmen and employers, in all the various arts.

The *Scientific American* is the cheapest and best illustrated weekly paper published. Every number contains from ten to fifteen original engravings of new machinery and novel inventions.

Engravings, illustrating improvements, discoveries, and important works, pertaining to civil and mechanical engineering, milling, mining and metallurgy; records of the latest progress in the application of steam, steam engineering, railways, ship-building, navigation, telegraphy, telegraph engineering, electricity, magnetism, light and heat.

Farmers, mechanics, engineers, inventors, manufacturers, chemists, lovers of science, teachers, clergymen, lawyers and people of all professions, will find the *Scientific American* useful to them. It should have a place in every family, library, study, office, and counting room; in every reading room, college, academy, or school.

A year's numbers contain 832 pages and several hundred engravings. Thousands of volumes are preserved for binding and reference. The practical recipes are well worth ten times the subscription price. Terms \$3 a year by mail. Discount to clubs. Specimens sent free. May be had of all news dealers.

We will send the *Scientific American* and ALUMNI JOURNAL for \$3.50 per year.

In connection with the *Scientific American*, Messrs. Munn & Co. are solicitors of American and Foreign Patents, and have the largest establishment in the world. More than fifty thousand applications have been made for patents through their agency.

Patents are obtained on the best terms, models of new inventions and sketches examined and advice free. All patents are published in the *Scientific American* the week they issue. Send for pamphlet, 110 pages, containing laws and full directions for obtaining patents.

Address for the Paper, or concerning Patents, MUNN & Co., 37 Park Row, N. Y. Branch Office, cor. F and 7th sts., Washington, D. C.

## OUR PORTFOLIO.

CLOSE OF SCHOOL AT THE WESLEYAN. The Fall term of the present University school year came to a successful close on yesterday. We say to a successful close, and such indeed it was; for never did teachers and scholars part, with the mutual feeling that they had accomplished well the work laid down, more truly than upon yesterday. The term just closed has been marked by the live, earnest spirit of work, and determination to push ahead, which has pervaded the students. This new life has been infused by the extra exertion of the faculty, by the increased attendance, by the occupation of the new building, and, lastly, by the smiling prospects held out for the future.

The examinations of Monday and Tuesday were passed on the part of the students with the usual expressions of fear, trembling and congratulations of success; in thoroughness they were more than ordinarily satisfactory, both to professors and pupils. After the examinations had been finished yesterday, the students assembled in the chapel and listened to the reading of their marks. If these are an index, the scholarship of the college is indeed good. This exercise over, Prof. Graves was called for, and responded to his name in a speech of few words; then Prof. De Motte, who has been acting as President, addressed the students, calling attention to the burden of double duties, which had been imposed upon the faculty, and himself in particular by the increased attendance, the extra work attendant upon the occupation of the new building, and by the absence of Dr. Fallows and Mrs. Willing, whose classes they had been compelled to hear in addition to their own. The intellectual power and influence which these members would bring with them next term would relieve the remainder of the faculty and give the institution an additional impetus. He thanked the students for their considerate assistance and dismissed them, wishing all a safe journey home and a merry Christmas, and this closed the Fall term of 1873.—*Daily Pantagraph*.

WE have just received from Wm. Garretson & Co., Galesburg, Ills., "THE

BIBLE LOOKING GLASS," which, as its name indicates, is a reflector of, and a companion and guide to, the great truths of the Sacred Scriptures, and which also beautifully illustrates the diversities of human character and the qualities of the human heart. It is a work of some 600 pages, consisting of six books, in two parts, profusely illustrated by object-teaching pictures, and showing the pain and misery resulting from vice, and the peace and happiness arising from virtue. Part First consists of three books:

1. Religious Emblems.—In this the various graces of the Christian and the unhallowed passions of the wicked are aptly set forth in picture lessons, accompanied with references to the sacred page wherein the description of each particular virtue or vice may be found. And then in terse and beautiful language the desirableness of the one and the offensiveness of the other is so portrayed as to cause the careful reader to long to shun the evil and choose the good.

2. Religious Allegories.—This is a series of emblematic engravings accompanied with written explanations, miscellaneous observations and religious reflections designed to illustrate divine truth.

3. The Christian Pilgrim, being Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.—Condensed and highly illustrated. Any one who has read the Pilgrim's Progress will need no comment on this part of the work.

The second part, called "The Bible Looking Glass," consists also of three books.

1. Christian similitudes.

2. Sunday book of pleasing and comforting literature.

3. Gray's Elegy, beautifully and profusely illustrated.

The work is printed on tinted paper and bound in elegant style, and in addition to its intrinsic value, is a beautiful gift book. We know of no work which is better calculated to please the people, and, as it is sold by subscription, any one desiring the agency of a book which will give entire satisfaction and meet with a ready sale, should at once secure "The Bible Looking Glass." Address,

WM. GARRETSON & Co., Galesburg, Ill.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

—L. D. Seward, of '73, is attending law school in Albany, New York.

—Since the ALUMNI JOURNAL is devoted especially to the interests of the Illinois Wesleyan University, we urge all friends of that institution to subscribe at once. Only \$1.00 per year.

—With this number the ALUMNI JOURNAL begins its fourth volume. All our friends who desire its monthly visits will please subscribe at once.

—Our readers will be pleased upon carefully perusing our opening article. In it Prof. Jaques has clearly set forth the present and prospective Illinois Wesleyan University.

—We are indebted to some unknown friend for a copy of an able address upon "The Future of the Republic: Its Dangers and Hopes," delivered before the Literary Societies of Hudson College, July 2d, '73, by Hon. James A. Garfield.

—The corps of teachers in the University will be strengthened at the beginning of the Winter Term by the presence of President Fallows in the department of Ethics and Metaphysics, Prof. Willing in the department of English Language and Literature, and J. O. Wilson as instructor in Elocution.

—We want 1000 more families to enjoy the monthly visits of the ALUMNI JOURNAL. Published as it is in the immediate interests of the Illinois Wesleyan University, and sanctioned by the Board of Trustees, every friend of the University ought to be a patron of the JOURNAL.

—President Edwards, of the State Normal University, preached a very impressive sermon on the subject of "Faith," in Amie chapel, Sabbath, Dec. 7th. All who heard this excellent discourse will be slow to believe that the Dr. lacks in orthodoxy, since his views as expressed upon that occasion were of the most rigid evangelical character.

—We take pleasure in presenting the ALUMNI JOURNAL for 1874 to our friends and patrons with an entirely new face. We trust that our efforts to give it a cheerful and inviting appearance have not been in vain, and that the additional attractiveness of its exterior may only be an index to the greater improvement which we hope to be able to make in its columns.

—We call especial attention to our advertising pages, and recommend the readers of the JOURNAL to patronize those whom they may find therein represented. None but reliable firms, doing an honest business, can obtain space in our columns, and we can assure our friends that in dealing with those who advertise in the JOURNAL they may always expect fair and honorable exchange.

—J. O. Wilson, a member of the present Sophomore class, has been elected to the position of instructor in Elocution in the University. Mr. Wilson has fine natural endowments for the work to which he is thus called, and under the superior

instruction of Prof. S. S. Hamill, A. M., has acquired acknowledged proficiency in the art. His work in teaching some special classes during the first term we learn has been in every way satisfactory.

—We received, some time since, from the enterprising firm of Maxwell, Batchelder & Co., a package of Dixon's American Graphite Pencils. We have had them in constant use since and have yet to find the slightest unevenness of structure or tendency to scratch; they work very smoothly upon the paper and give a clear, well-defined outline. They afford but another strong evidence of the superiority of American skill. We unhesitatingly claim that they are fully equal to Faber's best, and cost about one-third less. If you want a good lead pencil call for Dixon's.

—Encouraged by past patronage, and in the hope of making the ALUMNI JOURNAL more attractive in its exterior as well as more valuable in its interior, the management have secured an elegantly engraved title page, and somewhat enlarged the JOURNAL. These changes must needs incur extra expense, and we trust to a liberal patronage on the part of all for the means to meet these new demands. The price of the JOURNAL remains unchanged, notwithstanding these improvements. Please send on your subscription. Only \$1.00 per year.

—The elegantly engraved title page which graces our January number was designed and engraved by E. Forbes, 177 Clark Street, Chicago. The work itself as a piece of artistic workmanship is sufficient recommendation to secure to such a skilled artist a liberal patronage; and yet we feel like saying that our business acquaintance with Mr. Forbes has been of the most pleasant character, and we can recommend him as trustworthy in every respect. With pleasure we place his card before the public in our advertising columns, and give him our hearty endorsement.

—Through the kindness of our State Geologist, Prof. Worthen, the University has just received the fifth volume of the State Geological Survey. These reports, published in a neat, attractive and substantial form, are a valuable acquisition to any library, but the volume just received is even an improvement upon its predecessor. The letter press is upon finely tinted paper. The plates representing the Palaeontology are unusually good, especially those engraved by the Western Bank Note Co., of Chicago. Under the supervision of Prof. Worthen, the Geological Reports of Illinois will not suffer in comparison with any others published.

—We clip the following complimentary notice of Dr. Fallows from a letter of Rev. T. E. Webb, of the Wisconsin Conference, written for the *Banner of Holiness*, published in this city:

"There are many grand and precious men in this Conference. Among them, none perhaps stand higher in point of scholarship, preaching ability, or sweetness of spirit and devotion to the

Savior, than does Rev. Bro. S. Fallows, President of your (Bloomington) Wesleyan University. The brethren at the late session presented him with a beautiful and valuable memento of their affection, and of their appreciation of his character and of his services as Secretary of the Conference for the last nine years. He goes to his new and responsible position with the blessings and prayers of his Conference."

--A. H. Davies, of '73, has formed a life partnership with Miss Belle Pugh. The formal ceremonies were witnessed by a few friends on Christmas evening at the residence of F. O. Lapham, Shelbyville, Ills., Dr. O. S. Munsell officiating. We learn that the two made one are soon to go to California, where Mr. Davies is to engage in the Christian ministry.

--We gladly give the following communication room in our columns, and fully reciprocate the spirit of christian unity which it breathes, trusting that we near the epoch in the world's history when the fond hopes of our brother, so aptly expressed, may be fully realized:

Editors of the ALUMNI JOURNAL:—Will you please notice the following exhibition of fraternal christian feeling in your journal:

Thanksgiving evening last, some of your students and alumni, with other friends, surprised the under-signed with a handsome donation. I wish to state that the same given by the Wesleyans will be held sacred for the purchase of some Methodist work,—perhaps Watson's Institutes, as a life-time memento of the pleasant event. I am a Cumberland Presbyterian minister, and an alumnus of one of your sister schools, Lincoln University. Your school gave ours one of her professors, Rev. D. M. Harris, A. M. This fact, together with such fraternal feelings as the above incident indicates, makes my respect and attachment for your university strong.

God hasten the time when we shall all, Methodists, Presbyterians, *Christians*, "come in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, into a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

Yours,  
J. WOOD MILLER,  
Danvers, Ills., Dec. 10, '73.

## BOOK TABLE.

THE FRANKLIN SERIES OF READERS.  
By G. S. HILLARD. Published by BREWER  
& TILSTON, Boston.

1. THE FIRST READER is a very attractive book for the little folks. The usual method of limiting the first lessons to words of only two letters has been avoided, and such words are introduced as young children are accustomed to use in daily conversation, and the meaning of which they already know. This we regard as a step in the right direction. While a sufficient number of words suitable for phonic analysis may be found at the beginning of each lesson, yet strict phonic classification has not been attempted. This first book has a very prepossessing appearance and will undoubtedly become popular with primary classes.

2. THE FRANKLIN SECOND READER. This is intended to follow the First Book of the series. The selections are well made and the lessons of easy and natural gradation. While the main object, undoubtedly, has been to present selections which will best aid in teaching the art of reading the author has at the same time intertwined into almost every lesson correct moral sentiments. The illustrations in which this little volume abounds are not mere caricatures and daubs—but engravings of real merit, from the sight of which even an artist would not turn away in disgust.

3. THE FRANKLIN THIRD READER. In this is given a great variety of lessons well calculated to interest the reader. Some interesting narratives are here found, while other selections abound in valuable information. At the close of each lesson

the difficult words which have been introduced are given in tabular form and defined in simple language. This reader is also highly illustrated.

4. THE FRANKLIN FOURTH READER. This is designed to follow the Third reader. It contains an introduction, some valuable lessons on vocal gymnastics which will be found of great service to the young reader in acquiring that flexibility and perfect control of the vocal organs so essential to an easy, graceful and effective utterance. The illustrations are also of a high order and add to the cheerfulness and attractiveness of the work. Some of the selections are especially fascinating. Among them are found "Meg's Race for Life," "Asleep at his Post," "The Court Martial," and "The Geysers of the Yellowstone." It would seem that not only the perusal but the careful study of such choice extracts would prove a pleasant pastime to the youth of our graded schools.

5. THE FRANKLIN FIFTH READER. This last book of the series, in addition to the excellent selections for reading taken from the standard writers of Europe and America, contains an introductory treatise on elocution, by Prof. Mark Bailey, of Yale College, which is of itself worth the price of the entire series.

All these books are models of typographical neatness, being printed in clear, open type, upon pure white calendared paper, and bound in a durable and attractive style. We prophesy for the Franklin Series of Readers a large and ready sale.

THE  
ALUMNI JOURNAL,

OF THE

ILLINOIS WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

Vol. IV.

FEBRUARY, 1874.

No. 2.

INDIAN CHARACTER.

BY DR. E. DUIS.

In judging of the Indians we think of them according to our own standard, without reflecting that the test, as to whether an act shall be considered right or wrong, is whether or not it has been found by experience to be profitable or unprofitable. If space would allow, or if the patience of the reader would admit, it might be shown that not only their manners and customs, but their ideas of morality spring in a great measure from their mode of life. Indeed a little reflection will show this to be almost a self-evident truth. The Indians have many qualities which claim our admiration. They are high-spirited and proud, and many of them have a lively sense of honor. Perhaps a few comparisons may be of some assistance in understanding their characteristics and disposition.

Many qualities which the Indians possess are opposite to those which distinguish the Chinese. The latter are low in stature, full-faced and fleshy, while the former are tall, thin and active. The Chinese are industrious, economical and thrifty, while the Indians are lazy and shiftless and "take no thought for the morrow." The Chinese will endure all things and allow themselves to be abused

in the most outrageous manner, while the Indians will endure nothing and in case of abuse are ready to take revenge. The Chinese are wanting in self-respect, and seem debased and mean; the Indians are proud-spirited and sensitive to injury. An Indian has a perfect contempt for a Chinaman and calls him "American man's fool." An incident is related by a newspaper correspondent of some Chinamen, who, being sent on an expedition to some mines in Nevada, were furnished with guns and pistols to protect themselves from the Indians in case of attack. Before they came to their journey's end the Indians were upon them, but, instead of defending themselves, the Chinamen stood still while the Indians contemptuously blew out their brains with their own pistols.

That which distinguishes civilized beings is their power of thought, cogitation, their ability to hold their attention for some time upon a particular subject. In this the Indians are wanting. Mr. Amasa C. Washburn says that in the year 1833 when some Indians were in Chicago making a treaty, about thirty of them came to church and were at first very attentive, but in a short time they

lost their interest in the proceedings and went away. It was irksome to think and, as soon as the novelty was gone, they went their way.

A great deal of nonsense has been written about the nobility of the red men. So far as their sense of honor is concerned they are not very different from the whites. Some of them are very honest and some are not. John Rhodes says that some of the Indians would pay their debts most honorably, while others would never show themselves again if they were trusted, and that so far as honesty was concerned they stood as high as the whites. It seems remarkable that in their days of barbarism they should have as much honor and moral principle in their dealings as their civilized brethren; but this is explained by the fact that they have fewer temptations to do evil. The Indians have a great many childish notions. It seems that, when a race makes an advance from barbarism to civilization, the old ideas, the foolish notions for which it was distinguished in its barbarous state may occasionally be seen retained by the children of the civilized people. Children are in some measure little barbarians restrained and taught the laws of kindness and good will to men. When unrestrained, like the *gamins* of Chicago, they are as bad as the savages. The childishness of the Indians is seen in a thousand things. During the Black Hawk war they took the greatest delight in ransacking the houses of the settlers, and particularly in tearing open the featherbeds and scattering the feathers.

The Indians mutilate the corpses of their enemies whom they have slain, and this perhaps more than anything else shocks the feelings of civilized people. Respect for the living causes respect for the dead and, as the Indians have very little of the former, they have also very little respect for the dead. Children and savages sometimes take pleasure in violating the finer feelings of their nature, and the reverence which the Indians have for the dead is only strong enough to make it a pleasure for them to violate these better and finer feelings by mutilating corpses. Besides this the anger of persons not capable of much thought is aroused by inanimate objects, and the In-

dians seem to feel that by mutilating the corpses of their enemies they continue their revenge.

The Indian criminal code is "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," and they would no doubt be very willing to receive the old dispensation. They would probably have thought Moses a splendid chief and have received his laws without question. Among the Indians every man must right his own wrongs, for they have never heard of such cumbersome things as judges and juries. They know nothing of the law's delay, of grand juries, bills of indictment, motions to quash, &c. An Indian's "motion to quash" is made with his right arm and his tomahawk. If an Indian is murdered his relatives are bound in honor to avenge his death; nevertheless instances have been known where they have accepted a pecuniary equivalent for their damaged honor.

The Indians are quick and accurate judges of character, and in this respect would seem to be at least equal to the whites. As they love the silver rule, to "do unto others as others do unto them," good men find very little trouble in dealing with them. Very few of the early settlers complain of the Indians; indeed, their relations were of a very pleasant nature. Mr. William Dimmitt says that he always lived at peace with them and found them good neighbors. The Indians thought a good deal of William Evans; indeed they looked up to him as children look up to a father.

On the other hand rascals nearly always complain of the villainy and treachery of the Indians. The latter are quite apt to observe the silver rule with rascals as well as with honest men, and "do unto others as others do unto them." The Indians dislike to be treated as objects of suspicion, and whoever deals with them must have at least the appearance of frankness or his relations with them will not be pleasant.

The Indians are divided into tribes or nations, and these are sub-divided into bands containing a few families each. In their government they display a great deal of human nature and seem very much like their white brethren. The men who are intellectual and "cute" influence those who are wanting in these qualities.



They have a respect for property, too, and the Indian who has many furs and ponies and trinkets and finery is treated with far more consideration than the poor and shiftless Indian who has only a blanket. The truth is that the aristocratic principle is pretty deeply seated. But the aristocracy of the Indians is by far the best for it depends principally upon intellect. The Indians are governed by their chiefs, but the number of followers who attend to the commands of a chief will depend upon his wisdom, his "cuteness" and his courage. If he fail in his duty or gives his commands capriciously or shows himself wanting in ability, his followers soon become scarce and attend to the commands of some one who understands better what should be done. In order to command, a chief is obliged to study diplomacy a great deal and know what to say and when to speak. Black Hawk was remarkable for his ability in this respect, and this was one of the qualities which gave him so great a command over his followers. The Indians are, as may well be supposed, influenced in some measure by what are known among us as demagogues; but they are such quick judges of character that demagogues do not flourish so luxuriantly among them as among the whites.

The influence of a chief depends also in a great measure on his ability as an orator. When any measure of importance affecting the tribe is brought forward, it is discussed around the council fire and there the chief must defend his course and plead for his measure.

Among the whites there is no such incentive to oratory. It is true that once every four years our orators harangue the people and speak to them in fiery tones and wheedle them with funny stories, but they are not expected in their harangues to give public matters that serious, earnest and careful consideration which the subjects usually demand. People form their ideas by what they read in newspapers and by a thousand means of which the Indians are totally ignorant. But when the Indians meet around their council fires they listen to whoever speaks, they deliberate and settle matters then and there. They must determine sometimes whether they will have war or

peace, and the discussions of these matters bring into fullest play the powers of the orator. In the history of the civilized world we know of only two countries where any such incentive to oratory existed. Among the Greeks and among the Romans the people were governed by what was said upon the *bema* or upon the rostrum. The power of their orators was directly felt, and in this respect they were like our Indian tribes. The result in all of these cases has been to produce the most splendid examples of eloquence we have ever known. The Indian orator talks to people who are fine judges of human nature and who decide quickly and sharply; he talks to people who are free and independent and who live in the open air, and in order to influence them he uses the imagery which occurs to him from his experience with things in nature. He is familiar with the rivers, the forests and the prairies; he has heard the thunder and seen the lightning; in his speeches he explains his ideas and enforces his arguments by referring to these things in nature, and the people are moved by the power and wild beauty of his oratory.

The condition of the women among the Indians is not enviable. They bear all the burdens; they must not only attend to the wigwam but they must do almost everything except hunting, fishing and fighting, and perhaps some of these. They are in some measure the slaves of their husbands; nevertheless they seem to get along without difficulty and appear very contented.

The civilization of a people is shown pretty clearly by the condition of the women. This is a truth long since acknowledged. An Indian maiden is occasionally allowed some choice as to whom her husband shall be; nevertheless he is usually obliged to pay for her and she is considered his property. But her marriage with him is celebrated by some kind of ceremony which would show a certain degree of consideration for her.

With regard to the languages of the Indians the writer is not very well qualified to speak. Each tribe has its language or dialect. This difference of language is due to the fact that the different tribes mingle with each other very little or not

at all. Some of the Indian dialects are very pretty and smooth. This is the case with the Pottawottamie tongue; but the Winnebago tongue, on the contrary is harsh and unpleasant.

The Indians have been driven westward, and it is a matter of some curiosity as to what shall become of them. We may be certain that America will be in time entirely occupied by a civilized race,

and the uncivilized race must give way. Man must dig or die. There is no way of escaping the matter. Some Indians may in time learn to dig and preserve themselves from gradual extermination. We may admire the Indian's courage, pride and high spirit, but the humble industry of the cowardly John Chinaman will better stand the test of time.

### COLLEGE HEROES.

MAY there not be *heroes* in scholastic toil, endurance, and achievement? We all alike connect *grandeur* with heroism. In the life and deeds of a hero must be something grand, something higher than commonplace, some glimpse of "mighty stature," or some out-riding of the "mind and spirit invincible." But to talk of grandeur in a student's life is, to some, but nonsense—"No more of your nonsense, Mr. Quilp." To them, only the petty side of such a life is visible. For there is such a side to every, even the grandest, life. Caesar could shake with ague and cry, "Titinius, bring me some drink." Alexander proclaimed himself Jove; but he was taken sick, and, like any other mortal, was bled by the doctor. To the unhappy friends just mentioned, the student-life is a perpetual advertisement of blanching, yawning, puny, ill-starred, chilling existence. Warmth and cheer and power in it they never can see. The scholar, in their eyes, is always either a sickly, sentimental Werther, or a steel-visaged Dr. Blimber. But *some* discern the *magnitude* of that existence that culminates in the discovery of universal gravitation; the *sublimity* of that intellectual elevation that overlooks the history of time, and strikes the chords of the music of ages in the *Paradise Lost*; the *moral power* of a life that feeds itself on secret springs of truth, unheeding political change and commercial strife, until it has wrought out what Fichte calls the highest work of genius, a

*perfect moral character.* Heroes are not all noisy. Grand characters are not always conspicuous. *Do they flourish in the schools?* Heroism manifests itself in overcoming. Hercules is the ancient model. Are there obstacles internal to the soul to be overcome by high purpose? Are there rewards self-proposed, to be secured by an enthusiasm self-sustained, through unseen and unappreciated toil? If there are such, may not the heroic elements therein be a higher type and purer stuff than that which shows itself in overcoming the outward and visible, and in securing patent and conspicuous rewards? Exposure to peril, confronting danger, enduring hardship, and ultimate success, make the heroes of adventure and of war. May not the same element in a student's life make him a hero, too? What shall we say of the young man who has no money, but resolves to educate himself; has no fame, but intends to acquire the habit of being useful? who puts into requisition the energies of brain and hands, and sustains himself through a college course, often at the hardest; sometimes living on crusts and water; often submitting to menial toil for bread; taking his very life in his hand by late hours of study at night, so that the day may be employed in remunerative labor? Have you seen such? If so, you have marked his straw hat, his seedy coat, his patched pants and boots. You've observed with what care he reserves for special occasions the one good suit of clothes

that he owns. You've noticed that he is never seen at concerts and festivals. He can not afford it. But he contrives, by economy, to save enough to pay his way to a valuable lecture. I remember such a youth. He was past twenty-one years of age, the son of a farmer, muscular, hardy, resolute, and eager for a part in human affairs. He was conscientious and religious, fond of discussion and public address, and looking forward to a place at the bar. His father, a man of narrow views, having three sons and two daughters—whether ignorant of the value of education, or thinking he had not the ability to educate so many, whatever the reason—stubbornly refused to aid his sons in getting an education, as well as to give them their time before majority. Therefore, when the two eldest had reached their majority, they appeared at the seat of a university and knocked at its doors for admission. They were among the roughest-looking candidates for matriculation. But, happily, no style of dress or manner can be the credential of a student. Manhood alone, and purpose, open the halls of learning. The eldest of these two was the leader. His purpose evidently marked out the way of the two. His will became responsible for the success of both. They rented a little room for a time. After about six months they built a cottage (shanty) with their own hands, and occupied it—two rooms and a shed. Their labors were wood-sawing, ditch-digging, house-framing, crop-raising—any thing that offered. Strong and willing and ambitious, nothing was above them, nothing beneath them.

After a year a third brother, having reached the manly age, was sheltered within the rough-board cottage, plodding

in Herodotus and Legendre. Time passed, and a sister joined them; and another room was added to the shanty. Summers witnessed them all profitably engaged in teaching or in other toil. Fall, winter, and spring saw them deep in their books. They took, especially the eldest, a high rank among the students. He that toiled most with his hands, and bore the chief responsibility of this youthful household, stood highest, likewise, in his classes. During his Senior year it became necessary he should have for one term, four studies, one term five, and one term six. Said the professor to him, "You can not accomplish this, can you?" "I can try," was the answer; and there was no need of further colloquy. The look of his eye showed what he would do. He diminished not the toil of his hands nor his care for others. But he accomplished his studies. He graduated with distinction in his class. He commanded public confidence. He went out to prepare for his profession. He taught for a while, in order to meet some pecuniary obligations, at the same time preparing for the law. He forgot not to aid brothers and sisters yet at college. But his gigantic frame yielded, at length, to the things which could never subdue his will. His health failed, and he sank speedily to his grave—loved and honored by all that knew him. Shall the two Greek boys that drew their mother in a cart to Here's festival be honored while time lasts? Shall Casabianca, "little Bennie," and the "drummer-boy" be remembered in tale and in song? And shall not this young man—and many another like him—be honored with the heroic palm?—*Dr. Godman in W. C. Advocate.*

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Yet, it may be, more lofty courage dwells  
 In one weak heart which braves an adverse fate,  
 Than his, whose ardent soul indignant swells,  
 Warm'd by the fight, or cheer'd through high debate.

—*Mrs. Norton's Dream.*

## AN ANGEL IN A SALOON.

## A TRUE INCIDENT.

ONE afternoon in the month of June, 1860, a lady in deep mourning, followed by a child, entered one of the fashionable saloons in the city of N—. The writer happened to be passing at the time, and, impelled by curiosity, followed her in to see what would ensue. Stepping up to the bar and addressing the proprietor, who happened to be present, she said :

"Sir, can you assist me? I have no home, no friends, and am unable to work."

He glanced at her, and then at the child, with a mingled look of curiosity and pity. Evidently he was much surprised to see a woman in such a place begging, but without asking any questions, gave her some change, and turning to those present he said :

"Gentlemen here is a lady in distress. Can't some of you assist her a little?" They all cheerfully acceded to the request, and soon a purse of two dollars was raised and put in her hand.

"Madam," said the gentleman who gave her the money, "why do you come to a saloon? It isn't a very proper place for a lady, and why are you driven to such a step?"

"Sir, I know it isn't a proper place for me to be in, and you ask why I am driven to such a step. I will tell you in one short word," pointing to a bottle behind the counter labeled "whisky," "that is what brought me here—WHISKY!"

"I was once happy and surrounded by all the luxuries that wealth could procure, with a fond and indulgent husband. But in an evil hour he was tempted, and not possessing the will to resist that temptation, fell, and in one short year my dream of happiness was over, my home forever broken and desolated, and the kind husband and the wealth, once called mine, lost, lost, never to return, and all by the accursed wine cup.

"You see before you only a wreck of my former self, homeless and friendless, and with nothing left me in this world but this little child," and weeping bit-

terly, she affectionately caressed the golden curls that shaded a face of exquisite loveliness. Regaining her composure, and turning to the proprietor of the saloon, she continued :

"Sir, the reason I occasionally enter a saloon like this is to implore those who deal in the deadly poison to desist, to stop a business that spreads desolation, ruin, poverty and starvation. Think one moment of your own loved ones, and then imagine them in the situation I am in. I appeal to your better nature, I appeal to your heart, for I know you possess a kind one, to retire from a business so ruinous to your patrons.

"Did you know that the money you receive across this bar is the same as taking the bread from out of the mouths of the famished wives and children of your customers? That it strips the clothes from their backs, deprives them of all the comforts of life, and throws unhappiness, misery, crime and desolation into their once happy homes. Oh, sir, I implore, beseech and pray you to retire from a business you blush to own you are engaged in before your fellow men, and enter one that will not only be profitable to yourself, but to your fellow creatures also. You will excuse me if I have spoken too plainly, but I could not help it when I thought of the misery and unhappiness it has caused me."

"Madam, I am not offended," he answered in a voice husky with emotion. "but thank you from my heart for what you have said."

"Mamma," said the child—who meantime had been spoken to by some of the gentlemen present—taking hold of her mother's hand, "these gentlemen wish me to sing 'Little Bessie' for them. Shall I do so?"

"Yes, darling, if they wish you to."

They all joined in the request, and placing her in a chair, she sang in a sweet, childish voice the following beautiful song :

Out in the gloomy night sadly I roam,  
I have no mother dear, no pleasant home;  
No one cares for me, no one would cry,  
Even if poor little Bessie should die.  
Weary and tired I've been wandering all day,  
Asking for work, but I'm too small, they say;  
On the damp ground I must now lay my head,  
Father's a drunkard, and mother is dead.

We were so happy till father drank rum,  
Then all our sorrow and trouble began;  
Mother grew pale and wept every day—  
Baby and I were too hungry to play;  
Slowly they faded, till one summer night  
Found their dead faces all silent and white;  
Then with big tears slowly dropping I said,  
"Father's a drunkard and mother is dead!"

(Oh! if the temperance men would only find  
Poor wretched father and talk very kind;  
If they would stop him from drinking, then  
I should be so very happy again!  
Is it too late, temperance men? Please try,  
Or poor little Bessie must soon starve and die;  
All the day long I've been begging for bread—  
Father's a drunkard and mother is dead!

The games of billiards were left unfinished, the cards were thrown aside, and the unemptied glasses remained on the counter: all had pressed near, some with curiosity, some with sadness, and some with pity beaming from their eyes, entranced with the musical voice and beauty of the child, who seemed better fitted to be with angels above than in such a place.

The scene I shall never forget to my dying day, and the sweet cadence of her musical voice still rings in my ears, and every word of the song, as it dropped from her lips, sank deep in the hearts of those gathered around her.

With her golden hair falling carelessly around her little shoulders, her face of almost ethereal beauty, and looking so trustingly and comfortingly upon the men around, her beautiful blue eyes illumined with a light that seemed not of earth, formed a picture of purity and innocence worthy the genius of a poet or painter.

At the close of the song many were weeping; men who had not shed a tear for years now wept like children. One young man who had resisted with scorn the pleadings of a loving mother, and the entreaties of friends to strive to live a better life, to desist from a course that was wasting his fortune and ruining his health, now approached the child and

taking both her little hands in his, while tears streamed down his pale cheeks, exclaimed, with deep emotion:

"God bless you, my little angel! you have saved me from ruin and disgrace, from poverty and a drunkard's grave. If there were ever angels on earth, you are one: God bless you, God bless you!" and putting a bill into the hand of the mother, said, "Please accept this trifle as a token of my regard and esteem, for your little girl has done me a kindness I can never repay. And remember, whenever you are in want, you will ever find in me a true friend," at the same time giving her his name and address.

Taking her child by the hand, she turned to go, but pausing at the door, said:

"God bless you, gentlemen! Accept the heartfelt thanks of a poor, friendless woman, for the kindness and courtesy you have shown me." Before any one could reply, she was gone.

A silence of several minutes ensued, which was at last broken up by the proprietor, who exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, that lady is right, and I have sold my last glass of whisky; if any of you want more, you will have to go elsewhere."

"And I have drunk my last glass of whisky," said a young man who had long been given up as utterly beyond the reach of those who had a deep interest in his welfare as sunk too low even to reform. "There is a temperance organization in this city called the 'Temple of Honor,' and at their next meeting I shall send up my name to be admitted. Who will go with me?"

"I—I—I, and I," several exclaimed in a chorus, and fifteen names were added to his.

True to his word, the owner of the saloon where this strange scene was enacted, disposed of his entire stock the next day, and is now engaged in an honorable business. Would to Heaven that lady with her little one could have gone into every hamlet, town and city throughout our country, and met with like results.—*Laramie Sentinel.*

## WRECKS.

## I.

The wrecks they drift o'er all the seas,  
 From icy north to southern zone;  
 They sway and shift to every breeze,  
 While floating on alone, alone.

Anchor, rudder, and pennon all,  
 Chart and compass, the laden store,  
 Captain and crew, beneath the pall,  
 Of ocean billows, evermore.

Masts are broken, the sails are gone;  
 The splintered decks no foot o'er tread;  
 Over their sides, at eve, at dawn,  
 The rigging hangs in trailing shreds.

Their rotting planks drop slow away;  
 Ice-bound they chafe the grinding floe;  
 Rank sea-weeds on them grow, and sway,  
 As into warmer seas they go.

Closed are the eyes that strained to see  
 The wished for sail come o'er the main;  
 Hearts chilled in death, that longed to be  
 Pressed by the lost, returned again.

On helpless wrecks, the hungry waves  
 Still hang like wolves to fallen prey;  
 Waiting release from deep-sea graves,  
 Love sits on cold rocks far away.

Aloft, the "Watch," from stately ships,  
 Sings out, anon, the startling call  
 "A wreck! a wreck!" She rolls and dips  
 "To lee astern,"—and that is all.

The ships sail on; they sink at last,  
 Or lodge on shoals o'er-heaped with sand;  
 Or, driven reef-ward by the blast,  
 Go scattered wide upon the strand.

## II.

So, o'er the seas of human life,  
 Are drifting wrecks, that nevermore  
 In calm, or in the tempest strife  
 Of waves, will come to port, or shore.

Alone they drift in chilling seas,  
 Or, where the milder currents flow,  
 The sport of every changing breeze.  
 No rest, no course, no pilot now.

In sight, upon their mournful way  
 They sadly come, then disappear;  
 "A wreck!" with baited breath we say,  
 As on our hopeful course we steer.

Alone, alone, upon the shore,  
 Are streaming eyes that fade with tears;  
 True hearts that *die* of grieving sore,  
 Or *break* with woes beyond their years.

Oh! storm-tossed souls, in danger cry  
 "Master we perish!" Then the shrill  
 Winds instant *hush*, the billows die,  
 And calm, is born of "Peace be still."

## BELLES LETTRES SOCIETY DEPARTMENT.

E. M. HEAFER, EDITOR.

## GIRLS.

LIEBIE LAWRENCE.

AN essay to write—not an original idea—my brain on a strike. What is to be done? Well I am going to do just what older and wiser people sometimes do, when anything goes wrong,—lecture the girls. Of course they always need it,—you cannot hit them amiss.

With those shining lights—Susan B. Anthony and Victoria Woodhull to lead them on to glory and renown, they yet seem joined to their idols, fashion, folly and flirtation. “Uselessly, aimlessly drifting through life, anxiously waiting to be somebody’s wife.” And the moment they are indulged in a dress of appropriate length, there is a grand rush for the matrimonial market, where the supply so far exceeds the demand that the first offer is readily accepted.

To be sure it is for better or worse, but then if it proves worse, as it is quite likely to, there is such a thing as backing out by the way of Indiana or Chicago.

Now who admires that prospect? Well then make, yourself independent of any such compromise with dignity and self-respect. Have some object in life beside that one chance in the world’s lottery. Be self-sustaining, and then, should the time come when you are afloat on the great ocean of life, you have a life preserver and will not sink.

Your father may be a millionaire; what of that? His sons are taught something useful, and expect to share in the individual responsibilities of life, and why not you as well?

The swiftly revolving wheel of fortune is ever bringing one up and another down. Wealth changes hands in an hour sometimes, or vanishes in smoke, as many a man in Chicago or Boston will tell you.

And if accident of birth placed you on the lower round in the social ladder, do not think you must always remain there, or wait for some fortunate fellow far above to stoop and help you up, for he is not likely to do it. And should such an insane desire prompt him, let him see that you can help yourself. It will be hard work, but never say fail. With “Excelsior” for your motto, you may yet stand securely on the topmost round.

What has been accomplished can be again, and in democratic America, no one dare say to you “thus far and no farther.” It is for you to decide, how high your mark shall be, and then, girl though you are, strive until you attain it. Do not fold your white hands and wait, while every self-confident gentleman of your acquaintance thinks he has but to whistle for you and you are his, and will thank him most sincerely for the honor of bearing his distinguished name, and the privilege of ministering to his personal comfort, *ad infinitum*.

But you may not have such a golden opportunity, even though you wait patiently and long. Those wise individuals to whom you say “Will you walk into my parlor?” are thinking all the time of the “spider and the fly” and keep a sharp lookout for silken webs, that are spread for the unwary. These gentlemen are very good judges of human nature, of *woman* nature as well, and see through your little game at a glance; so take council from caution, and let them alone. They have very little respect for girls at best. But you do not believe that do you? Well, do they not say of a dandy, who spends most of his time before a mirror, admiring himself and practicing graceful

positions and killing expressions, that he is just one remove from an idiot, and ought to have been a girl? And do they not tell the ugliest girl of their acquaintance, that she is beautiful, and make her believe it *too*? And do they not say to you that you are the bright guiding-star of their destiny?

O yes, to be sure, only their guiding-stars chance to be as numerous as those in

the heavens above them. "But where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." So be blindfolded and humbugged thro' life, if you will,

But as for me,  
I'll let them see  
That a girl can be  
Always maiden, fancy free,  
Loving only cats and tea.

A TRUE LIFE.—While gazing upon the celestial, star-set dome, there suddenly flitted before my vision, the form of one of heavenly cast, holding an object of dazzling brightness and transcendent beauty, symmetrical in form and perfect in its entire structure, possessing a power of fascination such as I never before had experienced. Its composition seemed of the purest gold, and its outlines were as if shaped by angel's touch. Irresistibly attracted by the sight, I with reverence requested the mysterious being to define the strange object in his possession, which was to me a cause of so much wonder. Surprised, he asked, "Art thou a resident of earth, and recognize this not? Is not that home of thine teeming with humanity, replete with objects, such? Alas, for earth, if it is not; for stranger," said he, "this is the representation of true life, like which do all such lives appear to those who look upon them." Then came the hesitating reply, "How could I recognize that view since I reside in a world so turned from truth that nearly all we see shines with a borrowed light?"

Free thought and individual opinion form the true glory and are the indices to the essential characteristic of Americanism. Let it be in reference to subjects divine or undivine, it is all the same. With this vital principle crushed, Liberty has no force of meaning, or the meaning exists only in the imagination. Man's responsibility ceases and he has no duty to perform, can commit no sin and consequently cannot be held to suffer any penalty therefor. Christian or Infidel, let us be consistent, and not deny to others the privileges we claim for ourselves."

With a sad heart the angel vanished, leaving me engrossed in gloomy meditations concerning human woe. But Hope, advancing, brightened this darksome view by pointing backward to a time when thus it was not; for man came forth from the creative hand perfect, entire and true. As man once was may he not become again? For that day do I with eagerness wait; then will the mantle of darkness that now envelops earth be severed full in twain. Then will hearts, now bleeding, crushed and torn, look up with quiet joy, sustained by the noble, true and kind. Then will the house of mourning be transformed into a scene of delight; the desert places be made glad, and the wilderness blossom as the rose. May that time, oh, messenger of light, be speedily wafted here, when, if again thou dost exhibit that treasure in thy possession, it will not appear as strange, but only reflect what everywhere I see, in all my walks through-out rejoicing earth.

—Among those lately elected honorary members of the Society, Pres't Fallows appears the most prominent. His note of acceptance of honorary membership has already been received, and the Society expects soon to welcome him to their hall, and to be entertained by one of his inimitable and eloquent addresses.

—Let any one who believes that there are no poets in "the land of the free and the home of the brave," read some of the home productions to be found in the *Leader* from time to time. For instance, the "Tribute of Admiration" to Camilla Urso, and we guarantee that he will be speedily convinced of his error.



## SCHNITZERL'S PHILOSPEDE.

BY HANS BREITMANN.

Herr Schnitzerl make a philosopede,  
 Von of de newest kind;  
 It vent mitout a vheel in front,  
 And hadn't none pehind,  
 Von vheel vas in the mittel, dough,  
 And it vent as shure ash ecks,  
 For he shtraddled on de axel dree  
 Mit der vheel between his lecks.

Und ven he vant to shtart id off  
 He paddled mit his veet,  
 Und soon he cot to go so fast  
 Dat avery dings he peat,  
 He run her out on Broader shreed,  
 He shkeeted like der vind,  
 Hei! how he bassed de vancy chaps,  
 And lef dem all pehind!

De vellers mit de trotting nags,  
 Pooled oop to see him bass;  
 De Deuschers all erstanished saidt:  
 "Pfoztausend! Wat ish das?"  
 Boot vashter shtill der Schnitzerl flewed  
 On—mit a ghastly smile;  
 He tidn't touch de dirt a tall  
 Not vonce in half a mile.

Oh, vat ish all dis eartly pliss?  
 Oh, vat ish man's soocksess?  
 Oh, vot ish various kinds of dings?  
 Und vot ish hoppiness?  
 We find a pank note in de shreedt,  
 Next dings der pank ish preak;  
 We folls and knocks our outsides in,  
 Ven ve a ten-shtrike make.

So vas it mit der Schnitzerl in  
 On his philosopede.  
 His feet both shlipped outsideward shoost  
 Vhen at his extra shpeed.  
 He felled upohn der vheel of course,  
 De vheel like blitzen flew!  
 Und Schnitzerl he vos schnitz in vact,  
 For it shlished him grod in two.

Und as for his philosopede,  
 Id cot so shkared, men say,  
 It pounded onward till it vent  
 Ganz teufelwards afay,  
 Boot vhere ish now der Schnitzerl's soul?  
 Vhere does his shpirit pide?  
 In Himmel, troo de endless plue,  
 It takes a medeor ride.

## THE POWER OF WEALTH.

LIBBIE ESTES.

"Will you share my princely mansion?" said pompous Mr. Grey  
 To sweet and lowly Jennie, in the cottage o'er the way.  
 "'Tis a distinguished honor to preside in such a home;  
 Why, the pictures are the rarest from Florence and from Rome."  
 "Oh, no, no!" said foolish Jennie, "to ask me is in vain,  
 I love my lowly cottage, and think I will remain."

"I'm sure you must be weary of such a lowly life;  
 Just think once of the jewels that will adorn my wife—  
 The shimmering silks and satins, the velvet and the lace,  
 That give to form and feature an added charm and grace."  
 "Oh, no, no!" said timid Jennie, "for I have heard it said  
 That for *love*, and not for *splendor*, should we consent to wed."

"Well then, my artless little girl, supposing this is true,  
 Let me prove the warm affection I have ever felt for you,  
 By sharing now my fortune and aristocratic name  
 With one not of our circle, and all unknown to fame."  
 "Oh, no, no!" said truthful Jennie, "kind sir, that cannot be,  
 I've heard who's in your circle and do not wish to see."

But the old man, though rheumatic, was artful and was wise,  
 And knew that flattery and wealth were sure to win the prize.  
 He made her costly presents, and told her every day  
 Of the splendor of that mansion just across the way,  
 And how her blooming beauty would grace each festive throng  
 Of that exclusive circle to which she should belong,

Till dazzled by the prospect, she became the old man's bride,  
 The envy of the other girls—of that grand home the pride;  
 But the hollow life grew irksome, and the cottage o'er the way,  
 With the old content and peacefulness, seemed dearer every day—  
 For home is where the heart is, and sure it matters not  
 If it chance to be a palace, or if it be a cot.

'Tis true that you may sell your hand for jewels and for gold,  
 But a throbbing human heart was never bought or sold;  
 And in the highest walks of life, where fashion rules supreme,  
 There's many a broken idol and many a vanished dream  
 Securely locked within the heart that seems so dead and cold,  
 Since happiness and purest love were canceled out for gold.

Wealth is the ruling power in this, our mighty land;  
 'Twill purchase truth and honor, why not an empty hand?  
 And what do hearts amount to! they're troublesome at best,  
 And love is an old-fashioned and most unwelcomed guest;  
 So, if you would be happy and ever free and gay,  
 Just take to petting poodles—"each dog must have his day."

There'll be no one to grumble if the steak is overdone,  
 To hurry up the breakfast, and keep us on the run  
 For fribble and for buttons, for coat and brush and hat,  
 Or tell us that their mothers did better far than that,  
 And always kept their linen in a superior style—  
*Do let the dear old ladies just keep it all the while!*

## MUNSELLIAN SOCIETY DEPARTMENT.

W. S. MARQUIS, EDITOR.

## MIND, THE ETERNAL HERITAGE OF MANKIND.

G. E. SCRINGER.

BEHOLD the surging multitudes, as with muscles strained to their highest tension, and nerves quivering with intensest excitement, they rush recklessly on, oblivious to all else, but the one great absorbing interest, the accumulation of material wealth. See them sacrificing at its golden altar, health, happiness, talent, honor, the best impulses and highest aspirations of the human soul, yea, heaven itself. As a lover of our race, we would lift our voice in most earnest protest. We would beseech the people to turn their gaze within, and behold there a priceless gem whose infinite value defies the power of numbers to express. We would direct the mind back along the meandering path of history to that bright morn when amid Eden's loveliness the Great Father, taking up in his loving arms the lump of clay in human form, breathed into it the breath of his own Omnipotence, and say behold in that spark of Divinity, that God-given and God-like intellect, the eternal heritage of our race, the crowning glory of mankind. It is one of the first principles of political economy, that intrinsic value is increased by the application of human effort. So it is with this, the greatest of God's gifts. Though possessing an intrinsic value far transcending all other gifts of nature, as it comes from the hand of its Creator, yet it is not until it receives the proper direction, the polishing of human touch and effort, that its fullest value is realized, and it becomes a blessing to ourselves and others. To its cultivation we must bring the most vigorous discipline, the highest culture, all the facilities of which we may avail ourselves, using the thoughts of others not as ends, but as means, as tools in the

development of our own resources. We should count the severest drill of four or six years, but a short apprenticeship in which to learn simply how to think, how to bring out the wealth of this exhaustless mine; for it is a mine well worth the working, and no other of nature's gifts, whether earth, water, wind, or metal, so well repays our toil as this most princely heritage, the human intellect. Is the purchasing power of any possession, the facility with which it may be exchanged for some other commodity, a measure of its value? True, mind as a faculty, is unexchangeable. But when do we ask the power of any possession to gratify desires? Only as it contains the effort of mind, thought, as it manifests a delight, an adaptation to meet some want of human nature. Remove thought from all our commodities, and by one fell stroke you destroy the very life and essence of all exchangeable value. Thought is the creator of value. As the human form, while it lay a mere atom, compared with the great universe of matter, was powerless until the living Father thrilled with his own precious breath, so the great world of matter about us is dead, comparatively valueless, until man, breathing into it the inspiration of his all-quickening intellect, sends this matter forth in its various forms to administer to his wealth and happiness, to fulfill its intended mission. Why should man blindly seek the philosopher's stone, when he possesses a treasure far more potent than this fancy of the brain, at whose magic touch not only the baser metals are made equivalent to gold, but every element of the universe is clothed with value as it administers to his welfare and happiness. At mind's inspiring touch

the metals that have idly reposed in the embrace of mother earth for centuries, spring into action, as, wrought into utensils and complicated machinery, they supply our multiform wants, making life pleasant and desirable. Mind says to the giant of the forest, as it stands in its majesty, idly boasting of its strength: "The power which you have been accumulating for years is useless unemployed. I will try the services of your giant arms, the endurance of your stately trunk," and yonder upon the heaving billows, as that proud ship defies the raging elements, bearing its precious cargo of merchandise, and far more precious cargo of human lives, safely from continent to continent, the test is made. If in the adjustment of value it is determined by the ability to gratify human desire, surely that which in every case creates this ability is of infinite value. Is that possession which is ever increasing, re-duplicating itself, a valuable possession? What else can be compared with mind in this respect? See the child, as wonderingly it steps into life, possessing but sufficient understanding to attend to its absolute wants. Watch it as its mind gradually increases in comprehension and power, grasping principle after principle until in the glory of ripened manhood, he grasps the sublime mechanism of the universe, and holds converse with the stars. What an unparalleled rate of increase! The millionaire of to-day may, on the morrow, find his possessions almost valueless: every conceivable possession may depreciate in value: the firm foundations of our national credit may prove unable to resist the shock of some unforeseen calamity: the commercial world may be thrown into chaotic confusion, but mind—triumphant mind—defies the vicissitudes of life in the very disasters that render our property valueless, it finds material which adds to its wealth and power. With increased caution gained from sad experience, it gathers the shattered wrecks of our ruined fortune, and framing it into a new enterprise sends it forth to try again life's boisterous sea.

Thus mind unaffected by the fluctuations that depreciate the value of other possessions, ever increasing in value, is a most valuable possession. Is durability an element of value? Mind is eternal. Of

what, that is material beneath heaven's wide arch, can this be said; we spend the strength of our manhood in collecting the glittering gold, when just as the fruition of our hopes is dawning upon us, when having transformed our gold into princely homes and commercial palaces, we stand with the sweat of toil still on our brow pointing with pride to the tower of our strength, lo! the fire fiend bursting his chains springs with greedy bounds upon our fair possessions, and amid the ashes of the fearful sacrifice to the terrible fire demon, we sit upon the tomb of our buried hopes. But if by tireless vigilance we retain our wealth through life's brief journey, yet death's cold hand will strip us of it all, and send us as we came—without a farthing into the boundless future.

But mind endures. The scorching fury of the fire; the mighty surgings of the deep; the terrible sweep of the fierce tornado cannot destroy it. It is ever with us, whether in the heart of civilization, or on the wild frontier; on the mountain or in the valley, in sunshine or shadow, our faithful companion, the bright, guiding star of our destiny. And when we come down to the shadowy vale, we will not be separated, for death's cold hand cannot quench this eternal fire. The grim ferryman beholds and must honor the seal of Omnipotence, which tells him that it is destined for an immortality, where its powers shall ever live and grow. Then go tell the dying philosopher, as he mourns because he has gathered but pebbles along the shore of the vast ocean of thought, tell him there is a bright shore where the on-rolling waves of eternity will ever toss at his feet, not pebbles, but glittering pearls of priceless knowledge. Where in the wide opening field's of God's eternal truth he may wander forever, and gather richest treasures, yea, the very thoughts of Deity.

Glorious treasure, eternal, all-conquering mind! As we contemplate thy mighty achievements in the past, and contemplate thy coming victories, we are overwhelmed with a sense of thy majesty and infinite value. How can we fitly honor thee? In the presence of thy radiant splendor the wreath we have woven for thy brow fades into a shapeless, life-

less thing. But we would point to this verdant earth, clothed in thought's bright robes, with its buzzing, whirling machinery, its temples of learning and art, its ocean, swishing man's wishes from continent to continent, and say, behold mind's grand trophy. We would point to the stars above us, and say, behold yon bright worlds plucked from the great ocean of space to sparkle as gems forever in mind's eternal coronet, while standing on time's remotest bound with all mind's possible

earthly conquests behind us, still we would point out over eternity's billows to that immortal clime where mind untrammelled shall go forth to still more glorious victories, as the wealth of Infinite wisdom shall dawn upon its horizon, while the oncoming ages as they sweep the chords of the soul will ever awaken harmonious responses of innocent gratitude to Him who granted heaven's best gift in bestowing mind as the eternal heritage of mankind.

## THROUGH DIFFICULTIES TO THE STARS.

MARY KUHL.

It seems to be in the nature of man to desire to do the most he can with the least possible work. He is willing to undertake great things, if he may be able to accomplish them with but little effort; but if it requires all his powers to complete them, he falters, often when he would be sure of success, if he would but make this one last great effort. Many a one thus fails to make his life a success, when, in meeting with some seemingly insurmountable obstacle, he grows weary and gives up the case, there still are many who *do* struggle on in spite of many hindrances, and they are the successful ones in life. Man was not placed upon this earth to live his allotted number of years in ease and comfort, as so many appear to think. A far grander and nobler desire should fill our souls. The great Creator has bestowed upon us most wonderful gifts, and by the proper use of them we can indeed accomplish mighty things. It is a solemn duty and should be a great pleasure to cultivate these powers to the utmost, and thus make of ourselves what it was designed we should. And, though difficulties surround us on every side, and our hopes of success are but few and faint, we still have no right to give up, but we should struggle ever onward, endeavoring to overcome every difficulty, and thus gain power; since each obstacle overcome

makes us stronger and better prepare us to meet the next. It is possible that we will fail at times to do all we had desired and had attempted to do. But even failure in such a case is better than not to have made the attempt; we have gained in making the effort and will be better prepared the next time we try it, because of our previous experience. If we try to avoid difficulties which may come in our way, we are just as likely to meet with others even worse than those we have avoided. If we are sure we are pursuing a right course we should proceed steadily onward, allowing nothing to cause us to turn from it.

Christian and his two companions, as is related by Bunyan, came to the foot of a steep and rugged hill. Christian, feeling assured he was on the right road, proceeded upward. His companions, however, observing roads on either side around the foot of the hill, which appeared far easier to travel, and thinking they would meet with Christian on the other side, the one proceeded to the right the other to the left. The former is soon lost in a great wood, the latter among dark and lofty mountains, where he stumbles and falls to rise no more.

If we aim at anything great and noble we must not expect it to be an easy thing to reach, that we will have a smooth and

even path to travel; we will be sure to meet with difficulties of some kind. We have on the pages of history innumerable examples of men who have made their lives a success. But if we examine the records of their lives we will be sure to read of difficulties they were obliged to *encounter and overcome* before they were able to reach that success.

From among the many that might be given we cite that of Columbus. He felt that new worlds were to be discovered, and the great desire of his heart was to make that discovery. But poverty and opposition seemed insurmountable obstacles to his carrying out his desires. He was refused assistance by his native country and by the Portuguese, he then asked aid of the King and Queen of Spain, and was at first likewise refused, and having started on his way to the French, with the same object in view, he was called

back. Having obtained this assistance, he started on his journey westward; even then he was not free from trouble, but he still proceeded onward undaunted, and was at length well rewarded when he heard the cry of "Land Ahead." Can we imagine his feelings of triumph at that moment? Even we, as college students, who have not yet participated in the real duties of life, and have not yet met with the opposition and other difficulties which it will probably be our lot to meet, even we may feel similar triumphs when we have succeeded in overcoming some difficult task set before us, and this we may often feel if we go bravely to work, never yielding until we have accomplished it; remembering only "Through difficulties to the stars," and the promise that "to him that overcometh will be awarded a crown of life."

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#### MISCELLANY.

—The average attendance at the college this term has been 180; about 200 names are enrolled.

—After enduring for so long a time the rough and smutty blackboards in the old college, the hard, smooth ones of the new building are highly appreciated by the students.

—The many friends of Miss Mary Dent will be pained to hear that during the recent vacation she was attacked with a disease of the eyes which has not only forbidden her return to school, but even threatens her with the loss of sight.

—Not a little excitement was awakened at the college one morning in the early part of this term by the capsizing of a stove in the southeast room of the new building, known as Prof. Crow's recitation room. By prompt action the fire was soon put out, so that no damage was done; but the few marks on the wall and charred spots in the floor indicate what might have been the frightful results.

—A certain Sophomore of this college relates his first experience in essay work as follows: "You see when I came here

I was a regular green hand at Literary business, but that wasn't any excuse for the professors; write an essay I must and write one I did. The first sentence in it was "The memories of 'Auld Lang Syne' come over me," but I was so scared that I read it "The memories of Old Lane's Swine come over me." To this day the professor admires my poetical turn of mind."

—Married, October 23d, 1873, at the residence of Mayor B. F. Funk, by Rev. J. A. Wood, Mr. W. E. P. Anderson to Miss Nellie Hamilton. The happy couple left on the night train *via* Chicago for an extensive tour through the principal cities of the East. Mr. Anderson is a former student of the Wesleyan, and is at present located at Carlinville, where he has a large and lucrative practice in law. The wedding was a grand affair, and was largely attended. Among the invited guests was Hon. A. S. Wilson, a graduate of the Wesleyan, who occupies a Judge's seat in Kansas, also M. L. Keplinger, a rising young lawyer of Carlinville, who has been eminently successful in his chosen profession.

## CRYSTALS.

—To understand truth one must live it.—*Anon.*

—Beware of substituting quantity for quality in education.

—Excess of politeness becomes impoliteness.—*Japanese Proverb.*

—A man may as well expect to grow stronger by always eating, as wiser by always reading.—*Collier.*

—Things are not to be done by the effort of the moment, but by the preparation of past moments.—*Cecil.*

—If you have a bright thought, express it in the simplest language possible. A diamond should have a plain setting.—*Anon.*

## CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in *March*, but is not in *June*.  
*Sun* holds my next, but not so with *Moon*.  
 The third is in *then*, but is not in *that*.  
 In *sharp* seek my fourth, for 'tis not in *flat*.  
*Eel* uses my fifth, but *dolphin* does not.  
 And *pail* takes the sixth, yet never does *pot*.  
 The seventh in *sell*, not *purchase* is found.  
 And *silence* the eighth needs, but never does  
*sound*.  
*Can* holds the ninth, which leaks out of *cup*.  
 While *down* knows the tenth, unacquainted with  
*up*.  
 Now please spell me out, you'll find that my  
 name,  
 Several students in this college claim.

We do not offer \$500 reward for the solution of the above enigma; but anyone thinking they have solved it, will be informed whether they are right or not, by the editor of the *Munsellian Department*.

—A colored man in Peoria has written a pamphlet containing twenty-one pages giving a "Sketch of the History of the Colored Race in the United States, and a Reminiscence of Slavery." The author is so well pleased with this production of his pen that he contemplates mounting the lecture platform, where he may give his genius scope.

MULTUM IN PARVO.—"Young men did it ever occur to you what you are and whither you are going? That beautiful body of yours, in whose construction infinite wisdom exhausted the resources of its ingenuity, is the temple of a soul that

shall live forever, a companion of angels, a searcher into the deep things of God, a being allied in essence to the divine. I say the body is the temple, or tabernacle of such a being as this; now what do you think of stuffing the front door of such a building as this full of the most disgusting weeds you can find, or setting a slow match to it, or filling its chimneys with sauff? It looks to me much like an endeavor to smoke out the tenant, or to insult him in such a manner as to induce him to quit the premises. You really ought to be ashamed of such behavior. A clean mouth, a sweet breath, unstained teeth, and inoffensive clothing—are these not treasures worth preserving? Then throw away tobacco, and all thoughts of it at once and forever. Be a man, be decent, and be thankful to me for talking so plainly to you."

—*Dr. Holland.*

A HARD SPELL.—In looking over an old paper the other day we came across the following list of difficult words, and insert it, thinking it may meet the eye of our professors, and save them the trouble of looking any farther for a lesson for their classes. These words were given out at a teachers' meeting in Newbury, N. Y., and of the ninety-four teachers present not one succeeded in spelling all correctly. The one nearest right failed on but two words, while the "dunce" of the convention missed forty-five out of the fifty. In the ninety-four papers examined there were 2,663 mistakes! The word "cachinnation" was the sorest trial of all, there being no less than fifty different spellings. The following is the list: Intermittent, heresy, bilious, coercion, ecstasy, clarionet, surcingle, paralyze, licorice, trafficking, suspicious, ellipsis, apostasy, deleble, mortgaging, singeing, skilfully, subpoena, allegeable, ignitable, phosphorescence, jeopardize, ebullition, aeronautic, sybylline, cachinnation, vacillation, bacchanalian, fascination, crystallize, catechise, trisyllable, tyrannize, apologize, guaging, saccharine, hemorrhage, rendezvous, Fahrenheit, Galilean, Sadducee, erysipelas, hieroglyphics, apocrypha, daguerreotype, idiosyncrasy, *canaille*, cannibal, mignonette, kaleidoscope.

## ALUMNI JOURNAL DRAWER.

Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A house without books is like a room without windows.

THE UNION ERA, an illustrated religious journal, published by the Church Union Association of New York, has made its appearance at our table. We welcome this new visitor and hope it may become constant in its visits. It is full of good things of a literary and religious character, while the six full-page illustrations add much to its attractiveness.

THE Sunday-school work in McLean county, under the skillful direction of H. G. Reeves, President of the McLean County Sunday-school Association, has reached a degree of organization and efficiency which is truly gratifying to all who feel any interest in the cause. The present prosperous state of this work in our county is largely due to the personal efforts of a few earnest Sunday-school men. By holding township conventions, at which some, who feel a deep interest in the success of the cause, and have had experience in this especial work, were present to assist in mapping out the field for future operation; the earnest sympathies and efforts of the people have been more fully enlisted in behalf of this great interest, and the whole county has been thoroughly organized, thus placing the work upon a practical working basis, which promises more immediate and abundant fruit than any irregular or misdirected efforts would warrant.

"BOSS TWEED," upon entering into his new business relations, gave his age as sixty-two and his occupation as a *statesman*. He reported as being void of any especial religious sentiments, a fact in regard to his moral status already well known to the public. The fate of this arch stealer ought to be a warning to all whose greed of gain may tempt to hoard ill-gotten wealth. Especially should those of his *profession*, whose impulse may in-

cline the clutching fingers toward the public crib, beware lest in some unguarded moment retribution swift and sure may meet them in their crooked ways. We heartily regret the dire necessity which compels a law-abiding people to bring the lofty from his perch of power, and make him tread the menial walks of a common convict, and yet in our heart, we are glad that money did not foil justice in this case, and let the guilty go unpunished and this great crime go unrebuked. Surely and truly "The way of the transgressor is hard."

THE main building of the Illinois Industrial University was dedicated Dec. 10th. Though the day was unpropitious a large audience was present in the spacious auditorium of the building. The exercises were of a very interesting character. A Historical Address by the Regent, Dr. Gregory, was an able review of the work of the University and its friends since 1867. Governor Beveridge was present and gave some wholesome advice to the Board of Supervisors of Champaign county in reference to their act repudiating the subscription of \$115,000 by the County to the endowment of the University in order to secure its location. Among other speakers who indulged in short addresses was President Fallows of our own University. The Dr. fully sustained his high reputation as a vigorous thinker and ready and eloquent speaker, coming out not a whit behind the best on the programme. With the aid which the Illinois Industrial University deserves it is destined to become one of the great educational centers of the West. We bid it God speed in its noble mission.

THE PENN MONTHLY is also among the strange visitors at our table. The number before us gives evidence of brain power in the preparation of its matter and excellent taste and skill in its publication. Among its leading articles are "The Communisms of the Old World," "Relative Influence of City and Coun-



try Life," and "Siegfried, the Dragon-Killer," We will gladly welcome its cheerful countenance each returning month.

THE SONG MESSENGER, published by Geo. F. Root and Sons, is an excellent monthly devoted to the cause of musical education. Its especial object is thus set forth in the prospectus for 1874:

"In our opinion, the time has come when the people want and will support an exclusively musical journal; not merely a combination of vocal or instrumental music, with items clipped from the general press, but a leading, authoritative publication, involving brains, labor and original thought on the subject taken as its specialty. Believing ourselves to be in a position to supply what we conceive to be a real lack in American journalism, the *Song Messenger*, until further notice, will take an unique position to the extent of excluding the merely literary, dramatic and art matters, love stories, household recipes, &c., with which it is customary in some instances to eke out the space ostensibly devoted to music, and will give its readers the best reviews, correspondence, &c., &c., that it can originate and procure.

Dr. Geo. F. Root will continue his familiar and popular "Corner;" P. P. Bliss, James R. Murray, O. Blackman, E. E. Whittemore, and other prominent musicians, will be regular contributors, and will make the *Song Messenger* their especial organ of communication with the public.

For humor, in addition to our well known Pro Phundo Basso, and occasional contributions from other sources, we have secured the services of the great American Singing Master and Composer, "P. Benson, sr.," and the famous Teutonic author, "Carl Pretzel." In the critiques and musical discussions of these two great minds we can promise our readers something rich."

They offer liberal premiums to all new subscribers. The price of the *Song Messenger* is only \$1.00 per year, and yet the publishers give as a premium fifty cents worth of music to each subscriber; or to any one ordering music to the amount of

\$3.50, the *Song Messenger* is sent free for one year. Address Geo. F. Root & Sons, 109 State St., Chicago.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL has visited our city. She would come, she was determined to speak, she *did* speak. Not in Durley Hall, however, because, as we understand it, her agent had not secured the hall, and if he had, it was under false pretenses, and then, there is no *Durley Hall* in Bloomington in which Victoria C. Woodhull can speak. The above is about the state of the case as we caught it from the whispering of Madam Rumor. We did not hear Mrs. Woodhull,—we were otherwise engaged. Just then we were in the midst of a very interesting religious revival in the University Charge, one of the organizations which Victoria chooses to denounce as being the abettors of all the evil on the earth, and the cloak for crimes unmentionable. For all that, we were persuaded that by aiding this religious work we could do more toward staying the tide of corruption in political circles against which Mrs. W. so loudly declaims,—more toward emancipating woman from the thralldom of servitude in which she has no doubt too long been held, and elevating her to her proper sphere,—more toward banishing the great social evils which, alas, are too prevalent among the masses of the people,—more toward aiding truth in its triumphant march through this crooked, scarred and sin-cursed world and bringing humanity up to that plain of intellectual and moral culture to which all must come before the many ills, of which Mrs. Woodhull so bitterly complains, will cease to be the heritage of our race,—do better service for all the above noble and praiseworthy objects by lending our influence and giving our time to an old-fashioned Methodist protracted meeting than by listening to the bitter and merciless arraignment of those institutions, to which we as a people owe so much, by one who sees only the evils in the social, civil, political and religious world.

DOWLING'S SUNDAY-SCHOOL BANKING SYSTEM.—One of the greatest troubles in our Sunday-school work, during its entire

history, has been that of meeting the necessary expenses, and having anything left for missionary purposes. This has not arisen from inability on the part of the members of the school to pay the required amount, but from the fact that no system of systematic giving has been adopted. The result of this want has been a constant tendency to debt on the part of schools, which has necessarily been met by a few liberal souls who would push forward the Sunday-school work at all hazards. To meet this great deficiency, the above system has been devised, and the many flattering testimonials which come from those who have given it a trial give unmistakable evidence of its efficiency. The machinery of the system is simple, and may be briefly explained as follows:

I. ACCOUNTANT'S RECORD BOOK.—This is a blank book prepared for an alphabetic register of the names of all the members of the school,—a weekly record of each class,—minutes of the work of each Sunday,—cash accounts—quarterly and yearly reports.

II. CLASS CARDS.—These cards take the place of the old style of class books. Each card is designed for use three months, and is large enough for all necessary reports of a proper sized class.

III. THE TREASURY BANK.—This is a substantial little box, neatly made, on which is painted, "THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TREASURY BANK." This bank contains all the money of the school; together with all its property in the way of checks, notes, receipts, &c. It should occupy a conspicuous position before the school during every session.

IV. THE CHECKS OF PROMISE.—These are very pretty engraved cards,

printed in a beautiful color, which answer the double purpose of note and receipt.

At the beginning of the quarter a check is given to each member of the school, who fills blanks specifying the amount to be paid every Sunday. These checks, or notes, are deposited in the bank, where they remain during the quarter. If, at the end of the quarter, the amount pledged shall have been paid in full, the blank receipt on the check card will be signed by the accountant, and all returned to the member giving it.

This makes a nice card to be kept, and answers the purpose of a reward and a receipt for money given to the Sunday-school department of the Lord's Treasury.

All necessary directions for the use of the system accompany every outfit.

From the many endorsements which the system has received we produce a single one:

"MESSRS. DOWLING & TAYLOR:

We have been using your *Sunday-School Banking System* for nearly a year, and its utility has far surpassed our most sanguine expectations. Before its introduction the balance was small after deducting the expenses of our school from our collections. This year we pay all expenses and will have \$400 for the missionary treasury. It has increased the interest and efficiency of our work in other directions. E. P. PENNIMAN,

*Accountant 1st M. E. Sunday-School,"*  
Bloomington, Ill., Sept. 25, 1873."

Those desiring the above outfit for Sunday-school work can be supplied by addressing K. P. Taylor, whose card is found on our first page.

## AGASSIZ.

THE sudden death of Prof. Agassiz is a loss not alone to the nation of his adoption, but to the world. His eminence as a naturalist and his worth as a man are

universally recognized. The pulpit and the press everywhere have testified, and are still testifying, how deeply his loss is felt. While the American public mourns

the decease of an adopted yet thoroughly Americanized son, the learned societies of the entire world lament with no less sincerity the departure of one of their brightest lights. And no slight testimony as to his true greatness is given us in the fact that he possessed to a remarkable degree the exceedingly rare faculty of endeavoring himself to all with whom he came in contact, the lowly as well as the exalted, the illiterate as well as the learned. It is said that, for the real love of him, fishermen would at any time pull for miles to secure a rare fish, or perform for him any labor he might desire. It is also said that to this day the old savants who frequent the *Garden of Plants* in Paris speak of the quarters of *Cécile Agassiz*, though more than a quarter of a century has elapsed since he labored there under the leadership of Cuvier, Humboldt, Valenciennes and others of equal note.

His whole life has been one of unceasing and unostentatious labor. His great eminence is but a grand monument to the "genius of labor," and it was only to overwork that his iron constitution finally yielded. Yet had it been in his nature to be what is called prudent, he never would have been what he was. Constant activity was his normal condition, and he could be at ease in no other. In 1869, when his constitution first gave evidence of wear, he said one day, as the tears began to roll down his cheeks, "Brown-Sequard tells me I must not think. Nobody can ever know the tortures I endure in trying to stop thinking." But he rallied, worked four years longer and then fell,—suddenly and in the glory of his power.

The *Magenta*, speaking of his funeral, says:

"The college chapel was very fittingly decorated for the funeral services of Professor Agassiz. The laurel cross and wreaths surmounting the black hangings, behind and above the pulpit, and the dark drapery festooned along the galleries and caught up alternately by boughs of evergreen and by calla-lilies, gave to the whole chapel an air of mourning, and yet of hopeful and of almost triumphant mourning, which every one there must have felt to be most appropriate.

The form of service used at King's Chapel—the one which Agassiz himself preferred, we believe—was read by the Rev. Dr. Peabody. The singing, under the direction of Mr. Paine, was by the Glee Club; they sang, and very impressively, Cherubini's *Pie Jesu*, and a hymn for which the music was composed by Mr. Paine. In the seats reserved for the family and friends there were many distinguished men, who had come from distant parts of the country to pay the tribute of their presence to the memory of Agassiz. At the conclusion of the short and simple service, the body was carried to Mount Auburn, where a burial service was read by Dr. Peabody. The number of people in the chapel was very great; but there was no crowding or confusion, and the perfect silence of the large assembly was a good evidence of its grief for the death of Agassiz, and its earnest wish to pay him the last sad honors."

Another, writing of the same event, says: "We buried him from the chapel that stands among the cottage elms. The students laid a wreath of laurel on his bier, and their manly voices sang his requiem; for he had been a student all his life long, and when he died he was younger than any of them."

In the *JOURNAL* for March, '72, we gave a sketch of his early life which it is unnecessary to reproduce here. In closing that article we wrote as follows:

This old man who "has not time to make money," will die poor as regards that which the world looks upon as wealth, yet has not his life thus far been a triumphant success? When he dies the world will mourn,—mourn with a far deeper sorrow than could be felt at the death of an Astor, a Stewart or a Rothschild: he will leave to it an enduring legacy that its combined wealth could not purchase. Yes; though poor he will die rich, when the Master shall call—rich in the admiration and love of the civilized world, and rich in the abundant improvement of the "ten talents" assigned him.

He has indeed died rich and was borne to the grave by such friends and admirers as kings might hope for in vain.

Since so much is being written concerning Agassiz and his relations to the

present materialistic tendencies of scientific investigations, a word with reference to his moral and religious character may not be amiss. As a scientist he was exceptionally great, and not less noble and praiseworthy was he as a man. Those who knew him most intimately, learned to most admire him for his truly manly qualities. Humble, patient, nobly disinterested, truly philanthropic, he readily won his way to the affections of all, and showed himself the devoted, loving child of nature that he was. But in all his investigations of her laws he never failed to "look through nature up to nature's God," and even showed himself the not unworthy son of seven unbroken generations of ministers of the gospel.

That he was a believer in the existence of a superior intelligence and in a future life, the following extracts from his writings bear sufficient evidence:

May I not add that a future life, in which man should be deprived of that great source of enjoyment and intellectual and moral improvement, which result from the contemplation of the harmonies of an organic world, would involve a lamentable loss; and may we not look to a spiritual concert of the combined worlds and all their inhabitants in presence of their Creator, as the highest occupation of Paradise?—[*Essay on Classification* p. 66.

Shall we, by any false argumentation, allow ourselves to deny the intervention of a Supreme Intellect in calling into existence combinations in nature, by the side of which all human conceptions are child's play? If I have succeeded, even very imperfectly, in showing that the various relations observed between animals and the physical world, as well as between ourselves, exhibit thought, it follows that the whole has an Intelligent Author.—*Ibid.*, p. 130.

As evidence of his devout faith, we would quote the following touching and interesting incident, which has just been published:

Agassiz, when a young man, became anxious to investigate Mesmerism and, distrusting somewhat the reports of others upon that subject, he decided to make experiments in regard to it upon himself. An opportunity occurred for him to place

himself under the mesmeric influence of Rev. Chauncey Hare Townsend, author of "Facts in Mesmerism." In the last edition of Townsend's work is published an account written by Agassiz, in 1839, of the experiments which were made, and of his sensations while under mesmeric influence. He was then, as always, a seeker after truth, and he feared greatly lest he might not be able to report correctly the result. He says in his account:

"I was firmly resolved to arrive at a knowledge of the truth whatever it might be; and, therefore, the moment I saw him endeavoring to exert an action upon me, I silently addressed the Author of all things, beseeching Him to give me the power to resist the influence, and to be conscientious in regard to the facts."

This simple incident gives the key to his whole life. With the same reverent spirit he pursued all his investigations and, with the same devout exercise of silent prayer, he consecrated that culmination of his life-work, the school at Penikese. What he did for science is not more worthy of remembrance than what he did for religion; and Christianity will long have reason to be grateful for the services which he rendered it, in the midst of a skeptical and materialistic age.

The evolutionists, technically so called, have never had a more bold and unmanageable opponent. His very last effort indeed was a solid, crushing shot delivered against their somewhat popular theory. Yet, while his robust, genial, noble nature reposed in an implicit faith in God, may we not well hesitate to claim that he was a Christian in the Bible acceptance of the term? That he was a most devout, unselfish theist, none can deny; yet as far as we know he has left no evidence as to his beliefs or disbeliefs concerning the need of repentance and faith in Christ. The whole tone of his writings, and the beautifully reverent temper of his life, completely set at rest all question as to his infidelity, and his consistent persistency in demanding that science and theology shall each occupy only its own especial field, has made him reticent concerning his religious views, and left us only to infer his relations to the Father of us all.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

—J. T. Price, formerly a student of the University, is now County Superintendent of Public Schools in Hamilton County, Nebraska.

—Persons wishing a first-class cabinet organ at a bargain will find it to their interest to apply to the ALUMNI JOURNAL before purchasing.

—A set of Chamber's Cyclopaedia, 10 volumes, bound in sheep, can be obtained at a greatly reduced price, by applying soon to the editors of the ALUMNI JOURNAL.

—A recent note from W. H. Wylder, of '73, brings the gratifying intelligence that he is in the midst of a gracious revival of religion, on his charge, near Champaign.

—A private letter from his son, Prof. C. H. Wright, brings the sad intelligence of the death of President Wright, of Purdy University, Tennessee, December 12th. The bereaved family have the heartfelt sympathy of their many friends and acquaintances in Central Illinois.

—The full page advertisement of Fitzwilliam & Sons, in this issue, simply means that they have a large supply of the best goods in their line, and they mean to let the people know that they can be had cheap for cash. (We mean the goods, not the men.) Call and see them.

—Look out for R. S. Green's advertisement next month. He has already in stock new styles of fine dress and business hats, made expressly for his trade, by the best Philadelphia makers. The spring style silk hat is ready, and all interested should call and see him at his store, No. 104 W. Washington street, sign of Golden Hat.

—Married, at Jacksonville, on the 23d of December, 1873, Rev. W. H. DeMotte, A. M., President of the Illinois Female College, and Miss Anna Graves, Teacher of Music in the same Institution. We wish the happy couple a long, prosperous and companionable voyage on the matrimonial sea.

—One of the boys writing from Memphis, Tenn., says of the JOURNAL, "Its monthly visits have been missed by me for some time, and I assure you that the late January number dropped into my office like an old school companion. Always be sure and send it to me, for it is about the only means I have of hearing from my Alma Mater, and anything belonging to, or concerning the old University is of great interest to me."

—They will have it! Hear what another one says, "My ALUMNI JOURNAL has never made its appearance since I came to this place; I miss it ever so much, and can more than ever appreciate its value, now that I am some distance

away. I have had no college news since I came here, and I assure you if some newsboy were to call out on the street, 'Here's your ALUMNI JOURNAL,' he would find *one* ready purchaser at any reasonable price. Send it along, and I will send you my subscription and the money soon for next year." So we send it along to make glad another heart—and only wish we had a thousand more who would welcome the same panacea for their ills.

—We take pleasure, this month, in introducing to our friends and patrons, H. C. Davis, agent of the Singer Sewing Machine. On our outside page will be found his advertisement which we leave to speak for itself. Having tried the Singer Machine for years, we can heartily recommend it as one of the best. Persons who may wish a first-class machine, and who may want to purchase of an accommodating agent, should call at once, at No. 404 N. Main street, Bloomington, Ills.

—The attendance at the University the present term is most gratifying. The work moves on smoothly and harmoniously, and all feel that the prospects were never more encouraging. The number in attendance exceeds that of any previous Winter Term, and the various departments were never more thoroughly organized, and accomplishing more satisfactory work than now. With a clear conscience and no want of zeal, we can recommend to the young men and women of our State, who desire thorough culture, the Illinois Wesleyan University.

—The fourth lecture of the Law Course delivered by J. H. Rowell, Esq., on Thursday, Dec. 4th, upon "The Study of Law as a Science," was a masterly production, and was received with universal satisfaction and applause by the audience. The speaker maintained that the study of the law should constitute a part of the regular college curriculum. The authorities of the University have already recognized this fact, and consequently have introduced as a part of the collegiate work the fundamental principles of constitutional and international law.

—We feel grateful for the many words of good cheer and, even compliments, which our friends have bestowed upon the JOURNAL in its new dress, and we shall do all we can to make it fully merit the high position assigned it among the literary publications of the West. Though it has been considerably enlarged, thus materially increasing the cost of publication, the price remains the same. We trust our former friends and patrons will renew their subscriptions at once, and induce as many others as they can to "go and do likewise."

Subscription price, \$1 per annum. Single copy, 10 cents.

—We are glad to have the opportunity of again placing before our readers the card of J. M. Long, grocer, No. 508 N. Main street. By examining our fourth page of cover the reader will learn something which every *head* of a family ought to know.

—*Zion's Herald* says President Fallows, of the Illinois Wesleyan University, dedicated the new Methodist Church at Rosindale, Boston, January 16. Bishop Wiley and the prominent Methodist clergy of the city were in attendance. The sermon of Dr. Fallows is spoken of in terms of very high commendation.

This recognition of the growing importance of the *center* by our friends on the *borders* we duly appreciate, and count it *more than a straw* to show in what direction the current of thought is now turning. For one, whose interests and education are thoroughly Western, to be called upon to officiate in the presence of the dignitaries, clerical and professional, of the so-called Athens of the Union, is a significant sign of the times.

—As an inducement to our friends to aid in securing subscribers for the JOURNAL, we are offering as a premium for clubs of ten, any one of the superb chromos, "Mt. Blanc," "Monongahela Valley," "Riverside Cottage," "Brauenfeltz." These chromos are mounted on stretchers, and are fully equal in quality of work and design to many which are sold at prices varying from \$5 to \$10. A little effort on the part of a few of our friends will give us a large increase on our subscription rolls, and at the same time secure to those making the effort a magnificent prize. We also give a beautiful Flower Piece chromo, 15½ by 21 inches, for clubs of five subscribers. Those who are working for premiums need not wait to secure all the subscriptions before sending. If they will notify us of the fact when names are sent they will be placed to their credit, and the premium sent when the club is full. To secure a premium the money must in all cases accompany the subscription.

Send in your lists at once, we want to secure at least 1,000 more subscriptions for 1874.

## OUR BOOK TABLE.

### NEW MUSIC:

The following pieces of sheet music, from the the popular music house of GEO. F. ROOT & SONS, have reached our table:

"I know a Maiden fair." Song and chorus by H. R. Palmer; sprightly, pleasing and not difficult.

"Meet me at the Fountain," Song and chorus, by P. P. Bliss; a beautiful and simple melody, which will wake responsive echoes, if there is any music in the soul.

"When Earth and Heaven Meet." Song by Geo. F. Root; peculiar and yet attractive.

"Hear, hear the Shout," Song and chorus, by the same author; a rousing farmer's song. Also two pleasing instrumental pieces, "Prairie Belle Polka," by F. W. Root, and "Normandy Waltz," by C. F. Root.

Parties wishing any of these pieces can secure them by ordering of the nearest dealer, or direct of Geo. F. Root & Sons, Chicago, Ills.

### ROPP'S RAPID RECKONER AND COMMERCIAL CALCULATOR.

A new edition of this convenient and useful little book has been placed upon our table. It contains, as it claims, a practical and scientific system of calculation, noted for simplicity, brevity and accuracy, and is of especial advantage to business men. By short, simple and accurate methods, the same results are reached which the more intricate and elaborate methods taught in our schools give. Its practical adaptability to the wants of the great farming class, to whom the book is respectfully dedicated, will insure it a rapid and extensive sale. Like all works from the Methodist Book Concern, it is presented to the public in a neat and substantial form. Parties

desiring to obtain copies can be supplied by addressing the author, Christian Ropp, Bloomington, Ill.

### A CONDENSED BOTANY, by J. A. SEWALL.

Published by SHERWOOD & Co., Chicago.

The publishers have our thanks for this beautiful little work, placed upon our table. In its mechanical execution, especially, it is a little gem. It is very seldom that we see a scientific work for our schools prepared with such marked success, especially in its illustrations, and it should gain for the publishers a large share of patronage. It is a little octavo volume, of almost one hundred pages, largely occupied by the illustrations which are taken from nature, by that excellent artist, Mrs. F. P. Smith, formerly of our city, and which serve almost as good a purpose as the presence of the objects themselves. Printed, as they are, upon tinted paper, they make a very beautiful and attractive appearance, and well illustrate the text.

The author has aimed to use but few words, believing that if concise and exact statements and definitions are carefully studied, the subjects treated of may be fully understood. With this book and the aid of a skillful teacher the pupil should become greatly interested in the study of forms. From the examination we have been able to give the work we would judge it to be quite free from errors. We might possibly question as to whether the illustration of the obovate leaf on page 23 will convey to the mind of the pupil an accurate idea of the form indicated by name, yet this is decidedly an exceptional case. The suggestions and examples given in the appendix are excellent, and teachers will find in them valuable assistance.

THE

# ALUMNI JOURNAL,

OF THE

ILLINOIS WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

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Vol IV.

MARCH, 1874.

No. 3.

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## OUR DICTIONARIES.

THE American people have great reason to congratulate themselves in reference to lexicography. Two mammoth quarto volumes, either of which well graces the table of the most erudite, have been given to the nation by two of her devoted sons; and after numerous revisions these works have reached a degree of perfection which places them in the foremost rank as authority in questions pertaining to the English language. The question is frequently asked "Which do you prefer? Webster or Worcester. Which do you recommend to students? Which is the superior work, as to real merit, as to binding, as to definition, as to pictorial illustration, as to special or new-coined words? Which contains the greatest number of words?" and so on almost without limitation. And we have given these questions some consideration, and at times have almost summoned sufficient courage to attempt a critical comparison, with a view of giving the public the benefit of the investigation. But why need we spend time in such work when others, whose facilities for such a comparison are far superior to ours, have done this same thing, and the results of their labors have been placed before the public. True, these results are far from being uniformly

in favor of either book; they differ widely, as to which shall bear the palm, or wear the laurel. So, in all probability, should *we* attempt the herculean task of a critical comparison, our efforts would prove unavailing in effecting even a truce in this war of words. Possibly we may do well to let these aspirants for superiority tell their own story in our columns, and leave our readers to decide each for himself.

In some circulars which have found their way to our desk, the following are given as

### REASONS FOR BUYING WORCESTER.

1. Because it is a *thorough and accurate work*, every one of the words and subjects contained in it having been independently and carefully examined.
2. Because it is one of the *most complete and elaborate dictionaries* of the English language ever published.
3. Because it gives the *correct mode of spelling and of pronouncing words*, and presents, in cases of dispute or of doubt, the different methods and opinions of all those who have given special attention to these subjects.
4. Because of its accuracy in regard to the origin and derivation of words, pre-

senting, in cases of uncertainty, the opinions of all eminent philologists and scholars.

5. Because of the fullness with which the grammatical forms and inflections of words are given.

6. Because its *definitions are complete, accurate, and concise*, and are amply supported by citations from the best authors, both ancient and modern; not only aptly illustrating the significations, but also constituting a rich collection of the maxims and gems of the language.

7. Because it contains nearly 1100 *separate articles on synonyms*, in which the distinctions between more than 500 synonymous words are accurately and concisely stated, and illustrated by short and well-chosen examples.

8. Because it is *amply illustrated* by admirably executed wood-cuts, drawn expressly for the work, and inserted in their proper places in the pages.

9. Because in Natural History, Science and Art, it not only includes accurate descriptions and definitions of objects, words, and terms, formerly known or used, but also of those recently discovered, invented, or introduced.

10. Because, in words of old English, in local and provincial words and expressions, both English and American, in phrases, in modern words and significations, in *technical and commercial words and terms*, it is far more complete than any previous work.

11. Because there are numerous notes scattered throughout the volume, containing rare, valuable, and interesting information on various important subjects, as well as critical remarks on the orthography, the pronunciation, the etymology, the grammatical form and construction, and on the peculiar, technical, provincial, and American uses of words.

12. Because it contains *copious pronouncing vocabularies* of geographical and proper names, both ancient and modern, a full collection of phrases and quotations from foreign languages, a key to the pronunciation of classical and Scripture proper names, and a complete list of abbreviations used in writing and printing.

13. Because it contains *elaborate, intelligible, and practical treatises* on the

origin, formation, and etymology of the English language, on orthography, pronunciation, English grammar, and other important subjects.

14. Because all the subjects included in its various departments are *treated with good faith and strict impartiality* towards all men and all sects.

The above would seem to afford conclusive proof of the superiority of Worcester's dictionary over all others, should one, like a certain German magistrate, insist upon hearing but one side of the case stated, lest he might be biased in his decision. But turning to another *pile* of circulars, setting forth the claims of the opposition, we find, in substance, the following

#### REASONS FOR BUYING WEBSTER.

1. Its *vocabulary* is more complete in well authorized words than that of any other similar work.

2. Its *definitions* are more full, clear, and precise.

3. Its *orthography* is that on which the leading school books of the country are based.

4. Its system of *pronunciation* is simple and intelligible, in accordance with pure usage and free from gross errors, or the evil of attempting to teach the eye that which can only be learned by the ear.

5. It is the dictionary used by the mass of the people, its sales exceeding in number those of all other dictionaries combined.

6. It contains a greater number of pictorial illustrations than any other similar work, and these are executed in superior style.

7. It is superior to all other dictionaries in its tables of synonyms.

8. It has by far the more universal endorsement of educated men.

9. It is the standard authority in most of our institutions of learning.

10. It is constantly cited and relied upon in our courts of justice.

11. Most of the principal publishing houses of the country adopt Webster as their standard in orthography.

12. It is used as the standard authority in the Government Printing Office at Washington.

13. Over three hundred thousand sheep



have been divested of their skins to furnish covering for Webster's Dictionaries. (Possibly this ought not to be urged as a reason for purchasing, as an increased demand will only multiply the slaughter of the innocents; besides, it may subject the work to the imputation of being a *wolf* in *sheep's* clothing).

And we might continue this enumeration, but we forbear.

If what is claimed by the advocates of Worcester's Dictionary be true, it certainly is a very superior work; and *fourteen* years of companionship, during which time its pages have been frequently consulted, only tend to strengthen our conviction as to the truth of what is asserted in its favor. It surely is a very superior work and worthy a prominent place on the desk of every scholar, or of any one who is striving to become such.

But if what is claimed by the advocates of Webster's Dictionary be true, it also must be a very superior work. The merest glance at its pages, without a single argument, would convince one that this is true. We are glad that we can have them both to aid us in our labors. They are true friends of every earnest student of our language, and as such we highly prize them. They have their peculiar traits, their separate points of excellence and superiority, and we think we speak advisedly when we say "Worcester for Orthography and Pronunciation; Webster for Definition and Illustration." We heartily endorse the following from the *New Englander*:

"That there should spring up a brisk competition between two rival works, is to be expected. And, as a generous rivalry must tend to the improvement of the works themselves, so an honorable competition must tend to increase the sale and circulation of both. There is no occasion for hostility; much less for a war of extermination. It will not do, it is true, to have more than one Bible, in a Christian country. But in respect to dictionaries, there may be greater toleration. However desirable may be uniformity, whether in matters of faith or of spelling, there always has been, and always will be, diversity in respect to both. To enforce uniformity is impossible. So far as the the two dictionaries differ on certain doubtful or disputed points, there exist corresponding differences of opinion, or of taste, in the community, to give a basis of friendship for each. And so far as each possesses characteristic or peculiar excellencies not belonging to the other, scholars, and those who have the most occasion to use a dictionary, will, according to their wants, be inclined to become possessors of both. The country is broad enough, and the wants of the community urgent and various enough, to tolerate, if not to welcome, the two. Let there be, then, no quarrel between them. The man is well enough off, perhaps, who possesses either; and he is to be congratulated who is able to own both."

THE LIBRARY  
OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

ELGIN WATCH FACTORY.

OUR visit to the Elgin Watch Factory reminded us of *time* that was and is and is *not*, for while we are registering it, it has gone, never to return.

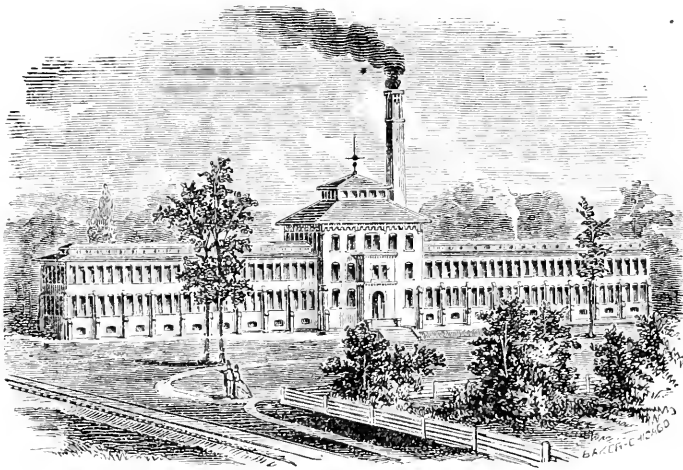
It was a happy thought of some inventive genius to make a water wheel register the flight of time. History says, "a little wheel was introduced, on which the water fell drop by drop, turning it,

and thus communicating motion to hands upon a dial." It may be that we shall yet call upon the tides and waves of old Neptune, the currents of rivers and the steam-power, with all the regulating governors, to mark what springs, weights and pendulums are now doing. In the meantime, we must be content to take the "train of wheels" attached to coiled

springs moving a compensation balance, laying aside the "old barrel and fusee." and depend more upon the performance of the timepiece, from fine pivots and good jewelery, than larger and coarser machinery. On a certain "blue Monday," a friend with me captured a dominie and suggested a trip to Elgin. Of course this included a trip to our wonderful Elgin National Watch Factory, which is beautifully situated on the banks of the Fox River. Though not a stranger, we must have the necessary pass and the foreman of each room to guide us through his ward.

We met here our friend Moyon, who has worked on "escape pinions," so long that what there is in this exact science he seems to know. He showed us a mi-

cate steel pinions. And this good natured man, who meets us with such a pleasant smile, has worked up more precious stones than adorn the state robes in the Kremlin at Moscow. Ruby, sapphire, Spanish topaz, garnet, chrysolite and aqua-marine are among those generally used. Here it must be emphatically "diamond cut diamond," though, I believe, no process has yet been discovered by which diamonds proper can be worked to advantage into jewels. The process, as we learned was thus: A rough stone, perhaps as large as a pea, is fastened upon a metallic plate with quick cement, and then applied to a gang of circular saws, made of tin and diamond dust. Quickly they are cut into slabs or rather boards. These are cemented again to



ELGIN WATCH FACTORY.

croscopic piece of steel and said "This is a lady's escape pinion." In a moment the dominie by our side quaintly remarked that he had heard of a lady's escaped pinion more ponderous than this little point of steel. We have bottled the delicate treasure (the steel one we mean) and put it among the seven wonders of our home. But it is a real curiosity. Under the microscope it shows a barrel, seven distinct bevels, the two pinions and a polish of silvery brightness. A few minutes before it was a piece of steel wire.

We find Mr. Adams, who seems to understand all about fitting jewels to deli-

other disks, ground to a thickness and polished on both sides, then taken back again and sawed into little pieces resembling fine shoe pegs, after which they go to the lathe for turning. Diamond pointed chisels of the most delicate pattern are used. It is a little painful to a nervous person to hear that sharp scream, as you come near where the forces are at work, but that work must be done, and we watch a garnet peg spinning around so rapidly that it seems to be perfectly still; and we see the diamond chisel cutting away until by and by a little flake falls off, about the size, though somewhat thicker, than the scale of a minnow.

These are carried to a room below, and as we enter we hear the same sound, though much finer now.

Workmen are here drilling capillary holes through these jewels, and with steel wires charged with diamond dust they polish these holes, the jewel revolving one way and the wire the other, at the rate of 15,000 revolutions per minute. Passing through another process, the rim of the jewel is covered by a setting of brass, worked by a machine of remarkable mechanism. Next the jewels must be assorted and registered according to the size of the hole, and this must be determined according to the ten thousandth part of an inch. A long tapering needle picks up the jewel, which runs down until it stops on the larger part, then a register is applied, which will measure the thirty thousandth part of an inch, and determine the size of the needle and the hole at the same instant. The jewel is now ready for the pivot. No wonder the Cornelia of old thought much of her jewels, if they were as highly wrought as those we have tried to describe. But what labor it takes to finish these ready for their settings. One man worked all day on a few specks which might easily be placed on a small pearl button.

From these rooms we go to the balance department. The expansion balance consists of a rim of equal parts of brass and steel, whose different expansive properties correct each other. Thirty different machines are required to make these, the smallest one making the fine golden screws for the rim of the balance. Had we time we would walk with you through the spring room and see steel "pnt up on its metal" as nowhere else in the world. The correctness of those quivering beats in the heart of a watch, depend upon the powers here generated. The rolling, cutting, tempering and polishing process, all must be done with the greatest exactness. Before we leave these five hundred workmen we must see the most wonderful of all things, "those tiny screws." Here, indeed, we find the renowned region of the fairies, and things more marvelous than the reported cases of "witchcraft" at which the "blue laws of old Connecticut" were hurled. "Puck may put a girdle around the world in forty minutes,"

but these machines will cut a perfect screw in one second, so fine that it would take five hundred threads to make an inch. "To kick the beam" of a pound weight it takes one hundred and forty-four thousand of these microscopic screws. One pound of these delicate twisters is actually worth six pounds of gold.

From here we go into the dial room and find a score of busy people ruling, marking, mixing a sort of paste, and watching the last process. We are conducted to a little side room and find, after the door is closed, that the temperature is nearly to a burning point. Of course this is too near the regions of Pluto, which we have been told to shun; and so, with a hasty glance at those glowing furnaces we pronounce it very nice and gladly retire. The superintendent of this department has attained remarkable success. Look at the dial plate of a "Lady Elgin Watch" and imagine, if you can, the skill requisite to form by hand those fine lines and letters, with brushes so small that they resemble needle points. Not only in the works of these watches, but on the hands and dial plate great skill is shown, and no poor work is allowed to pass. Before leaving the factory the entire make up is put through a crucial test, under a varied temperature, from a bake oven to that of an iceberg. Here comes the advantage of the compensation balance, and the measured beat of 18,000 strokes per hour, in the B. W. Raymond movement, shows it is a "fast train" well "adjusted," and "warranted" not to run off with time, off from a bridge, or "ditch" a train for a conductor.

There is a great piece of folly in supposing that foreign high-priced watches are the best time-keepers. An English Frodsham, costing \$400 in gold, or L'Brequet, a French watch, made for aristocratic families of wealth, and costing 400 francs each, or a Jules Jurgensen, selling in the United States for \$400 in gold, have all been tested by the American watches and our superiority over them all, decided. And the watches made in this country cost only about one-fourth the price of those named.—*Young Folks' Rural.*

## EDUCATION.

REV. J. J. MONTGOMERY.

THE importance of a right development of man's mind and heart appears more prominently from a religious standpoint, perhaps, than from any other.

One of the greatest obstacles, if not the greatest altogether, in the way of the Gospel's influence is *ignorance*,—ignorance in the form of superstition and bigotry,—ignorance in self-conceit—ignorance of God, of the Bible, and of ourselves. Hence the importance of a wholesome education—an education that draws out in symmetrical proportions both the powers of the mind and the affections of the soul.

No class of men have seen and felt the necessity of a "wholesome education" more than "itinerant preachers" who have been thrown into all classes and conditions of society—and have seen the sad condition where ignorance predominates: as well as the beauty, refinement, and much desired advantages, where our people are educated. And this accounts for the fact that preachers are the fast friends of schools and colleges.

Much is being said in private circles, and written in weekly journals about the growth and prosperity of the church. Numbers and figures are piled up, and we shout and rejoice because of this wonderful advancement in church affairs. But what about our educational facilities? He who holds this pen can look back over nearly half a century and see the growth and onward march of education in our country.

When I was a boy a very common practice prevailed in families of noticing or marking the growth of the children. We stood up somewhere about the house and our height was marked; children would grow from one and a half to two, or perhaps, nearly three inches a year. Precisely in this way we look at our educational growth. By comparing our present condition with years gone by, that growth becomes apparent. There are three points of comparison, the school house, the teachers, and the books.

The cabin, or hewed-log school-house,

and backless seats of forty years ago, taking the country generally, have given way to splendid school edifices. Could a score of those old school houses be brought and placed around one of our colleges, or city ward school houses even, the contrast would be so striking that one might exclaim, "beautiful for situation," grand and magnificent in adaptation!

Teachers may be looked at. Formerly *teaching* was not a regular business, as now. No one claimed to be an "educator." A few were educated up to the then advantages, but many were not.

Two or three things were essential to a teacher. A sharp pen knife with which to make and mend all the pens, a dictionary to know how to pronounce all the words, and a good "hickory," as it was then called. We say "switch," but it was mostly *longer* and *bigger*, to use old style language, than a switch. This last article gave the coats a good dusting quite frequently, when they were not required to be taken off for the purpose of making the boy more lively,—whether out of respect to the coat or student I leave the reader to supply.

Mr. Lewis, Superintendent of Common Schools in Ohio, some thirty-five years ago, in a speech before one of the sessions of the Pittsburgh Conference, told us, among other things, that he inquired of a teacher: "Do you teach grammar and geography in your school?" "No," said the teacher, "we don't teach any of the *classics*."

The books. They were few then, many now. A spelling book—one reader—one arithmetic—Murray's grammar, as hard as the "nether millstone"—and a small copy of Walker's dictionary formed the school books forty-five or fifty years ago; now our books are without number.

If our young people do not make fine scholars now, with the advantages they have, it will certainly be their own fault, unless some good "Educator," who sees their movements more closely than I can, concludes that too much dust remains in their coats.

## THE LAND OF BOOKS.

J. B. T.

The land of books is not to me  
 A land of the silent dead,  
 Whose volumes are their epitaphs  
 To tell what once they said.

But 'tis a land whence voices come  
 From spirits bright and high  
 Who have found in drafts of Helicon  
 An immortality.

'Tis the better land of genius,  
 Where thy life's span prolong,  
 There the sages still their wisdom speak ;  
 There the poet sings his song.

What scenes of living beauty there,  
 With rapturous eyes I see!  
 What sweet-voiced spirits come and go,  
 Scatt'ring thought-flowers o'er the lea!

And this paradise of letters has  
 Not one forbidden tree.  
 No guardian stands with flaming sword ;  
 Its golden fruits are free.

'Tis a land of fruits and springing flowers,  
 How beautiful to see!

'Tis a land of voice, and song, and *life*—  
 This land of books—to me.

## NECROLOGY FOR 1873.

THE following interesting review of 1873 is taken from a sermon, delivered Dec. 28, 1873, by Rev. D. L. Leonard, of the Congregational Church, Normal, Ills. :

“The mortality among men known to fame has been unusually great. The stage has lost its Macready, its Davenport, and Laura Keane. Lovers of art lament the departure out of life of three favorites, Kensett ; Landseer, whose dogs and deer are seen in almost every house; and Hiram Powers, second to no sculptor of this generation. Five, who mingled in the clash of arms, have gone where the sound of war is never heard ; McCook, falling by the hand of an assassin ; Canby, a Christian fighter, like Havelock, a victim

of Modoc treachery; Delafield, for twelve years a Superintendent at West Point ; Hardee, of ‘Tactics’ fame ; and Admiral Winslow, whose guns ended the career of the Alabama. Philosophy has lost one, but he a master in that realm,—John Stuart Mill ; an intellectual giant, a writer most vigorous and profound in criticism, in logic, social science, political economy and mental philosophy. In the ranks of physical science serious gaps have been made. Capt. Hall died away up among the icebergs. How sad the circumstances of his death, and how almost incredible the story of the escape of his companions! Col. Foster, geologist and ethnologist, author of ‘The Mississippi Valley’ and ‘Pre-Historic Races of the United States,’

Lient. Maury, best known by his book, "Physical Geography of the Sea;" Prof. John Torrey, of Columbia College; Prof. Coffin, chief authority on the laws of winds; Donati, discoverer of the famous comet of 1859; Baron Liebig, possessed of a remarkable genius for chemistry. Another name suggests how great a loss to the world:—Agassiz, so widely admired and loved, who added so much to the stock of human knowledge, the scientific father of such a troop of young men, and taken away from the beginning of two important projects. Cassidy has left the office of the Albany *Argus*, and Joshua Leavitt of the *Independent*. Seven others have laid down their pens forever: Caroline Cheseborough, Lewis Gaylord Clark, Louisa Mühlbach, Thierry and Girardin, French historians, and Von Raumer, German historian, and Edward Bulwer Lytton.

These men from the political sphere have had the last of honor and office: the Emperor of Morocco; King John of Saxony; Abd El Kader; and Napoleon III, who, though dying without throne or country, had been for years more talked about and feared than any other sovereign; Ratazzi, the Italian patriot; and Rochefort, French editor and agitator,

caught among the Communists and sentenced to perpetual banishment in New Caledonia. At home, Orr has been taken, and Meredith, and Mallory, Confederate Secretary of the Navy; James Brooks and Oakes Ames; Yates, our efficient War Governor and Senator, generous, public spirited, but dying a wreck, a dishonored victim of strong drink; John P. Hale, an anti-slavery standard-bearer; Nelson, of the Supreme Court, a model judge; and Salmon Portland Chase, among the ablest and purest of our Treasury, organized victory as effectually as Lincoln, or Stanton or Grant, by furnishing in abundance the sinews of war.

The church has been sadly bereaved. Two shining lights have gone out in Scotland, Guthrie and Candish, both eminent for scholarship, pulpit talents, piety and good works. England has lost her Baptist Noel, and Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester. In our land two bishops have been laid to rest,—Armitage, of Wiscensin, and McIlvaine, of Ohio; as also these four veterans in Christ's army, Chancellor Ferris, Dr. Todd of Pittsfield, Dr. Storrs of Braintree, and Gardiner Spring. What a harvest the King of Shadows has gathered.

Must I then forward only look for death?  
 Backward I turn mine eye, and find him there:  
 Man is a self-survivor every year.  
 Man, like a stream, is in perpetual flow.  
 Death's a destroyer of quotidian prey.  
 My youth, my noon-tide his; my yesterday,  
 The bold invader shares the present hour.  
 Each moment on the former shuts the grave.  
 While man is growing, life is in decrease;  
 And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.  
 Our birth is nothing but our death begun;  
 As tapers waste, that instant they take fire.  
 Shall we then fear, lest that should come to pass,  
 Which comes to pass each moment of our lives?  
 If fear we must, let that death turn us pale,  
 Which murders strength and ardor; what remains  
 Should rather call on death, than dread his call.

*Young's Night Thoughts.*

## MUNSELLIAN SOCIETY DEPARTMENT.

W. S. MARQUIS, EDITOR.

## OPPORTUNITIES FOR EFFORT.

M. V. CRUMBAKER.

WHEN God created man and sent him forth, the crowning work of creation, endowed with facilities many and dissimilar, which are capable of being developed to an indefinite extent, He sent him forth to labor, recognizing the fact that in effort man attains his true nobility. And to afford opportunities for effort, He spread out before him the universe—boundless in extent, rich in diversity, exhaustless in resources—which invites man to enter, and from its rich mines to gather truths which shall sparkle as gems in the eternal coronet of progress. Many are the gems which have been collected by the true nobility of earth; who, improving the opportunities which they have enjoyed, have dared, through effort, to assert their dominion over the works of creation. These shine forth through the gloom and darkness which would otherwise surround us, like stars from a cloudless sky, illuminating our pathway and beckoning us on to effort and success; for every principle discovered, every work accomplished is a key to admit us to realms yet unexplored, and thus affords new opportunities for effort.

We gaze upon the great results which have been accomplished, in the various departments of science, art, literature, and religion, and we cannot but admire the great minds and noble hearts by whose efforts they have been accomplished. But admire them as we may, on account of application and genius, we must ever look upon their works as the expression of the opportunities which they have employed and improved. Great have been their opportunities; great are the works which they have accomplished. Let us then, as we admire these works of

goodness and greatness, standing in the light of advancing civilization, ask what are our opportunities?

As we look around us, preparatory to answering this question, we see spread out before us the field for effort almost untouched.

In every department where excellency has been gained by our predecessors, opportunities many and great present themselves to us.

Have others enjoyed great advantages as statesmen, by means of which they have been enabled to inscribe their names on the scroll of Fame? Never before have there existed such opportunities for effort in this direction as are held forth in our own country. With such a diversity of climate, which tends to produce diversity of tastes and manners; with such a conglomeration of citizens; with the complicated relations and dissimilar interests which exist between the different departments of industry, the subject of legislation becomes one of such importance as to call forth genius of the highest order.

Was the ancient orator, such as Demosthenes, called upon to hurl his thunderbolts of eloquence, charged with anathemas and curses, against the evils and corruptions of his age? Behold evil, in its multitudinous forms, stalks forth under the broad sunlight of heaven, carrying ruin in its path; and corruption, that huge monster of destruction, comes forth robed in the habiliments of royalty, and, climbing to the highest positions in society, sits enthroned, a god. His devotees are numbered by thousands, who, in obedience to the mandates of their deity, hold their bacchanalian revelries around the mangled body of virtue and truth,

while humanity, with pleading tongue and streaming eyes, calls upon those whose tongues have been touched with the fire of eloquence, to speak forth in her behalf.

Have you the power of oratory? Then in the name of God and humanity, lift up your voice, and with burning words arouse the people from their lethargy, that they may see the danger, and, with united effort, may hurl this mighty monster from his throne, ere he brings upon us ruin and destruction.

Philosophy, which has engaged the great minds of the age, has depths which the plummet line of thought has never fathomed; heights which the loftiest flight of cultured imagination has never reached; mysteries which the most careful observations and experiments have never explained; errors which the most thorough investigations have never detected.

Astronomy, with its limitless expanse, illuminated with blazing orbs, fossilized thoughts of divinity, invites us to enter its unexplored fields, and there read, in lines of living light, the glories of the Creator.

Christianity, best boon to mortals given, calls for men of true hearts and ready hands, who, with culture broad

and deep, shall be able to meet infidelity, with the allied powers of darkness, upon her own chosen field, and there, with arms of divine forging, win victories for God and the right.

But why enumerate instances? The whole universe is teeming with opportunities; the earth, with its undeveloped resources, bids us work: the air, as it kindly consents to do the work which was once man's drudgery, as it rises in its might and sweeps across our prairies, reveals powers which are yet to be subdued and utilized by the imperial mind of man. Old Ocean speaks to us of opportunities, in accents unmistakable, when, lashed into a rage by the strong arm of Boreas, he rushes with foam-capped wave over the frail foundering bark of man's imperfect construction.

God, speaking to us through his word and by his spirit, bids us, through our works, honor Him.

And shall we, who enjoy opportunities so propitious—the great results of the past lifting us up where we may look out into the future—shall we fold our arms and complain of the hardship of our lot? No, but in the strength of our manhood, with the divine approbation upon our efforts, let us go forward to vigorous, manly action.

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## SILENT CITIES.

JOSIE HALL.

WELL has it been remarked, that "if speech and sound are but the voice of longing, so is silence, rightly understood, the voice of wailing." How true this is when the silence is that of a city where desolation holds her dreary court.

"Where tower, and hall, and citadel,  
And lofty roof, and barrier gate,  
And tower and turret bow to fate."

What sad thoughts come stealing through the mind of the traveler as he wanders through a deserted city, and marks the towers of strength, now crumbled dust; the halls of mirth, now wasted ruins. What does this silence

say to him? Where are the busy people, that once filled these streets with life and activity? Where are the massive walls, the marble domes, the beautiful temples graced by wealth and genius? What has wrought this desolation? Ah, he needs not to be told the destroyer's name. The tyrant, Time, speaks to us:

"Give one glance o'er the tombs around ye,  
Mountains of ruin piled by me, alone:  
I did it;—I smote yesterday,—to-morrow  
I await to smite your cities,—you: go borrow  
Safety and strength,—they shall avail you  
naught!"

Are his boasts in vain? We have



abundant proof to the contrary. He laid his hand on Egypt, and she passed into the tomb of nations, leaving splendid monuments to attest the grandeur of her civilization. Egypt now lives in the past. Exploration's persevering hand has brought to light many ancient cities, once buried beneath the arid sands of the desert. And what lessons these ruins teach us! Many of the arts practiced by us, considered as modern, we find were known to these ancients. We discover that this country once possessed thousands of miles of canal. "A device of a railroad for the movement of a battering ram in attacking a city is seen upon a slab found in the ruins of Ninevah, a city buried about 510 B. C." The same writer says: "Railroads were quite common in military operations. Among the ruins of Ninevah the elements of a printing press have also been found, showing that this art was known and lost." Then the ancients possessed a knowledge of many things unknown to us—the art of embalming, dyeing, and painting, and moving heavy bodies of stone. In Egypt paintings still exist in all their beauty, having survived two or three thousand years. Yet this nation, that once excelled us, disappeared at the command of Time. Neither do her cities stand alone; the most complete destruction has overtaken Babylon, of whose walls, fourteen miles along each face, three hundred and fifty feet high, and eighty-seven feet thick, no trace is left.

Passing on rapidly, we will notice the dreadful fate of Pompeii, when Vesuvius, which had threatened so long, burst all bonds, and one mighty river of red hot lava poured down its steep sides, covering the unhappy city with a mass of molten rock and ashes twenty feet deep. Seventeen hundred years after this sad burial the black pall of lava was lifted, and we have all heard of the wonders the excavators brought to light. Other cities were destroyed at or about the same time, and in the same manner, but it is needless to mention them, their sad fate is known. And Rome, Athens, Carthage—where are they?

“Spoiled heritage, successive prey,  
As new nations press their onward way.  
The passing waves, that bathed their towers,  
Now murmur by their graves.

Of their ancient grandeur all is past  
That seemed eternal, framed to last.  
Where the capitol raised its brow  
You gaze on desert glades;  
Brambles grow o'er the crushed arcades;  
Everywhere you read the nothingness of human  
pride.  
Why dost thou build thy halls, son of the winged  
days?  
Thou lookest from thy tower to-day;  
Yet a few years and the blast of the desert comes;  
It howls in thy empty courts."

One more silent city we will notice.  
As you pass along its wide avenues, lofty  
structures rise on every side. The bur-  
nished door-plates bear

"Proud names who once the reins of empire  
held;  
In wars who triumphed, or in arts excelled;  
Chiefs, graced with scars and prodigal of blood;  
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;  
And saints who taught and led the way to  
heaven."

Beside these are the dwellings of earth's  
humble ones. For in this mysterious  
city no distinction is made. The birds  
sing as sweetly, the flowers bloom as  
brightly by the dwellings of one as of  
another. You cannot call this a deserted  
city. Carriages are constantly passing  
up and down the broad road that leads  
through its center. The footpath, over  
which the branches droop so lovingly, is  
often crowded with persons visiting here.  
And yet what silence pervades through-  
out its every part? Each tread is muf-  
fled; all tones are hushed. Observe,  
also, that every countenance bears the  
impress of sorrow. The mystery is solved;  
you are in the silent city of the dead.  
"This is the last great resting place of  
earth; the "threshold of eternity."

Now to you the brook is chanting a  
mournful dirge; the bird's song seems a  
plaintive cry of distress—

"And each floral bell *tolls* its perfume on the  
passing air."

Even the gently waving grass seems  
something sacred. Oh, does not this  
silent city speak with a voice of wailing;  
and does not love respond to the mute  
appeal? Oh, yes! here is weeping and  
mourning. Some, in the anguish of their  
spirit, receive no consolation; others  
find sweet peace. They know that Death  
has triumphed over Life; that their loved  
ones have gone from them forever. But  
they see another conflict. Death shall

be banished 'mid his own gloom; their spirits will come in gladness to put on the robes of immortality. Alas for those who have no enduring hope; no love higher and holier than that of earth; for on the distant shores of Time these slumbering waves shall again awake. Beyond

that mystic vale the thoughts, the words and deeds of the present, will again meet us.

"Dream not with death to shuffle off the coil;  
It takes fresh life, starts again for further toil,  
And on it goes—forever, ever on."

### DRIIFT-WOOD.

—A new name for railroads, Iron & Steel Co's.

—If all men knew what others said of them, there would not be four friends in the world.—*Pascal*.

—The President's office, the first room to the left as you enter the College, has been improved, in comfort and appearance, by a handsome Brussels carpet.

MONTHLY EXAMINATIONS.—The last week of January saw the introduction of a new feature in the former college routine, viz: written monthly examinations. The new departure was debated *pro* and *con* by the students in general. Some, we noticed who argued *pro* at first, changed their tune to *con* after passing one or two examinations, although all admit that it is just the thing to secure efficient work.

ORIGIN OF COMMON QUOTATIONS.—Among the quotations in constant use, "Dark as pitch," "Every tub must stand on its own bottom," are found in Bunyan; "By hook or crook," "Through thick and thin," are used by Spenser in the "Fairy Queen;" "Smell a rat," is employed by Ben. Jonson and Butler in "Hudibras;" "Wrong sow by the ear" is used by Ben. Jonson; "Turn over a new leaf" occurs in Middleton's play, "Anything for a Quiet Life."—*Selected*.

—Muscle as well as brain should have a chance to develop, wisely think the faculty, and accordingly they have undertaken the establishment of a gymnasium in the University. At a recent meeting of the faculty and students, a committee, consisting of Professors Crow and Wil-

ling, Miss Ross, and Messrs. Gilbreath and Heafer, was appointed to carry forward the work. On Wednesday, the 17th inst., this committee reported that they had let the contract to remove the rubbish, put in doors, and lay floor in basement room designated for gymnasium, the work to begin at once. The cost of the work, they stated, will be \$150, and for the proper furnishing of the room a similar amount will be required. In order to obtain this money, each member of the above committee has been made a solicitor, with the chairman as treasurer, and to this force were added the following persons as special solicitors: Mrs. Prof. Potter, Mrs. Prof. DeMotte, Miss Kate Graves, Mr. A. Y. Morriss.

#### ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.



The figures from 1 to 10, inclusive, may be arranged in the above squares in such a manner that each horizontal, vertical and diagonal column will sum up 34. The four figures of the central square will equal 34, and the four figures of each quarter of the whole square will equal 34. These are a few of the methods in which 34 may be reached: there are twenty in all.

## BELLES LETTRES SOCIETY DEPARTMENT.

ALBERT WALKLEY, EDITOR.

## THE OFFICES OF THE INTELLECT IN RELIGION.

THERE are those who think it next to blasphemy to attempt to strengthen revealed truth by natural truth. We might, however, reply to these by asking them to what test they would put the claims of one who said he was inspired by God; and by quoting to them the passage found in Romans I. 20: "For the invisible things of God are clearly seen from the creation of the world, being understood by the things which are made, even his eternal power and God-head." Undoubtedly the heart, or the emotional part of man, plays an important part in our religious experience, but that which is grasped by the intellect is the basis upon which all is built.

The belief in the existence of a first cause is intuitive, yet it is not grasped by all with equal clearness, and it also admits of proof. I need say nothing concerning the first statement, except, that man cannot by any act of the imagination, conceive for a moment, the non-existence of an ultimate cause, be that what it may. The second of these statements all will admit; for we have only to read in order to become acquainted with the various ideas men have and had of the First Cause. To the red man of America he is a good spirit, to the Hindoo he is practically non-existence, eternal sleep. To one philosopher, the First Cause is water, to another air, to another fire. One endows his First Cause with a soul, or with feeling, another with intelligence, or thought. Step by step man has climbed the lofty height; little by little he has grasped the idea of one all-wise, eternal God. But when he has planted his foot firmly upon this height, he stands upon a granite rock, and may look down in wonder upon the dark

clouds of doubt which roll beneath him. When he has firmly grasped this idea, he has found a resting place for his mind, a quiet haven, free from the wild waves that roll over the outer ocean. We, by the aid of reason and revelation, stand upon this granite rock and look down in wonder upon the stranger notions of the ancients and of the present heathen. Inch by inch the ground has been contested, and inch by inch it has been conquered.

The third statement is, that the existence of a First Cause admits of proof. We see about us events which demand an adequate cause. We exist, the universe exists; neither accounts for the existence of the other: there must be something back of these, and that must be spirit; for the only two things invested with power are matter and spirit, and who is wild enough to say that matter is the cause of spirit? We are endowed with intelligence, therefore the one who endowed us with it must himself be an intelligent being. "Undoubtedly the ultimate cause transcends in his modes of being, all our conceptions of intelligence and will, nevertheless the intelligible and beneficent order of the universe shows those modes to be in accordance with our idea of intelligence." Man is mind, finite. God is mind, infinite. The belief then in the existence of an infinite, all-wise, and eternal God can and must be ascribed to by the intellect. This is the first office of the intellect.

If, then, there be a God, without doubt there exist certain relations between us and him; and of course the created depends upon the creator. It then becomes us, as his creatures, to acknowledge this dependence, and to bend our minds in

adoration of the great eternal One. Nor can I conceive of any act on the part of man more sublime, more noble, more divine, than that of one kneeling humbly before his creator, his lips closed. No ear hears, no eye sees, not a whisper breaks the silence; but a created mind talks with uncreated mind, the ego within

talks, not by words, but by thought with the I AM of the universe. This act speaks to me of the divinity of man. This, then, is the second office of the intellect. The third is for it to receive communications from its creator, witnessing that it has been accepted of him.

### MADAME PAREPA-ROSA.

KATE B. ROSS.

"If you would learn Death's character, attend;  
All caste of conduct, all degree of health,  
All dies of fortune, and all dates of age,  
Together shook in his impartial urn,  
Come forth at random: \* \* \* \* \*"

In the year just passed the Death Angel has knocked at the doors of many known to fame, and in response, names distinguished in literature, art and science, of eminent divines and educators, of men known in political circles, of those well known in the military and naval profession, and of many others—even the names of royalty—appear upon the death-roll.

And now, thus early in the new year, we are called to mourn the loss of one who charmed the world with song. Madame Euprosyne Parepa-Rosa was born in Edinburg, Scotland, in 1839. At an early age she gave evidence of her great talent, which was evidently inherited from her mother, who was a celebrated singer. Yet it was with difficulty that the parents of Parepa were induced to allow her to appear on the stage. At the age of seventeen she made her *debut* on the operatic stage, in the island of Malta, in 1856. From that time she took her place as an *artiste*. She appeared in England in 1858, and afterwards made a tour of Great Britain, where she was everywhere well received. In 1866 she came to America. The concert company with which she was identified, under the management of Mr. Bateman, included Carl Rosa, whom she afterwards married. In widely separated

quarters of the globe she was universally admired and respected—in England, Italy and the United States—but in no country, perhaps, had she more admirers than in our own, where six years of travel throughout the principal cities and towns won her many warm, personal friends and made her name a household word from east to west. Her first appearance here was in Boston, in September of the year in which she arrived, where she at once won the praise and admiration of the critics. At the first Peace Jubilee, in 1869, all who heard her were astonished at her splendid voice which rose distinct above the mighty chorus and the roaring of the drums. To Madame Parepa and Mr. Carl Rosa we owe the elevation of the English Opera to a place higher than it had before occupied in this country or elsewhere. The modern English ballads she sang with such power and pathos that they deeply moved the hearts of the common people who had not yet learned to find pleasure in a higher style of music. Nature bestowed upon Parepa one of the most exquisite voices ever listened to upon the stage, and culture carried it to as high a degree of perfection as anything human could attain. It astonished by its power, it thrilled by its sweetness. To the long neglected music of Handel she turned, and filled with the spirit of the grand old master, poured forth the triumphant strains of "Let the bright Seraphim," and the more lofty ones of "The Messiah" and "Sampson," with a

majesty America had never before heard. Fame and fortune followed her, but her truest glory lies in the fact that she honored her profession by elevating and refining the taste of the people and opening their minds to new conceptions of art. "What Theodore Thomas has done with the orchestra she did with the oratorio, the opera, and the ballad."

The private life of Madame Rosa was filled with unaffected goodness and gentle deeds, and was that of a true and noble woman. It is said that she was so beloved by the members of her company that they never wearied watching an opportunity to do the "Madame" a kindness. She was highly educated, speaking and writing several different languages. Her union with Carl Rosa is said to have

been most happy, being one of love on both sides. Those who knew her in private life loved her, and her attachments were strong and lasting.

She who has stood before vast multitudes, so quiet, so easy, so unaffected, while song seemed to flow from her lips without an effort and without premeditation, who never lowered her art to suit the tastes of the people, but constantly drew them up to the appreciation of a higher style and charmed and sometimes even moved to tears by the absolute perfection of her voice, will never more on earth sing, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The melody of that matchless voice no longer echoes on the shores of Time, for she has gone to join the grander chorus of the skies.

#### B. L. S. EDITOR'S CORNER.

—It is said that an American artist painted a snow-storm so natural that, upon sitting beside it with his coat off, he caught cold.

*Prof.*—Mr. —, which is the more acute, the sense of seeing or feeling?

*Soph.*—Well, I cannot say; but yet I know my room-mate persists in saying he can *feel* his mustache, but I have never *seen* it.

—The poem in this department, in last month's issue of the ALUMNI JOURNAL, entitled the "Power of Wealth," and accredited to Miss Libbie Estes, should have been accredited to Miss Libbie Lawrence.

ETYMOLOGY OF COPENHAGEN.—Axel, Bishop of London, having constructed a fort at an excellent harbor on the east side of Zealand, in order to protect merchant's ships from pirates, settled some fishermen in cottages beside it in 1165, and called it Klopman's haven, (the merchant's harbor), which we call Copenhagen.

—The Bishop of Litchfield once noticed

two men talking earnestly over an old black pot. He asked one of them what was the matter. He answered that they had found said pot, and that the one who told the biggest lie was to have it. The good bishop spoke to them earnestly concerning the sin of lying. He said that he was so impressed with the sinfulness of lying that he never told a lie. They both cried out, "Give him the pot!"

—A curious work was published in England in 1811, entitled "Etymologicon Universale," in which the author attempts to prove that the word *earth*, under its different meanings, contains the fundamental idea of language, and that it is formed, from the operations, accidents and properties appertaining to earth. We will give here a few illustrations. The terms bank and bench of earth belong to each other, and denote a seat. Thus the monied men have their real or imaginary property in *banks*, which belong to banks of earth; or in the *funds*, which belong to the *fundus*, land or ground; or in the *stocks*, which he says brings us to the stump or stem of a tree. *Lettres, belles-*

lettres, he contends are nothing but *daubings of dirt*. *Literæ* means letters, which he says is the same as *lituræ*, a daubing, a smearing. It is well for the gentleman that he lived some time ago, and not near Bloomington in 1874. The Latin *scribo*, and Greek *grapho*, belong to scrape. If a man revolves anything in his mind he is only wallowing in the dirt, from *rolvo*, to wallow, to roll. Let our students in philology decide whether he be correct or not. Yet the idea is rather ingenious.

—The fourteenth annual exhibition of the Belles Lettres Society will be given on the 24th inst., in Amie Chapel. This is the annual treat of the Bloomington people, if we are to judge by the warm appreciation and crowded houses of past exhibitions. Such a reputation, built up by fourteen years of earnest literary work, is not to be thrown away by hasty preparation on our part. Recognizing this fact, those on duty for that occasion are making careful preparation, and no doubt will equal or surpass any previous effort. While we do not wish to be considered as bowing down entirely to the demands of some to give a programme more pleasing than profitable, yet we intend to make it entertaining as well as instructive, and pay good heed to the old proverb that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." The exercises will consist of orations, essay, debate, declamation, a paper and the usual variety of good music. A cordial invitation is extended to our old friends, and as many new ones as may desire to spend a pleasant evening with us.

—"Lessons in German, English and Hungarian, given at moderate rates, by  
L. KOSSUTH."

Underneath these words the *Frankfort Gazette* goes on to speak of Kossuth's poverty and loneliness. The article was translated for *Appleton's Journal*, and has been copied by most of our papers. But Mr. Louis Rultkny, who says he is a cousin of L. Kossuth, writes to the *Chicago Tribune*, from Des Moines, Iowa, correcting the statement published by the Frankfort paper. He says he is in frequent communication with Kossuth,

and adds: "Kossuth does not advertise for, or give lessons in, languages, for the two best reasons in the world—there is no need he should, and he does not feel inclined. He is, I am happy to say, very far removed from indigence, having enough to live upon snugly, comfortably and pleasantly." He further says: "Two of his sons are living, who are civil engineers. He is by no means forgotten by his country. On the contrary, though not in accord with the late accommodation between Hungary and Austria, he is continually receiving the most gratifying and tender tokens of their unchanged affection for, and unshaken confidence in, him. The whole tenor of the conversation attributed to Kossuth is a palpable fraud to whoever is at all conversant with his circumstances, or has any real appreciation of his character."

—The Messrs. G. W. & P. M. Stubblefield, formerly members of this society, started the oth ult. for France. When last heard from they were on board the steamer *Australia*, at New York, bound for London, where they expect to remain a short time before going to Paris. They will return about the first of May.

—Men are surcharged with power. They are not recipients alone. They are susceptible of influence. Men give forth power, one upon another; and human life is an endless scene of giving and receiving—of interchanging cerebral influence, in thoughts and feelings, and actions, which are but the interpretations thereof.—*Beecher*.

—The patrons of art in Chicago have enjoyed a real feast of soul in the recent exhibition of Dubufe's great painting entitled "The Prodigal Son." The art critics are very positive in their praise of this great masterpiece,—and masterpiece it is in two respects. The canvass is twenty by forty-five feet, probably the largest work of the kind in the world, and then the painting is a marvel. Dubufe gave twenty years to the work, and judging from the popularity of the painting, this certainly was well invested time. Such works of art are exceedingly rare.

## ALUMNI JOURNAL DRAWER.

THE new constitution of Pennsylvania permits women to be elected as school directors.

PRESIDENT BASCOM, of the University of Wisconsin, is in hearty sympathy with the *co-education* movement.

SUCH is the marvelous ductility of gold that a single ounce of the pure metal may be drawn out into a wire thirty-three miles in length.

THE Supreme Court of Massachusetts has decided that the women elected as members of the Boston School Board are entitled to their seats. That is an eminently sound decision.

THE university at Melbourne, Australia, has been opened to both sexes. The mother country must follow the daughter's example. Oxford and Cambridge will be compelled soon to open their doors to women.

THE university reporter of the State University of Iowa says: "The address of welcome by Hon. R. M. Benjamin to the teachers of Illinois, at their late meeting in Bloomington, was a scholarly, powerful and elaborate effort."

WE are all interested in the late dispatches from the frontiers. It seems that a real Indian war is rapidly developing in the West. It is reported that some fourteen thousand warriors are moving from the Big Horn country toward the Platte settlements. We entertain the hope that they may be arrested in their blood-thirsty and treacherous raid ere they perpetrate the outrages and crimes the thoughts of which now urge them on to this work of slaughter and death. The government is taking very active measures to bring these warlike tribes under subjection.

BLOOMINGTON has been especially favored during the season thus far with first-class entertainments. The Theodore Thomas concert; the Mendelssohn Quin-

tette club, with the accomplished vocalist, Mrs. Weston, and the Camilla Urso concert company, all stand high in classic musical circles. The appearance of this latter troupe will long be remembered by our music-loving citizens on account of the wonderful violin solos. Mme. Urso is a perfect master of that most perfect of instruments. In breadth of style, accuracy of intonation, and command of the bow, she far surpasses all violinists who have appeared in our city during this season. In addition to these entertainments we have been favored with lectures from the following gentlemen of high repute: Rev. Newman Hall, "Bret Harte," Rev. J. G. Holland, and Benj. F. Taylor.

WE invite the earnest attention of our students to the language of President Eliot of Harvard University, as given in his last annual report, in reference to the need of *thorough* culture. It is as follows:

"Over and over again, men in high public station have been making utter wrecks of their careers through their own dense ignorance of what it behooved them to know. In the prime of life, at the consummate instant for action, these men were found not only to lack the knowledge they needed, but to have lost all power to acquire or even to comprehend it. For ambitious young men no exhortation to lay broad and deep foundations in youth is so effective as the spectacle of promising careers ruined, and great opportunities of distinction and usefulness lost, mainly for lack of thorough education. The greater the natural ability of the conspicuous actors in such scenes, the more pitiable does it seem, that they should fail at fifty for lack of the knowledge which they might easily have acquired at twenty-five."

OUR State Legislature has passed a bill which enables medical students lawfully to obtain subjects for dissection. It provides that the superintendent of the penitentiary, wardens of poor houses, coroners, etc., may deliver to teachers in

medical colleges the remains or body of any deceased person under their jurisdiction, for the purposes of medical and surgical study. It is provided, however, that the remains shall not have been regularly interred, and shall not have been desired for interment by any relative or friend of the deceased, within forty-eight hours after death; and further that the remains of no person known to have relations or friends shall be delivered for such purpose without the written consent of such relatives or friends. There are some other provisions in the bill which make it, all in all, eminently proper and humane. We are glad to learn that this necessary work may be performed now without subjecting those who are really laboring in the direct interest of our race to the undesirable charge of being grave-yard *thieves* and robbers.

—Among the advantages offered by institutions of learning, there is none of more importance and which yields a greater degree of culture, and is more efficient in preparing students for the active duties of life than the literary society. In this department the student is called upon to depart from that course which consists in following the line of thought or argument which is laid down by another, which must of necessity be followed in the recitation room, and is required to invent or search out arguments for himself which he must so express in language that others may be able to comprehend them.

Here then, the student finds himself in a new field, in which faculties hitherto latent are called into exercise. A field in which he may bring into practical use the principles which he has obtained in the recitation room. In the recitation room he learns the principles of rhetoric, logic, &c. In the society he learns to apply these principles, and this application together with the bringing into action his inventive genius is an efficient means of mental culture. To this may be added the pleasure to be derived from the exercises and associations, the knowledge of the manner of transacting business in public assemblies, the drill to be obtained by appearing before the public, and the advantage of having the criticisms of friends.—*Crumbaker.*

REV. NELSON E. COBLEIGH, D.D., LL. D.—Another mighty man has fallen at his post of duty. On February 1st, after a brief illness, this eminent divine, profound scholar, successful educator and devoted Christian, was granted a release from earthly cares and called to his reward on high.

Dr. Cobleigh was born in Littleton, N. H., November 24th, 1814. He graduated at the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., in 1743, and joined the New England Conference the next year.

In 1853 he accepted the chair of Ancient Language in McKendree College, Lebanon, Ill. The following year he accepted a professorship in Lawrence University, Appleton, Wis., but returned to McKendree College in 1858 as President and Professor of Moral and Intellectual Science. In 1863 he was chosen editor of *Zion's Herald*, which position he filled for three years. His health failing he resigned, and after some months of rest accepted the Presidency of the East Tennessee Wesleyan University. At the last general conference he was elected editor of *The Methodist Advocate*, published at Atlanta, Ga., and was occupied with the duties of that office until death closed the labors of an effective life. In the death of Dr. Cobleigh, the Church has lost an earnest worker, the cause of education an able advocate, and humanity a bold and fearless champion.

SCHEM'S STATISTICS OF THE WORLD.—A most valuable statistical table has been compiled by Professor Alexander J. Schem, under this title, and is to be published semi-annually by G. J. Moulton, 103 Fulton street, N. Y. The first number has just reached us, and is all its most sanguine friends can desire. The tables are practically arranged for consultation at a glance, giving the statistics of all countries of the globe in parallel columns, under the following headings: Area, form of government, head of government, population, expenses, public debt, paper money, standing army, navy, merchant vessels, imports and exports, chief produce, coins (and their value at the U. S. Mint) weights (compared with both pounds avoirdupois and kilogrammes), linear measure (compared with



both feet and metres), measures of capacity (compared with both bushels, gallons, and metres), the population of capitals, cities, and seaports, with the year of census. In addition to the above there are various side tables exhibiting statistics of Christianity, religious statistics of Europe and of the United States, railroads of the world, postal and telegraph statistics of the world, the presidents of the United States, and presidential elections from 1788 to 1872, school statistics of the United States, etc. As many of the subjects embraced within the scope of these tables, such as form of government, area, population of the country, population of the cities, imports, exports, expenses, public debt, are constantly changing, the value of a work which furnishes the very latest information is obvious. These tables form an indispensable supplement to all historical and geographical works, and especially to cyclopedias, and should be in the hands of everyone who takes an interest in the progress of the world. They are issued in oblong atlas form, bound in neat boards, for handy reference. Price, 50 cents.

THE new departure in the cause of temperance appears to be the absorbing topic of the day. News of successive victories continually flash along the wires, and the telegraphic columns of our dailies are largely filled with the record of the doings of these mighty champions of the cause of humanity. We have watched the effort, we will not say *experiment*, for such it is not, with unusual interest. Many features of this new onslaught upon the immoral traffic gave us hope in the beginning that it was destined to accomplish a grand and noble work. In it, under the direction of a Providence, which it is worse than lunacy to deny, we see the true method of relieving our nation of the blighting curse of intemperance. Too long already has this great reform been left for secret orders and special organizations to effect. It is high time that the great mass of the people, who regard this traffic as immoral and only base and hurtful in its tendencies and results, should arise in their majesty and might, assert their rights, and purge

away the evil. It is eminently proper that the wives and mothers, who have so long suffered because of this price of blood, should demand a cessation of that which brings them only anguish, heartaches, and poverty. And then what could be more appropriate than that this whole movement should choose as its rallying center the Christian church, and, as its victorious leader, the God of battles. Prayer, all prevailing prayer, is a mighty power, a power which no evil can long withstand. The most debased, the most hardened, when brought under its immediate influence, must sooner or later yield to its magic spell. It is useless to talk about the violation of rights by these earnest, praying, God-fearing women in holding their services in the presence of the venders of the liquid fire of death. Any traffic so grossly immoral and destructive to the property and lives of its victims should blush to claim protection under the laws of a humane, civilized, and Christian nation. Away with such absurd claims, and let the law-abiding, liberty-loving people of our country strengthen the hands and encourage the hearts of these heroines in a noble cause. We are more and more impressed with the conviction that the true method whereby our nation may be freed from this great curse has been developed in these latter days; and, if all who sincerely desire "a consummation so devoutly to be wished" will rally to the support of those who are already in the field, and earnestly unite their efforts and their prayers, our faith says "The set time is come."

PROF. S. S. HAMILL, A. M.—The many friends of Prof. Hamill will be pained to learn of his serious illness. From a private letter dated Hot Springs, Feb. 16th, we extract the following: "During the past two months I have been wholly unfit for work. Two weeks ago I obtained temporary leave of absence and came here. I am now gradually improving, under the influence of these health-giving waters. In three or four weeks I hope to return to my duties greatly invigorated."

In speaking of the Hot Springs, the professor says:

“They are located about sixty-five miles southwest of Little Rock, in the new county of Garland. Hot Springs Village, the county seat of this new county, is situated in a narrow valley, between two mountain peaks. At the north end this valley is not more than twenty-five feet wide. It gradually increases until it attains a width of three hundred feet. For three quarters of a mile this is about its average width; it then expands southward indefinitely. Along this valley, on both sides of a narrow, crooked street, the town is built. On the east side of the street, and under many of the houses, a stream of water runs. This spring is considerably swollen by the numerous springs which discharge daily 700,000 gallons of water.

“These thermo-medical waters have a temperature ranging from 138° to 160°, and contain silicic acid, sesqui-oxide of iron, alumina, magnesia, chlorine, carbonic acid, potassa, soda, iodine, bromine, and highly volatile qualities which as yet chemists have been unable to analyze. Their medical properties are tonic, depurative, alterative, diluent, corrective, antacid and thermo-electric.

“The town has a resident population of from 800 to 1,000, and a transient population of from 1,000 to 5,000. As the land upon which both the town and springs are located has never been put into market, and as there is heavy litigation still pending respecting the title, which may be settled in a month and yet may not be decided in twenty years, the buildings are all of a temporary character. A few boards set up edgewise, a roof, a few windows, a door, a floor, no lathing or plastering — these constitute a business house. Dwellings of the better class are *papered*. People here make greater preparation for keeping cool than for keeping warm. During the war nearly every house here was burned, hence everything is new and unfinished. The town resembles a ninety-day railroad town.

“The chief business of the inhabitants is ‘entertainment for man and beast,’ (not four-footed beasts either); hence hotels and boarding houses abound. There are sixteen hotels, and boarding houses innumerable. The rates of first-class hotels are \$4 per day, or \$75 per month.

At these houses the wealthy, fashionable and sporting visitors stop. At a second-class house as good accommodations can be had for \$50 per month. Here the better class of people are found.”

We hope to receive another letter from the professor before he leaves the Hot Springs, with permission to put the above in print, and from which another interesting extract may be taken.

FROM circular No. 5, issued by the Bureau of Education, at Washington, D. C., containing a detailed account of college commencements in the Western and Southern States, we glean the following facts: So far as the reports show, our own State conferred twenty-four honorary and 274 *in cursu* degrees, making a total of 298. Of these the Northwestern University is responsible for the greatest number conferred by any one institution, having affixed titles to seventy-six names. Of this number, however, forty-three were graduates of the Chicago Medical College, and eight graduates of the Garrett Biblical Institute. Monmouth College stands next in rank as to numbers, having reached fifty. St. Ignatius College bears the least responsibility in this matter, having conferred but one degree, and that an honorary A. M. Our own university issued sixteen parchments.

The summary of degrees conferred in 1873, throughout the United States, so far as has been reported to the Bureau, is as follows: Letters, 2,738; Science, 646; Art, 5; Philosophy, 143; Theology, 189; Medicine, 509; Law, 588. Of these 376 were honorary. In the department of Letters there are seven degrees mentioned; Master of Arts (A. M.); Bachelor of Arts (A. B.); Sister of Arts (A. S.); Laureate of Arts (A. L.); Bachelor of Letters (L. B.); Master of English Literature (L. A. M.), and Normal Graduate (Nor. Gr.). In Philosophy two degrees, Doctor of Philosophy (Ph. D.), and Bachelor of Philosophy (Ph. B.). In science eleven degrees, Bachelor of Science (Sc. B.); Master of Science (Sc. M.); Doctor of Science (Sc. D.); Analytical Chemist (An. Ch.); Bachelor of Agriculture (Agr. B.); Bachelor of Civil Engineering (B. C. E.); Civil Engineer (C. E.); Bachelor of Mining En-

gineering (B. M. E.); Mining Engineer (M. E.); Civil and Mining Engineer (C. & M. E.); Dynamic Engineer (D. E.). In art three, Bachelor of Music (Mus. B.); Doctor of Music (Mus. D.); Bachelor of Architecture (Arch. B.). In theology three, Bachelor of Divinity (D. B.); Doctor of Divinity, (D. D.); Doctor of Sacred Theology (S. T. D.). In Medicine six, Pharmaceutical Chemist (Phar. C.); Master of Pharmacy (Phar. M.); Bachelor of Medicine (M. B.); Doctor of Medicine (M. D.); Doctor of Dental Medicine (D. D. M.), and in law three, Bachelor of Laws (LL. B.); Doctor of Laws, (LL. D.); Doctor of Civil Law, (D. C. L.)

Should the rage and race for titles continue long, new editions of Webster and Worcester will be required, in which the whole list of titles shall be fully defined and the philological abridgements by which some of these *monstrous* titles are indicated scientifically explained. No wonder that the funny man of the *Inter-Ocean* should see something ludicrous in this formidable array of handles ready to be attached to an army of names annually and perpetrate the following:

‘There is a funny side to these mysterious letters of mark. Sisters of Art are called A. S. We should suppose that S. I. S. might be a more appropriate distinguishing badge. We have ever imagined that our fair sisterhood were sufficiently mistresses of art by nature as to have acquired a degree of perfection as a legacy from our first mother. The most amusing fellows are the ‘Mus. B.’s’ and the ‘Arch. B.s.’ We should have taken the latter for Arch-bishops, and, as to the first, in the event of journalism becoming, as is proposed, a chair at our colleges, we presume a graduate in that department would be dubbed a ‘News B.’ or a ‘Sens. B.’ which would not imply a sensible boy by any means, but a sensational bachelor. We have a great interest in these Agr. B.s, agricultural bachelors, and trust, before they have planted their first crop, and enlisted beneath the banner of the grangers, they will take unto themselves an Agr. W., agricultural wife, or widow, as the case may be.’

THE SANITARIAN for March, by care-

fully drawn maps and charts indicates the dangerous dwelling places of New York and Brooklyn, consequent upon old water courses, marshes and ponds, and points out the criminally dangerous progress of public works, which do not comprehend sub-surface drainage. The sanitary necessities seem to be so imperfectly understood among civil engineers generally, that much credit is due Gen. Viele for having combined with his knowledge of civil engineering that most important consideration—healthful occupancy. In the laying out of railroads, highways, canals, or other internal improvements, through any section of country, natural drainage streams are constantly obstructed, and stagnant ponds formed, which inevitably poison the *inhabitants dwelling adjacent to them.*

OUR young friends of the graded and high schools, who design entering upon a more extended course of study as soon as they have completed their present work, will be pleased to learn from the following circular that the University opens its doors to all such and invites them to its halls without requiring them to pass the dread ordeal of an examination upon studies which have been pursued and passed upon months and, even years previous. For full explanation read the following circular letter, which the University designs sending to all the principals, teachers of the graded and high schools of the State:

ILLINOIS WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY,  
Bloomington, Illinois.

Dear Sir:

Recognizing the intimate relation and sympathy which should exist between the public schools and our higher institutions of learning, and wishing to offer inducements to the youth of our graded and high schools to enter upon and prosecute to its completion, a thorough collegiate course of study, the Illinois Wesleyan University will receive graduates from the graded and high schools of the State, into the Freshman Class, Scientific Department, or into the Sub-Freshman Class, Classical Department, without further examination, if

they passed a satisfactory examination at their several schools in the following branches, viz: Arithmetic, Algebra to Quadratics, Plane Geometry, English Grammar, English Analysis, Descriptive and Physical Geography, History of the United States, Natural Philosophy and Elementary Chemistry.

The examination shall be certified to by the principals of such schools, according to the appended form. Students who complete more or less than the above course of study will be given full credit therefor, at the University, upon presentation of the proper certificate.

Believing that our facilities for furnishing a thorough education are not surpassed by any institution in the West, we would earnestly urge you to direct the young men and women under your charge to our halls.

In behalf of the Trustees and Faculty,  
REV. SAM'L FALLOWS, D. D.,  
President.

[FORM.]  
—School. —County, Ill.,  
—187—.

This is to certify that———, a member, in good standing, of this school, has passed a satisfactory examination in the

following studies,—————  
and that to the best of my knowledge and belief, the examination has been fairly conducted. Signed, —————

Principal.

I SPEAK as a man of the world to men of the world; and I say to you, search the Scriptures. The Bible is the book of all others to be read at all ages and in all conditions of human life; not to be read once or twice, or thrice through, and then laid aside, but to be read in small portions of one or two chapters every day, and never to be intermitted, unless by some overruling necessity. \* \* \* \*  
So great is my veneration for the Bible, that the earlier my children begin to read it, the more confident will be my hopes that they will prove useful citizens to their country, and respected members of society.—*John Quincy Adams.*

TWO MILES IANS were standing at the Fairmount water-works in Philadelphia, watching the big wheels splashing the water in every direction, when one of them remarked: "Mike, isn't this a quare counthry, where they have to grind their water before they can use it?"

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Rev. G. W. Gue, of the Central Illinois Conference, recently visited the University and made arrangements to pursue a course of study preparatory to graduation.

—The elegant Brussels carpet, which adds so much to the cheerfulness, comfort, and home-like appearance of the reception room, is from the popular dry goods house of Fitzwilliam & Sons, in our city.

—The *Chenaw Monitor* is a spicy, readable sheet, and a welcome weekly visitor at our table. No wonder, however, when it is remembered that C. H. John, associate editor and proprietor, was at one time a student in the University.

—President Eliot, of Harvard, is now in Europe, for the purpose of investigating the educational systems of Oxford and Cambridge. We earnestly hope that the result of his investigations

may be given to the educators of our nation upon his return.

—We hope in our next issue to be able to place before those of our readers who aspire to literary attainments, several courses of study, for the satisfactory completion of any one of which the University will confer an appropriate degree.

—Subscriptions to the *JOURNAL* still continue to be received, and yet, like an omnibus, our list is never full. Our friends who are so materially aiding in extending our circulation have our sincere thanks.

—E. C. Hyde, well known to the people of Bloomington and vicinity as a popular merchant tailor, has opened a new stock of goods at No. 109 North Main street. Please read what he says in our advertising columns before purchasing elsewhere.

—Some Eastern papers mention the name of Dr. Bannister, of the Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ills., in connection with the presidency of the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn., but his more intimate friends seem to think it is only gossip.

—W. E. Barns, of '72, has gone to New Orleans to take a position in the office of the *Southwestern Advocate*. He is there at the solicitation of Rev. J. C. Hartzell, of '68, who, in addition to his duties as Presiding Elder, is one of the editors of the above named excellent paper.

—Paul Vandervoort, formerly a student of the University, and well and favorably known by all the members of Co. G, 68th Reg. Ill. Vol., has lately received the appointment of Chief Head Clerk of the Railway Mail Service, and will report at once at headquarters, Omaha, Nebraska.

—The Book Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at a recent session, elected Rev. E. Q. Fuller, D. D., editor of the *Methodist Advocate*, published at Atlanta, Ga., to succeed the late Rev. Dr. Cobleigh. The salary of Dr. Cobleigh is to be continued till June, for the benefit of his family.

—Those who desire an ink that flows freely, does not corrode the pen, is not injured by freezing, has no sediment, and, in fact, that is superior to all other brands in the market, should purchase "*Maxwell's Record and Copying Ink*," manufactured by the Western Ink Co., Bloomington, Ill. See advertisement.

—We still have a few bound copies of the back volumes of the ALUMNI JOURNAL, which we will send pre-paid to any address for \$1.25 per volume. The volumes I. and II. are in one binding, so the complete set, volumes I., II. and III. we furnish for \$2.50. Those wishing copies will please order soon, as the supply is limited.

—Elsewhere may be found a half-page advertisement of the *Daily* and *Weekly Leader*, the cheapest newspaper in Central Illinois—only \$1.50 per annum in advance for the weekly, and \$7.50 per annum for the daily. As a specimen of the work done in the *Leader* Job Office we present our readers and patrons the ALUMNI JOURNAL.

—The elegantly slated boards in the University are the work of that prince of blackboard men, J. Davis Wilder, Chicago. At the suggestion of the faculty, in regard to color, green was chosen instead of black, and the boards thus present a much pleasanter appearance. They are really charming and are the delight of the classes in all departments.

—The labors of the present prosperous term will close on Wednesday, March 25th. Professors and students have been unusually busy and feel highly gratified with the results of their efforts. Order, harmony and good will prevail, and never in the history of the University were its prospects more flattering. The spring term will begin March 31st.

—The attractive advertisement of M. Bush, in our columns, speaks for itself. In addition to his regular business as an experienced watchmaker, Mr. Bush has the agency of the Florence Sewing Machine. This machine has some novelties and attractions which those in search of a sewing machine may be interested in examining. The agent will take great pleasure in giving full explanations to any who may favor him with a call.

—We call attention to the card of F. Niergarth, dealer in boots and shoes, 409 N. Main street, which may be found in our advertising columns. Those desiring an excellent article at the lowest cash price, will find it to their interest to give him a call before purchasing. He is also prepared to furnish to order, of the very best quality and latest style, custom made boots, warranting a fit in every case or no sale. We speak from experience when we say his custom-made boots are a luxury.

—On the evening of the 10th ult. Mrs. Mettie Chase Waughop gave one of her popular readings in the University Chapel, under the auspices of the "University Guards." Those who were fortunate enough to be present were highly entertained, some of the selections being rendered in the highest style of the art. The stage was handsomely and appropriately decorated with the national colors, several stands of arms and a large monogram "U. G." (University Guards). For these handsome designs and decorations the Guards are largely indebted to their Captain, W. H. Graves.

—L. W. Keplinger, of '68, has been favoring his Bloomington friends with a visit. We were gratified to be among those who had an opportunity to shake his friendly hand again. After a survey of the new university building and an introduction to those members of the faculty who have been added since he passed from among us bearing the honors of his Alma Mater, he expressed himself as being highly gratified with the present prosperous condition and flattering prospects of the institution. He returns soon to his home at Humboldt, Kansas, where he is successfully engaged in the practice of the law. He bears with him the good wishes of his many friends in our city, with the hope that he may visit us at the next annual re-union.

—A beautiful lithograph of the new university building has been ordered, and will be ready for delivery about the first of March. It is to be 12x16 inches, and executed in the best style of the art. The sketch was drawn by L. C. Corwine, whose ability as an artist is well known to many of our citizens, and if the lithograph is a *fac simile* of his artistic work it will certainly please the most critical. The proceeds of the sale of these lithographs will be applied in finishing and furnishing the gymnasium and reception room in the new building. We ask all the friends of the University to hold themselves in readiness to purchase one or more copies as soon as an opportunity offers. Parties at a distance can be supplied by mail, by remitting one dollar to the publishers of the ALUMNI JOURNAL.

—Rev. E. O. Haven, D. D., Secretary of the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church, will probably be called to the presidency of the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Rev. Dr. Cummings. So say the Eastern secular papers.

—We shall be pleased to receive items of interest in regard to members of the Alumni Society of the University, for our columns. If, as is contemplated, the University publishes a triennial catalogue the present year, items of information in our columns will materially aid in its preparation.

## BOOK TABLE.

THE FIXED STARS. Maps for out-door study, by ELIAS COLBERT. Published by GEORGE SHERWOOD & CO., Chicago, Ill.

This little pamphlet, in flexible cloth covers, though containing the maps of Colbert's Astronomy, will be found to be a convenient hand-book for out-door study of the stars, in connection with any other text-book. We have been interested in examining the work, and can recommend it as being reliable and much more convenient and less expensive than the more extensive geographies of the heavens.

PRACTICAL TREATISE ON THE DIFFERENTIAL AND INTEGRAL CALCULUS, by WILLIAM G. PECK, LL. D. Published by A. S. BARNES & Co., New York and Chicago.

A perusal of the pages of the above practical text-book is truly refreshing, after one has been wading through ponderous volumes which claim to be prepared expressly for recitation work, but which, in reality, appear to be but the medium through which is revealed to the bewildered student his own dullness, and the author's mysterious powers as a mathematician. This work is intended for those who study the calculus for practical ends, and, in its preparation, care has been taken to avoid superfluous matter. The method of *infinitesimals* is adopted because of its simplicity and ready application in practical work. We are so well pleased with "Peck's Practical Calculus" that we shall *practically* test its merits in the recitation room with our next class.

THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW. Six times a year.

We are glad to welcome this new candidate for popular favor to our book table.

It is designed to occupy an intermediate position between the monthly and the quarterly magazines. Its pages are to contain articles upon the living questions of the day, by the best writers of America and Europe. A long list of distinguished names is already announced as pledged to contribute communications. The present number contains "Our Late Panic"; "Fires in American Cities," by Rev. Dr. Peabody, Cambridge, Mass.; "Deep Sea Explorations," by Prof. Wm. B. Carpenter, M. D., LL. D., London; "Universal Education," by Ray Palmer, D. D., New York; "The Prussian Church Law," by Baron Von Holtzendorff, LL. D., Munich; "International Arbitration," by

Theodore D. Woolsey, D. D., LL. D., New Haven, and notices of books.

We hope the magazine will receive a liberal support, for it well deserves it. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. Terms, \$5 per year.

LANGUAGE LESSONS. An Introductory Grammar and Composition for Intermediate and Grammar Grades, by WILLIAM SWINTON, A. M. Published by HARPER BROTHERS, New York; 176 pages, 50 cents.

This is the second book in a series of four, prepared by Professor Swinton, and is unique and original in its design and methods. It consists of fifty-six lessons, in which the fundamental principles of English Grammar are gradually and clearly explained and illustrated. The author has adopted the analytic method as being better suited for *introducing* any science in the plainest and most interesting manner. This little book is well worthy a careful examination by teachers of intermediate and grammar grades.

We have before us from the same house, and by the same author

SCHOOL COMPOSITION; 120 pp., 50 cents.

In keeping with the other books of the series by Professor Swinton, this is evidently intended for practical uses. That pupils must first be taught *how to write at all*, before they can be shown how to write *well*, is the maxim upon which the author bases his "School Composition." The manual is divided into five parts:

In Part I. the scholar is initiated into the construction and combination of sentences.

In Part II. it is sought to extend his resources of expression by accustoming him to vary both the structure and the phraseology of sentences.

Part III. is an application of the principles already learned to easy composition exercise from OUTLINES.

In Part IV. what can advantageously be taught to boys and girls respecting STYLE is presented in a form which is both fresh and fruitful.

Part V. deals with the composition of Themes and Essays, on models adapted to a fair estimate of the pupil's capacity.

The author is unpretentious in his claims for this book, but accomplishes what he proposes in the preface, with a faithfulness seldom equaled by writers of the present day.

THE  
ALUMNI JOURNAL,

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Vol IV.

APRIL, 1874.

No. 4.

HOW TO READ.

PROF. JENNIE F. WILLING, A. M.

Wise people may skip this article. By wise people, I mean those who know what mental food they can get most working force from—by what methods thought is dug out of books and coined into usable currency. I would give a few plain directions to those who stand upon the literary threshold, like emigrants upon an American wharf, knowing that this wide, wonderful, new world holds wealth for them; certain, also, that there are many dangers to be shunned. Well for us and them if, like Castle Garden officials, we start them toward the fertile fields and rich mines that await their toil.

*You must read by rule.* If you read in a promiscuous, haphazard way, nibbling and browsing, indiscriminately and indefinitely, you cannot have mental health and growth, any more than you can have good digestion, if you eat in the same careless manner. Do not attempt to read everything. Your "course" must be narrow, but let there be no waste in it. You must have religious reading to keep up your spiritual vigor, and nothing can be compared with the Bible for this. You must read "the news," that you may be *en rapport* with the people about you. If you have a business, trade, or profession,

as you ought to have, be you man or woman, rich or poor, you must read what is written of its changing channels, that you may keep up with its progress. You need history that you may comprehend events; biography, that you may know people; poetry, to open your eyes to the beauty that lies, like a benediction of God, upon all common things.

To begin, where most people begin and end, with news-reading. The newspaper is a grand educator, yet students cannot afford to have much to do with it. You may pay twenty-five or fifty dollars a year for periodicals, and have very little that is worth keeping in your head or your library. Reading so much that is asserted one day, and denied the next, and that, from its lack of classification, cannot be remembered, is an anti-mnemonic exercise; it cultivates a habit of inattention. One sharp-eyed, honest editor is worth the whole of them. He will put your finger on the artery that you may know how the great, busy heart of humanity beats. It is his business to read, select, condense. He has all helps and experience. You may as well employ him to do this for you, just as you pay another to make your hat, or build your house,

instead of wasting time and material by your own slow attempts. I wonder people do not help themselves through this Herculean business of general reading, by "changing works," as farmers do when they have heavy jobs on hand. For instance: three young ministers read three new books in a given time, each reading one, and giving the others an abstract when they come together. Three young women decide upon certain books they would all like to read. One says, "Art criticism is in your line. You can read it for all of us." Mary says she is in Motley's Dutch Republic. I am busy with Jowitt's Plato. Let us come together the first Wednesday of each month, and compare notes.

The very fact that we are reading for others will cultivate our analytical powers, attention and memory. The discussion that would naturally accompany such a method of giving and receiving the substance of books, would fix it in the mind.

*Read studiously.* Seneca says, "Read much, but read few books." Many people go through books as *parvenus* go through Europe,—a great ado about dress, and passage, and trunks, followed by a blindfold run through all places of real interest. Read only the best authors. It hurts one far less to associate with coarse, vulgar people, than to read poor books. The best writers must be read most studiously. Their style is usually clear; but their thought is many-sided and deep. If great writers had only superficial readers, there would be an end of their greatness. America lay this side the sea, grand and affluent, and no European the richer for it, till the brave, patient Columbus steered toward it, through storm and mutiny. Shakespeare waited two centuries for his Columbus.

Only smooth waters mirror the heavens. The thoughts of a great author cannot image itself upon your soul while you are in a puff and worry to get to the end of his book. You must follow him to his haunts, whether, like Victor Hugo, he takes you among the entanglements of *Les Misérables*, or, like Tennyson, to the quaint old Round Table days, or, like Elizabeth Barrett Browning, into the still depths of the human soul. You must pick up the

crumpled sentences he drops, and straighten them out to find their rare, rich meaning. He is self-involved. He thinks only half aloud. You must understand his glance, his tone, his dark sayings. They cannot be learned in a day.

Let us open this volume of Tennyson, and read together a scrap of his poetry; not as *connaisseurs*, comparing its rhythm, and depth, and imagery with those of Browning, Woodsworth, or any other poet,—but as simple beginners, who may, in time, come to know the taste of the real nectar. Four plain, little verses. Let us see what we can find in them:

"Break, break, break,

On thy cold, grey stones, O sea!

And I would that my tongue could utter

The thoughts that come to me.

O, well for the fisherman's boy

That he shouts with his sister at play.

O, well for the sailor lad

That he sings in his boat on the bay.

And the stately ships go on

To the haven, under the hill.

But O, for the touch of a vanished hand,

And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,

At the foot of thy crags, O, sea!

But the tender grace of a day that is dead

Will never come back to me!"

To read this carelessly, is like looking through a fence at a flower garden. You see a wealth of color, and freshness, and beauty. You get a sniff of perfume, catch a few bird notes, and go away, saying, "It must certainly be glorious;" but you have hardly the faintest idea of the delicacy of the rare, hidden flowers, nor of the skill and taste that planned this marvel of beauty. You do not carry away a single flower, to make your own life the sweeter. Now suppose we give this poem the time that might take us through twenty or thirty pages, at the usual, careless pace. Note its simplicity. Not a polysyllable in it. Short, plain, Saxon words,—just such as we use in every day speech. One reason why it speaks so directly to us, we do not have to translate it. Bend your ear to its rhythm. Simple, sweet and sad, as the anthem of the waves. After the very first sentence, you find yourself upon a craggy beach, looking off over the wide, lone sea. A sense of your littleness beside its immensity, the fleetness of your



life, beside the centuries that have swept over its gray old forehead, the narrowness of your horizon, in contrast with the wide, glorious lands lapped by its waters; these thoughts, and a thousand others, more beautiful and sad, press upon you, and you have no words for them. You can only wish "that your tongue could utter" them. Your thought swings wearily away, attracted by the shout of the fisherman's children, and the song of the sailor lad. You are gloomily glad that these infinite, sorrowful mysteries have not yet touched their careless lives. But you turn again to the sea, and look at the "stately ships," that "go on to their haven," and you can but think of those that have drifted out of your sight, to the land that is very far off. Your heart cries out "for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still!" As the thought comes back to the breaking of the surf, what an exquisite pathos is there in its hopeless sob.

"The tender grace of a day that is dead,  
Will never come back to me!"

How much of this sweet little poem will stay with us, even from this poor reading! It is like a picture delicately traced,

sketched from life. We have hung it where we can look at it, when we are in its mood, for years to come. Like a bunch of flowers, full of dear, sad memories, its perfume will remain, even after its leaves and petals have dropped from sight.

We have learned some lessons from seeing how these lines are put together, that a careless reading would never have given us. First, simple, Saxon words are like plain, strong fabrics, the best for every day wear, and, though plain and strong, they may be fine and elegant. Second, the abrupt turns from the real to the imaginative, from the outer to the inner, that we find in each verse teach us that we may trust the good sense of our readers to follow our thought, if it is worth following. We need not spell out all our little fancies. And third, our finest thoughts are usually sad. This leads us into a moral range, as wide as our sins, and as earnest as our need of Christ. It is the best of social life to be able to hold a few, brave, pure souls, as our sure friends, There can be nothing better for our intellectual life, than that we be perfectly at home with a few beautiful, robust, honest thinkers.

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## COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

FROM the report of the Committee on Education of the New York City Council of Political Reform we make the following extended extracts, believing that a careful perusal and study of the plain facts therein contained will be of value to every true American citizen:

"In a Democratic Republic like ours, where all political power resides in and springs from the people; where, to use the language of Abraham Lincoln, "*the government is of the people, for the people, and by the people,*" no subject can be presented to the citizens for their consideration more important than the education of the youth.

UNIVERSAL EDUCATION ESSENTIAL TO  
FREE GOVERNMENT.

"Intelligence in the rulers is essential to good government; with us the rulers

are the voters, hence the necessity of fitting them by education to rule. With intelligent voters, our form of government is the best yet devised; but with ignorant voters, it is one of the worst. An intelligent people seek freedom, and an ignorant one despotism, just as naturally and certainly as the needle points to the magnetic pole.

"The founders of our free institutions two hundred and fifty years ago saw this, and scarcely had they completed the log cabins for their families, when they began the log school house for the school and schoolmaster. \* \* \*

THREE CARDINAL PRINCIPLES OF AMERICAN  
LIBERTY.

"These three cardinal principles our forefathers never lost sight of, viz., a free State, a free School, and a free Church.

Self-preservation imposes upon our government the duty of educating the people sufficiently to qualify them to exercise intelligently the right of suffrage. Conscious of this, every free State established a system of free schools.

"So great and beneficent has been their influence upon the people, that the material prosperity, intellectual and moral development, respect for law and obedience to it, in each State, may be relatively measured and calculated by the condition of the free public schools.

#### WHAT THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT IS DOING FOR EDUCATION.

"The National Government has already set aside for educational purposes one hundred and forty millions (140,000,000) of acres of public lands; and the question of devoting to education the whole proceeds of the public lands still undisposed of, is discussed. In the last Congress the Committee on Education and Labor in the House of Representatives reported favorably a bill for this purpose, and after a careful debate and consideration, it passed that body and was sent to the Senate. It has established a Bureau of Education as a permanent part of the Government, with a Commissioner of Education at its head. His annual report is one of the most interesting, instructive, valuable and important documents that issues from the Government press. *Every legislator and every school officer in the United States should study its contents and heed its facts.*

#### MAGNITUDE OF THE SCHOOL INTEREST.

"We have in the United States over fourteen and a half millions (14,500,000) of children of the school age; we expend annually for schools over ninety-five millions (95,000,000) of dollars, which is equal to one-third of one per cent. of the value of the property, real and personal, of the whole country, as returned by the last census; and we employ two hundred and twenty-one thousand (221,000) teachers. This is our standing army, and those are our raw recruits. Their arms are the pen and the slate pencil; their munitions of war the text-books; their forts and arsenals the school houses; and the enemy they are enlisted to conquer, ignorance and bigotry. Through the munificence of the

Government, the finest building that springs up in every village in our new States and Territories is the public school house. Like the light of heaven and the water of the earth, it is open and free alike to rich and poor. \* \* \*

"The citizen, however humble, has only to send his child to the public school, and Government furnishes him, there, free of cost, an educational palace, warmed and lighted, the best text-books and apparatus, and the most skillful teachers.

"Stewart and Astor, with their hundred millions of property and no children in the public schools, like true-hearted American citizens, gladly pay the school taxes that educate the sons and daughters of thousands of poor laborers who have no property to be taxed. Aided by the free school, the greatest wealth and the highest honors and offices in this broad land are within the reach of the humblest workman.

#### THE PROPERTY SHOULD EDUCATE THE CHILDREN.

"The American doctrine is, that *'the property of the State shall educate the children of the State.'* This benefits equally the rich and the poor. It decreases crime, reduces taxes, improves labor, increases the value of property, and elevates the whole community. One of the first and decisive questions asked in seeking a permanent location for one's family is: What are the means provided for education? A village, town or State, with good free schools, is the resort of families; without them it is the home of criminals. \* \* \*

#### CRIME THE CONSEQUENCE OF IGNORANCE.

"In France, from 1867 to 1869, one-half the inhabitants could neither read nor write; and this one-half furnished ninety-five per cent. of the persons arrested for crime, and eighty-seven per cent. of those convicted. In other words, an ignorant person, on the average, committed seven times the number of crimes that one not ignorant did.

"In the six New England States of our own country only seven per cent. of the inhabitants, above the age of ten years, can neither read nor write, yet eighty per cent. of the crime in those States is committed by this small minority; in

other words, a person there without education commits fifty-three times as many crimes as one with education.

"In New York and Pennsylvania an ignorant person commits on the average seven times the number of crimes that one who can read and write commits, and in the whole United States the illiterate person commits ten times the number of crimes that the educated one does.

"The above facts are derived from official statistics. \* \* \* \* \*

"Those unerring guides of the statesman—statistics—demonstrate that the most economical, effective and powerful preventive of crime is the free common school. Universal education tends to universal morality.

#### THE SCHOOL THE PREVENTIVE OF PAUPERISM.

"An examination of the statistics of England, Scotland, Ireland, and of the different countries of Europe, indicate that, other things being equal, pauperism is in the inverse ratio of the education of the mass of the people; that is, as education increases, pauperism decreases, and as education decreases, pauperism increases. The same rule holds good in our country.

"Taking the three States of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois for illustration, we find that of the illiterate persons *one in ten is a pauper*; while of the rest of the population only *one in three hundred* is a pauper. In other words, a given number of persons suffered to grow up in ignorance furnish on the average *thirty times as many paupers* as the same persons would if required to get such an education as our free public schools afford. Add to this that they furnish also *ten times the number of criminals*, and the right as well as the duty of Government, as the protector of society, to enforce general education is clear, for it is the plain obligation of Government to protect society against pauperism and crime.

#### EDUCATION, THEN, SHOULD BE COMPULSORY.

"Government should prevent both crime and pauperism by extirpating the cause of each, to-wit, ignorance. An educated citizen is of more value to himself, to society, and to the country than an ignorant one.

"An examination covering prominent points or centres of labor in twenty States, made three years ago, developed the fact that even such education as our free common schools afford, adds on the average fifty per cent. to the producing capacity of the citizen; while a higher training increases it two or three hundred per cent.

"He can do more and better work, from the street scavenger up to the most skilled mechanic, with the same expenditure of time and force, from the mere fact of possessing knowledge.

"A well-educated commonwealth, however narrow its borders or poor its soil, soon becomes rich and powerful; while an ignorant one, even under the happiest circumstances of land and sky, falls a prey to anarchy, poverty and despotism.

"Government is making ample provision for the secular education of all. Has it not a right, then, *to require all to be educated*, either in the public schools at public expense, or in private schools at private expense? We think it has, and that secular education sufficient for the common affairs of every-day life, and to enable the citizen to vote with intelligence, should be compulsory.

"Prussia and many other German States have tried it for years, with the happiest results. It is her vigorous system of compulsory education that in sixty years has raised her from a bankrupt and conquered petty kingdom to the ruling empire of Europe, and made her the seat and home of intelligence, industry and wealth. Boston has had such a law for twenty years, and in the last ten they have reduced truancy from school sixty per cent. New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Michigan have now adopted it. England has given her school boards power to adopt it, and in London they have. The effect is to increase the attendance at school, and decrease the number of delinquents. \* \* \*

"Wherever compulsory attendance has been tried long enough to determine its effect, the result has been so satisfactory that it has become a fixed and settled policy. Prussia, Saxony and Democratic Switzerland testify to its excellence. It is in harmony with the true spirit of a Democratic Republic to *require* every citizen to qualify himself for the right of suffrage and for earning an independent

living. The tax-payers who furnish the money to educate *all* the people have a right to require that *all* shall be educated, in order that crime and pauperism, and the public burdens caused by the same may be reduced to a minimum, and the ballot wielded only by intelligent voters.

The ballot, in the hands of a corrupt and ignorant populace, is the torch of the political incendiary; but with an intelligent people, is the bulwark of liberty.

"An ounce of preventive is worth a pound of cure." It costs far less to *prevent* crime, pauperism and civil commotions, by educating the whole people, than it does to *punish* criminals, *support* paupers and *maintain armies* to repress an ignorant and vicious population. " "

The class most in need of school training seldom attend school at all, to wit: those whose parents, through ignorance, poverty, avarice or crime, give them little or no home education. This class can be rescued only by the aid of a compulsory and searching statute. Every other remedy has been tried without curing the disease.

By a judicious law, firmly but kindly enforced, compelling attendance during school hours upon some school, either public or private, the streets of our large cities could be cleared of the thousands of youthful vagrants from whose ranks now our army of criminals is almost entirely recruited. Such a law in a single generation would work a moral and intellectual reformation and regeneration of our criminal and pauper classes, and save millions of money in the departments of police, charities and corrections, and largely increase the wealth, influence and producing power of the State.

The wisdom of developing and perfecting our free schools is admitted by the great majority of the community. A small minority oppose them on the ground that their religion is not specially and authoritatively taught therein.

OUR GOVERNMENT CANNOT AND SHOULD NOT TEACH RELIGION.

Our Government cannot give religious education; because while protecting each citizen in the undisturbed enjoyment of his own religion, as a sacred matter between him and his Maker, and thus tolerating all religions, it has none of its

own and cannot favor any sect or denomination or class.

The whole letter and spirit of the constitution of the United States as well as of the several States, prohibits the establishment either directly or indirectly of a State Religion; or the showing any favor or giving any protection, privileges, or financial support to one religion sect more than to another. *Protection to all equally, but support to none, is on this point, the organic law of America.*

If the churches would not interfere with the Government's secular education, but would devote the whole of their strength to giving, in their own places and manner, religious education, they and the Government, though working in different spheres and in different buildings, would act in entire harmony, and would in the end produce the best possible general result. By simply protecting religion, but not teaching it, Government is, as matter of fact, giving the utmost genuine vitality and strength to the religious element.

BUT ONE SECT OPPOSED TO FREE SCHOOLS.

This American doctrine of free non-sectarian schools is substantially accepted and adopted by all religious sects save one. That one, however, is large, enthusiastic, well drilled and ably and powerfully led; and though its members are chiefly of foreign birth, yet, having become citizens, they are entitled to the same voice and rights and privileges as natives are in this matter. The leader of this sect, though a foreign ruler, has ordered the destruction of our free, non-sectarian system of popular education and the substitution of his own system of church or parochial schools, that is, schools whose text books and teachers are selected, appointed and controlled by the church, though the State may be permitted to pay all the bills. In the city of New York, through State and municipal legislation, the following amounts of money were obtained in the last five years from the public treasury for sectarian institutions, such as churches, church-schools, and church charities, viz:

1860..	\$767,815	of which this sect rec'd	\$651,191
1870..	801,326	"	711,436
1871..	634,088	"	552,718
1872..	419,149	"	252,110
1873..	324,284	"	306,193
Total	\$3,017,362		\$2,373,648

“If this is a better system than ours, we should adopt it, for we want the best; but if it is a worse, we should reject it.

THE PAROCHIAL SYSTEM PRODUCES MORE ILLITERATES, PAUPERS AND CRIMINALS THAN OURS.

“It has been tried for centuries; and in some countries, as Italy and Spain, under the most favorable auspices, for there this sect has had despotic power, both civil and religious, and so could carry its system out to its highest perfection.

“What, then, are its fruits? We may say, its necessary and inevitable fruits? By its fruits it should be judged. They are as follows:

- (1.) A highly educated few; but among the masses general ignorance, instead of general enlightenment.
- (2.) A low grade of morality.
- (3.) A large pauper and criminal class.
- (4.) A tendency to despotism and to official selfishness and corruption.
- (5.) A lack of national progress and development.

“These statements are made, first, from a personal knowledge of the facts gained by investigation in those countries—having visited them before they rejected that system, for the purpose of studying this very question; and secondly, they are made from a careful analysis of statistics.

“The fruits of the two systems also exist side by side in our own country.

“There are with us five-and-a-half millions of foreign-born inhabitants, the greater portion of whom came from countries, as Ireland and England for example, that have had the parochial or church system of schools; hence they may be justly taken *intellectually* and *morally* as the fair average product of that method of education.

Of these, the *illiterates* above the age of ten, are fourteen per cent. of the whole number; the *paupers* are four and one-tenth per cent., and the *criminals* one and six-tenths per cent.

While on the other hand, in the twenty-one of our States having the American system of non-sectarian, free public schools there is a native population of twenty millions. This native population has been educated in this system of schools, and in like manner may be just-

ly taken, *intellectually* and *morally*, as the fair average product of this method of education.

“Of these, the *illiterates* above the age of ten are only three and one-half per cent. of the whole number; the *paupers* only one and seven-tenths per cent. and the *criminals* only three-fourths of one per cent.

“In other words, from every 10,000 inhabitants, the parochial or church system of education turns out 1,400 illiterates, 410 paupers, and 160 criminals; while the non-sectarian free public school system turns out 350 illiterates, 170 paupers, 75 criminals. Or, if we take Massachusetts by itself, which has the type or model of our free public school system, with its 1,104,032 native inhabitants, the number is still less, viz., 71 illiterates, 40 paupers, 11 criminals.

“That is, we are asked by these friends who have come here and joined us, and whose zeal and energy, if rightly directed, will be of great service both to themselves and the country, to abolish our own well-tried system of education and adopt the one to which they, in their former homes, became accustomed, though that one, on the average, produces *four* times as many illiterates, *two and a half* times as many paupers, and more than *twice* as many criminals as ours. Or if we take Massachusetts as a fair sample of our system, we are asked to adopt one that will give society *twenty* times as many illiterates, *eight* times as many paupers, and *fourteen* times as many criminals.

“We cannot do this, and when they come to understand thoroughly the facts they will not wish us to do it; for the welfare of their children is just as dear to them as that of ours is to us, and they, equally with us, desire to diminish ignorance, pauperism and crime, and to make the country of their adoption and the home of their descendants intelligent, prosperous, powerful and happy.

“The whole future of our country and the very existence of our free government is wrapped up in the common school. Promote and develop that, and every department of industry and intelligence will flourish like a tree well watered and nourished at its roots. Destroy the common school, and ignorance, pay-

erty, despotism and bigotry will soon pervade the whole land.

"Generalizations drawn like the above from the official statistics of twenty-five millions of people are unerring guides. They settle the question as to the comparative excellence of the two systems of education. They are intellectual, industrial and moral beacons, that direct with certainty and safety the statesman and the philanthropist. *They point out unmistakably to the legislator the duty of enacting a law requiring attendance upon*

*schools, during the school age and the school terms, of all the children in the State, unless legally and for good and sufficient reasons temporarily excused.*

The preservation of free government requires this. Protection of society against pauperism and crime demand it. The material development of our country calls for it. The success and happiness in life of the children of the poor, the ignorant and the vicious can be secured only by such a statute.

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### "OLD TIMES."

THERE'S a beautiful song on the slumberous  
air,

That drifts through the valley of dreams ;  
It comes from a clime where the roses were,  
And a tuneful heart and bright brown hair,  
That waves in the morning beams.

Soft eyes of azure and eyes of brown,  
And snow-white foreheads are there ;  
A glimmering Cross and a glittering crown,  
A thorny bed and a couch of down,  
Lost hopes and leaflets of prayer.

A breath of Spring in the breezy woods,  
Sweet wafts from the quivering pines—  
Blue violet eyes beneath green hoods,  
A bubble of brooklets, a scent of buds,  
Bird warblers and clambering vines.

A rosy wreath and dimpled hand ;  
A ring and a slighted vow—  
Three golden links of a broken band,  
A tiny track on the snow-white sand,  
A tear and a sinless brow.

There's a tincture of grief in the beautiful song,  
That throbs on the slumbering air,  
And loneliness felt in the festive throng,  
Sinks down on the soul as it trembles along,  
From a clime where the roses were.

We heard it first at the dawn of day,  
And it mingled with matin chimes,  
But years have distanced the beautiful lay,  
And its melody floweth from far away,  
And we call it now "Old Times."

## BELLES LETTRES SOCIETY DEPARTMENT.

ALBERT WALKLEY, EDITOR.

## THE SANDWICH ISLANDS AND KING LUNALILO.

THESE islands, which are of volcanic origin, number thirteen, eight of which are inhabited. They are immediately south of the Tropic of Cancer, and are arranged in a curve of about three hundred miles from north-west to south-east, with Hawaii, the largest in the southern extremity, and Oahu, containing the capital, Honolulu with its 13,000 inhabitants. The group contains about six thousand square miles of land, being about three quarters as much as Massachusetts. The whole population of the islands is now about 57,000 Natives, 2,500 Americans, who, as a matter of course, manage the political, business, and educational affairs, and 2,000 Chinese, who make excellent servants.

According to the constitution of 1852, should Kamehameha IV and V have died without issue, the latter was to name his successor. Neither of these left an heir, and the latter one, dying Dec. 11, 1872, failed to nominate any one as his successor; so, in accordance with the constitution, it devolved upon the Legislature to elect a successor. However, before the Legislature convened, the people designated as their choice, Lunalilo. They almost voted in mass for him, there being few willing to espouse the cause of his opponent, David Kalakana. The Legislature met Jan. 8th, 1873, according to the constitution of Kamehameha, to vote for his successor, or rather to ratify in constitutional way the popular voice, which had already declared so unanimously for Lunalilo.

Lunalilo was born Jan. 31st, 1833. He was of "chief" blood, and was also of higher blood than his two predecessors. It is said he was fond of good society; was naturally of a fine mind, of an ele-

gant figure, graceful address, and of an amiable disposition. But we are sorry to say, that he was given to intemperance, and had for a score of years exhibited himself in the streets, theatre, palace, and legislative assembly, in all stages of intoxication. He was a friend to the foreigner, and showed marked and unusual attention to the elder missionaries. He sought good advice, and honestly struggled to overcome his great failing. Having given away to his great infirmity, he slept out doors during the night, and as a consequence took cold, which resulted in a slow fever, an incurable decline, and finally in his death at 10 minutes to 9 p. m., the 3d of last February. It is said he passed away quietly and suddenly, and that after death he looked calm and undisturbed, and as though he had fallen asleep.

Lunalilo failed to name his successor, though urgently and repeatedly requested to do so; hence, the legislative assembly will again be called upon to elect a king. Already there are two candidates in the field, David Kalakana, who was also a candidate when Lunalilo was elected, and Emma, widow of Kamehameha IV. Of these two it is altogether probable that Kalakana will be elected, if he is not already elected. He is a man of the world, and is said to be a shrewd politician, as may be seen in the last election, which resulted in the election of natives almost entirely, and which is said to have been accomplished by his quiet and steady workings against the foreigners. He says he is friendly to the great Republic, but his actions give the lie to his words. With his accession will die the last glimmering hope of reciprocity between Hawaii and the United States.

## THE WOMAN'S CRUSADE.

J. H. WORTH.

THIS movement which began in the little town of Washington, Ohio, only a few months ago and is now spread over fourteen States, and become the one subject of discussion throughout the length and breadth of our land, and even agitates the thinking mind of the old world, is well worthy to be considered in the light of philosophy.

There are three classes of persons who go to make up the human race. Two of them have the quality of radicalism in common; but in all other respects differ as widely as the third class does from either. The first class are the persons who move the world, ever taking radical grounds in advance of all other classes. The second class also take radical grounds, but in direct opposition to the first, and thus hang as weights on the wheels of progress; while the third class occupies a position between the two, and their characteristic is conservatism.

Each of these classes is a necessary element in the social structure. Were it not for the second, the first would hasten us on to certain ruin by their untimely reforms. Were it not for the first the second would drag us back to barbarism, while the third class serves as a rallying point for the extremes, and thus the best possible results are obtained.

In the "Woman's Crusade" I recognize the workings of all three elements. The leaders in the "Woman's Franchise Movement" represent the first class; their bitter opponents, the second, while those who are willing to accord to woman almost anything except the ballot, make up the third.

The constant interchange of opinion between these classes has taught the women of our land to think; and the exercise of this power has lifted them from that quiescent state they formally occupied and convinced them that there is something nobler to which it is, not only their privilege, but their duty to aspire. It has taught them to rely upon themselves.

This self-reliance we now see embodied in this crusade upon that evil which has so long cursed our otherwise happy land.

Instigated, it is true, by Dio Lewis, yet, where it first made itself felt (Washington, Ohio,) a woman was at the head; and in every place where any work has been done, all has been accomplished by the women. Lectures, in abundance, have been delivered by Lewis and others; nor would I detract one iota from their usefulness, but there is no lack of proof that where lectures alone have been read very little has been accomplished. God is in this movement teaching a lesson to the "lords of creation," as well as removing a curse from our land. What man, so lost to the best part of his nature, with a country freed from the incubus of intemperance by the hand of God through the medium of woman, will not gain a clearer and nobler conception of her office in the economy of nature! No longer ostracized; and with knowledge of life sufficient to keep her from excesses; woman will go on to the completion of the work so nobly begun, till every vestige of those glaring evils, that form so prominent a feature in some parts of our country, shall be forever banished from its social fabric.

Fitting indeed, will it be, for those who have ever borne the approbrium of being the cause of all the evils by which man has suffered, to ever, hereafter, be crowned with the laurel wreath of victory over those same evils. That this will be the final result, who can for a moment doubt? Everything that man could invent has been tried and has failed; and those who hope for help must look to some higher power for direction. That God has chosen man's helpmeet to perform this mighty work, who can doubt, when he considers the rapid progress it has made?

Those who fear the results will not be lasting, forget that the same power that is able to thus commence such work, against unforeseen difficulties, and by untried means, is equally able to carry it on



after those means have been found efficient. That other places where the intoxicating dram can be obtained will spring up to take the place of those which have been closed, no one need fear, for the wisdom that directs this movement is too profound to ever fail to keep watch over the field so hardly won.

Each succeeding year will see public sentiment fenced about with stronger walls against this nefarious practice; and in no great length of time, hardened, indeed, will be the man who can pursue a business against which the world is so bitterly opposed.

### B. L. S. EDITOR'S CORNER.

#### A WORD IN SEASON.

THE literary society is a place of preparation, and while it is able to do, and does many things for our advancement, it at the same time demands in return a corresponding effort on our part to utilize the advantage it affords. In other words, it demands that we shall be prepared on every occasion to perform the duty assigned us.

It has a right to demand of us preparation, and we owe it to ourselves to prepare.

If we fail to prepare in the most thorough manner for the performance of our duty in the society, we have no reason to expect that when we come to meet the responsibilities of active life that we will be able to cope with them; because it is utterly impossible for a person to do some great thing well, who has, all through the preparatory department of life, failed to do *minor* things well. It is only by long and persistent use of the means employed for the development of the muscles that one becomes able to lift great weights; and what is true of physical economy, is also true of mental labor. If a person of Webster's intellect could not deliver a *fifteen* minutes speech without first preparing, how very absurd it is for men of ordinary calibre to undertake to interest an intelligent audience without first making the most thorough preparation; and yet, we see this very thing attempted, not by men of ordinary capacity alone, but by mere boys, so far as knowledge of life is concerned.

Rather than be guilty of so base a thing,

let our every energy be put forth; let us arouse from the torpor into which we have fallen; awake from this "Rip Van Winkle" sleep to a just conception of what there is to do, and the amount of energy required to accomplish it. If we would be men, this must be our course; but if we are content to occupy a lower sphere, then we may keep on in the same way, and shortly, and without effort, our desire shall be realized.

But no! we are not so lost to the best part of our nature; we will arouse and gird on the armor, and in every trial of prowess, be thoroughly prepared to do good battling for truth and right; and when we go from our hall carry with us the consciousness that the Belles Lettres Society has lost nothing of prestige or ability by our being members of it.

This each and every one of us may do if he will always, to the extent of his ability, let each be thoroughly prepared.

J. H. WORTH.

#### FROM OUR INDEX RERUM.

—"I, too," says Goethe, "have wandered into every department of knowledge and science, but have come back sorrowing and disappointed; life, too, I have tried under its varied aspects, and have always returned defeated and disappointed."

—"Those," says Dixon, "who *make* history seldom write it. Those who perform noble deeds are never the men to emblazon them."

—"God is love," "God is light," emotional and intellectual.

—I believe we are progressing. I am trying to lay one stone in the great tower by which we may ascend to the moral heights above us. Man once tried, in opposition to God, to build a tower that should reach to the heavens, but failed. Our tower already looks down upon Babel and shall continue to go upward, until man may stand upon its summit, and from it enter heaven: for God assists.

## FACTS, ETC.

—Lord Belgrave having clinched a speech in the House of Commons with a great quotation: Sheridan in reply admitted the force of the quotation so far as it went. "but," said he, "had the noble Lord proceeded a little farther and completed the passage, he would have seen that it applied the other way," Sheridan then spouted something *ore rotundo*, which had all the *ois, ais, ous* and *kous* that give the world assurance of a Greek quotation; upon which Lord Belgrave complimented the Honorable member and admitted that the continuation of the passage had the tendency ascribed to it by Sheridan. On the breaking up of the House, Fox, who prided himself on having some Greek, asked Sheridan how he was so ready with that passage? It is unnecessary to observe, there was no Greek at all in Sheridan's impromptu.

—The first poem ever written, though not by woman, was about her. It is the address of Lamech to his wives. Gen. iv. When John Wesley was single, he wrote

"I have no sharer of my heart,  
To rob my Saviour of a part."

But after he became acquainted with Mrs. Vizeille, he left that verse out of his pilgrim hymn. So Dr. Watts fell in love with Elizabeth Singer, afterwards Mrs. Rowe. He was rejected. He was a man of very large soul, but of small stature, and not very attractive in person; she told him, "she loved the jewel, but could not admire the casket." The good doctor was quite grieved, and a little spunky, and said:

"Were I so tall to reach the pole,  
Or grasp the ocean with my span,  
I must be measured by my soul,  
The mind's the standard of the man."

After a while you hear him mourning out,

"How vain are all things here below,  
How false, and yet how fair."

I have not found a first-class poem from woman on the birth of Jesus, nor a first-class cradle hymn. I find them from Ephraim Syrus, a monk, from Martin Luther, another monk; from Watts, Wesley, and that loving old bachelor, James Montgomery. The best cradle hymn was written by a monk and not a mother. (*Lecture on Female Hymnists, by Rev. Dr. Armitage*).

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.—Resolutions adopted by B. L. S., Friday, 13th of March, upon the death of John N. Hughes, formerly a member of this Society:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father, in His infinite wisdom, to remove from among us, our esteemed friend and brother, John N. Hughes: Therefore be it resolved,

*First*, That we, the Belles Lettres Society, recognize in his death, the loss of a beloved fellow-student, a Christian gentleman and a valuable member of our society.

*Second*, That we extend to the grief-stricken family in this the hour of their sorrow, our heartfelt sympathy.

*Third*, That as an appropriate expression of respect our hall be draped in mourning.

*Fourth*, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of our Society, and also that copies be furnished to the ALUMNI JOURNAL, and the city papers for publication, and that a copy be forwarded to the family.

J. M. BLAZER, )  
A. WALKLEV, ) Committee.  
WALTER GRAVES, )

Our brother was born December 8th, 1845, near Jerseyville, Jersey Co., Ill., and died the 9th of last month, in this city. He was a fine speaker and an able debater. It rejoices us to believe, that the voice now silent in our hall, joins the angelic chorus in strains so sweet, that mortal ears cannot hear it.

## MUNSELLIAN SOCIETY DEPARTMENT.

W. S. MARQUIS, EDITOR.

## THE ONWARD MARCH OF MIND.

T. L. COULTAS.

"ONWARD, onward, onward, ever,  
Human progress none can stay.  
All who make the vain endeavor  
Shall like chaff be swept away."

The true patriot, who, in the hour of his country's peril, under the guidance of duty and disinterested zeal, enters into battle for his country's security, is worthy the loftiest eulogies. Canvas should be animated with deeds of his bravery; eloquence, poetry and music should be employed in rendering to him grateful homage; his name should be underscored as it appears on history's page; he should ever live in the hearts of a grateful posterity. Much more, however, should he be honored who enters into *life's* fierce battles, and contends for the enthronement of *intellect* as earth's great king.

Humanity, banded together in one solid phalanx, marshalled under the generalship of intellect, is marching forward to certain and glorious victory. Already has this army passed triumphantly through many fierce battles. Though thousands of her brave warriors have fallen, yet many victories have been achieved. And, to-day, standing on the mountain eminence, in the light of the brilliant suns of science, she looks over, and contemplates the victories of the past, marshalled for battle with her face to the foe. And as in the past, success has followed her every effort, so the prospect of successive victories looms up in the future, until soon human progress will terminate in human perfection, and the flagstaff of virtue and intelligence will be finally planted on every ruined city of ignorance and vice. Mind is marching forward. Mind, that which gives power and energy to the elastic springs of life; that which

is an emanation of life and light from the bosom of the Eternal; that which was born in heaven, delegated to earthly mediums, beginning from the time when "know thyself" was first inscribed on the temple of reason, with restless anxiety to break over and go beyond the narrow limit that bounds man's horizon, stretches away into the unending unseen.

Man contends for mind's supremacy. There may be angels, archangels, seraphim, but they are far beyond our sympathy. The struggles they have endured, the conflicts they have had, the opposition they have encountered, may be but imperfectly expressed by any eulogies we could utter. We know them not; we never saw such a one. We never saw a book of their writing, action of their performing, life that they lived or death that they died. But we have seen heroic men contending for the freedom and enthronement of mind, through struggle and weariness, pain and death, soaring to knowledge, to virtue, to heaven. Through lowly studies, through the trampled fires of passion, through mortal infirmity, through opposition thick strewn upon their path, still mounting to the loftiest heights of true eminence.

Mind is mastering mysteries and marching on to mightiness. Every exhibition of progress in civilization is an achievement of mind. The crusades, the feudal system, the reformation, are but the offsprings of minds influenced by circumstances and providence. Every epoch that transpires but forms a new link in the chain of mind's achievements, which from Eden's bowers stretches away into infinity. Not long ago this *mighty giant*, mind, was in his infancy. His childhood

and his early growth were watched as with a mother's eye and guarded as with a father's care. And, as we review the past, in many instances, we can see the print of Jehovah's fingers in his development. As the youthful stripling has stepped upon the battle-field contending against the mighty Goliath, how often have the ministers of providence hovered o'er him, in whose life was garnered the welfare if not the very existence of humanity. He soon will tread with youthful step the halls of learning, when his development becomes more sure and more rapid. He went on, and although his path for a time led him through obscurity and silence, as the dark veil of the middle ages enshrouded him, yet the elements around, the very unfavorableness of his surroundings, contributed to his collecting treasures, and the golden ray of heaven falling upon him ripened his expanding faculties, until in this his hour of glory he stands forth embodied in the form of living, commanding, irresistible *intellect*. Thus has mind progressed from infant's thought, to a mighty energy heaving in the breast of the present age. And as nature, providence, and invention not only demand but positively force from us activity, its development for the future is still more certain. When we consider the victories and achievements of the past, we are prone to say certainly every foe is vanquished, and mind has reached its zenith. We behold the powers of steam drawing the ponderous train over our prairies; darting on telegraphic wires above our heads are the powers of electricity bearing living thoughts hundreds of miles in an instant, making this great earth as one vast whispering gallery, around which thoughts circulate as freely as sunbeams; we consider the wide fields of science already explored; the rich pearls of invention that have been brought forth from the ocean of mystery, all these offsprings of mind, all these with many evidences of progress, and we are prone to say "*ne plus ultra*." But the dying words of a

great scientist apply with equal force to humanity in general as to himself "that which I know is limited; that which I know not is infinite."

And, in proportion as further growth is possible, so are there incentives to progress. Nature in every department of life contributes to man's activity. Man must work; and not only must he work, but he must think. It is a mistake that the peasant's mind must necessarily be akin to the clod on which he treads, and his life a dull unthinking, unimproving toil. The intellectual laborer finds in his vocation, not only facilities for a livelihood, but a chemistry in the soil, a chemistry in the air, and science everywhere. To him the great page of nature is spread out. What better school, what holier sanctuary could there be for man than this? So with the work-shop. Intellect, invention, skill, dexterity are here brought into the most adroit and brilliant activity. So with the merchant's calling. He, who is the exchanger of the products of all countries, whose sails whiten every sea, whose influence is felt as a civilizer of the nations, has certainly facilities afforded from his calling to quicken and sharpen his faculties to their keenest exercise. Yea, since progress is demanded from every department of life, there is no more of a miracle in mind's present development, than there is in the towering of the pre-eminent forest tree, or on the perpetual flowing of the irresistible river.

What can impede this onward march? Indolence and inactivity have attempted it, but ambition and energy have come to the rescue. Conservatism has said "cling to the old paths," but radicalism has loudly protested. Passion has lifted the arm of rebellion, but virtue has proved more than its equal. With heaven as its goal, with Deity as its director and protector, neither the powers of earth nor the powers of hell can conquer intellect, or impede its progress.

## THE MYSTERY.

J. OLIVER WILSON.

O, Life ! thou strange, strange mystery,  
 When will the day appear ?  
 We're wand'ring far into the night,  
 In gloom, and doubt and fear.

O, Life ! we never called for thee,  
 We never chose to live ;  
 Then wherefore now the weight of grief  
 Which thou dost choose to give ?

Why shroud the day in mystery  
 Of night, so strangely dark ?  
 Why give each meek and erring one  
 Such longing, aching heart ?

Is there no hope to cheer us on  
 In the coming of the years,  
 No rays of sunlight pure and bright,  
 To kiss our blinding tears ?

Is there no pathway where the thorns  
 Do not await our feet,  
 Which leads the weary traveler  
 Unto the golden street ?

Are there no happy, golden days,  
 With those we hold most dear,  
 No gentle, loving sympathy  
 Our burdened hearts to cheer ?

O, mystery of mysteries !  
 The past is all thine own ;  
 The present bears the shade of night,  
 The future is unknown,

But we will cease our sad complaint,  
 For God still rules above ;  
 And though the way be dark at times,  
 We know that " God is love."

Some days of gloom must come to all,  
 Some hours of sad refining ;  
 But yet we know the frowning clouds  
 Have still a silv'ry lining.

O, Father ! take our storm-tossed souls  
 On life's great ocean cast ;  
 And bring us safely o'er the sea,  
 To thy bright home at last,

Then will this strange life mystery  
 Be bright and clear as day ;  
 And we shall know a loving hand  
 Has led us all the way.

## DRIFT-WOOD.

—The societies gave a "reception" in their halls on Saturday evening the 21st. Large numbers of students and citizens of Bloomington and Normal were present, all of whom concur in pronouncing it a most pleasant and enjoyable affair.

—"Hip, hip, hurrah!" is said to have originated in the Crusades, and is thought to be a corruption of "H. E. P.," the initial letters of the Latin sentence, "*Hierosolyma est Perdita.*" ("Jerusalem is lost!") which was the motto upon Peter the Hermit's banner.

—A Quodlibet is a nice point for discussion. We append one which was a favorite with such logicians as Peter Lombard, Thomas Aquinas, Duns Scotus, and others, who lived about the 13th century: "When a hog is carried to market with a rope tied about his neck, which is held at the other end by a man, whether is the hog carried to market by the *rope* or by the *man*?"

THE *Cincinnati Times*, for February 10th, contained an article entitled, "Flashes of Light from the Throne," which is interesting for its singularity, as well as its substance. It is a prophecy by John Bishop Hall, styled "The Anointed," and begins:

"A proclamation to the nations by the messenger of Jehovah, and promulgated by the command of Jehovah, the infinite and invisible God, and of the Ancient of Days, the visible Godhead of the Universe, and of the Son of God, Jesus Christ the great Anointed, the King of Kings, and of the Holy Ghost, and of the Living Creature Enoch, Who is the holy, mighty, and glorious Gabriel, and of the great Archangel called the Lord God, unto Whom be everlasting thanksgiving, and glory and dominion, and before Whom all they who will not bow the heart shall soon bow the knee."

He then describes how upon the 31st day of last October from the "Throne of Him who dwells in the light which no man can approach," from the "Central Sun of the Universe," the following dis-

patch was "transmitted by the Holy Ghost":

"The time of vengeful trouble, and of special plagues, and of devouring judgments which shall for forty years continue, shall commence on the 10th day of the month of next September; and on said day a battle shall be fought between the French and German forces, which shall inaugurate the impending and fearful European war."

And he still farther prophesies that on the eventful 10th of September the following dispatch will be sent from London to Cincinnati:

LONDON, September 10, 1874.

"A battle has this day been fought between the French and German armies, which were incredibly large, and the slaughter has been great."

"And the foregoing dispatch will be in both English and German, generally published in this city on the 11th day of the aforesaid month. And the said European dispatch, together with this Proclamation, will be republished in the *Cincinnati Times* on the 12th day of the month of next September."

Those who believe in the Bishop's prophetic power doubtless dread the coming of September 10th, 1874.

FRIDAY the 13th inst. being the last but one in the present term, was constitutionally the evening for election of officers for the ensuing term. Unusual interest was taken in this election: the first ticket making its appearance as early as Tuesday, and by Friday night no less than six had been issued. The electioneering these called forth, was something surprising and marks certain Munsellians as good politicians in a broader field. The following persons were elected:

Jno. Moore, Pres.; J. O. Wilson, Vice Pres.; R. McKay, Sec.; Florence Richards, Ass't Sec.; J. F. Baker, Treas.; Minnie Rogers, Librarian; J. M. Wills, Chaplain; F. Mueller, Chorister; W. S. Marquis, Attorney; Mr. Scrimger and Misses Kanaga and Kuhl, Court.

## ALUMNI JOURNAL DRAWER.

MARK TWAIN, now at home, and busy at the work, hopes to complete his descriptive book on the manners and customs of Englishmen, before his next visit to their country.

"PICTURESQUE AMERICA," is to be completed in twelve numbers more, making forty-eight in all, and now the Appleton's announce a companion work in "Picturesque Europe." Mr. Harry Fenn has been for some months on the other side sketching for it. The first work is among the finest ever published in this country, and the second will doubtless equal it.

A TASTE FOR READING. — Make it a rule—never to be broken—to devote at least half an hour a day to the reading of some useful book—not stories chiefly, either.

Stories are good in their places; but every one needs a knowledge of history, the elements of science, and other useful subjects; and if he has only half an hour to give to reading, he will be foolish to give it all to novels. Be hungry and thirsty after knowledge of all kinds; and be sure you will be none the worse, but all the better for it.—*Abbot.*

GOOD habits of reading, like good methods of study, are slow to be acquired, but when gained repay the effort by rich results of culture and knowledge. It is so easy to become the dupe of our own fancy, to believe that we are taking great strides in the field of knowledge, and gathering the fruits of science, when we are really enjoying the flowers by the wayside. More time is wasted by this species of deception than by any other means. Time which ought to be used in physical training is consumed in lounging over books or papers, while the attention vacillates between the printed page and the busy street before you, and the result is a feeling of languor and dissatisfaction.—*Cornell Era.*

TO THE lover of books nothing is more tantalizing than to enter a large library,

to see the rows of finely bound volumes almost within reach, and yet be debarred from entrance to the alcoves and personal inspection of the books. When we see a forlorn student scowling at an unconscious post-graduate browsing peacefully among folios and quartos, we know that the former is consumed by envy. Who has not felt the indefiniteness of the catalogue description; by this method the recognition of what we want is as unsatisfactory as a book ordered by mail, or a new suit of clothes from our tailor. Neither affords you half the pleasure you anticipated.—*Cornell Era.*

It is said that the celebrated American botanist, Bertram, who was at that time a farmer, picked in the field a wild heart-ease, and carelessly commenced to tear it to pieces, as many thoughtless people do. He noticed a strange resemblance to an insect in the mass of the stamens, huddled together, took it home, examined it carefully, became a botanist, opened a correspondence with Linnæus and other great naturalists of his day, and soon became one of the greatest, dying loaded with honors from almost every scientific society in Europe. The field is still open, the laurels are not yet all won, the honors are not all gathered. We may learn much from the great works of nature by simply cultivating a habit of careful, thoughtful observation.

President White of Cornell University, in a recent lecture, makes the following strong assertion in favor of educated labor: "Another great department bearing on a multitude of industries, directly and indirectly, is civil engineering. Take one among the fields of its activity. We have in the United States about 70,000 miles of railway, and every year thousands of miles are added. I do not exaggerate when I say that millions of dollars are lost every year by the employment of half educated engineers. Proofs of this meet you on every side. Lines in wrong positions, bad grades and curves, tunnels cut and bridges built which might be avoided. All of us know the story.

But this is not all. Hardly a community which has not some story to tell of great losses entailed by bad engineering in other directions. Here is the traffic of a great city street interrupted for a year because no engineer can be found able to make the calculations for a 'skew arch' bridge, a thing which any graduate of a well equipped department of civil engineering can do; there is a city subjected to enormous loss by the failure of its water supply system, because the engineer employed made no calculation for the friction of water in the pipes; in another instance it is a whole district sickened by miasma, because a half-taught engineer was entrusted with its drainage. We must prepare men for better work and for every dollar thus laid out we shall create or save thousands."

IN our March number appeared a magic square to be filled with the numbers from 1 to 16, inclusive. We now give place to the following, which may serve as a *temporary* puzzle for the curious:

99	14	12	100	84	93	4	96	10	2
16	66	36	37	63	22	80	81	19	85
92	39	61	60	42	75	25	21	78	9
7	59	41	40	62	23	77	76	26	94
88	38	64	65	35	82	20	21	79	13
18	55	50	54	43	27	73	72	30	83
86	15	32	48	57	70	32	33	67	15
3	44	53	48	56	34	68	69	31	98
6	58	47	51	46	71	29	28	74	95
99	87	89	1	17	8	97	5	91	11

Here we have a magic square, containing a lesser magic square, and this lesser composed of four magic squares, the heavy lines indicating the several distinctions. The sum of the numbers in the largest square, whether counting upward, across, or diagonally, is 505; omitting the outside numbers, the sum is 404; in each of the four squares the sum is 202. The entire square consists of the cardinal numbers from 1 to 100. Can any one discover the principle of arrangement?

WE heartily endorse the following from

the *Advertiser's Gazette*, and gladly give it space in our columns:

MAGAZINE ADVERTISING.—There is no medium of advertising that is more sure to bring an article well and permanently before the people, as that offered by magazines of good circulation.

1.—Because they are taken by the most cultivated, liberal and enterprising class of people.

2.—Because they are *thoroughly read* and *carefully preserved*.

3.—Because the number of readers is not limited to the members of the family, but frequently include a whole neighborhood.

4.—Because the advertising pages are new, and the advertisements being attractively displayed, are, for this reason, more likely to arrest the attention of the reader.

5.—Because they carry a degree of influence with them favorable to the advertisers.

ST. NICHOLAS continues to find its way to our table, and always comes crowded with good things for our young folks. Instead of being filled with the light, trashy material that goes to make up, almost entirely, very many of our journals for boys and girls, *St. Nicholas* has taken a "new departure" and is succeeding admirably in placing before its numerous readers much valuable information, and in such a shape, too, as to be exceedingly attractive to the class of readers for whom it is intended.

In the April number we find an excellent article by Donald G. Mitchell, on the invention of printing, illustrated by a large engraving of Gutenberg's statue at Strasburg. An article, entitled "Life-Saving on Our Coast," by William H. Rideing, gives a useful and highly interesting account of how poor shipwrecked sailors and passengers are saved when they are thrown upon our coast; for it appears, they are nearly always saved. Four excellent illustrations accompany this article. Another useful paper is that upon "Wood Carving," illustrated by working designs.

These, with the various stories, poems, etc., will, without doubt, be fully appreciated by our young friends who are so



fortunate as to be regular readers of *St. Nicholas*. "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" is unusually good this month; he fairly sparkles with fun, and everybody, old and young, will be sure to have a jolly laugh with "Jack" for April. The Letter Box and other departments are full and interesting as usual.

It may be questioned by many whether the following paragraph from one of our leading dailies gives evidence of another step forward in civilization. The *Inter-Ocean* says:

"Cremation has in this country already passed from the region of speculation and argument into that of practical experiment. Steps are being taken in New York to form a mutual cremation society. It is said that a large number of names has been procured, whose owners pledge themselves to give their best aid and influence for the disposition of their own bodies after death in this manner. This seems certainly a good test of sincerity; and now that the reform has been initiated, there can be little doubt of its becoming more and more popular. The prejudices of custom and association once overcome, the prospect of quick combustion must certainly be preferred to the revolting decay by the mold and corruption of the grave."

It may be only "the prejudices of custom and association" which cause us to

involuntarily shrink from making such a disposition of the bodies of our loved ones, and yet are they not the "prejudices" of an age of enlightened civilization and christianity as compared with that of barbarism and superstition? It may be argued that the body will just as certainly undergo decomposition when buried from our sight as if we give it to the flames; and this we readily grant, yet, in our attempts to preserve the body after death, do we not simply follow that natural instinct or inspiration which causes us to yearn for its resurrection? More than this, are not the very forms and ceremonies of the Christian burial founded on a strong faith in the doctrine of the final resurrection of the body, as taught in Revelation? For our part we can not yet accept the conclusion so summarily drawn in the above paragraph that "the prospect of quick combustion must certainly be preferred to the revolting decay by the mold and corruption of the grave." Were we compelled to witness from day to day this slow decay, the argument might have more force, but so long as the earth like a cherishing mother receives her own and hides, alike from friend and foe, the forms of those whose spirits wing their flight to other realms, we are persuaded that the truly human will refuse to return to the revolting customs of a barbarous age.

## EDUCATIONAL.

Oxford University is one thousand years old, and exults in an annual income of one million dollars and a library of five hundred and twenty thousand volumes.

Union University, N. Y., recently had a gift of \$100,000 from Mr. Anonymous.

The Wesleyan would be happy to be greeted by Mr. Anonymous in the same substantial manner.

The *Chicago Teacher* believes in the old fashioned use of the rod, and claims a

good whipping is better than detention after school hours, "because it sets the blood in circulation and stimulates the brain."

Such stimulants should be sparingly used. They cost a teacher in a neighboring county \$25. He used rattan too freely, and set a little *too much* blood in circulation. A *little* whipping, unlike a little learning, is not a dangerous thing. We believe it often does good. But be gentle.

It is gratifying to know that the proposition of the University, offering "literary

honors" to ministers who satisfactorily complete certain prescribed courses of study, is meeting with such general favor. From all parts of our own State, and from other States come greetings: Iowa, Colorado, Missouri, Wisconsin and Indiana have already responded, and letters by the score are being received from those who desire to avail themselves of this opportunity, to formally enter the republic of letters.

Wm. Wheelwright gives \$100,000 to be expended for lectures before a Scientific School in Newburyport, Mass.

Mr. Wheelwright has evidently given the *right wheel* to a part of his fortune. Our department of Natural Sciences would not be injured by having a similar amount *wheeled right* in for use ere the year closes.

Considerable interest is manifested in the questions of finance and excessive taxes in our thriving city, and some, who are in favor of retrenching, direct especial attention to what is claimed to be unnecessary expenditures in supporting our excellent public schools. Without attempting an argument upon, or giving any extended discussion of, the question at issue, we suggest that it is the part of wisdom to avoid anything which will cripple or render in any way inefficient the excellent system which prevails in the educational work of our city.

We do not like to take up a reproach against our neighbor and sincerely hope that the statement of *Rochester Union and Advertiser* concerning Cornell College, is not correct. It seems from this statement that a young student, by the name of Maconnen, who was compelled to work at his trade of stone-cutting to support himself in college, wrote an essay in competition for the Woodford Prize Medal. He was not allowed, however, to compete for the medal, on some pretext or other; Vice President Russell declaring that labor-students ought to be contented with graduation, and not think of striving after honors.

The University will soon offer a professional course of study corresponding to the ministerial course which we publish

elsewhere, to all those who may desire to enter upon a somewhat extended and systematic course of mental training. It is designed more especially for teachers and principals of schools, and graduates of High and Normal schools. The object is not to prescribe a course of study suitable to fit teachers for their vocation, but to add to the culture, which they have already secured, a systematic course of study, to be pursued by them, and upon the completion of which the University will confer the corresponding degree. In our next issue we hope to present these courses of study in full.

We are happy to announce to those who contemplate the study of the law, that this important department is now fully organized and ready for work. The following is the Law Faculty:

Rev. Samuel Fallows, D. D., President.

#### PROFESSORS.

Hon. Reuben M. Benjamin, A. M., Dean. Property, Contracts and Domestic Relations.

Hon. Owen T. Reeves, A. M. Pleadings, Evidence, and Equity Jurisprudence.

Hon. Robert E. Williams. Constitutional, International and Criminal Law.

The appearance of the above names upon the roster of the Law Faculty is sufficient guaranty that the University acts in good faith in announcing this department. It is needless for us to comment at length upon the ability of the above-named gentlemen and their eminent fitness for the respective positions to which they have been called, and which they consent to occupy. We hope that the efforts of the University to furnish in our midst opportunities for legal culture second to none in the country, will be duly appreciated, and that a large class will enter this department the First Term, which will begin April 6, 1874. Fee for the first term, \$6.00. Those wishing information in reference to the law department, will please apply to the President or Dean of the Law Faculty.

There are over fourteen and a half millions of children of school age in this country. The tax for their education is

one per cent. of the real and personal property in the United States. We spend annually \$95,000,000 for schools. We employ 221,000 teachers. The national government has already set aside for educational purposes 140,000,000 acres of public lands.

From the above facts it will be seen that we pay liberally for the education of our children. But these children will pay back to the country, through the increased value of their services from the education received in the public schools, at least \$200,000,000 per year. *It pays to educate them.*

We invite the special attention of all interested parties to the following circular. Please give it a careful reading:

COLLEGIATE courses of study for the ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

*To the Ministers of the M. E. Church :*

DEAR BRETHREN: The authorities of the Illinois Wesleyan University, at Bloomington, after due deliberation, have determined to offer courses of study and corresponding degrees to all the ministers of the M. E. Church who shall meet the requisite conditions. These courses are designed for those only who have passed successfully the examinations prescribed by the General Conference for traveling ministers, and who are ordained elders in good standing. They can be pursued without actual attendance at the University, and without any interruption of regular ministerial duties.

A completion of the course in the natural sciences and belles-lettres, with special stress laid upon the English language and English literature, will secure the degree of "Bachelor of Philosophy."

A completion of the same course with additional studies in Latin, or Greek, or German, and in natural science and mathematics, will secure the degree of "Bachelor of Science." For the degree of "Bachelor of Arts," the studies laid down in the catalogue of the University will be required, credit being given for the studies passed in the above courses.

The degree of "Doctor of Philosophy" will be conferred upon all classical graduates of colleges who shall pass the prescribed courses of study in either of

the departments of philosophy, philology, or natural science.

After consultation with leading educational men in the church, a course of study may be laid down hereafter for the degree of "Doctor of Divinity." Examinations on the whole or any part of the course will be held at the University at the close of each term. Whenever a sufficient number of ministers within the bounds of any conference shall make application for such examinations, they will be held by the members of the faculty, during the months of July and August. Credit will be given for each study when completed, and the appropriate degrees will be conferred at the commencement following the final examination.

Some of the reasons for this "new departure" may be briefly stated. First, The course of study prescribed by the General Conference for our ministers is very valuable and extensive, and cannot be mastered without years of earnest study. With the required preparatory studies and the implied knowledge of the English branches before admission on trial, this course covers about seven years. Having carefully estimated the educational value of each and all of these studies, we cannot resist the conviction that the generous supplementary course we prescribe, with the extensive conference course, well deserves an academic degree. Second, Our plan meets the desire of many of our ministers, often and earnestly expressed, for a logical and well-digested course of private study, to be pursued systematically and continuously. Third, It will admit into the republic of letters men who are in every way worthy to enter it; men who would rather earn a degree than receive it as a mere "honorary" thing. Fourth, We believe, in presenting this plan, that we are helping our brethren to fulfill the command in the exhortation of Paul to Timothy, "study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." A small sum will be charged for examinations, and the usual fee for diplomas. For detailed courses of study and information apply to the president,

SAM'L FALLOWS, D. D.

*Bloomington, Ill.*

## SPECIAL COURSES OF STUDY OFFERED BY THE ILLINOIS WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

Just before going to press we received the following courses of study, which we gladly give space in our columns. Since these courses presented themselves to the favorable consideration of all friends of higher education, it is unnecessary for us, in any editorial comment, to urge upon those for whom these provisions have been made the great advantage to be gained by availing themselves of this opportunity to formally enter the republic of letters. The great number of applications for information respecting these courses of study, indicates the popularity of this "new departure," and the great favor with which it is received.

### MINISTERIAL COURSE OF STUDY FOR THE DEGREE OF PH. B., (BACHELOR OF PHILOSOPHY.)

English Literature,	- - -	<i>Shaw.</i>
Science of Language,	- - -	<i>Max Muller.</i>
Aesthetics,	- - -	<i>Bascom.</i>
History of Philosophy,	- - -	<i>Schwegler.</i>
New Chemistry,	- - -	<i>Cooke.</i>
Sketches of Creation,	- - -	<i>Winchell.</i>
Geology,	- - -	<i>Steele.</i>
International Law,	- - -	<i>Woolsey.</i>
Political Economy,	- - -	<i>Perry.</i>
Astronomy,	- - -	<i>Steele.</i>
Rhetoric,	- - -	<i>Bain.</i>
The Intuitions,	- - -	<i>McCosh.</i>
Human Intellect, (abridged)	- - -	<i>Porter.</i>
Christianity and Greek Philosophy,	- - -	<i>Cocker.</i>

### MINISTERIAL COURSE OF STUDY FOR THE DEGREE OF B. S., (BACHELOR OF SCIENCE.)

For this degree, in addition to the course prescribed for the degree of Ph. B., the following studies will be required:

Latin—Grammar and Reader,	- - -	<i>Bartholomew.</i>
Latin—Caesar's Commentaries,	- - -	<i>Hanson.</i>
Latin—Cicero's Orations against Cataline,	- - -	<i>Hanson.</i>
Latin—Virgil's Aeneid,	- - -	-
Greek—Grammar and Reader,	- - -	<i>Hadley.</i>
Greek—New Testament,	- - -	<i>Hadley.</i>
Algebra—(to series,)	- - -	<i>Schuyler.</i>

Geometry—Plane,	- - -	<i>Ray.</i>
Physiology,	- - -	<i>Huxley &amp; Youmans.</i>
Comparative Anatomy,	- - -	<i>Agassiz &amp; Gould.</i>
Chemical Physics,	- - -	<i>Cooke.</i>

### MINISTERIAL COURSE FOR THE DEGREE OF A. B., (BACHELOR OF ARTS.)

The requisites for this degree are the completion of the course for the degree of Bachelor of Science and additional studies in Latin, Greek, Mathematics and Natural Science.

Credit will be given for any portion of the above courses, or for equivalent studies which may have been completed at any institution of higher learning on presentation of satisfactory evidence to the Faculty.

After carefully comparing the courses we have laid down, based upon the preparatory Conference studies, with those prescribed in the catalogues of the best Eastern and Western colleges, we are safe in saying, that we require as great a number and variety of studies for our degrees as these institutions require for theirs.

### DEGREE OF MASTER OF ARTS.

Graduates of colleges, whether ministers or otherwise, who shall satisfy the Faculty of the University that they have pursued creditably a course of study equivalent to that for which the degree of A. B. is given in the Illinois Wesleyan University, may obtain the degree of Master of Arts, by pursuing a course of study for one year after graduation, in any one of the following subjects: Philosophy, Philology, History, Political Science, Mathematics, Pedagogics, Physics, Natural History,—and passing a thorough examination therein. Candidates for this degree must present a satisfactory thesis. This degree will also be given on examination in the above courses or their equivalent, to any person suitably qualified, who may not be a graduate of any college.

### DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY.

The degree of Ph. D. will be given to graduates similarly qualified who are in

professional life, and shall pursue for at least two years after graduation, any one of the subjects specified for the degree of A. M., shall pass a thorough examination therein and shall present a satisfactory thesis.

The examination in Philosophy for the degree of Ph. D. will be upon Ancient and Modern Philosophy. Books of reference :

Ueberweg's History of Philosophy,

Lewes " "

Schwegler's " "

Jowett's Plato, Kant's Critique of Pure Reason.

The course of study in the other subjects will be announced hereafter.

#### EXAMINATIONS.

Examinations in the whole or any part of these courses will be held at the University at the close of each term, and credit will be given for each study when completed.

In conferences remote from the University we would recommend the formation of an association of ministers, who wish to complete any of the above courses of study, the officers of which shall consist of a president, secretary and treasurer. The association shall designate the time and place where the examination shall be held, and shall give due notice of the same to the President of the University. An examiner appointed by the Faculty will be present, with printed questions, on which an examination, mainly written, will be held.

In case there are not applicants enough to constitute an association, arrangements will be made for the examination of individual candidates at or near their homes.

#### CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

The appropriate degrees will be conferred at the commencement following the final examination. Attendance at commencement though desirable will not be required.

Provision will be made for the free entertainment of ministers in Bloomington who come to the University for examination and degrees.

#### EXPENSES.

The fee for examination for the degree of Ph. B. and B. S. will be \$10; for the

degree of A. B. and A. M., \$15; for the degree of Ph. D., \$20.

In special cases a reduction will be made.

#### THE DEPARTMENT OF LAW.

Elsewhere in our columns will be found the announcement of the organization of this important department and the names of the Faculty elect.

#### COURSE OF INSTRUCTION.

The course of instruction is designed to prepare students for admission to practice in the highest Courts of the State. The recitations will be on topics carefully and logically prepared by the Professors. With the assignment of the topics, pertinent and abundant references will be given.

Lectures will be given by the Professors and by other distinguished members of the bar.

Moot and club courts will be regularly held.

The course will cover four terms of about three months each, and will be continued through a period of two years.

#### LIBRARY.

The Law Library, to which the students will have access, is considered to be the most complete in the West.

It contains, in addition to the most valuable works on the subject of law in general, the English Law Reports, and full Reports of all the States and Territories of the Union.

#### TERMS OF ADMISSION.

The sole requisites are, that the candidate shall be eighteen years of age and of good, moral character. No previous course of reading is required.

#### DEGREES.

The degree of Bachelor of Laws will be conferred upon such students as shall pursue the prescribed course and pass the requisite examination.

#### EXPENSES.

The fee for tuition will be \$6, only, for the coming term.

The usual fee of \$5 will be charged for the Diploma.

For further particulars apply to the President or to Hon. R. M. Benjamin, A. M., Dean of the Faculty.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

—To J. C. Hartzell, of '68, we are indebted for a copy of the minutes of the Louisiana Annual Conference, recently held at Baton Rouge, La., and of which Conference Bro. Hartzell was secretary. By reference to the minutes we find that Bro. Hartzell is continued as Presiding Elder of the New Orleans district, and also is one of the Trustees of the New Orleans University.

—The lithographs of the new university building have been received and are now on sale. Those having charge of this enterprise have decided to furnish them at the low price of *five cents* per copy or \$4.00 per dozen. Now, if you please "only one at a time," but do not delay sending your order till the supply is exhausted. We hope our ministerial friends will order a number of dozens. Remember the proceeds of the sales go toward furnishing rooms in the University building.

—We have a limited supply of those superb chromos, one of which we present to any one who secures a club of *five* or *ten* subscribers to the JOURNAL. Those who are working to secure clubs need not delay sending names till the club is full. By notifying us, proper credit will always be given.

—W. H. Wylder, of '73, is having a very successful year in his ministerial labors. He reports over seventy accessions to the church within the bounds of his circuit since conference. Recently his people greatly surprised him by presenting him a purse of \$87, as a donation. The relation between Bro. Wylder and the people whom he serves must be pleasant indeed.

—Our representative in Congress, Gen. John McNulta, reminds us that we are not forgotten by presenting us a copy of the speech of Hon. J. G. Cannon, of Illinois, on the "Distribution of Public Documents, Etc."

—We recently spent a Sabbath very pleasantly with Rev. L. Springer, at Mionok. We found Bro. Springer fully awake to the various interests in his charge; and both pastor and people are moving on harmoniously in their work. Bro. Springer is one of the first to enter upon the course of study prescribed by the University, for ministers, for the completion of which the degree of Bachelor of Science will be conferred. We understand that Bro. Gue, of El Paso, and Bro. Bowlin, of Wenona, join Bro. Springer in this work. We doubt not as soon as the prescribed courses of study proposed by the University can be formally given to the public many others will avail themselves of the opportunity to thus be formally admitted to the Republic of Letters.

—The concert given by the Mendelssohn Choral Society, in Amie Chapel, March 17th, is spoken of in highly commendatory terms by those who were present. Notwithstanding a grand temperance rally was held at Durley Hall on the same evening, a very creditable and appreciative audience greeted the Society upon this, its first appearance before the public. Under the efficient

leadership of Prof. Parker, the work of the past term has been entirely satisfactory, and the Society promises its friends to present something really superior at its next appearance, which will probably be sometime in June.

—Our list of subscribers is steadily increasing in numbers, and we feel gratified in receiving words of commendation from many of our friends in regard to the improvements we have made this year in our publication. If the patrons of the University whose interests the ALUMNI JOURNAL so faithfully represents, will continue to lend their influence and efforts in securing new subscribers wherever and whenever they can be obtained we shall be able to carry the work through the year without financial loss or embarrassment. Send in your subscriptions. Only \$1.00 per year.

—We take pleasure in placing in our advertising columns a list of some of the popular publications of John Wiley & Son, New York. Those desiring any of the books issued by that house can have their orders promptly filled by addressing the publishers.

—"The Good Old Times in McLean County," by Dr. E. Duis, is the title of a very interesting and readable history of the early settlement of the county, soon to be issued from the Leader press. It contains biographical sketches of nearly three hundred of the old settlers, besides much other valuable and interesting history. These sketches abound in amusing anecdotes and incidents, which give the work a freshness and interest, not only to those personally acquainted with the characters described, but to the general reader. We predict for this history a ready and extensive sale.

—President Fallows is making hosts of friends for himself and the University as he becomes acquainted with the pastors and people of the patronizing conferences. Almost every Sabbath he is called to fill some pulpit,—Danvers, Tonica, Jacksonville, El Paso, and Mionok are among the places which he has visited. Be patient, brethren and friends, the Dr. has but one body and can consequently be in only one place at a time, but he is disposed to answer all your calls as soon as he possibly can do so in justice to his other duties.

—Professor Willing has been compelled to decline numerous calls to preach and lecture during the past term because of her varied duties and excessive labors in the University. These kind and urgent invitations have been accepted as often as the exigencies of the case would permit.

—Mr. O. Rugg, of this city, contributes to the Museum of the University some very singularly shaped monstrosities of the eggs of domestic fowls.

Also Mr. J. Maxon gives us some very good specimens from our coal beds. These gentlemen have our thanks for their kindness.

We would like to thank a great many more in just the same way. Send in your specimens and they shall be duly labelled and cared for.

THE

# ALUMNI JOURNAL,

OF THE

## ILLINOIS WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

Vol IV.

MAY, 1874.

No. 5.

100,000 ACRES OF LAND FOR SALE, BY THE ILLINOIS WESLEYAN  
UNIVERSITY.

THE Trustees of the Illinois Wesleyan University have for sale One Hundred Thousand acres of the choicest lands in the west, lying in the celebrated Neosho Valley, Kansas.

These lands have all been selected with the greatest care by the agent of the University, Rev. G. W. Gue, of the Central Illinois Conference. Mr. Gue has had many years experience in the selection of western lands, and has made a *personal* examination of *every* section of the land which is thus offered for sale.

These lands are in the midst of good settlements, and are contiguous to railroads now in successful operation, being from three to fifteen miles distant. Projected railroads also, which must be built sooner or later, are surveyed through them. The climate is mild; the atmosphere dry and pure; the soil rich and deep. Grain of all kinds is raised in abundance. The country is rapidly settling up by emigration.

These lands range in price usually from \$3 00 to \$5.00 per acre, according to location, and are sold on ten years time; ten per cent. at the time of purchase; the interest only, the second year at 7

per cent.; one-tenth and the interest each succeeding year until paid.

To persons of moderate means this investment is particularly desirable. Rarely is such an opportunity offered of purchasing lands all of which have been selected with great care by a thoroughly competent judge.

We append a letter of the Rev. Richard Haney, of Wenona, Central Illinois Conference, to the President of the University, respecting these lands:

REV. SAMUEL FALLOWS, }  
PRES. ILL. WES. UNIVERSITY, }  
BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS. }

*Dear Sir:*—Having learned that Rev. G. W. Gue, of the Central Illinois Conference had arranged with the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad Co. to secure one hundred thousand acres of their land for the benefit of your University, and having in company with some ten of our most substantial citizens, recently visited that portion of the State of Kansas, where those lands are located, I have thought it might be of some interest to you to know my impression of the land and the country in general.

From my own observation, and by con-

versation with the oldest and best informed citizens, and a personal examination of the soil and crops, I am prepared, I think, to give a very fair estimate of the country, crops, soil, &c.

I was most favorably disappointed myself in almost every particular. The soil will compare favorably as a general thing with that of Illinois, or of any of the States lying east of it, for all kinds of crops; corn not quite so heavy as in parts of Illinois, but sound and well matured. Wheat, both fall and spring, oats, barley, and all small grains do much better than in this State. The climate, so far as I could judge, and by the information I could gather, is excellent. The air is dry and pure. Compared with Illinois, there is a scarcity of timber and the quality is not so good. But the lumber rafted down the Mississippi river from the pineries of Minnesota and Wisconsin to Hannibal, Missouri, and shipped thence over the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway to these lands, makes building and fence material nearly as cheap as in Illinois. In many townships the "Stock Law" is in operation, so that fencing to confine the stock only is needed. Near the streams there is an abundance of grey limestone, and in some places fine quarries of magnesian limestone, unsurpassed for building purposes.

The lands which we visited are directly west from St. Louis, and in about 125 miles of the east line of the State of Kansas, and lie on both sides of the Neosho River. The Neosho Valley Railroad runs along the Neosho Valley from Parsons to Junction City, and has been in successful operation for several years.

Some of our party had purchased land of Mr. Gue on his personal recommendation before seeing it, and all who did so were highly pleased with the selections he had made for them. Those, who had not purchased before going to see the land, made selections and purchased before returning home. The lands which Mr. Gue selected for the University, which I

visited, lie in Morris and Wabaunsee counties, and I did not see a single quarter section which I did not think would make a good farm. I understand that Mr. Gue selects land of the best quality only, and offers terms of payment which will put the land in the reach of any man of common prudence and industry. In price the lands will range from \$3.00 to \$5.00 per acre, and will be sold for ten years time; one tenth at time of purchase, the interest at 7 per cent., the second year; one-tenth and the interest each succeeding year, until paid.

I congratulate you and the University in having secured the services of Mr. Gue as your agent in disposing of the land. He has had large experience in the selection of Western lands, and will select with great care the lands he proposes to sell for the University. You can, I think, safely recommend both your agent and your lands. Yours Truly,

RICHARD HANEY.

Wenona, Ill., March 26, '74.

We count the University fortunate in securing the sale of this large tract of land on such terms as will add largely to the permanent funds of the institution, and still more fortunate in securing the services, as agent, of one whose natural business qualifications added to his extensive experience as a land commissioner so eminently fit him for the work. Parties buying land of Mr. Gue may rest assured that it is just what he represents it to be, since he sells none except what he has personally examined and selected.

An opportunity is now offered to the friends of the University, to give material aid to its funds and yet so invest capital as to realize a handsome profit on the investment. The plan has so many commendable features that we will not attempt their enumeration now; but we urge all who feel any interest in the success of the University to communicate with the agent, Rev. G. W. Gue. His address for the present is El Paso, Ills.



## WOOD BLOCKS AND METAL TYPES.

BY DR. E. DUIS, AUTHOR OF "THE GOOD OLD TIMES IN M'LEAN COUNTY."

SUCH must be the topics which demand attention, whenever the rise of printing is to be traced; and to these, therefore, we proceed to direct the reader's mind, assured that, in doing so, there will be a reward for the effort required.

Nearly a thousand years ago the art of printing was known to the Chinese. Tung-taou, the first ruler of the Tsin dynasty, A. D. 937, has been considered the inventor of it; but it appears from Chinese history, that, a few years before that time, the ruler Tang ordered what are called the "nine classics" to be engraved, printed, and sold generally. As to the art being then practised there seems to be no difference of opinion; but the question was discussed whether the books should be gratuitously delivered or sold, from the immense number that would be in demand.

The mode of printing adopted by the Chinese is more simple, less expensive, and, until recent improvements were made, more expeditious than our own. It is that of printing by means of wood-blocks; and, as their language consists principally of arbitrary characters, they have not considered it necessary either to cut or cast an assortment of types, which may be set up, distributed, and recomposed, but prefer taking a block of wood and cutting the characters on it, so that there are as many of these blocks for any particular work as there are separate pages.

To explain the process more particularly: The first part of it is to write out the page in the square-formed Chinese character, and carefully to lay the writing on the block, which has already been smoothly planed, and covered over with a glutinous paste. The paper is now rubbed till it is quite dry, and when as much of it as can be got away is removed, the letters it bore are seen adhering to the wood in an inverted form. These, however, are somewhat dim in appearance; but, on oil being applied, they are brought out fully and vividly.

The block being now prepared for engraving, the first operation is to cut straight down by the sides of the letters, from top to bottom, and to clear the spaces between the lines, with the exception of the stops. The horizontal strokes being engraved, the artizan now proceeds to the oblique, and then cuts the perpendicular ones throughout the entire line—a course which prevents the necessity of turning the block round for every letter, and consequently a loss of time. The engraver now proceeds to the central parts, and it is not long before the page, usually containing five hundred characters, is complete. The complement for an ordinary artizan is one hundred characters a day, for which he obtains no more than twelve and a half cents.

The printing apparatus of the Chinese is no less simple and curious; it consists of a brush, a pot of liquid ink, and a piece of wood bound round with the fibrous parts of a species of palm, to serve as a rubber; while a pile of paper stands on one side of the table, where these articles are arranged. The block, which we have just seen to be engraved, being inked with the brush, a sheet of dry paper is taken with the left hand, and placed carefully on it; the printer then hastily seizes the rubber with his right hand, and passes it very rapidly once or twice over the paper. In this way the printed impression is produced; on the removal of the first sheet, another, another, and another follow, until the whole number required is thrown off. A less complicated process than this, it is impossible to conceive. Without a wheel, a lever, a screw or even a wedge, a Chinese printer will work off no fewer than 3,000 impressions in a day. His whole stock consists merely of his gravers, blocks, and brushes, which he may put on his shoulder and easily carry from place to place. He does not add to his burden by either taking with him paper or lampblack for his ink, as these articles may be obtained wherever he chooses to stop. He has only

to borrow a table; and, thus provided, he may print his books by hundreds or thousands, just as the supply produces a demand, or the demand creates a supply. One thing is clear, he works very cheaply. No heavy taxes restrict his circulation. Ten sheets of his dewy-sized paper cost only one cent; and when his pages are printed, they have only to be folded exactly in the middle, collated, adjusted, stitched, cut, and sewed; and the whole he receives is but 20 cents a thousand.

The Chinese were the earliest printers, using at first, as they do to the present day, wood blocks; but they did not become the instructors of Europeans in their art. Before Vasco de Gama had discovered the passage to the East by the Cape of Good Hope, they had invented it for themselves. Similar wants had led in this instance, as in others, to similar means being devised for their relief; and wood blocks were at first used in Europe, as they certainly were, and are still, in the so-called "Celestial Empire."

The earliest document concerning wood engraving for block-printing, is given by Papillon, who assigns the honor of the invention to two noted persons, now familiarly called the Two Cunio. It is pleasing to state that they were twin brother and sister, the first children of the Count di Cunio. Their work, which was executed about 1285, was a representation in eight poems, of the actions of Alexander the Great, with Latin verses.

Playing-cards appear to have been used not only in the higher but among the lower ranks, in the fourteenth century. It has been conjectured that the earliest of these were produced by *stencilling*. A piece of thin metal, or pasteboard, being pierced according to some figure, and then placed on a card, the figure would be transferred to it, when the piece of metal, or pasteboard, called the *stencil*, was smeared over with a brush dipped in liquid color. It has also been supposed, from the cheapness of playing-cards at that period, that the outline which the process of stencilling filled up with color, was formed by some rude process of wood-engraving. There is evidence that cards were *printed* before the middle of the fifteenth century. The great card-makers of this period were the Germans.

*Formschneider*, or figure-cutter, is a name they still give to a wood-engraver; and it is said to occur in the town-books of Nuremberg as early as 1441. Cards were at that time in great variety; some like the missals, or Mass books, that were used, executed with great skill, and radiant with purple and gold; and others descending in appearance, until they met the eye with a rude outline produced by a wood-block, and smeared with color by the use of the stencil. The impressions of the engraved cards were taken off by rubbing, in the way we have already seen practised by the Chinese printer, and which is adopted to the present hour by the engraver on wood, who takes off proofs from his block to show his employer by means of his tool, called a burnisher.

In the rude efforts of art now described, we observe one step taken towards the exercise of the art of printing; but there was another when the paintings of saints and other objects, in missals and Bibles, were copied in outline. Grotesque as they were, they became exceedingly popular; and, being accompanied by a few words or sentences of Scripture, they supplied an inducement—perhaps the first—to the people to learn to read. The earliest print from a wood-block of which we have any certain date, is in the collection of Earl Spencer, in England, the possessor of so many curiosities in literature. This print represents St. Christopher carrying the infant Savior across the sea. It was found pasted within one of the leaves of a Latin manuscript of the year 1417, in one of the most ancient convents in Germany, and bears the date 1423.

Meanwhile the Italians, Germans, Flemings and Dutch began to engrave on copper as well as wood; and books of images, as they were called, were now produced, some with, and some without, the text. The pages in these books were placed in pairs facing each other; and, as only one side of the leaves was impressed, the blank pages also came opposite to one another. The text corresponding to the figures is sometimes placed below, sometimes on the side, and not unfrequently it proceeds as a label from the mouth of the person or figure. One

of these books is called "Biblia Pauperum," or "Poor Man's Bible." It consists of forty plates of small folio, which serve as illustrations of the sentiments extracted from the Scriptures, the whole being engraved on wood on one side of the leaves of paper, so that when folded they are placed opposite to each other. Each plate or page contains four busts, two at the top and two at the bottom, together with their historical subjects. The two upper busts represent the prophets, or other persons, whose names are always written beneath them; the two lower busts are anonymous. The middle of the plates, which are all marked by letters of the alphabet, in the centre of the uppermost compartment, is occupied by three historical pictures, one of which is taken from the New Testament. This is the type, or principal subject, and occupies the centre of the page, between the two antitypes of other subjects which allude to it. The inscriptions, which occur at the top and the bottom of the page, consist of texts of Scripture and *Leonine* verses, so called from Leo, the inventor—the ends of the verses rhyme to the middle.

We have now arrived at a period of signal advancement. Referring to the year 1450, Trithemius, a contemporary and careful historian, says: "About this time the art of printing and casting single type was found in the city of Mentz, by John Guttenberg, who, having spent his whole estate in the discovery, received

the advice and assistance of John Faust and others. Having begun with cutting characters of the letters upon wooden planks, in their right order, and completed their forms, they printed a vocabulary; but could make no further use of these forms, because there was no possibility of separating the letters which were engraved on the planks. To this succeeded a more ingenious invention; for they found out a way of stamping every letter of the Latin alphabet, in what they called matrices, (from which they afterwards cast their letters, either in copper or tin, hard enough to be printed upon,) which they first cut with their own hands. It is certain that this art met with no small difficulty, from the beginning of its invention, as I heard thirty years ago, from the mouth of Peter Schoeffer de Gernsheim, a citizen of Metz, and son-in-law to the first inventor of the art. For when they went about printing the Bible, before they had worked off the third quire, it had cost them already more than 4,000 florins. But the aforesaid Peter Schoeffer—then servant, and afterwards son-in-law to the first inventor, John Faust—being a person of great ingenuity, discovered an easier way of casting the letters, and perfected the art as we now have it." In Guttenburg, therefore, rests the honor of originating the art of printing with separate types; to Schoeffer is due their improvement, while Faust appears to have been the friend and adviser of both.

### REMINISCENCES.

The following lines, from the pen of W. T. Collins. of '64, though pertaining somewhat to affairs of a local character, and prepared especially for the Winchester Literary Society, will not be void of interest to many of our readers:

Near nine long years ago to day,  
Upon a cloudless, summer morn,  
By some strange fate which led my way  
Back to the place where I was born—  
I found myself amid the stir  
And din and drive of Winchester.

True to the law which doth impel,  
Each world along its circling track;  
Tho' wide their mighty orbits swell,  
Doth to the same place bring them back;  
So man in life's bewild'ring race,  
Returns unto his starting place.

That weary years may intervene,  
 And by their throes be all forlorn,  
 No power the heart can fully wean  
 But rely for its sustenance  
 In its own life, in other years,  
 We thank our eyes discharged with tears,  
 In many a shock to be mainly pride,  
 These nine past years have borne me on;  
 The progressless I will never chide,  
 The "good" I do that they are gone;  
 Their care, anxiety and pain,  
 I would not now repeat again,  
 'Tis something in the race of life,  
 To know your toil was not in vain;  
 Some good, if only in the strife,  
 As well as trouble, care and pain;  
 For such, it still holds to the blow,  
 No "sinking back," I'm grateful now,  
 These years, at least, have served to teach,  
 That tempting fringe, edge and fold,  
 We turn to ashes in our reach,  
 And thus consign us to be slain,—  
 That the man's hope, not tall belief,  
 If he would be the conqueror,—  
 That "effort" which allures the youth,  
 Is not a synonym for "force" —  
 That greatness, even like the truth,  
 Hath in the multitude no claim,  
 But dies by its innate force;  
 No power can check its brilliant course,  
 Yet artists often do consign  
 A "thing immortal" to the dust,  
 That they may for the moment shine,  
 Eternity nothingness they rust;  
 While truth from out the dust will rise,  
 The "thing immortal" to the skies,  
 I've learned, within the last nine years,  
 That our "age" "knows" lead the van;  
 That rousing hypotheses, with tears,  
 Will straight defend you if they can;  
 While knives aspire to make our laws,  
 And spears lead the temperance cause,  
 I've learned—a "little foreign style"  
 Will oft subserve the place of "sword,"  
 The story, both not so much beguile  
 Our fancy, as its glow of gold;  
 Much better would this "gem" be,  
 If it were by night, or near the sea,  
 I'd rather be a craven slave,  
 Immured in dungeons, mine, or pit,  
 Or sink into Babylon's grave,  
 Than to acknowledge that the "old"  
 As well as even the "young" we sport,  
 Must come from some far eastern port,  
 Are not our valleys just as sweet,  
 When shaded by the forest green,  
 Our southern hills, and rivers meet,  
 Our prairies, lakes, as grand a scene  
 As ever human heart admired,  
 Or art, or noble thought inspire?  
 Then trusting in the dice of time,  
 As thrown upon the lap of Fate,  
 This lovely land, this sunny clime,  
 So fair, so free, so rich and great,  
 Will cease to scourge, and cease to stone,  
 And claim her Prophets as her own.

## SOME DISCOVERIES IN PRACTICAL LIFE.

REV. J. W. HILLS, D. D.

Our brief experience in practical life convinces us of several things, among which are these that follow. First, and is this: Whatever knowledge a gentleman I use the phrase literally, meaning one working with the people for their mental and moral elevation, may acquire by all of teachers and textbooks, when he enters the public field, he finds himself the merest novice in the practical knowledge just then most needed. If nature has not blessed him with conversational gifts, he finds himself suddenly let down, when talking to "smoke" about the probable issue of the present temperance crusade, for "smoke" all the time thinks he means "hay stacks" or "Misses," and in innocent verbiage replies, "I rather think they will." Or if fortune has failed to favor him with affable, flexible manners, he finds his formal, school-defined bow, and geometrical smile, are the subject of common gossip and grin in every house along "Main Street." But if he be truly called to his task, he will study to be well things of all men.

Again, this public life discovers not only a dearth of nature's endowments and mental acquisitions on his part, but a woful ignorance of human nature's countless phrases. Though he should possess the remedy, he is unequal armed with the disease, hence ignorant of the mode of treatment. From the thoughtless masses to the considerate few, he finds human nature warped, dwarfed and deformed; narrowed, biased and distorted; lonely, strong and commanding; noble, liberal and humble. He finds advocates of every opinion; some cherishing the notion wholly born of human brain, and nurtured amid the bias and bias of the human mind; others pulling at the wrong end of the string in a vain endeavor to reconcile the Divine with the human, the spiritual with the material. We have stood on this threshold of practical life, and looking out on this Babel of names and notions, have been directed to the conviction that nothing less than wisdom Di-

vine is fitting to mate their "at it all this of them, this."

Here we are met with the student slighted, used to the extent of his ten teachers, the novice, the novice of necessity, studying to profit, searching the mind of human nature. He increases his stock of discoveries, he finds in the popular display a lamentable lack of common sense—to use the saying. The most obvious evidence of this want is the absolute tenacity with which some hold to old "advices" and "preparations," confessed, because of their "old-time" name.

True, it has been said, and is by the old-time "old-time" hints should keep near "state," but if the man be fairly well started, the man will never be anything "small" back. We regard as perfectly safe to change "state" slowly, and care enough with the water "condemned" after some learn a "new swim." He finds, more particularly, a preference of the old "back" say, the preference of self-interest or negative, a want of self-knowledge, to feel few can be found of whom another has not a "small" back, with more or less truth, "system," the "back" he's afraid to start. Whatever this some "preparation" possess, will be a "preparation" assumption, and, as for his own views and "preparations."

We venture that the only remedy powerful enough to save the masses from "sustaining in this work" of the selfish nation, is a culture of man and a large heart. For the nature of the man, the enlightened mind appreciates its own "little" in proportion as it sees and realizes that an individual man, with undeterred "eyes" may start an "old" forever through "preparations" of "little" light. And the heart, warmed by the living rays from the sun of a brighter, nobler, unattainable, "preparation" sinks low, in humble.

He further, as an instance to his purposes in the stage of "little" on the legitimate "product" of "preparation" of bias and bigotry. And the results of this affection are any thing but desirable, for

they shut up the royal highways of the heart and forbid the exercise of those affections that so unmistakably assert the soul's kinship to its God. To be content with the meagre diet furnished by a pinched and narrow soul whose nobler chords have never been swept by the breath of gratitude for acts of kindness and deeds of love, how unworthy of a being born to immortal possibilities, purchased by love Divine!

He finds also that this is pre-eminently

a practical age. There is a steady progress of science, chiefly on bases already determined, and the saving truths of christianity are coming to be generally accepted. Hence, the greater demand for men fitted to make practical every energy they possess, native or acquired; men wise enough to take humanity just as they find it, *then* alter, improve or amend it, if necessary, even to the destruction of its essential identity.

[For the Alumni Journal.

WEEKLY HISTORICAL CALENDAR.—MARCH 24TH TO 31ST.

BY DR. E. DUIS, AUTHOR OF "THE GOOD OLD TIMES IN M'LEAN COUNTY."

March 24, 1603, *Queen Elizabeth* died at Richmond Palace, in the seventieth year of her age, and the forty-fifth of her reign. She had been raised from a prison to a throne, which she filled with considerable dignity. She was rather great as a politician, than either estimable as a moralist, or amiable as a woman; but, taken altogether, the page of history has seldom to record a reign more honorable to the intellect and capacity of the person presiding over it, than that of Elizabeth.

March 24, 1726, *Daniel Whitby*, a learned commentator on the New Testament, died. He was born at Rushden, in Northamptonshire, England, in 1638, and was eminent for ability and honesty throughout his life.

March 25, 1688, *parochial charity schools* for the education of the children of poor persons, were instituted in London and its vicinity.

March 25, 1748, a fire broke out in Change-alley, Cornhill, London, which raged for ten hours, consuming all the buildings in Change-alley and Birchin-lane; and in Cornhill, from Change-alley to St. Michael's-alley, including several celebrated taverns and coffee-houses, and many valuable shops, five of which were booksellers'. Eighty houses were destroyed.

March 26, 1471, or 1474, the art of printing with fusible types was first introduced into England, by William Caxton.

March 27, 1625, King James I died, at Theobald's, near Cheshnut, Hertz, in the fifty-ninth year of his age, and at the commencement of the twenty-third year of his reign in England. He had several good qualities, which were sullied with weakness, and several bad qualities, which were embellished by humanity.

March 27, 1802, the brief Peace of Amiens was concluded between England and France.

March 28, 1380, Gunpowder was first used in Europe by the Venetians against the Genoese. Its power was discovered accidentally by Berthold Schwarz; but the Englishman, Roger Bacon, who died in 1278, was certainly acquainted with it. It is said to have been known in India so long ago as the year 690.

March 28, 1677, Wenceslaus Hollar, an engraver of considerable eminence, died at Westminster, London. His works, which are very numerous, consisting of portraits, landscapes, natural history, etc., are now highly esteemed; yet he often worked at fourpence an hour, and perished in poverty.

March 28, 1766, a dreadful eruption of *Mount Vesuvius* happened.

March 28, 1801, *Sir Ralph Abercrombie* died in Egypt. He received his death-wound on the 21st, during his memorable victory over the French in Alexandria.

March 28, 1802, *Pallas*, a new planet of the primary order, was discovered by Dr. Olbers, of Bremen, in Germany.

March 29, 1315, *Raymond Lulle*, the most celebrated chemist and alchemist of his time, was stoned to death by the natives of Mauritania, whither he had gone on a religious mission, at the age of eighty. His attention was directed to chemistry by the power of love. A lady, very handsome, of whom he was passionately fond, refused to marry him. One day, when he renewed his solicitations, she showed him her bosom, inflamed by a cancer. Young Lulle instantly took leave, with the resolution to cure, and, if possible, to conquer the heart of his mistress. He searched with all the ardor, which affection and compassion could inspire, into the secrets of medicine and chemistry, and had the good fortune to cure and marry her. After her death he attached himself to the church.

March 29, 1772, the *Hon. Emanuel Swedenborg* died in London, aged 83. He was born at Stockholm. His father was Bishop of West Gotha. He was a man of considerable learning, and published many philosophical and theological works. His followers have since been established under the title of "The New Jerusalem Church." The baron's religious views are highly mystical; and some have said that most of his theological works were written after, in consequence of a severe attack of fever, his understanding was considerably impaired. But, however ingenious or fanciful his writings may appear, all acquit him of any intention to impose or deceive.

March 29, 1788, *Charles Wesley*, brother of the celebrated John Wesley, died in London, aged 80. He was a humble Christian, a lofty patriot, an able divine, and a powerful preacher. He was the poet of Methodism. Of the 770 hymns in the collection now in use among the Methodists, 623 were written by him.

March 29, 1833, *Samuel Drew*, of St. Austell's, Cornwall, England, died, aged 68. Dr. Adam Clarke says: "He was a

man of primitive simplicity of manners, amiableness of disposition, piety towards God, and benevolence to men, seldom to be equaled; and for reach of thought, keenness of discrimination, purity of language, and manly eloquence, not to be surpassed in any of the common walks of life." He commenced life as a humble shoemaker, and could scarcely express his ideas upon paper in any intelligible form; but by dint of study and application he rose to considerable eminence as a writer, and was for some years editor of a popular monthly magazine.

March 30, 1282, the *Sicilian Vesper's Massacre* took place. The word *vesper* means evening song, answering to the evening prayers in the Church of England. "Sicilian vespers" denote a memorable era in French history, being a general massacre of all the French in the island of Sicily, to which the first toll that called to vespers was the signal. The number destroyed was computed at 8,000. The ground of the quarrel was political.

March 30, 1844, a meeting of upwards 1,200 delegates from all parts of the United Kingdom, (England, Scotland and Ireland,) assembled in London as an "Anti-State Church Conference," to consider the best means of effecting a severance between Church and State; it was resolved to hold the Conference every three years.

March 31, 1654, *Cock-fighting* was prohibited by Oliver Cromwell. This barbarous amusement was practised by the Greeks and Romans, but the *aggravated* cruelty of the *battle royal*, or *Welchmain*, is peculiar to England. Happily this, and similar sports, are much on the decline, and many of them are now rarely heard of.

March 31, 1814, the *Allied Sovereigns* entered Paris, after having defeated the French army, under the command of Napoleon Bonaparte, on the plains of Waterloo.

March 31, 1827, *Ludwig von Beethoven*, a very eminent musical composer died, aged 57. His peculiar merit consists in originality of inventions, extraordinary passages, and great energy of manner and profound scientific modulation.

## STAMPER QUINCY DAVISON.

C. S. LUDLAM.

“Stamper Quincy Davison, son of James and Sarah Davison, of Myersville, Vermilion County, Ills., was born Sept. 13th, 1845, and died Aug. 27th, 1873.”

Thus runs the record, and we pause, as well we may, to contemplate the full meaning of those brief words. He who stood among us, and went out from us bearing honors, went out in the vigor of manhood to a future bright with promises, is no more. A true and noble son of the Wesleyan has fallen by the hand of death. We shall see his face and hear his voice no more, nor take his hand in friendly greeting.

And yet he still lives,—lives in the memories of many whose hearts he won by the goodness and purity of his life and the generosity of his nature,—lives in his manifold labors of love which remain as enduring monuments to perpetuate his memory and honor the very name he bore.

He entered the University in 1864, at the age of nineteen, and pursued the elective scientific course with marked success. His scholarship was nearly perfect; his record of gentlemanly deportment and moral character was without a blot during his whole course. He won the esteem and confidence of his teachers and fellow students, and among the citizens of Bloomington with whom he associated he was esteemed a universal favorite,—the friend of all.

He graduated in the elective scientific course June 18th, 1868. Soon after this his health began to fail, but with unabated ardor he applied himself to teaching and the special study of Latin and Greek for three years, at the end of which time he returned to the University and received the degree of A. B., June 21st, 1871.

His health failed slowly but surely. Consumption had seized upon his vitals and there was no power to stay its sure work. But still he labored with untiring zeal for the cause of Christianity and the advancement of his fellow men. As his body grew weak his soul seemed to gather new strength for the work before him. He was a member of the M. E. church, and lived an exemplary christian life from earliest childhood. In the church he filled successfully the several positions of superintendent of Sunday school, steward, leader and local preacher. “As a teacher or superintendent of bible schools, he was without a peer in Vermilion county.” His education was not in vain. He is described as having been possessed of understanding beyond his years. Rich in knowledge, he was rich likewise in the real heart culture which goes to make up the true Christian gentleman. He was an earnest and devoted friend of his Alma Mater, and—says his pastor—“had he lived the Wesleyan would have felt his influence.”

During the spring of 1873 he took a trip by wagon to the plains, hoping thereby to improve his health, but growing worse was obliged to return by rail, and after his return sank very rapidly. As his physical powers grew weaker, he said, “God loves the soul and has more work for it than for the body, and gives it larger blessings.” And as life sank apace he said, “I have finished my work here; God has other and higher work for me, and now he calls me to it.”

He retained his faculties to the last. His last words were, “Glory and honor,” fitly representing his success in life, his triumph in death, and the glorious immortality upon which he was just entering.

Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath.  
And stars to set,—but all,  
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

—Mrs. Hemans.



## MUNSELLIAN SOCIETY DEPARTMENT.

W. C. GILBREATH, EDITOR.

## MAN.

W. A. SMITH.

MAN is man ; but one man is no other man. All men differ in their opinions and sentiments according to the development of their mental, moral and physical natures, and their appreciation of the grand, the true and the beautiful.

Some men are, indeed, "but little lower than the angels," while others are but little higher than the emissaries of darkness. Hence, there is a multiplicity of classes possessing tastes and sentiments which vary with the individual. Strange as it may appear, there are as many worlds on this globe as there are individuals, and as every man is the architect of his own fortune so every man builds, and lives in a world emphatically his own. No two persons look upon the same object with precisely the same view ; emotions will be excited in one which another never experienced ; emotions too high, too grand, for the conception of any other mind. While on the other hand emotions may be aroused in another so base, so ignoble, that they can have an abode in no other bosom. To one man all bitter things are sweet ; to another all sweet things are bitter. One man sees order and perfection where another man sees disorder and ruin. One man looks with admiration upon the lofty mountain as it rises in its majesty toward heaven, and with reeling brain strains to catch a glimpse of its cloud-capped summit as it disappears in the ether air ; another regards it as merely an impediment to travel—a most ungainly upheaval of earth. One man looks out upon nature with all her surpassing loveliness and grace, inhales the odor of her fragrant flowers, listens to the melodies of her singing birds, "looks through nature up to nature's God," while every chord of his being

vibrates with admiration and delight ; another man, destitute of the finer sensibilities, beholds these same beauties with the great depths of his soul unstirred. One person regards man,—made to have dominion,—the created image of the Creator—as the noblest, best work of God ; another regards him as the production of the evolution of natural force, the legitimate descendent of the monkey, the work of chance, with no hereafter.

"O star-eyed science, hast thou wandered there,  
To bring us back the message of despair?"

One man gazes upon "the heavens" which "declare the glory of God," and considers how strikingly they reflect the creative wisdom and power of him who stretched them forth as a curtain, and bespangled them with stars innumerable ; another gazes upon them, but in them he sees no evidences of design, none of the beauty and power and workmanship of the Divine architect. In man's imaginings and speculations concerning the great eternal, which reaches beyond the veil that separates the visible from the invisible, this same divinity is exhibited. One man consoles himself in the belief that the uncreated One is a personal God, who loves because he himself is love ; who manifests himself in our actions and lives ; who sympathizes with, and is willing to suffer for man—the world's choicest conception of God—not because of his weakness, but because of his strength. Another pictures in his imagination a being of such boundless perfection and self satisfaction, so wrapped up in his own existence that he is exalted above all suffering and sympathy and love for humanity. He grasps this idea—an idea incompatible with both reason and revelation—gives it limitless expansion and calls it

God. Aside from this *relative* difference, man's *individual* diversity in the variety and dissimilarity of the elements which enter into his organism, is none the less striking. In the same being inhere qualities that are as directly opposite in character and office as day and night.

Here we have his physical, mental, moral and spiritual natures, with all their various subdivisions, skillfully combined into one mysterious whole. On the one hand man is the victim of vile passions, which tend to drag him down to lowest hell; on the other, impulses so noble are implanted in his bosom that, by their mystic power, they triumph over his carnality and lead him up to highest heaven. On the one hand, he is but the creature of a day, his life but a vapor that soon vanishes away; on the other,

he is all immortal, his eternal being differing from the immortality of Jehovah only in having a beginning.

O stupendous power that could unify substance and faculties so widely dissimilar! O infinite skill that could make them harmonize! So man is, composed, and so it is wisest and best, else the Creator would have created otherwies. It takes men of all character and of all creeds; men with natures strangely complex, to constitute a world. Each is a part of one inseparable whole. Each comes forth in weakness, grown up into strength, plies, till he exhausts them, all his acquired powers to his allotted task, and then goes to his reward, and leaves the unfinished temple for others to complete.

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## THE TWO PAINTINGS.

JAMES W. COULTAS.

An artist once conceived the plan,  
 Ere he had grown to be a man,  
 To paint a picture of the one,  
 The fairest e'er the sun shone on.  
 The thought then came into his mind  
 Where he this lovely one could find.  
 With all the zeal at his command  
 He journeyed o'er and o'er the land;  
 He sought abroad, until at last  
 His heart was wearied with the task.  
 Then he, while riding out one eve,  
 His fond ideal did perceive.  
 A little girl—scarce four years old—  
 One sight of her enthralled his soul,—  
 So sweet, so beautifully fair,—  
 With eyes of blue, and golden hair,  
 And look so pure, and all the while  
 Her face seemed like an angel's smile.  
 He seized his brush, with raptur'd look,  
 But one survey of her he took,  
 And then on canvas placed the child  
 As true as life, as pure and mild.  
 The picture then he bore away  
 And hung it in his gallery;  
 And many came from far and near  
 The lovely portrait to revere.  
 Time swiftly passed, and this young man  
 Grew old and gray. Again the plan  
 Is firmly fixed within his mind,  
 To paint one more of human kind,  
 Ere he should pass from earth away.

The person whom he would portray  
 Is the most frightful, loathsome one  
 That e'er the glorious sun shone on.  
 Then he the task began once more.  
 To seek his subject as before,  
 He entered the resorts of vice,  
 Saw fiends look forth from eyes of ice,  
 Saw loathsome, ghastly, sin-stained hearts,  
 And all the sorrow sin imparts.  
 He saw at last, O horrid sight,  
 A scene which thrilled him with affright.  
 It was a bedlam mad with ire,  
 With fiendish looks and eyes of fire—  
 She tore her hair and screamed and cursed,  
 Of human sights she was the worst.  
 Once more the painter took his brush  
 And painted her with every flush  
 Of raging madness on her face.  
 The picture then he took and placed  
 Just opposite the former one,  
 And had the two to gaze upon.  
 But O what horror thrilled his soul  
 When he while viewing them was told  
*He had portrayed the same one twice :*  
 At first while pure, again when vice  
 Had stained her soul, and she had been  
 Through all the avenues of sin,  
 Crime and corruption she could find,  
 And finally dethroned her mind.  
 O, sin, behold what thou hast done,  
 And wonder not that I thee shun ;  
 May heav'n protect me every hour  
 And save me, save me from thy pow'r.

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#### MUNSELLIAN NOTES.

—The Society's membership is 64.

—J. E. Scott, of '73, is reading law with the law firm of McNulta & Aldrich.

—W. A. Smith, of '74, has entered upon college and society duties again.

—We are pleased to welcome again T. Sterling to all the privileges of the Society. He has been teaching during the fall and winter term.

—W. H. Booth, of '73 late principal of the school at Waynesville, is in the city, and intends to read law during the spring and summer. He expects to enter the Law Department.

—The University is largely indebted to J. O. Wilson and J. M. Blazer, delegates to the Inter-Collegiate Convention, for obtaining the consent of the conven-

tion to hold the first annual contest in this city.

—C. A. Hasenwinkle, of '73, who, since graduating, has been reading law with the law firm of Rowell & Hamilton, was among the first to enter the Law Department of the Wesleyan. Those who are acquainted with Mr. Hasenwinkle predict for him success in his chosen profession.

—Geo. W. Crum, of '73, graduated recently at the St. Louis Medical College. This is the third degree which Mr. Crum has received within a period of two years. Verily, George must be fond of degrees and graduating exercises. He is at present assistant in the St. Louis Hospital.

—At the installation of officers of the Society, April 3d, Jno. Moore, of the Senior class, President-elect, delivered

an interesting and able inaugural address. From the earnest manner in which Mr. Moore has taken hold of society affairs and his dignity and courteousness as a presiding officer, we have reason to believe that the Society will meet with rapid improvement under his administration.

—Sometime since the JOURNAL mentioned the fact that efforts were being made to organize a gymnasium society. We are glad to announce the fact that the organization is completed, and the Society is in possession of a large room which contains all the necessary apparatus. The Society is in a flourishing condition and owes its prosperity largely to the untiring labors of Prof. Crow, who has manifested much interest in its success. The following is the list of officers: Pres't, W. C. Gilbreath; Vice Pres't, M. V. Crumbaker; Sec'y, W. H. Graves; Treas., Prof. G. W. Crow; Board of Directors, Prof. Jennie F. Willing, Miss Frank Pound, Geo. Hutchin, J. O. Wilson, and J. F. McNaught.

—It is the intention of the Senior class to observe the time-honored custom of class day. This peculiar custom, which belongs exclusively to the Senior class, has been sadly neglected by former graduating classes, but the class of '74 propose to renew this very pleasing and prominent exercise with the following programme: Introduction of the class by the President, Kate B. Ross; oration, M. V. Crumbaker; class history, W. C. Gilbreath; class prophecy, J. M. Blazer; cane presentation to the Junior class, S. T. Fullenwider; farewell address to faculty and students, M. L. Crum; rock orators, G. E. Scrimger and A. Y. Morriss. In addition to a song by the Senior class, music will be furnished by the societies. A committee, consisting of Messrs. Graves, Crumbaker and Walkley have charge of the arrangements, and we are sure that under their skillful management it will prove successful.

—Among those who returned to the Wesleyan halls at the opening of the spring term, was J. W. Coultas, of the Junior class. Mr. Coultas, during the past two terms, has been teaching at Auburn, and from the many compliments,

recommendations, presents and newspaper reports, we judge that as a teacher Mr. Coultas proved a success. We sketch the following from the *Virden Record*, a paper published near Auburn. After an able address by Hon. Newton Bateman, a delegate from the students stepped forward and in glowing terms thanked Mr. Coultas for his faithfulness as a teacher, his earnest labors in endeavoring to elevate the people to a higher standard of moral and religious culture, and in conclusion presented him with a beautiful album and a book as a token of their appreciation and esteem for his most zealous work. Mr. Coultas' remarks were appropriate and touching; he assured them that the album which contained the pictures of the students would be to him a fountain of pleasant memories all through his life. His farewell address to the school and patrons was especially appropriate. Besides the above mentioned presents, he received a lock of each student's hair beautifully and artistically interwoven, forming a wreath; also a certificate from the directors that a more successful and satisfactory school had never been taught in Auburn.

—The Convention held at the parlors of the Ashley House, in this city, on the 7th of April, was attended with great interest. Its object was to form a permanent organization of the colleges in this State, under the auspices of which there might annually be held oratorical contests. A full report of the proceedings of the Convention may be found elsewhere in the JOURNAL. We feel gratified that Bloomington has been chosen as the place for holding the first annual contest which will occur November 20, '74, under the auspices of the Illinois Wesleyan University. This is the first contest in which the Wesleyan has participated, and it is to be hoped that she will show herself able to cope with any college in the State in this particular department. We may surely feel ourselves honored by having this contest under our immediate charge. Let every one, who feels an interest in it, labor to make it a grand success, and satisfactorily demonstrate to those who intrusted it to our care that we appreciate the honor.

## BELLES LETTRES SOCIETY DEPARTMENT.

ALBERT WALKLEY, EDITOR.

## THE INTER-COLLEGE CONTEST.

JAMES M. BLAZER.

THERE has been a long-felt want among the college men of the West for some means of profitable college intercourse; not meaning at all by this that western colleges have ever stood apart from each other in sympathetic feeling, so far as the great work of education is concerned, for in this particular they have ever been harmonious in all their endeavors to give to the children of the prairies the inestimable advantages of a college education. As, however, the pioneer seclusion is now about worn off, the lack of a cordial social intercourse, and of an emulation in the higher fields of intellectual effort, is seriously felt by all. Man is necessarily a social being, none of the enterprises he may undertake can be successfully carried on without some degree of sociality, and the more he mixes the amenities of life with his every-day occupations, the higher the degree of success attained. Such a want being recognized, the next question has been; how can it be supplied; shall we have a grand gymnasium and imitate by some land game, as well as we can, the inter-college regattas of the East, or shall we adopt the more sensible and less vicious plan of having an annual contest in intellectual power and culture? The latter idea was the one readily adopted by delegates from the eight principal colleges of Illinois, who met in convention in this city on the 9th of last month. The field for future contests was decided by them to be oratory. Their choice of battling ground was certainly wise. No other effort is so beneficial to both participant and hearer, no other calls for so high an order of talent, so great mental labor and such skill in rendition. Besides, oratory smacks strongly of the practical, and that is the quintessence of

everything good in America. It is no small consideration in the public efforts of man, who though generally supposed to be given to theory, yet only theorizes to become more practical.

The object of the annual contest in oratory is not only to have the representatives of the colleges that are members of the association meet on the arena of mental conflict, but to have also the social element represented, and to afford the students of the various colleges an opportunity of knowing and sympathizing with each other. To this end it is provided that the college holding the annual contest shall be the host of the occasion, and thus have an opportunity of offering many hospitalities and favors to the visitors from abroad; the students control the business affairs pertaining to the association, and in a thousand incidental ways can understand each other and appreciate the true work of their respective institutions; existing prejudices will be swept away, foolish customs will be abolished or be prevented from entering as they naturally would where a freezing isolation is apparently desired, and the general character of all interested will be elevated and purified.

It may be well in this connection to say something about the origin of the "new departure." To do this it is necessary to refer briefly to the Galesburg contest of last winter. In that contest Iowa, Wisconsin and Illinois were represented, according to report, by able men. The contest, as it deserved to be, was a success. The first prize of \$100 being won by T. Edward Egbert, of the Chicago University; the second of \$75 was bestowed with equal grace on H. C. Adams, of Iowa College. The unex-

pected interest awakened by this contest throughout the State encouraged its prime movers to suggest a contest for this State alone, to occur annually, and to be under the control of an organized association. To bring this about a convention was called to meet in this city on the 9th of last month. The full report of

the work of that convention is given in another column.

We bid the Illinois Collegiate Association God speed in its mission of usefulness among the colleges of our State. May harmony and good will prevail in its counsels, and success attend its every effort.

## BEAUTIFUL SCENERY.

FRANK YOUNG.

LET me begin by asking a question. Does a suggestion that this article is to consist of pretty sentences of flowery words, lisping about Italy or other beautiful lands, come to you from reading its title? If such a suggestion does come do not even give it time to alight from the train of thought; do not allow it "fifteen minutes for refreshments," but cry "all aboard," at once. Thanks! I feel relieved. Ah, there's nothing like being understood now-a-days, and with thus much by way of preparation, I am off for beautiful scenes. Where are they to be found? Within the soul of every one of the great crowd called "world" there is one scene, which to that soul is beautiful.

The view may be Italian skies or seas, or mountains like those of the West, or woods, forests; valleys, through which the rivers flow; or, it may be a child, aye, even a child's grave, or a fine house or dress, or horse; a duel, prize-fight, or—yes, now I am reminded—it may be money. I am reminded of a certain well-to-do western gentleman who has long since attempted a much more difficult feat than going through the eye of a needle. This gentleman used to put a chair before the open door of his money vault, place himself therein, and gazing into the receptacle for cash and cobwebs, murmur "Oh, there's scenery! There's a view?"

The most beautiful scene to each one of us is that scene which we love, for in its lines we trace the bonds which unite

us to the passions; cut the bonds and joy, love, hope, avarice, arteries of the soul, quickly bleed us to death.

To that person whom every one calls "the lover of nature," I have never been introduced, but I can imagine faintly the pleasure which he feels in lingering with his mistress, resting for hours on the warm earth's bosom, (we're supposing of course that its summer now,) gazing listlessly at the view,

"Watching the sun sink down  
Till its last ray tints the leaves,  
Then fading, is strangely gone,  
From the tops of the tall old trees."

That one whose beautiful view is a child, I have met. You and I have met that one whose eyes are dimmed in looking at a child's grave. Hush! Not even an apology for intruding; the most considerate apology ever made is to quietly retire. Over that scene let me exercise a writer's privilege, and with the gentlest touch (now I should be a woman) draw the curtain of silence. I have met that one whose Yo Semite was his grand house; he asked me to come and see him in it; asked me so pleasantly and cordially, and a little commandingly, and I've really had so many engagements that I, &c., &c.

This is a curious age, as every body knows, and we are a curious people, as we have often been told. Our high minded representatives in Congress violate the pledges of the nation and call it "relieving the stringency," we call theft, "defalcation," or "temporary misappli-

cation." We call a liquor saloon a "sample room," and so of the sample rooms I shall speak. I saw in one of them an animal with close cut hair standing before a picture representing two other animals in an approved attitude of self-defence. The animal in the flesh gazed upon that picture as the lover of nature would gaze upon nature; more than this it is unnecessary to say. If it is anything to you to know what my favorite scene is, I will tell you. It is a grove,—yes, trees. There is something about trees which will never be described, and it isn't the bark, but something which is beyond the empire of the mightiest pen. Standing among them in my littleness, my biggest trait, I listen to their whispering with feelings that perhaps are best unspoken, for spoken they cannot be. Do trees express the company of loneliness? for the things within us that we fear, seem to

have met the things of space that we dread, and we are grandly—awfully alone with what we know not. They are beautiful, to put it mildly—trees are, and pleasant things to lounge under in summer. I believe myself in love with them. Ah, a lover is thinking—you cannot see in them what I see in mine own; looking into his eyes I see,—but I will leave that description to him; he does not see the reflection there of the things she looks upon. His eyes are hunting the soul, but after marriage, gazing into these same eyes, he may see reflections; he may see (as Dr. Dio Lewis says) how very *small* he is there. Let him reflect on that.

The mood, the time, the place, my love, these form the features in our beautiful scene; let us be careful what we fall in love with; careful that it shall be real and true.

#### BELLES LETTRES NOTES.

—Reading an old paper, dated Sept. 30th, 1826, I came across this short notice: "The first Railway in America has been made at Quincy, Mass., and is about three miles in length."

—Officers of B. L. S. for present term: Pres't, W. H. Graves; Vice Pres't, Miss Libbie Lawrence; Sec'y, W. D. Smith; Treas., H. B. Bowman; Att'y, M. P. Lackland; Librarian, Miss Mary E. Bodley; Marshal, G. A. Crum.

—"My room-mate," said a person I know, "is a very slow kind of a fellow. The other morning, while in bed, I heard him say, 'I am fast.' I replied, 'it is the first time I have ever known you to be so.' But he was this time fast—in the quilts."

—The steward of Michigan University states that less than three dollars was expended the last year for damages done through the carelessness or malice of the 1,176 students connected with the institution. The question naturally arises

whether the fact that ladies are admitted on equal terms to all the departments of the university, has anything to do with the good order among the students which this report indicates.

#### FROM INDEX RERUM.

"Logic is the great torturer of history."—*Guizot*.

"If you would be pungent, be brief; words are like sunbeams, the more they are condensed the deeper they burn."

—Acquire all the knowledge possible and arrange all under one grand summum genus—God.

"Music and flowers are evangels of purity, redolent of God, if we but unlock our hearts to their ministry; and the man or woman who is impervious to their subtle, spiritualizing influences may feel assured that there is something essentially wrong in his or her organization or habits of life."—*Augusta Evans*.

—“Thus ever love,” says Emerson, “which is the deification of persons, must become more impersonal every day. Of this, at first, it gives no hints. Little think the youth and maidens, who are glancing at each other across crowded rooms, with eyes so full of mutual intelligence, of the precious fruit long hereafter to proceed from this new quiet external stimulus. The work of vegetation begins first in the irritability of the bark and leaf buds. From exchanging glances, they advance to acts of courtesy, of gallantry, then to fiery passion, to plighting troth and marriage. Passion beholds its object as a perfect unit. The soul is wholly embodied, and the body is wholly ensouled.”

Young men and women fair,  
Beware! Beware!

THE EXCOMMUNICATION OF SPINOZA.—He was a Jew by birth. His parents were merchants of Amsterdam. He began to study for the profession of a Jewish Rabbi. When he began to think for himself he renounced Judaism and was excommunicated from the synagogue, the account of which is given as follows: “The day of excommunication at length arrived, and a vast concourse of Jews assembled to witness the awful ceremony. It began by a solemn and silent lighting of a quantity of black wax candles, and by opening the tabernacle wherein were deposited the Books of the Law of Moses. Thus were the dim imaginations of the faithful prepared for all the horror of the scene. Morteira, the chief Rabbi, the ancient friend and master, now the fiercest enemy of the condemned, was to order the execution of the sentence. He stood there, pained, but implacable. The people fixed their eager eyes upon him. High above the chanter rose and chanted forth in loud, lugubrious tones, the words of execration; while from the opposite side another mingled with these curses the thrilling sound of the trumpet; and now the black candles were reversed, and were made to melt, drop by drop, into a huge tub filled with blood. This spectacle—a symbol of the most terrible faith—made the whole assembly shudder; and when the final *anathema maranatha* was uttered, and the lights all suddenly immersed in the blood, a cry of religious

horror and execration burst from all; and in that solemn darkness, and to those solemn curses, they shouted Amen! Amen!”

—All true religion is a sense of want; and where want goes to sleep upon possession, it becomes bewildered, and when occasionally opening its eyes, sees nothing with the clearness of reality.—*Martineau*.

#### JOKES.

—Whatever the wind may do in winter, it cannot be denied that in the spring “it turns over a new leaf.”

—“I’m sair fashed wi’ a ringing in my head, John,” said one man to another, “Do ye ken the reason o’ that,” asked the other? “No.” “Weel, it’s because it’s empty,” said John. “Aye, man, that’s queer,” said the first one. “Are ye ne’er fashed wi’ a ringing in your own head, John?” No, never,” answered John. “And do ye ken the reason o’ that? It’s because its crackit.”

—The ladies of a certain village in Ohio are serenading the saloon-keepers, with the following stanza of Saxe’s:

You have heard of the snake in the grass, my  
boy,  
Of the terrible snake in the grass;  
But now you must know,  
Man’s deadliest foe  
Is a snake of a different class,  
Alas!

’Tis the venomous snake in the *glass*.

—Scinius, the treasurer of Dionysius, a man of low character, of immense wealth, once showed Aristippus through his house. While he was expatiating on the splendor of every part, even to the floor, the philosopher spat in his face. Scinius was furious. “Pardon me,” exclaimed Aristippus, “there was no other place I could have spat with decency.” One day, in interceding with the tyrant for a friend, he threw himself on his knees; being reproached for such want of dignity, he answered, “Is it my fault if Dionysius has his ears in his feet?” One day he asked the Tyrant for some money; Dionysius made him own that a philosopher had no need of money. “Give, give,” replied Aristippus, “and we will settle the question at once.” Dionysius gave. “Now,” said the philosopher, “I have no need of money.”



## INTER-COLLEGIATE CONVENTION.

RECENTLY an Inter-State College Contest was held at Galesburg, in which Colleges from a number of States participated, and as the experiment proved to be a grand success, both literary and financial, it was thought expedient to inaugurate an Inter-Collegiate Contest in Illinois, that the different institutions of learning in this State of Universities and Colleges might have the opportunity of meeting upon the platform and measuring swords in an oratorical combat. In pursuance of this plan a convention was called for April 7th, to enter into a permanent organization, select the time and place for holding the contest, and make all other necessary arrangements. As yesterday was the day fixed upon by the colleges for meeting, at ten o'clock the delegates met in the parlor of the Ashley House, and effected a temporary organization. Mr. F. A. Brown, delegate from Illinois College, was elected temporary chairman, and M. S. Kaufman, delegate from Evanston, secretary *pro tem*.

A committee consisting of Egbert, of Chicago; Kaufman, of Evanston, and Moulton of Knox, were appointed to draft constitution.

Messrs. Hastie, of Knox, Hume, of Monmouth, and Sutherland, of Chicago, were appointed a Committee on Nominations.

Day, of Illinois, Martin, of Evanston, and Grier, of Monmouth, were selected as Committee on Credentials.

The Committee on Credentials reported the following colleges represented by delegates having the necessary papers:

Evanston, Kaufman and Martin; Chicago, Egbert and Sutherland; Monmouth, Grier and Hume; Illinois, Brown and Day; Industrial, Wharry and Campbell; Shurtleff, Prim.

The convention then adjourned till 2 p. m., in order to visit the Wesleyan University. The delegates were cordially received at the Wesleyan, and were present at several recitations and chapel service. They were also shown through the building, and were evidently convinced that Bloomington afforded one

among the finest college buildings in the State, with ample facilities for accommodating all who choose to come here for proper mental training.

## AFTERNOON SESSION.

At 2 p. m. the convention again assembled at the Ashley, and was called to order by the temporary chairman.

The credentials of J. O. Wilson and J. M. Blazer, delegates from the Wesleyan, were presented and accepted, and they admitted to the privileges of members.

The Committee on Nominations reported Mr. Wharry, of the Industrial University, President, and Mr. Grier, of Monmouth College, Secretary. The report was unanimously adopted.

Mr. Egbert, of Chicago University, Chairman of the Committee on Constitution, presented a concise and comprehensive constitution. It was adopted by sections, and each section was thoroughly discussed before being adopted, as evidently the framers designed that it should be explicit, and no opportunity should be given for any quibbling as to its meaning.

## CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE 1. This organization shall be known as the Illinois Collegiate Association, and shall consist of the Northwestern University, University of Chicago, Knox College, Monmouth College, Illinois Wesleyan University, Illinois College, Shurtleff College, and such other institutions as shall be admitted by a three-fourths vote of the delegates present at any annual convention.

ART. 2. The object of this association shall be to hold prize contests in oratory at such times and places as shall be agreed upon by the association at its annual convention. In the contests of this association each college shall be entitled to only one orator who shall be an under-graduate.

ART. 3. The officers consist of a President, Vice President and Secretary, who shall be chosen by ballot at the annual convention of the association. A ma-

majority of the votes of the delegates shall constitute an election.

ART. 4. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings of the association, and enforce its rules; he shall also call special meetings of the association at the written request of five colleges, giving fifteen days' notice to each college of such special meeting.

SEC. 2. The duties of Vice President shall be those usually pertaining to that office. The duties of Secretary shall be those usually pertaining to that office; besides, he shall keep the names of the orators contesting in each contest, the subject of his oration, also the names and individual marks of the judges, and a copy of each oration on file.

SEC. 3. The contests of this association shall be under the control of the college where the contest is held. Said college shall pay all the expenses of the contest, including prizes, traveling expenses of the orators, all necessary expenses of the judges, appropriating to their own use the net profits of the contest.

SEC. 4. The President, Vice President and Secretary shall constitute an Executive Committee, who shall each year select three persons to act as judges of that year's contest, and shall notify each college of the association of such appointments, at least sixty days before the contest.

ART. 5. The judges shall be non-residents of the city where the contest is held, and shall not be alumni nor officially connected with any college represented in the contest. Any and all of these judges shall be removed upon the protest of any college engaged in the contest, the reason for such protest being given. No college shall be allowed more than two protests.

ART. 6. The judges shall decide upon the merits of the thought, composition, and delivery of each oration, marking each, in each of these particulars, upon a scale of ten. In case of a tie of the marks of any two orators, the matter

shall be again referred to the judges for final decision.

ART. 7. In the contests of this association, no oration shall exceed fifteen minutes in delivery.

ART. 8. The prizes offered in contests of this association shall be a first prize of \$75 and a second of \$50.

ART. 9. The annual convention of this association shall meet at 10 o'clock a. m. on the date and at the place of the annual contest, in which convention each college shall be entitled to three votes.

ART. 10. Any college of this association failing to send an orator to any annual contest shall forfeit its privileges in the association.

ART. 11. This constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote of the delegates present at any regular meeting.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—F. I. Moulton, Knox College.

Vice President—W. L. Martin, Northwestern University.

Secretary—F. A. Brown, Illinois College.

November 20th was fixed upon as the time for holding the first inter-collegiate contest, and Bloomington chosen as the place.

The convention was in every respect satisfactory and harmonious. The delegates were not boys, but men in every respect, who fully comprehended their business, and were zealous in the promotion of the object for which they had assembled, and were evidently of the opinion that it was a good cause in which they were participating, and one which would prove eminently successful.

The organization has our hearty sympathy and good will, and we prophesy for it a brilliant future, its laudable endeavors to incite to superiority in the broad and fruitful field of oratory. We anticipate a rich treat at the approaching contest.—*Daily Leader, April 8th.*

## EDUCATIONAL.

—San Francisco employs two teachers for its city reform school; five special teachers of drawing; four special teachers of vocal music, and one teacher of phonography. This shows a part of the “practical work” which that city is doing educationally.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson, at the last meeting of the overseers of Harvard College, declared in favor of continuing the compulsory attendance of students on chapel prayers. He argued that prayer is the highest act of the human mind, and that it is not right to take away from, or let young men deprive themselves of, the benefits of that act.

What think our School Board and City Superintendent of the following:

“By a decision of the Boston School Committee, no misses under the age of 15 years will hereafter be admitted to the High School. Heretofore the rule has been to admit pupils possessing the necessary scholarship, without regard to age; and thus precocious girls have been stimulated to over-study, injurious both to their physical and mental health.”

—We are glad to know that those engaged in the educational work are beginning to more fully realize that there is no antagonism between the common school and the college. Indeed, the two are so interwoven that they are essentially co-operative, and the best interests of one can only be advanced by the most perfect success of the other. By offering special courses of study and corresponding degrees to those who have already acquired thorough mental training in our High and Normal Schools, the University hopes to inspire those interested to higher attainments in the realms of thought, and at the same time to strengthen the bond of union between these common interests.

—The Fourteenth Annual Meeting of the National Educational Association will be held in Detroit, Michigan, on the 4th, 5th and 6th days of August, 1874.

The Governor of the State, the Mayor of the city, the State and City Superintendents of Public Instruction, and the

Board of Education of the city of Detroit, have extended a very cordial invitation to the association to meet in that place. Free use of assembly halls has been proffered, and every effort will be made to secure a successful and profitable meeting.

—The following from the *Maine Journal of Education* pays the system of school superintendency in our own and adjoining States, a merited compliment. We suggest that those, who are disposed to find fault with what they choose to designate a useless and wanton expenditure of the public funds in the cause of education, give it a careful reading:

“The Western States are fast surpassing some of their Eastern sisters, merely because they have adopted such a system of county supervision as to head in the many shoots that are so constantly making dead wood for us, instead of those shoots that should bear bountiful fruit in due season. Without supervision, the tendency of all work is to drift to the lowest level. So also the gratuitous services of our so-called school committee produces the poorest results; therefore, above all things, pay well the superintendents, and demand the best results; and with competent supervision all work tends to struggle up to the highest level of attainment.

“Supervision in our American system of schools is, or should be, as follows: National Commissioner of Education at Washington; State Superintendents of Public Instruction; County Superintendents; City Superintendents. This system is complete in a number of States,—such as Illinois, Michigan and Missouri.

“We suffer, as many other States, for the lack of the County Superintendent. Some of our city schools are excellent because of a superintendent, but the rest and our country schools are suffering for want of a like supervision.”

—Let those who fear the results of the special courses of study offered by the University upon the ministry, read the following from Henry Ward Beecher:

“No man can be a true preacher unless he take into consideration the discoveries

and developments of science now taking place. For many years I have followed the schools of science and gathered from them as much as I could, and I—the scientists do not do so—have taken the physical facts and looked at them under the light of revelation, and I reach the conclusion that there is nothing so admirably constructed for, and adapted to, science as the gospel of Jesus Christ. If you study the writings of scientific men in the light of revelation you will see that they in no case disagree with the Gospels. I think it will ultimately be found that Jesus Christ is the greatest scientist, in respect to mind, that the world has ever seen. I have no fear that science will ever sweep away one of his fundamental doctrines. The more the discoveries made, the severer the examinations, the brighter these doctrines will shine.”

—Thus far all the adverse criticisms which we have seen upon the new courses of study offered by the University, and the plan of conferring degrees upon satisfactory examination, have been based upon an entire misapprehension of the whole scheme. It really seems strange that some men who usually see things clearly should characterize this as a “labor-saving” plan—a plan to render colleges useless, and degrees meaningless. To all such we would respectfully suggest: Come and try an examination, and thus determine in a practical, common sense way whether this whole plan is void of merit. Those who make application to the Illinois Wesleyan University for degrees, and present themselves for examination with the understanding that the whole scheme is simply a plan by which those who are anxious for some title may secure it without merit, will be sadly disappointed. We warn all prospective applicants that the committee of five judicious examiners, chosen from the Alumni of the University, to act in conjunction with the faculty, will not suffer honors to be bestowed upon those unworthy a place among their number. And when such men as Dr. Joseph Haven are found upon the Board of Examiners in the Department of Philosophy, it will occur to most minds that the University means honest work. It is somewhat

amusing to note the conflicting arguments of those who essay any opposition to this “New Departure.” We hope ere long to be able to place these conflicting views side by side and let them be their own refutation, for we could offer no better, had we the time and disposition to make the attempt. To explain the design of the plan in a word, the University simply proposes to award degrees to those who, by a strict and thorough examination upon a systematic course of study, give conclusive evidence that they merit such honors. It proposes to give degrees to those who *earn* them, and not, as has been intimated by some of our critics, to those who by *influence* or *money* can secure a few signatures to a recommendation.

—Rev. Chas. Brooks, father of the State Normal Schools in America, was asked by a teacher this question:

“What shall I teach my pupils?”

He answered—Teach them very thoroughly these five things:

1. To live religiously;
2. To think comprehensively;
3. To reckon mathematically;
4. To converse fluently; and
5. To write grammatically.

If you successfully teach them these five things, you will nobly have done your duty to your pupils, to their parents, to your country, and to yourself.

—According to the statistics of the Bureau of Education, the voluntary contributions of the 40,000,000 people of America to the cause of education last year was nearly \$12,000,000. This does not include the vast amount of money raised by taxation for the same cause, but is the spontaneous tribute which capital pays to intellect. In 1871 the donations were over \$8,000,000; in 1872, nearly \$11,000,000, and in 1873 nearly \$12,000,000. These are significant facts, illustrating in some degree the money value which an intelligent people place upon “higher education” for almost every dollar of the above went directly to the support of our colleges and universities.

—The delicious peach, once a poisoned almond, has become what it is by transplantation and cultivation.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Go to Roediger's, at the University Grocery, for your provisions.

—Consult your best interests by consulting our advertising columns.

—Save your magazines by getting them bound at Kemp's bindery, 216 North Centre St. Orders from abroad will receive prompt attention.

—A *new* cabinet organ, a superior instrument, can be had for less than the factory price, by addressing ALUMNI JOURNAL, Bloomington, Ill.

—We have for sale an elegant full cabinet case Singer sewing machine, *new*, which we offer at an astonishing discount. Consult ALUMNI JOURNAL, before purchasing.

—Those wanting good photos, and at exceedingly low rates, should not fail to call at Swick's, on the south side of the square, over the Home Bank. Try him.

—Students who are boarding themselves, and townspeople too, will find the "Washington Market," No. 504 North Main St., a most excellent place to get good meat.

—A Guide to St. Paul's Cathedral, including a copy of the inscriptions on the monuments, mailed to us by George W. Stubblefield, indicates that we are not forgotten by the boys in their trans-Atlantic tour.

—None need to go "with beard unshaven and with hair unkempt" so long as Charley keeps his latch string out. He will tell you all about it, at his palace hair dressing and shaving saloon in the Ashley House block, North Centre St.

—C. H. Long, of '73, has just closed his labors for the year as principal of the school at Mackinaw, Tazewell county. After a short visit with his college friends, he will return to his home in LaSalle county.

—Messrs. J. L. Beath & Co., have a very neat and effective material for kindling coal fires. Students will find it a convenient article for that purpose, and not very expensive. Call and examine for yourselves at No. 403 N. Main St.

—The Bent Wood School Furnishing Company, whose advertisement may be found elsewhere, offers something really superior in their line. We have examined samples of their Bent Wood Furniture, and are highly pleased with their work.

—H. C. Birch, of '70, has been spending a few days with his friends in the city. His field of labor at present is Avon and Ellisville, in Fulton county. We are always glad to meet and greet those who in other years so faithfully performed the daily tasks assigned in college halls.

—The many friends of the University will be pleased to find that the Western Methodist Book Concern, Chicago, Ill., and the *Central Christian Advocate*, St. Louis, Mo., each is represented in our advertising columns. We bespeak for the former large and frequent orders, and for the latter long lists of subscribers.

—Teachers, Attention! The University has quite a number of pieces of apparatus that are duplicates which are valuable for the purpose of illustrating some of the common principles of science. Those desiring to purchase apparatus for school purposes will do well to address the Prof. of Natural Science, and secure this at greatly reduced rates.

—M. Auer, of '70, called to see us at the University as we were beginning the labors of the present term. He reports progress in his work at Wapella. His numerous friends surprised him not long since with a donation of \$60. Such *trifling* mementos have a strangely wonderful and mysterious influence in uniting the hearts of a pastor and his people. Bro. Auer is serving the good people of Wapella as pastor the second year.

—In our advertising columns will be found a page from Robert J. Mulligan & Co., N. Y., who present extraordinary inducements to any one desiring to purchase a sewing machine. Having never seen the machine which this enterprising firm offers to the public we cannot speak of its peculiar merits from personal knowledge, yet the reputation of the house from which this astonishing proposition comes may be taken as a guarantee of the genuineness of the offer and the reliability of this new friend of the seamstress.

—Long's Patent Tellurian, which we have recently received from Dwyer's School Furnishing Agency, No. 21 John Street, N. Y., is an elegant and valuable piece of apparatus, very accurately illustrating many of the more complex problems in Astronomy and Geography. We have seldom seen any instrument so perfectly adjusted, and taking this Tellurian as a sample, we have no hesitancy in recommending all our friends who desire school supplies to order direct from this reliable house. For further information see card.

—Subscribe for the JOURNAL at once. See what they say of it:

The *Alumni Journal* comes to us enlarged and boasting a new dress. It is always well filled with interesting matter, and *stands next to the REGISTER* among the college publications of the State. Its editors do their work well and deserve success. We are glad to learn of the prosperity of the Illinois Wesleyan University, in whose interests the *Journal* is published.—*Hedding Col. Register*.

—We are under obligations to the editors of the *Southwestern Advocate*, published in New Orleans, La., for a live specimen of what is considered by some as the chameleon, but which is really the Green Carolina Anolis, (Anolis principalis). The young gentleman stepped about our apartments apparently as lively as though he had never been confined in the mail bags of Uncle Sam. He now reposes among his relatives of the past and present. May their numbers increase.

—Thanks to all our friends for their patronage. We still solicit subscriptions from those who have not yet responded to our call. Every one interested in the University should receive the ALUMNI JOURNAL regularly. We would gladly send it, *free*, to all the friends and patrons of the institution, but the printer's bills must be paid. The subscription price is a small amount to any one and yet in the aggregate an important item to the publishers. We ask every friend and subscriber to aid in extending the circulation of the JOURNAL.

—Believing most implicitly in the Book, which teaches that it is not good for man to be alone, Rev. G. W. Read, formerly a student of the University, has taken unto himself Miss Mary Moore, as partner of his joys and sharer of his trials. The formal ceremony occurred at the residence of the bride's father in Normal, Ills., April 20, Rev. Preston Wood, Presiding Elder of the Bloomington District, officiating. We wish the happy couple a safe and successful voyage over the somewhat uncertain and, at times, turbulent matrimonial sea.

—We hope to be able to present to our readers, in our June number, a full programme of Commencement week. At this early date we can assure all the friends of the University that the exercises will be of an unusually attractive character.

In addition to the addresses incident upon such occasions, the inauguration of President Fallows will add unusual interest. The probabilities now are that a number of eminent scholars and educators will be present, some with the express purpose of receiving the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, upon an examination in the studies already prescribed for that degree. Let every Alumnus be present at this interesting Commencement occasion.

—We are glad to be able to announce not only that the University gymnasium has been put in a condition such as to render it suitable for occupation, but also that it has been furnished with quite a fair supply of apparatus with which to commence active operations. Before this goes to press we shall undoubtedly learn of wonderful feats performed both by ladies and gentlemen in the use of wands, Indian clubs, dumb-bells and the like. The committee appointed for that purpose hope to have everything in good working order very soon, and will add to their present comparatively limited supply of apparatus as the means shall be obtained. Prof. Willing proposes to devote a portion of time regularly to the physical training of the young ladies exclusively, thereby meeting one of the great objections urged against the higher education of the gentler sex.

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## BOOK TABLE.

MANUAL OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES, by ISRAEL WARD ANDREWS, D. D., President of Marietta College, Ohio. Published by WILSON, HINKLE & Co., Cincinnati.

The above work presents, in a clear and attractive style, not only a full discussion of the principles of the Constitution, but a valuable summary of the legislative enactments and provisions in which they have been embodied. It supplies a want long felt by those who are called upon to give instruction in this department. The chapters upon "The Ratification of the Constitution by the several States," "The Admission of New States," "Territorial Governments," and "Practical operation of the Constitution," embracing a full explanation of the various departments of the general government and the State governments will be found of especial interest and value, not only to the teacher and his class, but to the general reader. Dr. Andrews has certainly paid our own State a compliment by selecting the New Constitution of Illinois as his model for illustrating State government. We see no reason why there may not be a large demand for "Andrews' Manual of the Constitution." It certainly deserves an extensive sale.

COTTAGE RESIDENCES, by A. J. DOWNING.

We have had the pleasure of examining the above, through the kindness of the publishers, John Wiley & Son, New York. It contains a series of designs for Rural Cottages and Cottage Villas, and their gardens and grounds, with a revised list of trees, shrubs and plants, and the most recent and best selected fruits; together with useful hints and suggestions in regard to landscape gardening. This work evidently meets a want long felt in this section of the country. Its simple, practical designs are not so elaborate and expensive as to place their realization entirely beyond the reach of the common people. The article on Architectural Suggestions is alone worth the price of the book. In it are discussed in a chaste and simple style, free from technical terms, utility, fitness, convenience, propriety, unity, beauty of form, uniformity, symmetry, harmony and variety, as relates to architecture. But this is really one of the least valuable chapters in the book to those who desire assistance in designs. Any meagre review cannot possibly give a correct impression as to the real merits of the work. The book can be obtained by addressing John Wiley & Son, New York.

THE

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## ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON.

FROM "A Guide to St. Paul's Cathedral" we compile the following interesting historical sketch of this massive and time honored edifice:

In 610, Ethelbert, King of Kent, undertook the building of the Church of St. Paul, and devoted certain manors and lands to its endowment. We also find Erkenwald, Bishop of London, who died about the year 686, devoting large sums of money toward the completion of the fabric. It is said to have been destroyed by fire in 961, and rebuilt within the following year. King Athelstan endowed it with "divers fair lordships;" and here king Ethelred was buried, and his son Edmond Ironside crowned. Canute, the Dane, who resided near St. Paul's, endowed its dean with some valuable land; and, according to Knighton, it was in the garden of his palace here, which extended to the river, that he rebuked his courtiers in their celebrated conversation by the rising tide.

William the Conqueror bestowed some large estates upon St. Paul's. Towards the close of his reign, in 1086, it was again destroyed by fire; and then Maurice, Bishop of London, who had been also Chancellor, "conceived" (says Stowe,) "the vast design for erecting the magnificent structure, which immediately

preceded the present cathedral; a work that men of that time judged would never have been finished, it was so wonderful for length and breadth." The work, indeed, in those troublesome times, proceeded slowly; though some of the bishops devoted large sums to it, while much also was raised by the sale of Papal indulgences, and it was sufficiently advanced to allow the consecration in it of Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1096, yet it was never finally completed until 1315, or 229 years after its commencement. The choir, however had been consecrated in 1244, at which time the cross aisles were not commenced.

The old Cathedral thus completed, was built in the form of a cross, with north and south aisles, a square tower being attached to each side of the west front; a square tower also rising from the point of intersection of the transept with the nave and the choir. The following is Dugdale's account of its dimensions:

	Feet.
Length of the Church - - -	690
Breadth - - - - -	130
Height of the west part - - -	102
Height of the Choir - - -	88
Height of the Body - - -	150
Height of the Tower - - -	260
Height of the Spire - - -	520

Area of the limits,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  acres; of which, one and a half roods and six perches were covered.

The great Clock was a splendid ornament; the figure of an angel pointed to the hour, in the sight of the passers by, "a heavenly messenger marking the progress of time."

The cathedral contained no less than seventy-six chantry chapels; and there were sixty endowed anniversary obits, or masses for the dead. It is supposed by Mr. Bradley, that there must have been two hundred priests belonging to it. In the nave stood a great cross, with a taper constantly burning before it; and various statues of the Virgin and Saints in different parts, invited the oblations of the worshiper.

As the Reformation dawned, the pomp and splendor of the cathedral ceremonial began to diminish. On the 18th of Sept. 1547, the Litaný was first chanted at St. Paul's and the Epistle and Gospel read at High Mass, in the English language. Two months afterwards, the rood and the images of the saints were taken down. On February 2, 1548, the bearing of candles in the church was discontinued. On April 6, 1549, mass was put down. The high altar was taken down, June 11, 1550. Nov. 1, 1552, the new book of Common Prayer was first used, Bishop Ridley preaching at the cathedral on the occasion.

In February, 1445, the steeple of St. Paul's was fired by lightning; the injury was repaired, but with some delay. In June, 1561, it was again set on fire through the negligence of a workman, and was never rebuilt. The body of the church which had greatly suffered on this occasion, was speedily roofed in again; but the damage not being completely repaired the fabric began to decay. In the reign of Charles I., Laud, being Bishop of London, there was no less than 104,330*l.* collected to put it in repair; but before the works were completed, the civil war broke out, and Parliament seized both the money and materials. The whole of the church except the choir, was then used for stables and shops for the accommodation of the soldiers, who also amused themselves in it by playing at nine pins and other games.

At the restoration, a public subscription was collected under the auspices of Charles II. for repairing the edifice, but before the works were begun, the great fire broke out on the night of Sept. 2, 1666, and this noble building was a mass of smouldering ruins.

Sir Christopher Wren was the person fixed on to rebuild the Cathedral; and in December, 1672, his designs were finally approved by King Charles II. Above 126,000*l.* were collected from the public in general, for this great national work; a duty on coals produced 5,000*l.* a year, and his Majesty contributed 1,000*l.* a year. Wren was to have only 200*l.* a year for superintending the works. Having removed 47,000 loads of rubbish, (the old walls being demolished with the battering ram,) the first stone of the present Cathedral was laid, at the north east corner of the choir, June 21, 1675. The choir was opened for divine service, on the day of Thanksgiving for the peace of Ryswick, December 2, 1697. The last or highest stone of the building was laid at the top of the lantern, in 1710; the whole structure being thus completed in thirty-five years, by one architect, Sir Christopher Wren; and by one master mason, Mr. T. Strong; under one prelate, Dr. Compton, Bishop of London. Shortly afterwards Queen Anne, with the house of Parliament, attended Divine Service in the new Cathedral.

There is an entrance both in the north and south transepts, each approached by a flight of steps of black marble, twelve in number, on the north side, and twenty-five on the south. These two porticos are semi-circular, and consist each of a dome supported by six Corinthian columns. The entablature upon the pediment on the north side, (over the visitor's entrance,) presents a carving of royal arms, supported by angels. The south has a phoenix, (sculptured by Gibber, the father of the well known actor,) with the word "*Resurgam*"—*I shall rise again*: for this his charge was 106*l.* It is said that when Sir Christopher Wren was marking out the ground to begin the edifice, after the great fire, a man was desired to bring a flat stone from one of the heaps of ruins, in order to indicate where the center of the dome should be; and when



the stone had been duly placed, it was found to present on its surface in large letters the word RESURGAM, which was regarded as a good omen, and worthy to be commemorated.

The apse, or eastern end of the church, is semi-circular, and in a plain style of architecture. One of the few decorations is an imperial crown, with the letters, "W. M." beneath it, encircled in palm branches; commemorating the completion of this part of the Cathedral during the reign of William and Mary.

The ground plan of the Cathedral is a Latin cross, with an additional arm or transept at the west end, to give breadth to the grand front; there being also a semi-circular projection at the east end for the altar, and projections in the transepts for the north and south porticos. The dome rises from the intersection of the nave and transepts.

The entire length of the church, from east to west, is 500 feet; its breadth at the western entrance, 180 feet—at the transept 250 feet; the general height of the wall, about 90 feet. The choir is 165 feet long. The entire circumference of the building is 2,292 feet. The height of the top of the cross is 352 feet from the floor of the church, or 360 feet from the pavement in the street. The western towers are 222 feet high. The exterior diameter of the dome is 189 feet.

The church covers upwards of 2 acres of ground,—2 acres, 16 perches and 70 feet. The cemetery, in the midst of which it stands, is enclosed by an iron balustrade, standing on a dwarf stone wall, and having seven gates. The balustrades are 5 feet 6 inches in height, and 2,500 in number, weighing 200 tons and 81 lb.; which cost, at 6d. per pound, 11, 202l. os. 6d.

The whole cost of the Cathedral, was 747,954l. 2s. 9d.

It is probable, that there was an ancient Druidic temple on the spot where the Cathedral now stands, devoted to the worship of some idol god; for when Sir Christopher Wren examined the ground, he found the remains of ancient Britons,

who had been here interred, with the stone coffins of distinguished Saxons, and funeral vases and other traces of Roman sculpture; whilst Stowe has recorded, that in digging the foundation of the Ladye Chapel, attached to the old Cathedral, about A. D. 1313, there were found many scalps of oxen or kine, "confirming greatly the opinion of those which have reported, that of old time there had been a temple of Jupiter, and that there was daily sacrifice of beasts." Be this as it may, the venerable Bede assures us that a christian church was erected here very soon after St. Augustine had commenced his work of converting England.

In 1773, Sir Joshua Reynolds, as president of the Royal Academy, made an offer, on the part of himself, and some other artists, to supply gratuitously a series of scriptural paintings, to relieve the heavy appearance of the large bare walls and piers; but the proposal was opposed by Archbishop Cornwallis, and the Bishop, Dr. Tarrick, and was therefore abandoned. The church remained undecorated for several years more; the first monument admitted being that of Howard, the philanthropist, which was thrown open to public inspection, Feb. 23, 1796.

Before closing this brief account of the great cathedral, it may be well to mention that during the last few years the public have contributed largely towards decorating the church, and several stained glass windows have been given: the first, the great Western Window, given by Thos. Brown, Esq., of the firm of Longman's, booksellers, the subject being the Conversion of St. Paul; the second, given by the Drapers' Company, subject, the Crucifixion; the third, given by the Goldsmiths' Company, subject, the Agony in the Garden; the fourth given by N. Rogers, Esq., subject, the Resurrection: the three last mentioned are placed in the apse, or eastern end of the choir: also a Memorial Window to the late W. Cotton, Esq., at the eastern end of the South Aisle, subject, St. Stephen's Martyrdom.

## THE MANUFACTURE OF LOCKS.

There is much that is curious and interesting in the history of lock making, which dates back to a far more remote period of history than is generally supposed. The labors of the antiquary disclose the fact that some of our most modern improvements in the construction of locks are merely the accidental reproduction of inventions that originated many centuries ago. The ancient Egyptians, those silent custodians of more than one of the "lost arts," undoubtedly manufactured locks with tumblers which held the bolt until they were moved by the key, a device usually considered to be of modern origin. Amid the ruins of Thebes and in other localities iron keys have been found, evidently designed for locks of this description.

That the Romans made locks of intricate construction is evident from the numerous discoveries in Herculaneum and Pompeii, and in England there have been found keys which were doubtless contemporary with the Roman occupation of Great Britain. Ages ago the Chinese made wooden locks which operated upon precisely the same principle as the famous Bramah lock, which was invented in England in 1784, and was regarded as the first great improvement in lock making.

In the Bramah lock, so named from its inventor, the use of wards was dispensed with, and other peculiarities of construction gave it the reputation of being a lock which could not possibly be picked. For many years a lock of this kind was displayed in the window of the office in London, with a reward of two hundred pounds to any one that could pick it. This feat was finally accomplished in 1851 by Mr. Hobbs, whose first attempt occupied nineteen hours, owing to the breaking of one of his instruments, but he subsequently repeated the operation three times within an hour.

The next lock of any prominence was Cubbs', invented in England in 1818. This was also easily picked by Mr. Hobbs. At the London Exposition of 1851 Mr. Hobbs presented for the attention of mechanical experts a lock made by Mr Pyes,

which defied the ingenuity of the best English locksmiths, but was finally picked by the late Mr. Linus Yale Jr., who was for many years the President of the Yale Lock Manufacturing Company, of Stamford, Conn. This triumph of American skill was frankly recognized by Mr. E. B. Denison, the celebrated lock maker of London, who says that American Locks "are vastly superior to any we have ever seen made in England; and on the whole, the United States are evidently ahead of us in the manufacture of both good and cheap locks."

Within a few years past the hardware business, in all its innumerable departments, has become an interest of immense importance in this country, and among the countless articles embraced under the generic term hardware, locks may be regarded as one of the most prominent. There are of course numerous claimants for distinction in this branch of production, but for ingenuity of design, excellence of material, finished workmanship, and above all, absolute security, none sustain a higher reputation than the celebrated YALE LOCKS above alluded to.

As first manufactured nearly thirty years ago by their inventor, the late Mr. Linus Yale, Senior, these locks were a decided improvement over their predecessors, but their range of application was limited and their costliness prevented very general adoption. Some years subsequently Mr. Linus Yale, Jr. invented a lock of different and superior construction, having a flat, folding key, but his attention being soon directed toward bank locks, regarding which great interest was then felt, he for several years continued his labors to their improvement, patenting numerous inventions of great value.

In 1860 Mr. Yale resumed the production of key locks for general use, and soon afterwards patented a style of lock which, with subsequent improvements, has since rendered his name so celebrated. It was of the description called a "pin lock," identical in some respects with that previously made by his father,

but possessing the distinctive feature of a key of thin, flat steel, less than an inch and a half long, and weighing but a fraction of an ounce—as shown in the following cut :



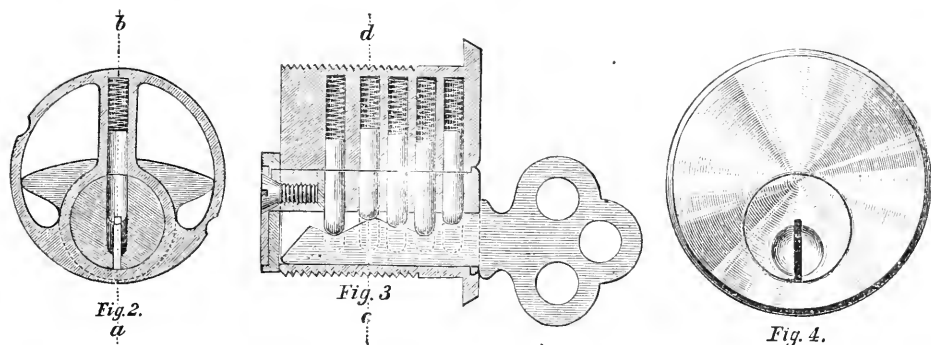
All other locks then made had large, heavy keys, as do nearly all others now manufactured, and the thicker the door, the longer must be the key in order to reach the lock.

In the Yale lock the escutcheon, or “tumbler case,” enclosing the pins upon which the bits of the key operate, is placed near the surface of the door projecting slightly, so that the long, clumsy

shank of the key is dispensed with, the bow and bits brought closely together, and the depth of the escutcheon decides the length of the key, without regard to the thickness of the door.

In general terms we may designate the distinctive peculiarities of the Yale lock as being the arrangement of the parts acted upon by the key, and the shape and size of the key itself. The form of the lock and many details of construction of course vary with the intended use, and may not differ essentially from those of other locks except in superiority of design and more thoroughly finished workmanship. These prominent features may be illustrated by the description of a Yale mortise night latch, an escutcheon of this kind being applicable to almost any style of mortise or rim lock : flush locks—for drawers, desks, etc.—differing only in having the body of the lock contain the mechanism which is here enclosed in a separate escutcheon.

SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE ESCUTCHEON OF A YALE NIGHT LATCH, SHOWING THE PRINCIPLE OF CONSTRUCTION EMBODIED IN ALL THE YALE LOCKS.



The escutcheon consists, as will be seen from an examination of the above cuts, of an exterior shell of cylindrical form containing in its lower part a smaller cylinder, from which rises a rib of metal containing the “pin chambers,” and within which is the “plug,” attached to the inner end of which is the cam that imparts motion to the bolt. This plug also contains the key hole.

The escutcheon contains five holes, or “pin chambers,” each formed partly in the shell and partly in the plug, therefore a pin which filled one of these holes would prevent the rotation of the plug, but, if the pin were cut in two, the joint

corresponding with that between the plug and its hole, the plug could revolve freely, carrying with it one half of the pin, and leaving the other half in that part of the pin-chamber contained in the shell. Such is precisely the construction of the lock and its great element of security.

Each pin is in two parts—the upper termed the “driver,” the lower the “pin”—and above each driver is a light spring, tending to press drivers and pins downwards. In this position the drivers intersect the joint between the shell and the plug, completely preventing the rotation of the latter. If, by the insertion of a

knife blade, or other instrument in the key hole, the pins are all raised as high as they will go, it will be found that they bar the motion of the plug as effectually as the drivers did, or if four of the pins are elevated to their proper position, the fifth will still prevent the revolution of the plug.

To open the lock therefore, all the pins must be raised simultaneously, to just the proper height, which can be done only by the right key, since a variation of one-fifteenth of an inch in the elevation of either of the pins will prevent the opening of the lock. This explains the immense variety of keys and wide range of permutations of which the Yale lock is susceptible, surpassing the capabilities of any other lock now made.

The width of the key admits of ten different "bittings," or depth of notches,

therefore a lock with but one pin could be variously "set up," so as to be opened by ten different keys. In a lock with two pins the number of changes, or varieties of keys, is 100; three pins, 1,000; four pins, 10,000; five pins, 100,000; six pins, 1,000,000; seven pins, 10,000,000. The least number of pins contained in any of the Yale locks is four, as in drawer and desk locks; the night latches have five; the post office, heavy store door locks, etc., six; and the "safe deposit" locks—for inside doors of safes, vaults, etc.—have seven pins.

The Company manufacture a larger variety of fine locks for all purposes than have ever before been offered to the trade, but the great diversity of styles prevents a particular description of all.—*Am. Commercial Times*.

[For the Alumni Journal.

#### WEEKLY HISTORICAL CALENDAR.—APRIL 1ST TO 6TH.

BY DR. E. DUIS, AUTHOR OF "THE GOOD OLD TIMES IN M'LEAN COUNTY."

APRIL.—April, is the fourth month in the year. The word is derived from *Aprilis* of *aperio*, *I open, or set forth*, because in this month the earth begins to open her bosom for the production of vegetables, and the whole business of creation begins to be resumed. The sun enters the sign *Taurus* on the 20th of this month.

April 1. This is vulgarly called "April fool day," from the practice of passing some joke, or deception upon children, and persons of rather weak intellect; such as sending them to enquire for "the history of Eve's mother," "pigeon's milk," "strap oil," etc. "All fool's day" is said to be a corruption of auld, that is, old fool's day, a day named in the Roman calendar.

April 1, 1593, *René Descartes*, a philosopher, metaphysician and mathematician, was born at La Faye, in Tourain. The philosophy of Descartes, which prevailed for a considerable part of a cen-

tury, may be deemed a sort of stage between the school of Aristotle and the experimental, or modern philosophy.

April 1, 1820, *Napoleon Bonaparte* married Maria Lousia, Archduchess of Austria, on which occasion some of the waggish Parisians called him "un poisson d' April," a term which answers to our April fool.

April 2, 1801, *Lord Nelson's victory at Copenhagen* was obtained, when eighteen sail of the line, were either captured or destroyed.

April 3, *Good Friday*.—Kept in commemoration of the death of Christ. "Holy Friday," or "the Friday is Holy Week," was the more ancient and general appellation. The name "*Good Friday*" is peculiar to the English Church. It is observed by many as a day of devotion, and is a close holiday. It is marked by the majority of the inhabitants of London and the suburbs, by the use of "hot cross buns" or buns

marked by a cross, for breakfast, and hundreds of poor persons are engaged in "crying" them through the streets from a very early hour in the morning. The custom is supposed to be derived from the sacred cakes which were offered in the Arkite temple, styled *boun*. It is a high day in the Roman Catholic Churches.

April 4, 1774, died the celebrated *Oliver Goldsmith*, native of Ireland. He was the author of "The Vicar of Wakefield," and other works. He had great powers of wit, and much learning. He was simple, humane, generous, and honest, but he was also passionate and peevish; was incapable of managing the common affairs of life with prudence and was often in circumstances of poverty and misery.

April 5. *Easter Sunday*. This is the festival of the anniversary of the commemoration of our Savior's resurrection. It is distinguished by its peculiar name, through our Saxon ancestors, who, at this season of the year, held a great festival in honor of the Goddess *Eastor* probably the *Astarte* of the heathen nations. The French call this festival *Paques*, derived from the Greek *Pasha*, which is also derived from the Hebrew *Pesech*, meaning passover; and whence we have the English word *paschal* applied to the lamb which was used at the Jewish Passover, and which formed part of the evening meal, the last of which our Savior partook before his death, with his twelve apostles. Easter-day is observed all over Christendom with peculiar rites. *Easter-day* is always the first Sunday after the full moon, which happens upon or next after, the 21st day of March; and if the full moon happen upon a Sunday, Easter-day is the next Sunday after.

April 5, 1603 James III left Scotland to ascend the English throne, under the title of James I, upon the death Queen Elizabeth, who by her will had declared him her successor. The letter from the council communicating this fact was addressed: "Right high, right excellent, and mighty prince, and our dread sovereign lord."

April 5, 1605, John Stow, the antiquary, died, aged eighty. He was originally a tailor, but devoted himself to lit-

erary pursuits. His popular work is "The History of London."

April 5, 1753, the British Museum was established.

April 5, 1811 died in his native City, Gloucester, England, Robert Raikes, aged seventy six. He was the originator of Sunday-schools, in 1780, and spent his life in acts of kindness and compassion, promoting education as a source of happiness to his fellow beings, and bestowing his exertions and bounty to benefit the helpless.

April 6. Easter Monday. This and the following day are renowned as "holidays" throughout most manufactories and trades in England. The result is, in too many instances, much dissipation, profligacy, and disorder. In reference to the Easter holidays, a celebrated writer says: "During Easter Monday a determined holiday-maker contrives, by the aid of a little, or not a little, stimulus to be happy in a tolerably exemplary manner. On the Tuesday he fancies himself happy to day because he felt himself so yesterday. On the Wednesday he cannot tell what has come to him but every ten minutes he wishes himself at home. On the Thursday he finds out the secret, that he is heartily sick of doing nothing, but is ashamed to confess it; and then what is the use of going to work before his money is spent? On Friday he declares that he is a fool for *throwing away a great part of a quarter's savings without having anything to show for it!* And on Saturday he comes to the conclusion that playing and drinking are not quite so profitable as sobriety and industry, and vows, perhaps, another time he will be more moderate in his pleasures and pastimes." Within the last few years, however, a marked improvement has taken place in this respect; and the British Museum, the National Gallery and other public exhibitions of art and science, are crowded by operatives to their great gratification and information. On Easter Monday and Tuesday, the *Spital* sermons are preached in Christ church, Newgate street, London. The word *spital*, an abbreviation of hospital, is connected with these sermons, in consequence of their being preached for the benefit of Christ's, St Bartholomew's, St. Thomas, Bridewell, and

Bethlem Hospitals. The boys of Christ's Hospital (the Blue Coat School) to the number of between 700 and 800 go in procession to the mansion-house, where they are received by the Lord Mayor, a bun, a glass of wine, and a new silver shilling being given to each boy. The Lord Mayor, sheriffs, and other civil func-

tionaries then go in procession to Christ church, where one of the bishops, or the Lord Mayor's chaplain, preaches the annual sermon.

April 6, 1199, died Richard I., commonly called *Cœur de Lion*. He was the first King of England who applied the plural term to the regal dignity.

### A GEM FROM MILTON,

[The following sublime and affecting production was discovered among the writings of the great epic poet.]

I am old and blind !  
 Men point at me as smitten by God's frown ;  
 Afflicted and deserted of my kind ;  
 Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong ;  
 I murmur not that I no longer see ;  
 Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,  
 Father supreme ! to thee.

O merciful one !  
 When men are farthest, then thou art most near ;  
 When friends pass by me, and my weakness shun,  
 Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face  
 Is leaning toward me, and its holy light  
 Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place—  
 And there is no more night.

On my bended knee  
 I recognize thy purpose clearly shown ;  
 My vision thou hast dimmed, that I may see  
 Thyself—thyself alone.

I have nought to fear ;  
 This darkness is the shadow of thy wing ;  
 Beneath it I am almost sacred ; here  
 Can come no evil thing.

O ! I seem to stand  
 Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,  
 Wrapp'd in the radiance of thy sinless land,  
 Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go :  
 Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng ;  
 From angel lips I seem to hear the flow  
 Of soft and holy song.

Is it nothing now,  
 When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes ?  
 When airs from paradise refresh my brow  
 The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime  
 My being fills with rapture—waves of thought  
 Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime  
 Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre !  
 I feel the stirrings of a gift divine :  
 Within my bosom glows unearthly fire  
 Lit by no skill of mine.

## THE ILL. WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY AND ITS LAW DEPARTMENT.

C. S. LUDLAM.

THE college year of 1873-4, of the Illinois Wesleyan University, just drawing to a close, has been one of unparalleled prosperity and success, surpassing the expectations, even of the most sanguine of its patrons and friends. Little by little, steadily and surely it has expanded and grown from its very humble beginning in 1850 until at the present time it stands a noble monument of the untiring energy and zeal of a few devoted, earnest men, and the generosity of an intelligent christian public,—a thing of beauty and power, an institution which the people of Illinois delight to honor and which honors them in a no less degree.

To properly estimate the measure of its progress and duly appreciate its present high position it is well to compare the University of the past with that of the present.

In 1850 it was first organized, and established as an academy or preparatory school in the basement of the First M. E. Church, of this city, with one professor. In 1851 it had two professors. In 1853 it held its first Commencement with one graduate. In 1857 it was re-organized and opened in its own building (now known as the "Old Collge Building,") as a college, with three professors and seventeen students. There were in attendance during the year sixty students, only seven of whom were in college classes. It had an unfinished building; was without furniture, library, museum, or apparatus chemical, or philosophical, and was burdened with indebtedness equal to, if not greater than, its entire assets. Today it has nearly three hundred students, one hundred fifteen of whom are in the college classes, and fifteen professors and instructors, besides an able corps of lecturers in the department of Law and Medicine. Its buildings furnish ample accommodations for seven hundred students. The new university building lately erected at a cost of \$120,000, is a magnificent structure both in point of size and finish, covers an area of 9,800 square feet; is

five stories high—including basement—and contains a principal chapel capable of seating from 1,500 to 1,800 people, a commodious day chapel, two society halls, reception room, and twenty-five other rooms, comprising twelve recitation rooms, maseum, laboratory, gymnasium, &c. It possesses property and funds, including endowment, to the value of \$250,000, wholly unencumbered.

Through the instrumentality of the Rev. G. W. Gue, of the Central Illinois Conference, the Trustees of the University have secured the control of one hundred thousand acres of the choicest lands in the West, lying in the celebrated Neosho Valley, Kansas.

Mr. Gue has been appointed agent of the University for the sale of these lands. As he has had many years practical experience in the selection and sale of western lands, and is a man of excellent judgment, the trustees may consider themselves fortunate in having secured his services. Mr. Gue has personally examined and carefully selected every section of land offered. He is meeting with admirable success, and the present rapid sales warrant the belief that 100,000 acres will be disposed of during the year, thus netting a handsome sum to the University.

For the financial prosperity of the University, great credit is due to the Rev. Chas. W. C. Munsell. He was appointed Financial Agent in 1857, and ever since that time its financial management has been entrusted to his care. How much this man has done for the University may never be known in this world, but this we do know: that for all these years of toil and care in its financial management, he has very rarely accepted any compensation, nor has he scrupled in times of great pecuniary need to apply his own private funds. To Rev. Chas. W. C. Munsell and his brother, Rev. Dr. O. S. Munsell, who devoted the best years of his life to its cause, the University owes much of its present prosperity,

if not its very existence. Whatever triumphs may be achieved in the future, these men, for their noble and generous devotion, will live in the hearts and memories of all who love our University. There are other names that deserve honorable mention, but want of space forbids.

Until within the present year its development has never been rapid, but it has been of that peculiar character which is achieved only amid difficulties with great toil and care, and is so well calculated to form the foundation of a great superstructure.

The foundation has been laid deep and broad and firm; and now in the year of grace 1874—if we mistake not the signs of the times—we behold the beginning of the end which its founders had in view when they procured its liberal charter; the establishment of a *University* in the highest sense of the term, embracing all the departments of Law, Theology, Medicine, Science, Art, Agriculture and Commerce.

Within the present year have been established Ministerial and Post Graduate Courses, and a well organized Law Department. The Trustees and Faculty design at an early day to establish the other departments of a true University.

There is, perhaps, no department, either already established or to be established, of greater immediate vital importance to the University and the people generally, than the Law Department which we propose here briefly to sketch.

#### THE LAW COLLEGE

of the Illinois Wesleyan University, was permanently organized in March, 1874. First term opened April 6th, 1874, with a goodly number of students, most of whom entered the Senior Class.

The very able and efficient

#### LAW FACULTY

is composed as follows:

Rev. Sam'l Fallows, D. D., President.

*Professors.*—Hon. R. M. Benjamin, A. M., Dean, Property, Contracts and Domestic Relations; Hon. Owen T. Reeves, A. M., Pleading, Evidence and Equity Jurisprudence; Hon. Robt. E. Williams, Constitutional, International and Criminal Law.

*Law Lecturers.*—Hon. Thos. F. Tip-ton, Jas. S. Ewing, Esq., J. H. Rowell, Esq., and A. E. Stevenson, Esq.

Of the President, Rev. Dr. Fallows, little need be said. He is well and widely known as an efficient organizer and educator in every department; as President of the University he has already achieved wonderful success, and received from ministry and people that endorsement and high commendation which he so justly merits. The professors are men of thorough culture and scholarly attainments, widely known and justly ranked among the first in their profession; each excels in the department for which he has been chosen.

The Course of Instruction has been carefully prepared, modelled after the best Law Schools of the United States, and is designed to prepare students for admission to practice in the highest courts of the state and for general practice in the United States, and will extend through two years, embracing four terms of three months each.

The method of instruction as devised by the Law Faculty, is a combination of what is commonly known as the "quiz" and "lecture" systems, combining the excellencies of each, and is by recitations upon carefully prepared topics; by lectures and expositions; and by moot courts.

In addition, a course of lectures will be given in connection with the regular instruction, by distinguished members of the bar. It is designed that this Law School, in the thoroughness and efficiency of its course, shall be second to none in the United States.

The Terms of Admission are, that the candidate shall be eighteen years of age, and of good moral character.

No previous course of reading is required except in case of candidates for a degree, who apply for admission to advanced standing. Students who have taken a partial course in a law office, or some other law school, may enter upon any term of the course by passing the requisite examination before the Dean of the Faculty, and be entitled to the regular degree at graduation.

The degree of Bachelor of Laws will be conferred upon students who shall have completed the prescribed course and passed the requisite examinations.

Law Commencement will be held in March of each year, at the close of the



winter term. The first regular commencement will take place in March, 1875.

#### LIBRARIES

To which the students have access are :

*The Law Library*, which is considered the most complete in the State, and one of the best in the Northwest. It comprises all the State Reports, United States, Circuit and Supreme Court Reports, English Common Law and Chancery Reports, American Reports, United States Digests, State Digests, Statutes, public and private, of Illinois, and the general Statutes of other States.

*The Bloomington Library*, one of the best in the State, comprising over 6,000 volumes, chiefly standard and rare works, which is open every week-day from 2 to 6 & 7 to 9 p. m. Students are admitted to all the privileges of members as to the use of books, for the trifling sum of \$2.50 per annum, and have access, free of charge, to the pleasant and commodious reading room, which is stocked with all the leading periodicals, newspapers and current literature of the day. This library is deservedly popular among the students.

*The University Library* and reading room which will be open to *all* students every day except Sunday.

#### COURTS

Are held in Bloomington almost continuously throughout the college year. Many important cases are brought here by change of venue, and here, from time to time, the student of law may listen to the eloquence of the leading lawyers of the State, each in his chosen sphere, thus presenting great diversity of legal talent and forensic eloquence.

#### ITS LOCATION

Can scarcely be surpassed.

*Bloomington*, a prosperous and rapidly growing city, with a population of over 20,000 inhabitants, as a seat of learning possesses superior advantages ; in its central location, its excellent railroad connections with all parts of the country, the enterprise, public spirit and morality of its citizens, the literary culture of its society, its delightful and healthful climate, and the great beauty of its location.

The great necessity for a first class Law College, in the midst of this vast region of country, with its great resources and its wonderful development would furnish

sufficient reason for its establishment, were all other reasons wanting. The present age demands a high degree of culture in every profession, and especially in the law ; men who half a century ago were competent to lead their professions would now find their peers in the common walks of life all around them. Men cannot reasonably expect in the present state of society to arrive at eminence in the legal profession by merely reading in an office, without first having obtained a liberal education. Considerations like these doubtless first led to the founding of this University, and like considerations, weightier now than then, have induced the present authorities to establish its law department and higher courses of learning.

#### PROSPECTS.

The two law classes already in attendance are composed of earnest young men most of whom are either graduates or under-graduates of some institution of learning, or have already pursued the study of law in offices.

Letters are coming in from all quarters, from young men who design to avail themselves of the excellent facilities here offered for the study of law.

The prospects of the University were never so brilliant as now.

With a President of unflagging energy and wonderful executive power, who has already proven himself master of the situation ; an able Faculty, several of whom have stood by the institution in the most trying hours of its history and learned by experience to comprehend its every want ; and a board of Trustees composed of men of ability, power and influence ; it is winning its way by rapid strides to popularity, prosperity and power. But the most significant fact of all is that *the people are taking hold of it*, and when an intelligent people rise in the majesty of their united strength let skeptics stand aside, for the will of the people is the will of a sovereign.

What the Illinois Wesleyan University is to be we know not, but we feel assured that from town and city, hamlet and farm, over these broad prairies, young men will crowd into her halls for that culture which the age demands, and help to build up here a University that will honor the people and the fair land which it adorns.

## THE RIDE OF COLLINS GRAVES.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FLOOD IN MASSACHUSETTS, ON MAY 16, 1874.

No song of a soldier riding down  
 To the raging fight of Winchester town ;  
 No song of a time that shook the earth  
 With the nation's throes at a nation's birth ;  
 But the song of a brave man, free from fear  
 As Sheridan's self, or Paul Revere ;  
 Who risked what they risked,—free from strife  
 And its promise of glorious pay,—his life.

The peaceful valley has waked and stirred,  
 And the answering echoes of life are heard ;  
 The dew still clings to the trees and grass,  
 And the earlier toilers smiling pass,  
 As they glance aside at the white walled homes,  
 Or up the valley where merrily comes  
 The brook that sparkles in diamond rills  
 As the sun comes over the Hampshire hills.

What was it that passed like an ominous breath ?  
 Like a shiver of fear or a touch of death ?  
 What was it ? The valley is peaceful still,  
 And the leaves are afire on the top of the hill ;  
 It was not a sound, nor a thing of sense—  
 But a pain, like a pang in the short suspense  
 That wraps the being of those who see  
 At their feet the gulf of Eternity !

The air of the valley has felt the chill ;  
 The workers pause at the door of the mill ;  
 The housewife, keen to the shivering air,  
 Arrests her foot on the cottage stair ;  
 Instinctive taught by the mother-love,  
 And thinks of the sleeping ones above !

Why start the listeners ? Why does the course  
 Of the mill-stream widen ? Is it a horse—  
 " Hark to the sounds of his hoofs," they say—  
 That gallops so wildly Williamsburg way ?

God ! What was that, like a human shriek,  
 From the winding valley ? Will nobody speak ?  
 Will nobody answer those women who cry  
 As the awful warnings thunder by ?

Whence come they ? Listen ! And, now they hear  
 The sound of the galloping horse-hoofs near ;  
 They watch the trend of the vale, and see  
 The rider, who thunders so menacingly,  
 With waving arms and warning scream  
 To the home-filled banks of the valley stream.  
 He draws no rein, but he shakes the street  
 With a shout and the ring of the galloping feet.  
 And this the cry that he flings to the wind :  
 " *To the hills for your lives ! The flood is behind !*"

He cries and is gone ; but they know the worst—  
 The treacherous Williamsburg dam has burst !  
 The basin that nourished their happy homes  
 Is changed to a demon—It comes ! it comes !  
 A monster in aspect, with shaggy front  
 Of shattered dwellings, to take the brunt  
 Of the dwellings they shatter,—white-maued and hoarse,  
 The merciless terror fills the course  
 Of the narrow valley, and rushing raves,

With Death on the first of its hissing waves,  
 Till cottage and street and crowded mill  
 Are crumbled and crushed. But onward still,  
 In front of the roaring flood is heard  
 The galloping horse and the warning word,  
 Thank God that the brave man's life is spared!  
 From Williamsburg town he nobly dared  
 To race with the flood and to take the road  
 In front of the terrible swath it mowed,  
 For miles it thundered and crashed behind,  
 But he looked ahead with a steadfast mind:  
 "They must be warned!" was all he said,  
 As away on his terrible ride he sped.

When heroes are called for, bring the crown  
 To this Yankee rider; send him down  
 On the stream of time with the Curtius old:  
 His deed, as the Roman's, was brave and bold,  
 And the tale can as noble a thrill awake,  
 For he offered his life for the people's sake.

—JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, in the *Boston Pilot*.

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### OLD SAWS RESET.

As wet as a fish—as dry as a bone,  
 As live as a bird—as dead as a stone;  
 As plump as a partridge—as poor as a rat,  
 As strong as a horse—as weak as a cat;  
 As hard as flint—as soft as a mole,  
 As white as a lily—as black as a coal;  
 As plain as a pike-staff—as rough as a bear,  
 As tight as a drum—as free as the air;  
 As heavy as lead—as light as a feather,  
 As certain as time—uncertain as weather;  
 As hot as an oven—as cool as a frog,  
 As gay as a lark—as sick as a dog;  
 As slow as a tortoise—as swift as the wind,  
 As true as the gospel—as false as mankind;  
 As thin as a herring—as fat as a pig,  
 As proud as a peacock—as blithe as a gig;  
 As savage as a tiger—as mild as a dove,  
 As stiff as a poker—as limp as a glove;  
 As blind as a bat—as deaf as a post,  
 As cool as a cucumber—as warm as a toast;  
 As flat as a flounder—as round as a ball,  
 As blunt as a hammer—as sharp as an awl;  
 As red as a ferret—as safe as the stocks,  
 As bold as a thief—as sly as a fox;  
 As straight as an arrow—as crooked as a bow,  
 As yellow as saffron—as black as a sloe;  
 As brittle as glass—as tough as a gristle,  
 As neat as my nail—as clean as a whistle;  
 As good as a feast—as bad as a witch,  
 As light as day—as dark as pitch;  
 As brisk as a bee—as dull as an ass,  
 As full as a tick—as solid as brass;  
 As lean as a greyhound—as rich as a Jew,  
 And ten thousand similes equally new.

## BELLES LETTRES SOCIETY DEPARTMENT.

ALBERT WALKLEY, EDITOR.

## A REVIEW OF ONE OF DR. MUNSELL'S SENTENCES.

Our author, on page 62, Psychology, under the head of "The criteria of intuitive truths," uses this language: "So far as the senses are concerned, the test of truth is necessarily the concurrent testimony of two or more special senses."

Now the question might arise: If one special sense produces one sensation and another, another, the testimony of which are we to believe? Perhaps they are both in a certain sense untrue—that is, that none gives true impressions of external things. If this be the case, we are only modifying our false impression by another false impression. But surely no number of false impressions are sufficient to constitute a true one?

We now ask: Do we from our sensations know the world, *per se*? Our sensations are modifications, but are *these* true copies of the modifiers. The world is a cause, our sensations are the effects. In the same manner, then, that an effect is a true copy of its cause, are our sensations true copies of the outer world. If for instance I place my hand in the fire, touch gives a sensation—heat. Is it a true copy of fire? You hear the distant thunder. Sound has been caused in us by our aural nerve reporting the effect caused by the electrical phenomenon called thunder. But is the sound a true copy of thunder?

The heat is not in the fire, but in us. Had I put a stick into the fire instead of my hand, the stick would have felt no heat; there would have been no heat. So with the thunder. There were electrical discharges through the long geological ages of the past, but having only the silent rocks as auditors, there was no sound, and there was none until the aural nerve was created. Take a piece of musk, and did there exist naught but the oaks of the forest, there would be no fragrance. There must be an olfactory nerve which may be irritated before fragrance exists.

The fragrance exists in you, in me, in my consciousness, in your consciousness, and not in the particle of matter before us. Again, take a piece of sugar, and unless the sense of taste existed there would be no sweetness. Place that piece of sugar upon a stone, now drop a little water upon it, so that it melts. Is there any sweetness? Does the stone taste? If the sweetness be in the sugar the stone will taste it. No one will in the face of these facts argue that pain, thunder, musk or sugar, exists in the thing, *per se*. They are mere effects, and only exist because touch, hearing, smell and taste exist.

But if I say that sight only reveals to us certain attributes of things, and not the things themselves, some will object. Yet are not light and color mere attributes of fire, so that if there were no eyes there would be no light, no color. The sun had set in motion the ether, for untold ages, but to the mountains which raised their heads high above the plain there was no light. There was no light until the eye was created, against which these little waves might dash themselves.

Should you and I walk into a garden, and you call my attention to a rose, you say, it is red. Now the fact is, it is not red, there is no color in it at all, but it has the property of reflecting light in such a manner, that upon striking the retina of the eye it produces a sensation which we call red.

The same is true of all the colors. Nay, so far is it from probable that the red exists in the rose, that it is a fact in physiology, "that there are some nerves especially sensitive to red, others to yellow, and others again to blue light. \* \*

Max Schulze has recently proved, that in the eyes, not indeed of men as yet, but of certain animals, there exist differences which are observable in the nerve ends situated at the back of the retina.

Some of these end in little red drops, some of them in yellow drops, and some of them in colorless ones. The nerves whose ends contain the little red drops are more sensitive to red color than the

others; and so those containing yellow drops are more sensitive to the yellow color." May we not then conclude that we know not the world *per se* but entirely through phenomena?

## PLUCK.

F. H. CUMMING.

In a closely-guarded tent sat a group of military men, whose straps and crosses showed them to be officers. The most commanding man seemed to be pointing out a path upon the chart lying before them. A period of deepest silence was broken by, "Sire, it is impossible." With gleaming eye, and form drawn to its utmost height, the haughty general thundered forth, "Impossible; it is the adjective of fools."

Thus were displayed the persistent *energy*, unconquerable *will*, and indomitable *pluck*, which characterized a Napoleon. It was by *these*, that he made that terrible march across the Alps; by these he took Moscow; by these he conquered Europe.

There is incorporated into the mental being of *every one* a subtle desire, which incites him to brave opposition, surmount difficulty and crown his every undertaking with the laurel chaplet of the victor. In some this desire predominates; in others, by force of surrounding circumstances or constitutional fatigue, it may be, partly, or almost, wholly obliterated.

The normal condition of *everything* is action; earnest, energetic activity; and to this rule even man must bend. *No undertaking*, after having been once accomplished, is too great to again be performed, for "what man *has* done man *can* do." But you say "*Genius*." Beethoven used to say, "*Genius* is simply *talent*, well-directed by unflinching industry," and the lives and works of nearly all eminent men, clearly demonstrate the truth of this affirmation.

The world looks upon every man just as he has made *himself*; if content with a low position, to remain upon the bottom round of the ladder, the rest of humanity will not raise him to the top round. But his *pluck* must carry him up-

wards; perhaps *slowly* but none the less surely. He wastes no time in uselessly longing for the end of the rough path; and though in his mountain ascent he slip back again and again though the bruises be severe, though the storm beat heavily upon him, he *knows* that the path *must* end in victory, and always bemoaning his fate will not make the sharp thorns dull nor smooth the rugged rocks.

That always seems a poor, sickly philosophy which leads some disconsolate ones to wring the lower extremities of their brachial appendages, and with tone sepulchral to bemoan their sad fate because forsooth, they are *not appreciated*; while the briny drops of sorrow course silently down a furrowless cheek, not hardened by contact with the world, unscarred by blows received in life's fiercely waged contest. The *ability* is incorporated into the existence of *every one*; and he alone is to be blamed who is not properly appreciated.

The Three Fates were long ago forgotten, and their memory, like epistles "uncalled for," has long since been sent to the "Dead Letter Office" of oblivion.

A true man no longer makes tedious journeys to some oracle, in order that he may learn whether "the gods" are favorable to a contemplated undertaking, but with steady blows he demolishes the granite wall of opposition, his whole conduct showing the contempt with which he regards the one who is always waiting for something to "turn up," forgetful of the fact that the *fickle goddess fortune* has smiles for those alone who attempt to *do* for themselves; while those who sit idly awaiting a lucky turn of the wheel are ever favored with her frown.

Neither is it *birth* which gives a man *prestige*; nor is it what he *has* been; nor yet what he *will* be; but *what he is*.

Rome forgot that Cincinnatus was a ploughman : that his sunbrowned, horny hands, unaccustomed to wield the rudder of the ship of state, was more used to the plow handle. Cicero was but a despised *pleb* : and yet when those masterly sentences, pulsating with the god-given nobility of the *man*, thrilled the heart of the listener, who thought less of *him* for his low *birth*? Imminent danger made the old "Mistress of the World" forgetful of all *this*, while she thought only of the *man*, as he existed among the populace.

Pluck implies an ambition for something higher and better, and at the same time indicates a determination firm almost to obstinacy *to succeed*, whatever may be the obstacles which interpose between it and the goal. Never thinking of its private *weaknesses*, it sees only the *strong points*; asking no assistance from *others*, it does for *itself*, thus showing the fullest confidence in its innate ability to *do* and to *dare*.

The man who has this faculty well developed may firmly march down

"Into the jaws of death,  
Into the mouth of hell,"

and after the bloody conflict is ended he may silently drop a tear upon the mangled form of a fallen comrade, for a tender heart is not incompatible with *pluck*, but each is truer, purer, better associated with the other.

The shepherds, guarding their flocks by night, on those emerald hills of the golden Orient, saw not in their study of astrology, a something which indicated a great, illimitable thought sea, in the far beyond; but their observations and records form a broad basis, for that sublimely grand science, which a Copernicus and a Kepler having "*hunted down*" and purified, gave to the *world* as astronomy.

Alchemy is a long-forgotten illusion : the weary search for the "*Philosopher's stone*" has been long abandoned ; no wise old man, *now*, as in the misty past, lays down his misspent life, over the crucible, in his eager quest after the "*Elixir of Life*;" but the pluck of the Alchemists, increased every day by the strongest incentives, finally discovered, *not* the object so long sought in vain, but the solid foundation, upon which rests the superstructure, chemistry. Thus, *pluck*, work-

ing zealously in the direction of an illusive purpose, made *many* discoveries, which the alchemists appreciated not ; but which were to the world *invaluable*.

The noble character displayed by the

"Youth who bore 'mid snow and ice  
A banner, with the strange device,

"Excelsior!"

is ever to be admired and his example emulated.

A new, untrodden path lies before him; its difficulties unknown to any mortal; night has hung a curtain of cloud before the moon, and "spread a sable pall o'er all the earth."

The stinging sleet, hissing in its mad career, the blinding snow, dashing round him in fitful gusts, seem to be enough to deter him; but, alone he presses on, his heart warmed only by the inscription on his ice-covered banner.

An aged mountaineer, with locks which bear the frosts of *many* winters, in strange sepulchral tone, now warns him of the dangerous pass; of the mountain torrent dashing madly down the glen; of the avalanche, by which he may be overwhelmed; but, with unflinching step, he presses on, sending back upon the wild nightwind his watchword.

A pitying maiden tenderly entreats him to give o'er and rest his weary, aching head upon the bosom of love.

He falters not; but while the pearly teardrop glistens in his mild blue eye, his manly voice in accents sweet, yet firm, replies, "*Excelsior*."

The ruddy gleam from hearths afar, the warning words of age, the fear of danger, proffered comfort, ease, the seductive voice of love, are powerless, *all*, to change his inflexible purpose, or to deflect him from his course, onward, upward.

'Tis morning. The holy monks intone their sweetly mournful matins; a youth is found far up the mountain-side half buried in the drifted snow; his hand still grasping in icy clasp his banner; his upturned face looks heavenward; the tear is frozen, a shining diamond, on his cheek, still ruddy with the glow of joyous youth; the lips are wreathed into a rapturous smile, as though, when the king of terrors called, an angel from heaven had gently kissed him, and he had departed.

The strange, sad story of this youth may be all visionary, and yet how well it serves to "point a moral and adorn a tale."

For He who made us, calls us, *all* to deeds of noble daring, and many be the syren voices which would lure us from the path, in which stern duty calls our feet to tread; wierd prophecies of evil to befall us—direful and dark: and overhanging avalanches, all combine to fill our hearts

with terror stricken awe, as on we press to reach the goal.

But he whose *pluck* will not withstand such fearful odds, and over *all opposing forces*, ever on a steady march, pursue the path of noble living, can never hope to reap the full fruition of a worthy life.

For upward and onward he must ever urge his unfaltering course who seeks to win and wear the laurels of success.

## BELLES LETTRES EDITOR'S CORNER.

### FACTS.

Mr. John Bright is said to be the greatest humorist in the House of Commons of England. Speaking of the dissatisfaction of the conservatives he used this language, "If they had been in the wilderness, they would have complained of the Ten Commandments as a harassing piece of legislation." While Bright was sick and absent from Parliament, a noble lord took the opportunity of publicly declaring that, by way of punishment for the uses he had made of his talent, Providence had inflicted upon Bright a disease of the brain. "It may be so," said Bright to the House of Commons, when he came back, "but, in any case it will be some consolation to the friends and family of the noble lord to know that the disease is one which even Providence could not inflict upon him."

"Chas. Sumner has already sent communications to one of the spiritualist newspapers. Like the rest of spirits who choose similar "mediums" of communication with earth, Mr. Sumner has parted with his grammar since going to heaven, and with most of his common sense. This is a specimen of the rhetoric in which he now indulges. "Oh! my earthly friends, that you would ponder well that sacred injunction "Lay up treasures in heaven." You need not be told that to do this you must act unselfish—must bless some soul, that from that act shall flow out blessings to water the flowers of your spirit-garden."

Mr. Sumner was sometime metaphorical while on earth, but he never indulged in "flap doodle" of this deluded quality. Take another specimen. "Great had

been the anguish of my predecessor in spirit-life, Brother Preston S. Brooks, to have me reconciled and be at-one-ment with him, and great was my surprise and confusion, when my spirit was wafted over to find nearest me this once erring brother."

The long contemplated contest of Munsellian vs. Belles Lettres Society occurred on the 15th ult. The evening was not pleasant, but the people of the city turned out in great numbers and made the large hall look nearly full. Dr. Fallows presided over the exercises in his usual pleasant and efficient manner. The contested exercises were, Oration, Essay, Debate and Recitation, along with two pieces of music. In the *literary* exercises the Belles Lettres Society was so successful that the decisions of the judges said that Mr. Bosworth was victor in oration, Miss Lawrence in essay and Miss Ross in recitation; these three being members of the Belles Lettres Society; we were victors in the literary productions in the ratio of three to one, the debate being awarded to the Munsellian Society. In music we were unsuccessful, both pieces being decided in favor of the Munsellian Society. This made a tie in the decision of the judges. It had, however, been previously determined by the joint committee *that in case* of such tie, the debate should be counted as two points. This, of course, gave the decision to the Munsellian Society, who thus secured the victory. The Belles Lettres Society glories in its success, and hopes that fortune may continue to smile upon its efforts to entertain the public.

## MUNSELLIAN SOCIETY DEPARTMENT.

W. C. GILBREATH, EDITOR.

## FAITH ESSENTIAL TO SUCCESS.

M. V. CRUMBAKER.

As we go forth at night and gaze upwards, we behold the great celestial concave which overarches us, studded with sparkling gems that send forth their silvery rays to bless the earth and gladden the heart of man. And as we, aided by the instruments of man's invention, study these jewels of light, they enlarge and expand until they become suns, centers of so many systems. These centers with their attendants, in turn become satellites of a greater center, which, with its cognates, revolves about one still greater, far off in the fields of space. And thus may we continue our investigations until the brain reels in its attempt to grasp the vastness of the universe. As we contemplate these blazing orbs sweeping through space with such fearful velocity, performing their revolutions with mathematical precision; as we behold the unity and harmony that prevails, we are led to enquire, what conditions these movements? The answer comes to us in one of the grandest triumphs of mind; it is that silent yet potent force, gravitation.

Gravitation is the basis on which rests the universe.

It underlies, conditions and controls its every movement.

So, as we look out into this living, moving world of ours, and see the physical, mental and moral powers, as put forth by man, accomplishing such grand results; as we behold these systems of industry that exist all over our world, some in the frozen north, others in the sunny south, some in the far off east, others in the distant west, some on the islands of the sea, others on the mighty deep, revolving about their respective centers, and all revolving around one great common center—the glory of God and the happiness of man, the question just as naturally pre-

sents itself, what is the condition of this activity? Unhesitatingly we answer, it is *faith*.

The word faith is here used in its generic sense, including all the specific faiths, from faith in our own powers and in the external world, to faith in the most wonderful revelation from God, and as gravitation conditions the movements of the universe, in all its vastness, so does faith condition the activity and hence the success of man in every department of industry. There is a class of men who would ignore faith as puerile and silly, beneath the dignity of man. They would act from a knowledge of things and in the light of reason. But he who acts from knowledge alone, in the scientific sense of that term, will never act at all; because that which incites to action must pertain to the future and must have its final cause in the future; and since knowledge cannot penetrate the mystic veil of the future, we are unable to act through knowledge. But were we to admit that it is possible to act from knowledge, yet is faith necessary, because faith is a condition of knowledge. Before we can know anything we must have faith in the sensations and intuitions by means of which, and through which, we receive that knowledge. And to him who has not this faith, knowledge is impossible. Moreover, reason—much-boasted reason—which is one of the grandest characteristics of man, but which, like his other powers, is governed by the law of limitation, is conditioned by faith. Faith must furnish the premises on which we reason. There must be faith in the processes through which we arrive at the conclusion, and the conclusion which is reached and which is the basis of action, is faith; so that he who takes reason as his moving



and guiding power, to the exclusion of faith, must reject the latter by means of that which is itself conditioned by faith.

He, by faith in sensation and intuition—by faith in his premises—by faith in reason—concludes that faith should be ignored. But not only is faith the condition and final cause of all intellectual and, therefore, of all knowledge and reason, but it transcends these and reaching out into the unknown, grasps the great first cause, and binds man as with a golden chain to his Creator. Faith is the gravitation of the mental and moral universe.

But leaving this part of the subject, which is somewhat abstract, and passing to that which is more immediately connected with man's success in the great struggle of life, we find that whatever the vocation, faith is essential to success. There must be faith in self. In man's individuality, in his power to will and to do regardless of the influences which may be brought to bear, lies his true greatness. He who is continually depending upon others to lift him up and bear him on in the great struggle of life, or who is waiting for favorable circumstances under which he may accomplish something, will never succeed; and so deeply has this fact impressed itself upon those representative minds that have had occasion to watch the ebb and flow of the tide of human progress, that in almost every instance where success has been the theme, self-reliance has been the watchword. But what is self-reliance but a firm, unwavering faith in the powers and faculties with which we are endowed. He who would succeed must place implicit confidence in the powers implanted in self, which if trusted and exercised become almost Godlike in their proportions, but which if distrusted become the sport of every passing wind of adversity. But not only must there be faith in self but also faith in nature, in the universality and constancy of her laws. This underlies and conditions all art and science.

The farmer, with a firm belief that nature will prove faithful to that which he intrusts to her care and will, in return, give him a golden harvest, goes forth joyfully to his labor. The mechanic, while the great natural forces about him are seething, and struggling, and moving

with almost irresistible power, fearlessly pursues his task, relying upon the uniformity of the laws that control these forces. The geologist, believing that the laws that governed the formation of this globe are constant, enters nature's library, and there examining page after page of the great record-book of time, reads the history of the past.

The astronomer, in virtue of the faith that he has in nature's laws, goes forth to investigate her mysteries, enraptured with the silent music which has been echoing and re-echoing through this limitless expanse since first the morning stars sang together; and thus does the performance of every act, in whatever department of industry, whether it be the most menial service or the most comprehensive philosophical investigation, depend upon our faith in nature. There must be faith in our fellow-man. What is more beautiful and desirable than the association of kindred spirits with wants common and desires identical, helping and being helped, loving and being loved; yet without faith in our fellow-man, society is impossible. Discord must reign supreme, while jealousy, that green-eyed monster, revels in the heart of man, his ruler and destroyer. Exchange must cease. The vessel which now plows the mighty deep on missions of love, must rot at the wharf; the locomotive rust on the side-track; the manufacturing establishment, now so alive with human industry, become silent, and this beautiful world become one vast chaotic ruin, while man wanders solitary and alone, hating all and hated by every one. But let faith in our fellow-man be restored and the stronger and more universal that faith, the better the results, and we will have this happy, peaceful world again.

There must be faith in God. Man, with a spark of divinity burning within him, ever seeks a first cause, and in God does he find the uncaused cause of all things—the center of the universe where he may stand and move the world, where he may look out over the works of creation and inspired with a new life, may read and understand them. Take from him the conception of God and the injunction "know thyself" is meaningless mockery, and his relations to his fellows and to the universe about him, become an

unsolved and insolvable mystery; but let him have that conception and in God does he find a sufficient reason for all the phenomena about him; in *him* does he find the basis of all science, whether physical, mental or moral. Faith in God, so invigorates man that he is able to penetrate the dense darkness which surrounds him, and see beauty and harmony where before all was deformity and discord. At its touch the gates of mystery open, and by it the confused murmurs of nature are translated into a harmonious

song of praise. It opens up communication between man and God, the creature and the Creator; yea, it lifts man up and plants his feet upon the golden streets, where he may look out upon the works of creation and study and enjoy them through the countless ages of eternity, while seraphic music, wafted by the breezes of Heaven, shall sweep the cords of the soul, which attuned by the hand of faith shall vibrate responsively, adding new strains of sweetest accord to the melodies of Heaven.

#### MUNSELLIAN NOTES.

—R. E. McClelland, of '71, recently completed a medical course at Chicago, and is now practising at Williamsville.

—A. C. Byerley, of '71, is a member of the Illinois Conference, and stationed this year at Gibson City, where his labors have been crowned with success. We hear Mr. Byerley spoken of as a very efficient and able minister.

—During the pleasant spring evenings, when the silvery moon sheds its delightful rays over the earth, many of the gentlemen students may be seen perambulating with some of the fairer sex leaning gracefully on their arms, apparently serenely happy, the lessons of the morrow entirely forgotten. One basking in the sunlight of his fair dulcinea's radiant smiles, listening contentedly to her soft, sweet and melodious voice, is suddenly startled from his dreaming reverie by these words, never to be forgotten by him: "John, what an elegant evening to enjoy a dish of ice cream." He thrusts his fingers deep into the recesses of his pocket only to find it empty.

—We are pleased to present to our readers in this month's JOURNAL an essay by M. V. Crumbaker, which was read at the recent contest between the Munsellian and Belles Lettres Societies.

—A. Y. Morriss, of '74, is doing a thriving business in real estate and loaning, at Paxton. Mr. Axline, formerly a student of the Wesleyan, is his partner, and together they are making a success out of their investments.

—W. W. Pusey, of '70, who was admitted to the bar during the winter, is practising law in this city.

—The time selected for holding Class-day is Saturday, June 13th. The programme was published in the May number of the JOURNAL, but since that time the class has secured a large boulder weighing about twelve hundred pounds, on one side of which is engraved '74. This is a "new departure." Former classes have usually planted trees, which from neglect have almost invariably died. This boulder will not only be durable but will be ornamental to the grounds.

—The Inter-Collegiate Association recommended the organization of sub-associations in each college represented at its recent meeting, in order to promote the interest of the former.

In pursuance of this plan the students met recently to form such an association. A constitution and by-laws were adopted and the organization completed by the election of the following officers: President, W. A. Smith; Vice President, R. H. Bosworth; Secretary, J. M. Grant; Executive Committee, Prof. H. C. DeMotte, S. Van Pelt, W. S. Marquis, J. J. Brown, M. P. Lackland.

The association then proceeded to the election of an orator and alternate for the contest to be held in this city, Nov. 10, 1874, under the auspices of the Illinois Wesleyan University.

T. I. Coultas was elected orator, and R. H. Bosworth alternate. The selections

are excellent and give satisfaction, both gentlemen having won a reputation in this department; and we confidently expect, though having to cope with the ablest representatives of the different colleges of the State, that the one upon whom the lot may fall to speak, will certainly carry off the prize.

—We had no intention of commenting upon the contest at all, being willing to leave it as it was decided, but as the editor of the B. L. S. department has deemed it proper to publish an article relating to the contest, informing the friends of that society of its escape from the recent fiery ordeal, we also deem it expedient to do likewise, and wish to have our say. That there may be no misapprehension on the part of our readers, but that they may clearly understand the decisions rendered, we give the number of votes cast, together with the number which each society received. The entire number of votes cast was twenty-six, of which the Munsellians received fifteen, and the Belles Lettres eleven. The number of votes cast on the original productions was fifteen, of which number the Munsellians received eight and the Belles Lettres seven. So that in the original exercises the Munsellian received a majority of the whole number of votes cast. As regards the music, the Munsellians gained almost a complete victory, receiving five votes to the Belles Lettres one. On the recitation the Munsellians received two and the Belles Lettres three.

While we do not desire to boast over *victory*, yet we are willing and even anxious to compare the decision of the judges on each exercise with our sister society, and thus let our readers and the public know just how the decision was rendered and the number of votes each performer received. Now not that we wish to parade the decision of the judges on any particular exercise more than another, yet on the debate and instrumental music the victory was so signal that our Belles Lettres friends will pardon us for mentioning our *success* on these exercises, also the liberty we take in informing our readers that the performers on these two exercises were unanimously declared victors. From the above statements, and for which we can produce the papers to substantiate them, we claim a complete victory.

—The Annual Exhibition of the Munsellian Society will be held at Durley Hall, Thursday evening, June 12th, at which time will be presented a programme of unusual merit, interspersed with music and tableaux. Besides the above mentioned is a recitation by Miss Franc Pound. Orations will be delivered by J. Oliver Wilson and Fanny Kanaga. Debate by J. W. Coultas and G. W. Gray. The society will also present diplomas to those members of the graduating class who are members of the society.

We can assure all that the exercises will be profitable and entertaining, and we hope to greet a full house on that evening.

—J. W. Coultas, of '73, has been selected to represent the Juniors on Class-day.

—R. E. Moore, of the class of '69, who paid the society a visit some time since, seemed very much pleased with the rapid improvement. Mr. Moore is practising law at Lincoln, Nebraska, where he ranks as one among the best lawyers.

—Judge A. S. Wilson, a graduate of the University, and a former member of the Munsellian Society, has given such satisfaction to the district over which he presides as judge, that he is enthusiastically spoken of as a candidate for Congress at the next election.

—J. O. Wilson, of the Sophomore class, is president of the society, elected to serve out the unexpired term caused by the resignation of John Moore.

—Mr. Wilson, appointed as Instructor in Elocution by the Faculty, is giving general satisfaction. Those who have taken lessons from him are well pleased with his instruction and manner of teaching.

—The following is the list of officers for the fall term: President, T. Sterling; Vice President, W. A. Smith; Secretary, T. I. Coultas; Assistant Secretary, Minnie Rogers; Treasurer, J. O. Applebee; Librarian, Franc Pound; Chaplain, J. W. Coultas; Chorister, Frank Mueller; Attorney, J. F. McNaught; Court, J. O. Wilson, J. A. Smith and J. F. Baker.

—J. O. Wilson is delegate to the Interstate Collegiate Convention which meets at Chicago during this month.

## EDUCATIONAL.

There has evidently been a misapprehension on the part of some of our friends as to the amount of credit which is given to the ministerial course of study prescribed by General Conference, in the course which the University has suggested for the degree of Ph. B. and B. S. By an examination of the work laid down it will be seen that the course prescribed by the church is practically only taken as preparatory work, the prescribed courses differing from the regular college course not so much in *amount* as in *kind*. The aim of this "New Departure" is not to distribute degrees to all, irrespective of the culture which they indicate, but to prescribe a course of study of such a character that the *faithful, diligent* student can successfully pursue it without the aid of daily recitation. This way to literary distinction will be so guarded by rigid, thorough, impartial examinations, as to secure it against abuse by those who seek the *name*, without possessing that culture which would justly entitle them to such distinction. At the same time, those who have devised the scheme have sought to place in the list of required studies such as will more directly benefit those for whom the course is primarily intended. To accomplish this the Greek Grammar and Reader, and the Greek Testament have been substituted for *five* terms of advanced mathematics. This is the only essential difference between the regular courses of the University and the special courses recently prescribed.

From the very many favorable notices of the so-called "new departure" of the University, which have been received from those in high positions, and who ought to know whereof they speak, we take pleasure in selecting extracts from a letter by the well-known Baptist clergyman, Rev. M. P. Jewett, founder and first President of Vassar College. He says: "I heartily approve the methods

proposed. They meet a profound want, not felt in the ministry of your denomination alone, but recognized and deplored by numbers in all our churches. Hundreds will avail themselves of the opportunities your University presents. \* \* \*

"Your scheme is a most happy, timely and practical application of the London University plan to the wants of the great West. When in London, in 1862, I had the honor of an invitation to attend the commencement (as we call it) of that institution, Chancellor Grote, the historian, presiding; and ever since I made the acquaintance of that distinguished advocate of a liberal education for the masses, I have been interested in the idea of conferring diplomas on all comers who pass the required examinations. \* \* \* \*

"I predict that the results will equal your most sanguine hopes. He who lives twenty-five years in this Valley of the Mississippi, will see a grand uplifting of the Ministry, through the modest but potent agency you are to-day putting into operation."

—Hon. B. G. Northrop, Secretary of the Board of Education, of Conn., says: "I am not aware of any recent change in the London University plan of conferring degrees upon examinations alone. Its general features I heartily approve, and I should be glad to see such a plan tried in this country, especially for the benefit of those who by peculiar circumstances are prevented from attending regular college classes, and who still persevere in the face of many difficulties in mastering the full college course of study."

—The following is from the late Dr. Joseph Haven, of Chicago University: "The plan of your University in conferring degrees on those who pursue courses of study in philosophy, &c., &c., after graduation, strikes me very favorably. It is the true University theory, in distinction from the American college."

## OUR EXCHANGES.

We are under obligations to the publishers of our various church papers for the regular visits of these valuable publications. *The Christian, The Northern, The Western, The Northwestern, The Central, The Methodist, The Southwestern*,—the whole Advocate Family, we are happy to welcome to our table. One is never at a loss for pleasant and profitable reading when in the midst of this "happy family." And then the *Ladies Repository* and the grand *Methodist Quarterly* fill what otherwise might be a void without their presence. We are glad that we can include the *Methodist* in this favorable enumeration, for though it has but recently begun its visits, we prize it none the less. If *Zion's Herald* would just walk in at our open door, and the *Golden Hours*, full of sunshine, show its face to please the children, the family would be unbroken. It is gratifying to know that so many people avail themselves of these great aids in the work of true mental and moral culture. We would that the number might be vastly multiplied. Surely no home is complete without its *religious* paper and no Methodist home without one or more of these excellent weekly, and monthly publications of our church.

Among our most valuable we place the *Scientific American*. Its regular visits are occasions of both pleasure and profit. Filled as its columns are with interesting and instructive articles upon live and practical topics, it is of especial value to

the artisans of our country. We regard it as one of the best of its class.

*Oliver Optic's Magazine* is a welcome visitor at our table. The last number is unusually full of that which pleases the Rambler in the field of lighter literature.

*Wood's Household Magazine* also puts in its appearance regularly and is entitled to a hearing. It well sustains its reputation as a first-class, live publication. While its contents are not deep or scientific, its pages are free from trashy, sensational stories, and are full of bright sunny reading that goes home to the heart.

*St. Nicholas* comes to us loaded with good things for the young folks. It fully meets the generous promises made to its readers in the beginning, and seems destined to play an important part in elevating the general style of juvenile literature.

*The Pennsylvania School Journal* is a valuable addition to our list. We often consult its pages and "never go away empty."

Ranking among our first and best educational exchanges we find our friend and neighbor *The Illinois Schoolmaster*. Fully awake to the cause of education in the interest of which it so zealously labors, it imparts just such information in its monthly visits as those directly engaged in the educational field desire to gain. No wonder that its circulation is steadily increasing.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Bound copies of the ALUMNI JOURNAL for 1873, are now ready for delivery, at \$1.25 per volume.

—Rev. R. Edwards, LL. D., President of the State Normal University, will participate in the inauguration ceremonies, Tuesday morning, June 14th.

—Hon. Newton Bateman, LL. D., State Superintendent of Public Instruction, will deliver the annual address before the University on Tuesday evening, June 14th.

—The law class in the University now numbers *twenty-two* members. As this is the first term since the formal organization of the department, the attendance is regarded as highly satisfactory.

—We understand that the Executive Committee of the Alumni Association is making arrangements for a grand reception and banquet, to be given on the evening preceding Commencement. Will all Alumni take due notice and govern themselves accordingly.

—Prof. W. X. Nimble, of the Garrett Biblical Institute, at Evanston, Ills., will deliver the annual sermon before the University, Sunday evening, June 14th.

—The Statistician reports that an unusually large number of the Alumni of the University anticipate a visit to their Alma Mater at the approaching annual Commencement.

—The elegant parlor clock recently received from the Ithaca Calendar Clock Company, is not only highly ornamental, but is an accurate time-piece, indicating *month* and *day*, as well as the hour. Read the advertisement in another column.

—Governor Beveridge has been chosen to represent the State and also the Board of Trustees of the University, at the inauguration of President Fallows. These interesting exercises will occur Tuesday morning, June 14th.

THE AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA.—Any one wishing a complete set of this valuable work of reference, with the annuals to 1871 inclusive, can learn of a rare opportunity to secure them by addressing the editors of the JOURNAL. The books, twenty-seven in number, are in prime order, bound in library style, and will be furnished at a liberal discount.

—Through the kindness of Mrs. H. I. Shur, of El Paso, the Museum of the University has been made the recipient of a mounted specimen

of the white Heron, technically known as *Herodias egretta*. By these constant additions our museum is becoming very much crowded, but send on your specimens, friends, for the sooner the present apartments become crowded the sooner will the authorities feel the absolute necessity of furnishing new and better ones.

—The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of Swann, Pillsbury & Co. This firm is composed of some of our most reliable citizens, who have had large experience as real estate, life and fire insurance, and loan agents and brokers. Persons wishing to make investments, or to secure by reliable insurance what has already been invested, can learn what will be greatly to their interest by calling at the elegant office of Swann, Pillsbury & Co., East of the Court House.

—No doubt many of our readers will be interested in the article upon the "Manufacture of Locks," in our present number. The justly celebrated "Yale Lock" is certainly a very ingenious contrivance for thwarting the machinations of the light-fingered. We advise all who wish to protect their "earthly treasures" against the depredations of the thief and robber, to secure the entrance thereto by a Yale Lock. These locks are manufactured at Stamford, Conn. They may be obtained from the hardware trade or of the company direct. General sales room, No. 298 Broadway, New York.

## BOOK TABLE.

A COMPLETE HISTORY OF ILLINOIS, from 1673 to 1873, by DAVIDSON & STUVE; Illinois Journal Company, Publishers, Springfield, Ill.

This is an octavo volume of about 950 pages, and seems to have been prepared with unusual care. The history of Illinois is replete with facts of great interest to the general reader, and the authors have made good use of the material at their command. The introductory chapters give a general view of the geology, climatology, &c., of the State, derived from the most reliable sources. The chapters concerning the ancient mound builders, the early Indian tribes, the Black Hawk war, the early history of the Mormons, &c., &c., will be read with great interest by those not already familiar with the facts connected with these subjects. The politician, as well as the student of history in general, will be likely to find in this work all that he desires in relation to the important part played by the "Great Prairie State" in the history of the Republic, both colonial and constitutional. Each administration, from that of Gov. Bond, begin-

ning in 1818, to and including that of Gov. Palmer, ending with 1872, is given all the prominence that the limits of the work will permit. It is substantially bound in half morocco, and furnished at \$5.00. Address C. P. Merri-man, Agent, Bloomington, Ill., or the Publishers. THE PHILOSOPHY OF MATHEMATICS, by ALBERT TAYLOR BLEDSOE, A. M., LL. D. Published by J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Phila.

We have read the above work with unabated interest and unusual care, and are prepared to give it our hearty endorsement. The philosophy of the method of limits and of indivisibles, is beautifully and clearly explained, and the fallacy of supposing that a variable does ultimately reach its limit, which is so common in text-books, receives its merited refutation. We hail this volume as a work of great value to both student and teacher, and confidently assert that its careful perusal must give the reader a clearer and more intelligent view of the science in the interest of which it is written. We shall recommend it as one of the text-books in our post-graduate course.

THE

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## A WORD FOR PUNS.

ALUMNUS.

THERE is a universal crusade against puns. With what holy zeal does the whole world put on the armor against these little harpies that prey upon the pure life of our language! And yet, with what piety, in this one instance, do men fulfill the divine injunction to love our enemies! How they pet the little captives, and toast them from place to place! A distinguished lecturer, at a no less distinguished college than old Princeton, says in a public lecture, that he would rather a man would openly insult him than fling a pun at him, and the next day sends a young lady word that he will call as soon as he is through with the *bore* of being *inaugurated* president of a certain society. Oliver Wendell Holmes calls punning *verbiicide*; agrees that "what was levity in the time of the Tudors grew to regicide and revolution in the age of the Stuarts," and endorses the savage old lexicographer's declaration that the man who would pun "would invade the paternal till without remorse," and a few pages onward in the same book, ere the impression of his words has grown faint in our minds, assures young literary aspirants that the *Atlantic Monthly* is not a *notion*, and through the mouth of his

convenient scape-goat ("that fellow they call John,") explains to a gaping crowd how a piano is like an onion,—"*because it's melodious.*" We need not multiply examples of the very general habit among men of condemning puns and then going their ways to laugh at the first one they hear, and make one (if they have the faculty) the first chance they get. Now it strikes us that there is not here a consistency that may be likened to a very precious jewel. So long as the reading people run after Saxe on this side of the water, and so long as it remains a matter of history how they did run after Hood on the other; and so long as the old thread-bare conundrums live, and new ones can sweeten *Ayer's Bitters* and *Extract Buchu* to the public taste—so long, the world need not tell us it does not like puns; we will not believe it. Holmes knew the public taste, and was perfectly aware, in his fierce onslaught on puns, that he afforded his readers far less entertainment in the "eminent authorities" brought down by B. F. against "tampering with the currency of human intelligence" than in the unpardonable sinner who is introduced as asking for the "cosine of Noah's ark" and remarking that

“the deluge was a deal huger than anything that has happened since.” There can be no doubt that, despite its protestations, the world does like puns—not excepting the bulk of its higher classes. Yet, it is true that they are very generally condemned; and there is scarcely one of us who has not, at some time, enacted the farce, Princeton lecturer. These singular facts, brought strikingly to our minds of late, have set us to inquiring into the reason of this strange contradiction, and into what is the estimation which puns deserve at our hands. The last inquiry comes naturally first.

In the outset, we think it must be granted to the puns that they have a sphere of practical usefulness. Grant that it is not a high sphere: yet, we all have to do common things sometimes; and it is well when we do them, to do them well. How else could Prentice so good humoredly, and yet so savagely (what was required), have struck back at his editorial antagonist who called him “an old pirate,” as by telling him that if he would come and say those words to his face he would most assuredly find him a “free-booter?” What other reply would have done so well when the overbearing husband would allow his wife no opinion, and knew he was right, and would bet his ears on it, as her quiet rejoinder that he should not carry his betting “to such extreme lengths?” How otherwise could the young man have retorted with such caustic delicacy upon the young lady who was sure he “never got a lick amiss?”—unless he “was hit at and missed,” as by naively rejoining, “Oh! as to that, I much prefer the licks to the misses?” Puns have their own place in the armory of the mind—a place which nothing else can fill. They are little pointed stilletos under a cloak of pleasantness. They are the legitimate weapons of a certain sort of combat; and no man who knows the history of a Prentice can doubt the keenness, or the terrible efficiency, of the weapon. In the mock combats of the social arena, in which we are all called at times to engage, and which, well fought, *appear*, at least, to enliven the world of spectators, the cloak of real pleasantness covers a *seeming* dagger. Those who rate puns at nothing are, assuredly, not familiar with the best

examples of these hand-to-hand tournaments of wit. Shall we not agree upon this much at least,—that puns are useful? Shall we add that they are pleasant?

There is something certainly pleasant in the surprise of a happy pun. This is shown by the effect upon us of blunders, or unconscious puns. Who has not smiled—and that audibly—at Mrs. Partington’s solicitous advice to the girls to “go and marry right away,” because she had heard that in all of our large cities “they dispatch two or three mails every day?” We remember a better illustration. The scene is a quiet family at its noonday meal, in a state noted for its hospitality and its good living. In attendance at the table is a saucy little descendent of Ham, whose countenance betokens an overwhelming sense of self-importance and a pride in all that pertains to his ridiculously august little self. But above all other things, this little specimen of mock-gravity prides himself upon his horsemanship. Allusion has been made (for its amusing effect upon little Dave,) to his skill as a cavalier, waking him up from a fit of egotistical abstraction. “Mrs. Jackson,” says one of the party to the lady of the house, changing the subject and alluding to Dave’s growing corpulence—“Mrs. Jackson, you ought to put Dave on short diet awhile.” “Pshaw! Frank,” says the indignant little Ethiop in a stage whisper, bobbing his head to his little white playmate at the table—“Pshaw! Frank, I kin ride shawt diet *without a bridle*.” Now in such cases the amusement is certainly increased and prolonged by the absurd unconsciousness of the blunderer; but first comes the flash of an unexpected development, the onrushing of a happy surprise. The importance to be assigned to this surprise of mind, this flash of novelty, in an analysis of the amusement afforded by puns will perhaps be appreciated when we recollect that it is only in the rarest of cases that we can laugh at a pun twice.

In intentional puns (good ones,) we have this flash [of agreeable surprise followed, in the case of most, by a continuous sense of a ludicrous combination of things, together with a pleasing percep-



tion of the wonderful capability of the words and the bright qualities of mind displayed by the punster. If the first element greatly predominate, the pun is a little meteor: it cuts a delicate line of light, and then goes out. If it have enough of the other, more substantial elements, it blazes on and on. And even these little, evanescent sparks of pleasure have their place and season. In our graver moods—and to some men (we pity them,) the lighter moods are sadly like angels' visits—, we do not notice them, and if we are compelled to notice them, find their lightness at discord with our feelings. Yet, who has not, from time to time in his life's path, crossed nebulous belts of humor, when he delighted to see the little sparks come down? It has been our good fortune to be in many pleasant showers. We know a man whose skillfulness with the painter's brush is almost equalled by the deftness of his fingers in handling the double meanings of words. Once upon a time he had occasion to make a visit to one of our great cities. Having a source of income which brought him a large amount of copper coins, and living in a state where they do not largely circulate, he took his pockets full of them, to pay his expenses in the city. Going down a flight of ice-clad steps (for it was winter,) with both hands thrust into his pockets for warmth, and both palms full to their utmost of coppers, his feet slipped, and he instinctively threw out both hands into the air to balance himself, sending a deluge of one- and two-cent pieces upon an astonished boot-black at the foot of the stairs. "That boy thought he was in the reign of money," said he, laughingly describing the scene to us. "Did he want to black-mail you?" we asked. "No," replied the gentleman "but I thought *he* needed a brushing"—alluding to the little rascal's merriment over his mishap. We may add that this gentleman is one of Uncle Sam's postmasters, and is the same man who once, upon having his office fitted up, gravely instructed the inquiring sign-painter to substitute for the usual designation of "Letter Box" the more expressive injunction, "Letter Slide;"—and these words would be there to day as a memorial to the unsuspecting simplicity

of the workman, had not the instructions been altered. Speaking of Holmes reminds us of an irrepressible young man we know. "How do you like your Holmes now?" said a room-mate to our friend, alluding to a copy of the Dr.'s poems the latter had been reading. "Oh!" said he. "I've got two of them; and I am very much attached to my Holmes—especially the one at the Breakfast-table." We remember the usually dry old minister, who had carried scraps of classics in his mind over the forty years of interval since he was at college, and who, upon seeing us indulge ourselves in our favorite preserve, played well upon Horace's "*Jam sat is.*" We remember a teacher's institute in which a rabid advocate of corporal punishment was most happily and humorously taken off by a humane member who referred to the former's oft-repeated "*ultima ratio regum*" as the "*ultima ratio switchum.*" We remember (with gratitude,) the man who first suggested to us to *cozen* a certain interesting distant relative out of a kiss. Now, we say that these little sparks of pleasantries, in which the novel predominates, have been agreeable to us. Then passing over the pleasing, and sometimes exquisite, humorous excitement of the mind at the association of incongruous things (the very essence of wit), there is, as we have said, another pleasure, arising from our perception of the bright qualities of mind displayed by the punster. In regarding works of art, there is a distinct pleasure arising from what we may call their representative character. The workman lives again in his work; and as the marble lips of every piece of sculpture are eloquent of the sculptor, so words, besides what they are intended to convey, have always a tale to tell of those who speak them. The tale which good puns tell is to us—and we think to most persons—a pleasant one. It certainly requires a quick alacrity of thought to conceive in a nick of time the face, and reverse side, of a pun, and certainly an ingenuity of mind and an artful dexterity of touch, to fit both meanings deftly into the little piece of humorous mosaic. We appeal to every man's acquaintance if every ready punster he knows, is not a person of nimbleness and ingenuity,

and imaginative brightness, of mind. Holmes (he is responsible for this article, and fresh in our minds) gives a definition of puns which is more than an argument in their favor. After defining humor and pathos as consisting in throwing upon objects certain of the colored rays out of the white light of perfect truth, he defines punning as consisting in making the shadow of one object overlie another object. What fine analogies must be handled! What rapid workings of perception in laying hold of the resemblances which will allow it! What delicate work in its execution! But as the shadow of the one object is made to overlie the other, not simply for the feat of making them overlie, but for a purpose beyond, we would modify the illustration and liken the skillful punster to a worker in mosaic who sets both meanings of a word nicely into the same surroundings, thereby making two mosaics—a face and a reverse—each distinct—each perfect. Is there not play here for a bright inventiveness of mind? Is there not a call for the airiest dexterity of touch? Is there not room for what we may even call *genius*? If the seal of genius be the height of its works above the common reach of men, we claim that the elevation of the best specimens of punning above the common kin raises them to that upper sphere. It is not a deep or a profound genius, but one that is subtle, and flashing, and keen. The mind perceiving it, instinctively makes its slender obeisance in acknowledgement of its excellence; and the excellence is a source of pleasure. But lest we be thought to shoot clear over actual puns and to be arguing from pictures without an original, we will pause, to give some specimens which we have had opportunity of collecting, to show that we have not overdrawn. In the first place, what inventions and aptness are shown by John G. Saxe, that greatest of English punsters, (and for aught we know, of all punsters) in his description of himself in his rhymed letter to the editor of *Knickerbocker*. He says:—

“I am a man, you must learn,  
Less famous for beauty than strength;  
And, for aught I could ever discern,  
Of rather superfluous length.  
In truth, it is but seldom one meets  
Such a Titan in human abodes;  
For when I stalk over the streets,  
I'm a perfect Colossus of roads.”

Then take his “Briefless Barrister.” What an embroidery of happy witticisms! For its intrinsic merits, and under the conviction that, among the multitude of lawyer sons who have gone forth from the parental roof of the *Alma Mater*, there does somewhere most likely exist one brother *alumnus* to whom (misery, &c.) it might be a crumb of consolation, we have felt moved in spirit to transcribe it entire; but space forbids. Yet, we cannot leave without shedding a silent tear over him whose case was that he “had no case at all,” and

“As to the cause of his death  
‘Twas no doubt from the want of a cause.”

What a neat and ingenious overlying of shadows in the following lines from “The Cold Water Man:”

“To enarm the fish, he never spoke,  
Although his voice was fine;  
He found the most convenient way  
Was just to drop a line,  
“And many a gudgeon of the pond,  
If he could speak to day,  
Would own with grief this angler had  
A mighty taking way.”

Then there is Saxe’s “Tale of a Dog,” which is indeed “short but significant.” It contains a famous pun which will be fully appreciated by those only who have read Virgil, and felt the awe-struck suspension of a boyish mind when, “rising from his seat at the helm,” some *magnus dux* of the Trojan mariner goes forth to commune with the gods or do some superhuman deed. One of the *proavi* of Rome rising to a mighty exploit! The cynosure of a “*puppi*,” indeed! What a combination across the ages!

Who is not aware that the popular reputation of George D. Prentice is virtually the reputation of puns. His brilliant poems are known only to the scholar, while his puns go the perpetual rounds. It was he who first remarked: “It is an undeniable fact that, let them go where they will, the Africans retain more unequivocally than any other people the odor of nationality.” It was he who, in his galantry, so nicely pointed a compliment with a pun, when he he said: “There are, doubtless, a great many beams in the eyes of the ladies; but they are mostly sunbeams.” It was he we believe, on the other hand, who reminded the clamorers for woman’s dignity and rights

that in the creation she was only "a side issue." But the best of Prentice's puns that has come to our knowledge is that which follows. He says: "A poet who has earned considerable reputation writes,

'Why sit I silent in this lonely world  
To hear the ravens cry.'

We presume that he hears him for his *caws* and is silent that he may hear."

There is an anecdote of Goldsmith and Sheridan which involves a pun not in itself worth embalming in history: but the anecdote is interesting, as illustrating the character of those two illustrious men, and as bringing out into clear light some of the distinctive features of the typical punster. A quick command of the powers of the mind and a readiness of invention are, of course the prime requisites of a punster. Hence Goldsmith was no punster; but Sheridan was a master in the art. The peas one day at Sheridan's boarding-house were unsavory and dry, and not at all in that state of refreshing greenness which was to be desired. The poet-commoner remarked that they should be sent to a certain borough outside of London; and, upon being asked his reason he replied, "That is the way to Turnham Green." Oliver Goldsmith, that unfortunate man who wrote "like an angel and talked like poor poll," attempted, at a literary supper shortly after, to recount the witticism, and was amazed that the audience failed to respond with the expected applause, when he told them how Sheridan said the peas should be sent to the borough because that was the *road* to Turnham Green. It is said that after repeating it several times in a vain attempt to correct himself, he rushed from the table in utter confusion of mind. As a matter of course, being a punster did not make the great difference in Sheridan's favor between the two men, but we think we are safe in saying that the qualities which made Sheridan a punster, being present in him and absent in Goldsmith, did make the difference. We may add here that while we can argue directly from the want of agility and readiness of mind to a lack of the punning faculty, we can not argue back again from the want of that faculty to a lack of agility and readiness of mind. Absence of facility in punning is no proof of stupid-

ity, any more than every man is a lubber who does not play upon the trapeze: he may use his activity in another way. But certain it is, that he who does play upon the mental trapeze is an active man.

And now there is another thought. Those who lay their burdens down and stop to play awhile upon the wayside of life come out not one whit behind those who trudge on with solemn faces and burdens growing heavier every day for want of rest. This playfulness of mind, this perfect abandonment of all care at times, is a constant refreshment by the way in life. We come back to the stern purpose of our lives with lightened hearts and fresh limbs. Those who look down upon the frame of mind which would indulge in humorous punning as trivial and low show not how much trivial things do for them in this world. Moreover, he who always in his thoughts connects a humorous pun with the cap and bells, has no conception of the refreshments of the art. There are higher walks in punning of which he does not know. It has heights of refined humor far above the reach of the buffoon. If a man does not believe it, his disbelief is simply an evidence that he has not scaled those heights, and has no strong humorous vision to see how high they are. This much of humorous puns.

There is, besides, a class of what may be called beautiful puns. The foreign idea introduced into the train of thought, with the secondary application of a word, brings with it various associations. They are to the other elements of the pun what stage scenery is to a play, or an accompaniment to a song. So that we may expect to find (and we do find) instances in which the associations of the idea introduced, forthwith charm us away from the ludicrous to a higher state of feeling. In that pun of Prentice's about the beams and the sunbeams, how we instantly glide away, as Uriel on the slant sunbeams, to a land of pleasant thoughts! When we are enjoined, "if you wish for heart's ease, never look to marigold," what a sweet scented breath from flowers seems to float over us! To those who most admire the "breathing flowers," what an air of loveliness hangs round each word in that famous pun of Leigh Hunt's, when

the pretty Jewess said, "I am very sad, you see," and he replied, "Oh! no, you are very fair, I see." This reminds us of a young friend of ours who admires a young lady because there is such a perfect sincerity—such a "*sweet heartiness*" about her. True puns of sentiment would lead us to suspect something of a poetic taste in the punster. And indeed the comic talent requires the same quick thronging of ideas, as those which go toward making the poet's soul, so that we might expect poets and punsters to frequently coincide. Not that all punsters would be poets. Not that all poets would be punsters. The poet has many of the qualities of the punster, and a great deal more. The punster has some of the qualities of the poet; something more. Yet, there is a common ground between them on which we might expect them frequently to meet. Still, does it not surprise us to find the list of celebrated English punsters not only headed by, but almost made up of, the names of Saxe, Shakespeare, Prentice, Hood, Douglas Jerrold, and Leigh Hunt,—all poets. Beyond doubt a man must have something of the artistic about him, to be a successful punster—something of the artistic like Nast, or something of the artistic in a higher sphere.

And now, if it be asked how all of these things can be consistent with the

general disrepute of puns, we reply that it is just as the dignity of love is consistent with the disrepute of sentimentalism, and just as the eminent respectability of some foreign nations is consistent with the unfavorable signification which had representatives of those peoples have caused to be attached to their national names in our American vocabulary. If love were not so strong a power, maudlin sentiment would have made the name of lover as disparaging a term to the public ear as punster. It would be interesting, if we had the space and time, to consider the laws of punning. Suffice it to say that puns out of place and puns out of time, and puns out of taste, have unjustly brought discredit upon their worthier kinsmen. We protest against this injustice, and insist that it is both unwise and unfair to judge the whole class by its poorest representatives. In a word, we join in the general condemnation of poor and indiscriminate puns as we would in the condemnation of anything else that is indiscriminate and poor; but in the case of the declaration of sweeping hostility against puns as a class, we join the ranks of the puns.

The general judgment on this subject is to be taken *cum grano salis*, (even the old Latins were accustomed *somo verborum ludere*,)—and a large one.

### ETERNITY.

Count the gold and silver blossoms  
 Spring has scattered o'er the lea;  
 Count the softly sounding ripples  
 Sparkling on the summer sea;  
 Count the lightly flickering shadows  
 In the autumn forest glade;  
 Count pale nature's scattered tear-drops,  
 Ice gems by winter made;  
 Count the tiny blades that glisten  
 Early in the morning dew;  
 Count the desert-sand that stretches  
 Under noon-tide's dome of blue;  
 Count the notes that wood-birds wattle  
 In the evening's fading light;  
 Count the stars that gleam and twinkle  
 O'er the firmament by night—

When thy counting all is done,  
 Scarce ETERNITY'S begun,  
 Reader, pause! *where wilt thou be*  
*During thine ETERNITY?*

—Good A. 108.

## KANSAS AND YOUNG MEN.

C. RAYBURN.

As very many ambitious young men look to the West as the field of future action and consequent victories, I write this for the benefit of a few college friends, hoping that my observations, though somewhat limited, will be of some profit.

At present, every position that such persons naturally seek is filled and a number of applicants are eagerly clamoring to possess the same. I refer to the professions; and it is also much more true of many "trades." Agriculture is calling for more of her votaries to come and possess these vast numbers of unclaimed acres, while manufacturing is almost unknown.

Turning again to the "professions," we easily discover that they are filled to a great degree by men wholly unworthy of the positions they hold. With the exception of a few, they may be divided into two classes. First, *Adventurers*: men too lazy to gain a livelihood by manual labor in the East, and whose mediocrity prevents them successfully combating with able and educated men. They came here early, and through brazenness and impudence have secured nearly all the offices of honor and profit, monopolized the professions of lawyers, physicians and teachers; and they will continue to hold them for some considerable time, for they can afford to undertake the work at a less compensation than a more competent person will perform the same.

To the second class belong street corner politicians, broken down lawyers and bankrupts. These classes abound in every town, ever crying for office or the spoils of office, and will do anything to gain their ends, for they have neither property, name, nor character to suffer. Of course, this is not true of all occupying these positions, but the number is sufficient to make it the rule and not the exception. Those who have engaged in business, as a general thing, are of a different sort, and are improving the country to the best of their ability. But there is a class of bankers and land agents who, in their inordinate desire to become rich, will rob the people of everything they

possess. These men cripple the country by not doing an honorable and honest business. The land agents use every means in their power to induce people to locate in this country, holding out as inducements what they know full well cannot be realized. As a general thing, land is held at least fifty per cent. above its real value. When a farmer comes here the majority of persons with whom he comes in contact, try to get his money by overcharging or unfair dealing in some way, till in a short time he is reduced to the same moneyless condition as themselves. There are many fine opportunities for the stock raiser, provided he is a man of judgment and *bulldog tenacity*.

It is true that a great many people come to the West to "get homes," and, from a financial point of view, get them cheap, but, after all, they are dearly earned. In many places taxes are high and taxable lands scarce, as "homestead" land is exempt from taxation till "proven up," and for this reason the burden is heavy on those owning taxable land. Though taxes are light, when compared with those of the East, still it is well to remember that the tax payers' resources are not as correspondingly large. Some towns have been heavily burdened by voting bonds for school houses, bridges, and other public improvements. It is well before purchasing property in towns, and even in some school districts, to ascertain the financial condition of the corporation. The enquirer must do this with great caution, for it is very difficult for many people, in this State, to tell the whole truth in such matters. There are too many young men here seeking employment of all kind. Those who are well qualified for the positions they desire to fill, having sufficient means, in addition to what they can make in the mean time, to enable them to live for several years will be benefitted by coming to this State. Men of integrity, earnestness and perseverance are the kind, and the only kind, needed in the West.

## THE LITTLE MAGICIAN.

TWIG.

What a wonderful little magician  
 Dwells in the heart of woman!  
 How he touches those that she loves,  
 And makes them more than human!

What a magical little sculptor  
 Is the fancy of her heart!  
 How it carves out of man's rough marble  
 Higher beings, by its art!

What marvelous little weavers  
 Are the fingers of her love!  
 How they fashion for man bright garments,  
 Of affection's gold-thread wove!

What a mystical little Heaven  
 In the sky o'er a woman's soul!  
 How strangely men become angels,  
 Translated up to that pole!

What a wonderful little magician  
 Dwells in the heart of woman!  
 How he touches those that she loves,  
 And makes them more than human.

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## LET THE WORLD KNOW YOU'RE A MAN.

Come! off with your coat and roll up your sleeves!  
 Young man, I'm speaking to you;  
 Oh! why do you stand in this busy land,  
 And say "there's nothing to do?"  
 Just pull off your coat and roll up your sleeves,  
 And do whatever you can;  
 You'll find it will pay in the end, I say,  
 To let the world know you're a man.

Come! off with your coat and roll up your sleeves!  
 Then you'll find plenty to do;  
 Don't sit down and growl, but get up and howl,  
 And "paddle your own canoe!"  
 If you're in hard luck, then show you've got pluck—  
 Never sit down and complain;  
 But get up and dust, and scour off the rust,  
 And then go at it again.

Come! off with your coat and roll up your sleeves!  
 Young man, why do you complain,  
 And stand on the street just like a dead-beat,  
 If "nothing was made in vain?"  
 Now, off with your coat and roll up your sleeves!  
 And do the best that you can;  
 In the end 'twill pay, as you'll find some day,  
 To let the world know you're a man.

Come! off with your coat and roll up your sleeves!  
 Take hold and work like a man;  
 Don't be a drone in this world all alone—  
 You'll find it's not the best plan;  
 But off with your coat and roll up your sleeves!  
 And be the first in the van;  
 Now, mark what I say! in the end 'twill pay  
 To let the world know you're a man.

## UTILITY AND CULTURE.

ESSAY READ AT THE PRIZE EXHIBITION.

W. S. MARQUIS.

“As vivacious as a Frenchman,” “as stubborn as a Briton,” and “as practical as an American,” are world-wide expressions. A deep seated love of the practical and useful, and an avowed enmity to the theoretical and speculative, are prominent features in American character. Is it practical? is an American’s first and most important question.

For the possession of this characteristic we are indebted in the first place to the pioneer character of our civilization. The broad field of national development is constantly calling for energetic laborers. On every side a thousand avenues of active business life swing wide their gates, inviting us to enter; thus seducing us away from all useless, aimless living.

In the second place, we owe it to our republican form of government. Republicanism binds a burden of responsibility upon every citizen, demands his judgment upon the weightiest questions of municipal, State and national legislation, and is therefore eminently calculated to produce wide-awake, practical men. In this American custom of subjecting everything to the test question, “Is it practical?” clearly lies one of the sources of American prosperity. Utility is the soul of progress. And the United States stands where she does to-day simply because her citizens have been content to live nothing but lives of active usefulness. We have produced artizans in place of artists; inventors instead of poets; and refusing to expend our energies and our talents in the erection of Pantheons and Alhambras, have reared commercial palaces and colossal workshops. Under the guidance of science, we have unlocked the storehouse of nature; turned in the rivers upon the water-wheels; unchained the giants of steam, and transformed erratic and dangerous electricity into an obedient servant. The result of all this is, the world beholds a nation, scarce one hundred years old, ranking second to none upon the globe.

But while we prize utility thus highly, and accord much honor unto it as a contributor to our remarkable success, we hear the voice of wisdom crying, “Beware! lest you sacrifice the noblest aims of manhood upon the altar of utility.” Utilitarianism, which makes all excellence to consist in utility, inclines to elevate the material above the spiritual: pleasure, riches and honor, above culture of mind and heart. The Utilitarian looks upon nature with an avaricious eye, quickly discerning wherein he can make it subserve some useful end, but “blind as a bat” to its divine beauty. He admires the strength and majesty of the forest oak, only as he thinks what a staunch hull it will build. He sees beauty in the blossoms that coronate a tree, but only as they prognosticate so many bushels of luscious fruit. He contemplates the majestic march of a summer’s cloud, filtering water upon the thirsty lands and shallow streams, but appreciates the phenomenon only as it invigorates his crops, or fills his exhausted mill-ponds.

“While the boundless fields of knowledge invite and allure the mind to gather treasures richer than Peruvian placers, immortal powers grovel in the dust, as if the world were a mammoth mine, and ‘man’s chief end’ to dig and winnow gold.”

Now there are but two aspects to material successes. They are sublime when they prepare the way for higher triumphs; they are base when they displace such triumphs.

It is honorable and noble to strive for wealth and honor, when they are to be made the stepping stones to a higher culture. But when mental and moral development is forsaken for sordid gain, or the bubble of a name, all this striving becomes dishonorable and ignoble. This is pre-eminently a money getting and an office seeking age. To become a money king, or sit in the President’s chair, constitutes the popular idea of human greatness.

“Get place and wealth, if possible with grace,  
If not, by any means, get wealth and place.”

is the favorite motto: and the battle cry that advice of old Mrs. Means, “While you’re gitting, git a-plenty.” Even the Scotts, Vanderbilts and Stewarts, who control their millions, grasp at a bargain as eagerly as the poor man: while representatives, senators and justices aspire, conspire, and even perspire, for that “four year bauble.” the Presidency.

How sad the remembrance we hold of Mr. Chase and Mr. Greeley, who permitted themselves to be crushed by what they deemed the disgrace of political defeat.

When will we learn that true greatness is something which neither poverty nor wealth, political defeat nor political success, can affect: that it lies within our own breasts, and consists in the highest development of those powers and capabilities which God has given us.

This then is the thought we would present. The American people, in their slavish subservience to the practical and useful, are losing sight of that superior mental and moral development known as culture. We do not forget, when making this assertion, that America is the home of free schools. But, a common school education, what is it? as Theo. Parker says, “only a mouthful and not a full meal.” Many years ago, Edward Everett remarked, “Education performs two offices: One regards the discipline and training of the mind to the highest point of excellence, and the other regards the diffusion of useful knowledge among the community at large.”

This latter is the office of our public schools, which do not pretend “to train the mind to the highest point of excellence.” And since they do not, should we not scorn to make them the sum total of education? He only strives nobly who strives for the best. Grand as a beginning, a common school education is an unworthy ending. It is simply the foundation upon which, in after years, and by unceasing labor, is to be reared the finished structure—a cultured mind.

All through this land there lurks an idea that the scholar is a man of theory and not of practice; a know-everything

and do-nothing; a “worthless recluse, as unfit for any handiwork or public service as a pen-knife for an axe:” that the cultured man is not a practical man; and thus are Utility and Culture set in opposition to each other.

Now we cannot speak too loudly the praises of culture, intellectual and moral, nor condemn too severely any spirit, even though it be utility, which is opposed to it.

But true utility is not opposed to culture. On the contrary it recognizes the fact, that “mind makes the man,” and that the genuine worth of an individual, or nation, is determined, not by worth, or material strength, but by the degree of culture attained. And does not history prove the truth of this assertion? Open the record of the past to what page you will, it is only to discover that those nations which have made material prosperity the object of their best endeavors, are the nations which have contributed the least towards the genuine advancement of civilization, and which are, today, the least remembered.

What though Babylonia had cities of stone, with massive walls and stately palaces. What though a golden Pactolus flowed through the Lydian empire, and a Ctesias sat upon her throne; though Macedonian armies, led by Philip and Alexander, carried captive kings and conquerors; though Phœnicia rolled in luxuries for which her white-winged ships ploughed the distant seas. How little have any or all of these done towards human progress. How little are they admired or remembered when compared with cultured Greece. Like meteors they swept across the sky of civilization, attracting attention and dazzling for a moment, only to disappear and be forgotten; while Greece, like a sun, traversed her cycle in the world’s history, shedding all about her the genial and purifying sunlight of her culture, the twilight of which still illumines the world.

“Culture proposes to develop a man in intellect, refine him in soul, and educate him in morals,” and so far from being in opposition to utility, its direct object is to enable us to better perform the duties, and enjoy the pleasures of life. It is the training and finishing of the



whole man until he sees physical demands to be merely secondary, and pursues literature, science and art as objects of intrinsic worth. It banishes that avaricious spirit which looks upon the grandeur and beauty of nature as did that fallen angel, "Whose looks and thoughts, even in heaven, Were always downward bent, admiring more The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold, Than aught divine or holy."

And bids us,

—"Go abroad

Upon the path of nature, and when all  
Its voices whisper, and the silent things  
Are breathing the deep beauty of the world,  
Kneel at its simple altar, and there behold  
The God who hath the living waters."

This is what men need, to see more of God and less of the world; more of the spiritual and less of the material. Why should we permit the cares of business and the enjoyment of pleasure to absorb our attention, until we forget that God has enkindled within us a vital spark and entrusted it to our care, not to languish and go out under the dull ashes of materialism, but to be fanned into a bright and heavenly flame. And does not the consciousness of a more perfect manhood amply repay the toil of development, however great?

Is it nothing to be able to look back and down upon what we once were? To look beyond and up, and find that we are nearer God, and that his approving smile is resting upon us?

What grander prize to strive for than a noble character?

"The purest treasure mortal times afford  
Is spotless reputation. That away,  
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay."

How strange that so many are satisfied to be nothing but "gilded loam" and "painted clay." Truly, indeed, may it be said of many in this day, in them,

"Accomplishment has taken virtue's place,  
And wisdom falls before exterior grace."

We read that Potempkin, a princely Russian, once built a palace of ice. "Huge blocks of ice were piled one upon another, Ionic pillars of chastest workmanship, in ice, formed a noble portico, and a dome of the same material shone resplendent in the northern sun,

which had just strength enough to gild, but not to melt it. It shone afar like a palace of diamonds. But there came one day a warm breeze from the south, and the stately structure dissolved away until none were able to gather the fragments. Fit symbol of the character which many rear. Flash and glitter and grace are there, but true and enduring excellence is not. Under the piercing rays of a close scrutiny, the fabric, however resplendent, melts away into nothing.

What this age demands, and what America especially needs, is a greater reverence for the *genuine*, and less respect for the *base imitation*. More gold and less "pinchbeck." More spice and less sawdust. Architectural buildings, not architectural tents which disappear under the little finger of time. Deep and laborious searchings in depths of knowledge, and less superficial skimming over the surface.

And this demand it is the province of culture to supply. Utility deals with material things, and supplies physical wants. Culture attends to the demands of the mental and moral faculties. These properly developed and no danger but that true excellence will be chosen in place of the counterfeit. The cultivated man demands the genuine, the rude and ignorant only are content with the flashy imitation. Thus we see that God has ordained that Utility and Culture shall go hand in hand. We can neither plunge into business, forgetting culture, nor live in refined retirement, and life be a success.

A useful *and* refined life is a divine melody, and the soul of man the harp of many strings upon which it is played. But the slightest neglect will destroy the enchanting harmony. Listen! what strains of melody are bursting from that full and practiced orchestra. Instruments and voices blend in blissful harmony. Wave after wave of melody rises and falls upon the enchanted ear. But one jar—one discordant note, and the entrancing music vanishes upon the air. And so with man, his powers of body, mind and soul are so many chords, one of which carelessly left unstrung produces a discordant note in the universal anthem of creation.

## ROCK ORATION.

G. E. SCRIMGER.

*Miss President, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

Change is the first born of all existence. It is written in unmistakable characters all over creation's page, the universal law of all material things. Recognizing the authority of this inflexible law, we, the class of '74, meet to inaugurate a change in class-day exercises; and, as we are well aware that all changes are not reforms, we feel it incumbent upon us to show the propriety of this important step. Our honored predecessors, from time immemorial, have brought their beautiful evergreens, and with tender, loving hands, planted them within the precincts of this classic campus. They have chanted their songs around the object of their love, breathed a prayer to heaven for its future prosperity, and delivered oration after oration, until every leaf, tissue, and fibre of the devoted tree has quivered with divinest eloquence. They have departed, and whether due to the disastrous effects of the speeches, sorrow on the part of the trees at the unhappy career of their respective classes, or what is very improbable, lack of horticultural skill on the part of the planters, we know not. To-day these trees are dead—their beauty departed, as they stand the sad monuments of their faded glory. This evening we come, bringing no beautiful, symmetrical tree, but this solid old rock, and we place it here not as our grave-stone (although we believe Mr. Graves has the honor of suggesting this exercise), but as a fit and lasting memorial of the class of '74. We consider it appropriate, in consideration of the manner in which it was doubtless transported to this vicinity. Centuries ago this rock was borne by the mighty ice-sea that swept over this continent, in an iceberg perhaps, from the regions of Lake Superior to this locality. It started a rough, rugged, ungainly mass, and although to-day it does not present a remarkable polished appearance, yet by the continual grinding of the ice, it became comparatively round and smooth. How fittingly this represents college life. We

came here from the farm, shop and city, in the rough we may say. We have mingled with our fellow-students: mind jostled and rubbed against mind, as in the recitation room, and mental tournaments, we have enjoyed the society of our noble instructors. Corner after corner, and edge after edge have been knocked off, and, although sometimes, it has seemed hard to part with some darling corner, yet after the rubbing and blows, although far from finished yet, we come forth better prepared to do our work in life. The college course is one great rubbing machine, and, to my mind, it is its greatest glory. It brings mind into communion with mind, develops what there is in us, and sends us forth into the world with eyes and ears open for the apprehension of truth. We consider this exercise eminently fitting from a consideration of the formation to which the rock belongs. It belongs to the Laurentian group, sometimes called the Azoic series, or as Azoic means without life, the lifeless series. At the first glance this feature may not seem very complimentary to our class, but, on a moment's reflection, it will appear very appropriate. This grand old rock belongs to the oldest formation known to geology; to the group that underlies all groups—the pillars of our globe. This evening, as we stand in the presence of our Alma Mater, we appreciate our college curriculum. It will compare favorably with any in this broad land. In after years our hearts will thrill with pride as we say we have come forth from old Wesleyan's sacred walls; yet we feel that we have laid but the underlying stratum of the successive formations of our lives. While we prize our present attainments, while our hearts beat with just pride as we recall the laurels won; yet, while clasping these fondly with one hand, nerved by faith in ourselves, our fellows, and our God, we reach forth the strong right hand to grasp other laurels in whose radiant beauty the achievements of the past shall wither and

fade. As the Laurentian group necessarily preceded the other groups, so we feel that this college course is necessary to lives of highest usefulness. This evening we come and place this rock as the corner stone of the structure of our lives which we propose to erect. May each of us erect a structure of beauty in every department of which truth shall sit enthroned. This rock has a still higher signification. Rock in all ages has been the emblem of durability, of truth. This huge old boulder is a crystalized thought of truth. While all else material is so transitory and mutable, God, as if to give us some faint idea of truth's immutability, has formed these grand old rocks which defy the storms of centuries, and stand forth in their sublimity almost untouched by time's destroying hand; so the education, the strength of mind we have acquired, during the years of our college life, is enduring. Our fortunes may be swept away in an hour, friends of whom we had hoped better things may leave our sides; yes, limb after limb may be torn from our bodies, but as long as reason remains intact so long will the precious hoardings of our college life be secure, a source of joy and help forever. And this valuable treasure is truth, and

"Truth crushed in earth shall rise again!"

True, many of the theories of science we have learned will doubtless be exploded; the whole theory of the solar system, as we understand it, may be entirely revolutionized, but our enlarged conceptions of the relations existing in mind and matter, our expanded views of the grandeur of the universe, will never be exploded—they are ours, *forever* ours. How beautifully, too, does this rock teach the importance of a good character. Great as is the value of education, yet of far more value and importance is a good character. This rock at one time was doubtless subjected

to great heat and pressure, which has resulted in a rearrangement of its particles into beautiful, regular crystals. As in after years the burdens of life shall roll upon us, and the fierce fires of persecution and trial envelop us in their scorching billows, may we have formed characters, which like this true old rock, shall not be consumed nor injured in the least, but which shall crystalize into forms of greater beauty, the better and the holier on account of the fiery ordeal. But this rock speaks to us in a more touching manner than we have yet noticed. As it forms one solid mass by means of the powerful attraction that exists between its particles, so the class of '74 forms a unit through the ties of warmest friendship, that unite us in one harmonious whole. But as the different elements of this rock have united in one compact mass, so we assure you, ladies and gentlemen, this class is a unit in feeling, in sincerest wishes for the prosperity of its every member. This rock will at last moulder away, particle after particle will be torn from its strong embrace, so death will fasten his relentless grasp upon member after member of the class of '74. But will these bands of friendship be broken? Never, no never! Death's cold hand is powerless to touch these mystic ties. But as the Atlantic cable, unseen beneath the ocean's bosom, unites continent to continent in sympathy and effort, so our spirits will still be linked by unseen ties, as they reach through the waters of the river of death in sacred unison, while we are faithful to ourselves, faithful to our own Alma Mater, faithful to our God, we shall meet on the bright shores above, where, as our hearts are thrilled with rapture, we shall sing, a unit still, as we ne'er sang before.

Rock of ages, cleft for us,  
We now hide ourselves in thee.

"Science for man unlocks her varied store,  
And gives enough to wake the wish for more.  
Enough of good to kindle strong desire;  
Enough of ill to damp the rising fire;  
Enough of joy and sorrow, fear and hope,  
To fan desire and give the passions scope;  
Enough of disappointment, sorrow, pain,  
To seal the wise man's sentence 'all is vain,'  
And quench the wish to live those years again."

## OUR POLITICAL DUTY.

GRADUATING ORATION.—J. M. BLAZER.

The field of politics presents peculiar attractions to the student, inasmuch as its rich strata offer him inexhaustable mines of the most precious knowledge; all the more precious as the solution of the problems of this incipient science presents adequate answers to some of the most difficult questions in practical life, questions which affect our temporal interests and the happiness of future generations.

While it is an interesting field for investigation, it is, at the same time, so tedious, and apparently so trifling, in many of its details, that the student is generally satisfied with theorizing on the subject, and intrusts his fine-spun ideas of patriotism to men more practical but often less scrupulous. As a natural result the men who act are the men who rule. This acting in time comes to be considered a fair equivalent for study, politics degenerates to routine work, statesmen become wire pullers, and the highest officers of the government are but time servers, caring for nothing but the favor of the multitude and having no ambition but to ride upon the whitecaps of popular applause for a few short hours. Some worthy exceptions are found enrolled on history's page, emblazoned in letters of living light, who during their lifetime stood like light-houses on a rock bound coast guiding the richly freighted ship into the quiet harbor. The desires and aspirations of these men serve but to mature their reflections by patient study and deep research, presenting but one goal worthy of their laborious race—a name and place in the hearts of their countrymen.

Such are the two classes of actors on the grandest stage of the drama of life, these the diverse characters whom we, down in the pit, so often indiscriminately praise or blame—the man of unblemished honor, who labors not alone in the narrow field of his own day and generation, but who sees nations yet unborn and makes their wants his own, and the man of contracted ideas, who makes no furth-

er use of his high trust than to gather a title of worldly goods and to command the vulgar awe. When viewed as to temporary success one is a dazzling Drummond light, and like that light when placed in the full splendor of the sun, in comparison, he becomes a dark speck in the pure brightness of patriotism and conscientious statesmanship. That such men are allowed to hold high position where intelligence and patriotism abound is indeed strange, and the chief blame must rest upon us the constituents. We are the ultimate sovereigns of the land *de facto* as well as *de jure*, and as such are responsible for the abuse of our kingly prerogatives. We are too apt to allow a few persons to judge for us in selecting officers, and give a willing ear to party prejudices when confirmed by habitual acquiescence. In the direction of our government affairs it is often the case that the ease and dispatch of ruling by a few persons is adopted merely for the sake of an apparent harmony. The proper exercise of the right of self government by the people results in the greatest good to mankind—the union of liberty and democracy. The neglect of this right will as surely land our nation in despotism as the abolition of Parliament would reduce the free Englishman to the condition of serfdom.

On the question of the full and intelligent exercise of the elective franchise depends the solution of the problem as to whether the mass of the people may be trusted to say how the sacred rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, shall be guarded so as to conduce to the best interests of a mighty people. If the question is left to a special class, then our government is a failure, our republic is such only in name, and on the ruins of the democracy will be reared an aristocratic despotism. The preservation of these sacred institutions is in our hands. It is for us to answer whether the representative democracy of America shall be preserved in its primitive purity.

In what way there shall *our duty* be discharged? It cannot be done by mere formal voting. It cannot be done by any one class of persons for then our government would become an aristocracy limited only by its own will, a form of government more despotic than a European monarchy. The problem belongs to every individual citizen and when each becomes a politician the nation is safe. The reason is evident for our government is such that the power of the majority is practically unqualified. Were we all to become politicians in the highest and best sense, our nation is sure of advancement and our institutions of perpetuity.

What then is necessary for every citizen to discharge this responsible duty in an acceptable manner? It must be conceded that a study of the general laws and organization of the government is essential. To suppose otherwise is to suppose that a man can carry on a successful business without being acquainted with its minutia. Secondly a proper attention to party organization is also necessary for although parties are not recognized in law yet they are as essential to our protection

as the constitution of 1787. No practically conscientious voter can or will neglect such a means of power for good as is thus placed in his hands. If he fails to improve it, unprincipled men will invariably profit by his mistake and insult an intelligent people by outrageous bribery and corruption in the highest official positions.

But the one thing to be arrived at in every political movement is the election of intelligent, conscientious men to office. When this is done we necessarily fulfill all prior requirements, our whole duty is performed, the inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are secured and the grand temple of liberty looms up in the sky with no broken pillar to mar its symmetry, with no star on its azure dome fading out of sight, with no visions of brother's blood mingling on the field of civil strife, but all shall live in peace. "With malice toward none, with charity to all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; \* \* \* to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

## BAGATELLE.

GRADUATING ORATION.—WALTER H. GRAVES.

Happy indeed is he who can ferret out something new under the sun,—but *thrice* happy is he who can promulgate some new thing on a Commencement Day.

To select words, from the thousands of our language and weave them into *new* combinations, *new* forms of beauty pregnant with thought, truth, and vitality, is an achievement accomplished but by few, and worthy of nature's rarest genius;—*our* ambition in its proudest moments has not dared to venture so high, so we console ourselves, and occupy our allotted three hundred and sixty seconds by airing a few *trifles* that have been hanging in the garret of thought; and as we go run-

ning there in search of something suitable to bring out,—what a strange sight meets our mental vision! Here some bits of ideas that have been cast aside as useless, or left in their undeveloped condition for from something else. There some half completed plans,—some defective schemes, that would not work. Here some fragments of broken hopes heaped with pieces of broken dreams. Yonder some faded flowers culled by fancy in an "off" moment from the realms of imagination; once they seemed very gems of thought but now lifeless, and faded, their beauty all gone.

What a world of memories these things recall, and almost unconsciously the mind runs back over the experiences of a life fraught with so much of error and so little of good. Opportunities have slipped away unclaimed,—moments have slipped by unimproved,—little things have been cast overboard: and now their ghosts arise before us, a grim phalanx marshaled by an outraged conscience.

We measure ourselves with the great busy thronging world about us, and wonder if our capacities and capabilities are sufficient to fit us to meet its demands and life's contingencies. We ask ourselves, why all these years of study? could not this time have been better spent? And looking about us for the answer, it comes from every hand in unmistakable terms. Labor *must* precede the reward. If you expect good fruit you must cultivate and prune. The golden cereals are garnered *only* after the work of preparation and cultivation.

The great crisis that comes to every man and occurs but once or twice in his lifetime, has probably come to us. Opportunities thicken around us, and every thing is propitious; we have been borne as far up as is possible by the wave of circumstances, and we must now act of our own strength. It is *ours*, to reach out and grasp the rock of success and plant ourselves triumphantly on the top, or sink back in inglorious failure. Realizing the importance of the occasion, we put forth every exertion, strain every power and nerve, and although the effort is almost superhuman, yet we can't quite reach it, or perhaps we grasp it, and when the receding circumstances leave us supported by our own strength alone it is insufficient, and we fall back, while a sea of disappointment and chagrin closes over us. This is not fancy's picture. How often do we see it? But *why* this failure? *The lack of preparation and nothing more.* We seek for positions that we are not capable of attaining; or are borne up by circumstances and given positions, that we are not able to maintain:—simply because we are not properly prepared. Ah the few years that youth

so grudgingly gives to study have a priceless value!

We sometimes make a remark in thoughtlessness, and call it trifling, but if we could follow it, or the effect, to its *ultima thule*, we *might not* call it trifling. Perhaps it has overtaken some necessity long and deeply felt; or perhaps it has touched and awakened some latent thought or desire that shall find a response in a course of action that may effect a nation, or may be it has cast a doubt and a cloud over a soul that time,—yes eternity,—will not remove. A word may *make* a life and a word may *mar* a life.

Little seeds dropped in carelessness, the night dews watered them when no eyes looked on, "but at length they bore fruit in the hearts of the millions and the harvest waved over the breadth of a continent." Probably it was "hayseed" dropped in the *hair* of the granger, but it took root readily in his brain and heart, and to day the harvest waves not only the breadth of the continent, but they have even taken root in the dull brain of Albion's hind, where it bears fruit that shall gladden his heart as it elevates him to a position to demand his rights.

We speak of trifles: can anything be a trifle? We stand on a Carmel, and looking toward the horizon, see little clouds that seem no larger than a man's hand, but which, ere we are aware of it, spread and overcast our whole lives, matters, seemingly small,—trifles—with turns equally decisive, but really possessed of an importance beyond our knowledge, and which run on to issues over which we can have no control. 'Twas but a word, yet it kindled a war that overthrew an empire and cost a Napoleon his throne. "Sparks flame into conflagrations." It was but the kick of a refractory bovine that sent a hundred millions off in smoke. But why multiply words, we are only reiterating what you have already heard.

Life has no truer lesson, than when it teaches us the value of the little things, we call trifles; nor has it any sadder lesson than when it protracts the fatal mistake of disregarding them.

## THE FAREWELL.

There is nothing, save infinitude that is endless. A lesson however hard, a study however difficult, a term however long, all have an end. College days have an end; and now that end, which we have had in view through all these long and weary years, has come; and while we rejoice at its arrival, the parting it brings makes us sorrowful.

The affections reaching out tendrillike have entwined themselves about the old college halls, and to tear them away is no trifling matter. 'Tis an oft told tale and may seem trite, save to those who can put themselves in our places, for to day these words that have so often fallen upon our ears meaningless come to us with a force and a meaning never before felt; and now, Fellow Students, the time has come,

After these years of study and labor,  
After these years of toil together  
After these years of friendship and favor  
When we must sever.

I need not tell you that we leave you bearing hearts tinged with sadness, and we reserve within those hearts a work, ever sacred to the memory of the associations and friendships *here* formed around which cluster affections—none brighter, none sweeter. In the arduous work before you, our best wishes are with you. Bear in mind, that there is no *genius* like the *genius* of energy and perservance and that he is the *man* of *genius*, who with determined effort and persistant application,—*succeeds*.

And now as we draw to an end this, the last page of college history, and before closing the book, we turn to express our obligations and gratitude to you, the Hon. Board of Trustees, and to our friends for having so amply and so handsomely provided for our college wants. As the result of your labor and pains here spent, may you have occasion to point with pride to many of the "bright and shining lights" in the church, the state, the literary, and the scientific fields and say, they are Alumni of the Illinois Wesleyan University.

To you, our esteemed President and Teachers, we turn in all gratefulness of heart, for the service, the assistance, the advice, the instruction that we have received

from you. To you we owe much. We go forth from college, our characters bearing the impress of your hands; and may God grant that you may live, to see the seeds of truth and knowledge that you have sown yield a *golden harvest*.

Class mates, a word: to day we make our *debut* in the great play of life,—shall it be *to us* a farce? a tragedy? or such as *might* elicit an *encore* from Heaven!

We leave the recitation room and its tasks for tasks *more* difficult; and a thousand masters, masters of duty, of care, of sorrow, of business, of pleasure will give us lessons, each harder than any here learned.

Life is fleeting at best, and each moment throbs past into eternity full of opportunities; success rides upon each wave of time, and it is ours, if we will but grapple it, and appropriate it.

If we loiter by the way to gather flowers, or dally with the blandishments of pleasure, life will outrun us, and overtaken, weakened and effeminate, we shall be borne down by the Giant Remorse.

But let us make our resolutions and purposes of the *strongest material*, pay for them the price of *eternal vigilance*, and secure them by *indefatigable action*. Let our blows be great, honest blows struck quick and hard, for work is the means, the tool of honor, and the result of its wielding is triumph.

From this eminence we look over into the future,—'tis a great land, boundless as it is unknown; and viewing from this point it is bright with the sunshine of hope,—still, across its bright surface there float the shadows of the clouds of doubt and fear. Imagination builds great castles on its plains, while fancy crowns its hilltops with possibilities, that seem real enough to grasp at. Its dales and valleys are alive with the phantoms of all that that might be. Fame sits there beckoning us to come,—here is Pride and ambition urging us on,—yonder is Hope cheering us on. Shall we go? Yes! Let Heaven be our guidingstar. Let us follow it, until it shall pause upon the goal, life's end.

Friends, to one and all, while we say farewell we add *au revoir*.

## COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

The exercises connected with commencement week for '74 were most auspiciously introduced by an unusually large attendance upon the annual class-meeting held in the commodious day chapel of the University at 9 a. m. Sunday, June 14. The occasion was one of interest and profit to the many who attended. It clearly demonstrated that, amid the arduous labors of the year, the spiritual interest of those in attendance upon the University had by no means been neglected.

In the afternoon of the same day, at 3 o'clock, the

## BACCALAUREATE SERMON

was preached by Dr. Fallows, in Amie Chapel. The weather was delightful, and the large hall, rendered unusually attractive by neat and tasteful decorations of evergreens, was well filled. The Doctor took as his text, Phil. 3. 14, and proceeded to develop his subject with all the force and eloquence that usually characterize his pulpit efforts, and undoubtedly gained for himself many new admirers from among the host of strangers present.

In the evening, at 8 o'clock,

## THE ANNUAL SERMON

before the University was delivered by Rev. Wm. X. Ninde, Professor of Practical Theology in Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill. The sermon, beautiful in its simplicity and grand in its genuine spirituality, went far towards fixing upon the minds of all the conviction that the right man had been chosen for the department the professor represents in our school of Theology.

With the exception of the examinations in the forenoon, there were no exercises during the day, Monday, but in the evening was one of the occasions looked forward to, every year, with so great a degree of interest,—

## THE PRIZE EXHIBITION.

Three prizes are offered by the Faculty, one to the Freshmen for excellence in declamation, one to the Sophomores for excellence in essay, and one to the Juniors for excellence in original ora-

tion, the prizes being the same in each case.

The audience this year was large, and the exercises were attended with the usual degree of interest. The contest was a close one, but the judges (the regular conference visitors in attendance) pronounced D. C. Corley, of the Freshman class, T. Sterling of the Sophomore class and W. A. Smith of the Junior class the successful contestants, to each of whom Dr. Fallows, in behalf of the Faculty, presented an elegantly bound copy of the complete works of Shakespeare.

Tuesday was fixed upon as

## INAUGURATION DAY.

and had for a long time been looked forward to with great expectations as the grandest day of all, when there would indeed be a "feast of reason and a flow of soul." The weather was all that could have been desired, bright, cool and bracing. The large chapel, tastefully decorated, airy and commodious, seemed to have put on a truly holiday appearance. At the appointed hour it was filled with eager listeners, each anxious to catch the words of wisdom to be dropped from the lips of the principal actors for the day. In the absence of the President of the Board of Trustees, Judge J. E. McClun was called upon to preside, and the following published

## PROGRAMME

of exercises for the day was strictly adhered to.

Prayer.

Music, hymn.

Address, by Rev. R. Edwards, LL. D.

Music, "O, Father, hear us!"

Address and delivering keys, by Hon. John L. Beveridge, Governor of Illinois.

Music, "When the Morning Freshly Breaking."

Inaugural Address, Rev. Samuel Fallows, D. D.

Doxology.

Benediction.

The prayer was offered by Dr. Fallows. The music, as upon all other occasions of the week, excepting on commencement day, was furnished by the college choir,



under the excellent leadership of Francis H. Cumming, of '75, and as usual, was highly commended.

Dr. Edwards, President of the Normal University, was the first speaker, and for about twenty minutes he discoursed with his usual degree of eloquence upon education in general and the relation of the common schools to higher institutions of learning. He expressed himself in hearty sympathy with the work of the Wesleyan, and spoke words of cheer for its present success and for its bright prospects for the future.

The speech of Gov. Beveridge was exceedingly happy in its conception and truly eloquent in its delivery. His address to President Fallows, in which he feelingly alluded to the strong personal friendship he had formed for him as a companion in arms during the late war, and as the chief executive of the State, welcomed him to the State and to the institution, was really excellent; as was also the charge made in delivering the keys.

The inaugural address of Doctor Fallows has been spoken of in the most complimentary terms. The daily *Leader*, in its necessarily brief notice of the exercises, said: "All agree that the address of President Fallows was not only eloquent but surely one of the ablest productions ever delivered in the city of Bloomington." In fact, the only criticism we have heard upon it was with reference to its length, for the Doctor spoke *an hour and fifty minutes*. As proof to those who did not hear it, that the address was all that the *Leader* claims for it, we have only to state that the Doctor held his audience almost entire till the close, notwithstanding the same audience had been listening to speeches for an hour before he began. The address was long, but still it could not well have been made shorter and have placed before the people the facts that seemed necessary on that occasion, an occasion to be long and favorably remembered by all friends of the University.

On Tuesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, was the regular meeting of the Joint Board of Trustees and Visitors, at which there was a full attendance. As usual, the first meeting was simply for dividing the regular work and referring to the nec-

essary committees. This, as well as all the subsequent meetings of the Board, was characterized by a general good feeling and great unanimity of effort and earnestness for the good of the University. It seems safe to say that never before did the members go away from an annual meeting of the Board with a more general good feeling, and more thoroughly imbued with the spirit of earnest effort for the grand success of the enterprise than from the session of '74.

On Tuesday evening was delivered a very able address before the University by Hon. Newton Bateman, which was listened to by a large and appreciative audience.

On Wednesday forenoon occurred the closing examinations of the term. In the evening of the same day was held the Alumni reunion and banquet. We clip the following relating to the occasion from the *Daily Pantagraph* of June 18:

#### ALUMNI REUNION AND BANQUET.

"The banquet given by the Alumni Society of the Illinois Wesleyan University at the Ashley House last evening, was a most happy event. Whatever elegance may have characterized all previous efforts for the social pleasure of these gatherings, we can truly say that the reunion last evening surpassed those held in days gone by. A large number of the Alumni were present, also the present graduating class and the faculty of the University. Among the invited guests, several gentlemen prominently identified with education in different parts of Illinois, were noticed, clearly proving that the Illinois Wesleyan University has already taken a high rank among the institutions of learning. Quite a number of ladies were present, which rendered the reunion and banquet exceedingly interesting. The table was elegantly prepared, being loaded with all the delicacies and fruits of the season. After the banquet Joseph W. Fifer, Esq., President of the Alumni Society, delivered a short but very appropriate welcoming address, in which he congratulated the society upon, not only its highly prosperous condition, but also for the reason that their Alma Mater is no longer an experiment, but henceforth will rank among the first educational institutions of the country.

“At the close of his address, Mr. Fifer proposed the following toast: ‘The Class of ’74,’ which was responded to in a most happy manner by W. H. Graves.

“‘Our University’ was then responded to by M. L. Keplinger, of Carlinville, Illinois, in a pleasant and eloquent manner.

“The toast of ‘Our New President’ was then proposed, and Dr. Fallows was called upon and responded in his usually eloquent and interesting style, which made the assembly feel the happiness of the occasion.

“‘The City of Bloomington’ was proposed, and J. A. Jackman briefly but interestingly responded, dwelling upon Bloomington’s bright future, her beautiful surroundings, and the culture of her people.

“‘The Law Department,’ responded to by Judge Benjamin, who viewed the present and future prospects of the University and the department which he represents. After some further time spent in social intercourse, the guests began to take their departure, all feeling that the Alumni Reunion of ’74 was indeed a most happy occasion.”

Thursday, June 18, was

#### COMMENCEMENT DAY.

Again we clip from the *Daily Pantagraph* of the succeeding morning as follows:

“Yesterday was indeed a beautiful day for the commencement exercises of the Illinois Wesleyan University. Before the hour of ten o’clock an immense, as well as most cultivated, audience assembled in Amie Chapel to listen to the addresses of the graduating class of ’74. At an early hour pedestrians and carriages were seen proceeding to the scene of this happy occasion. Many of our citizens, as well as many visitors, were in attendance upon this, the proudest day of the year for the Wesleyan.

#### IT WAS A GRAND SUCCESS,

a proud achievement, proving that a prosperous career had dawned upon the University, no matter how dark and gloomy her days may have been in times past. After the chapel was completely filled on the main floor and galleries, the commencement exercises of the day were

opened by a beautiful strain from Kadel’s new band. Prayer was then offered by the Rev. Richard Haney, after which another beautiful composition was played by the band.”

Since we expect to publish the orations in our columns, we omit the reports of the speeches which were given quite at length in both the *Pantagraph* and the *Leader*. The following was the order of speakers, with the subject chosen by each, as taken from the

#### PROGRAMME.

The Main Spring of Action, John T. Ayers.

The Formation of Character, DeWitt C. Benjamin.

The Known and the Unknown, Martha Benjamin.

Our Political Duty, James M. Blazer.

The Next Text Book, Marquis L. Crum.

Into the Depths, Marion V. Crumbaker.

Labor and its Resources, Samuel T. Fullinwider.

The Spirit of the Age, Wm. C. Gilbreath.

Integrity, John Moore.

Moving On, Kate B. Ross.

Mankind not an Aggregate but a Unit, George E. Scrimger.

The Unity of the Universe, Albert Walkley.

Bagatelle, Farewell Address, Walter H. Graves.

#### DEGREES

were then conferred as follows:

The degree of B. S. upon J. T. Ayers, Martha Benjamin, J. M. Blazer, M. L. Crum, S. T. Fullinwider, W. C. Gilbreath, John Moore and Kate B. Ross.

The degree of A. B. upon D. C. Benjamin, M. V. Crumbaker, G. E. Scrimger, W. H. Graves and Albert Walkley.

The degree of A. M. *in cursu* upon R. W. Barger, A. C. Byerly, J. W. Denning, M. L. Fullinwider, W. F. Graves, J. A. Northrup, L. A. Vasey and J. V. Willis.

The degree of A. M. *pro merito* upon Rev. Peter St. Clair.

The degree of A. M. *pro honore* upon Dr. H. W. Boyd, of ’62, Joseph P. Wood and Rev. John Wayman.

The degree of D. D. upon Rev. W. H. Hunter, Rev. James Leaton and Rev. Thomas Webster, of Canada.

The degree of Ph. B. upon Prof. B. W. Baker, of Normal, and Rev. J. O. Shelland, of New York.

The degree of Ph. D. upon Prof. Chas. W. Super, of the Cincinnati Wesleyan Female College, Cincinnati, Ohio, and Prof. John P. Bobb, of the New Jersey Conference Seminary, Pennington, New Jersey.

The degrees of Ph. B. and Ph. D. were conferred *in cursu* for the completion of the courses laid down for those degrees, and adopted by the authorities of the University. Prof. Super passed a thorough and searching examination in Philology, and Prof. Bobb an equally rigid examination in Philosophy, and both with very great credit to themselves.

At the close of the graduation exer-

cises, the Vice President of the College announced the

#### PRESIDENT'S LEVEE.

to be held in the evening at the residence of Dr. Fallows. The levee was certainly a highly enjoyable affair. The spacious grounds were brilliantly lighted, the weather was all that could have been desired for such an occasion, and all, delighted with the successes of the week, had met for congratulations and friendly greetings. The residence and grounds were thronged with guests, and the hearty welcome and abundant good cheer given by the Doctor and his lady threw each into his happiest mood. All things seemed to conspire to render the occasion a complete success in all its arrangements, a *grand finale* for the most successful commencement week in the history of the Illinois Wesleyan University.

### UNIVERSITY AND OTHER ITEMS.

ERRATA.—In the opening article of the present number, page 148, column 1, line 53, for "kin" read "ken"; page 149, column 2, line 20, for "show" read "know"; also, same page and column, line 24, for "refreshments" read "refinements."

On Thursday evening, June 11th, the Munsellian Society gave a very pleasing entertainment in Durley Hall. It was the occasion of their annual exhibition, but in addition to the usual literary exercises the presentation of diplomas to those members of the graduating class, who are also members of the Society, added interest to the occasion. The presentation address was delivered by Rev. J. V. Willis, of '71, who also presided during the evening. The tableaux gave variety, and, taken as a whole, the entertainment was fully equal to any which the Society has given.

T. R. Wiley, of '71, now a practicing physician at Gibson, Illinois, whose ways

have been peculiar in our quiet city, has given occasion for the following note of explanation in the daily papers:

MARRIED.—Wiley—Reeves.—At the residence of C. M. Camp, in this city, by Rev. Mr. McCullough, Dr. Thomas R. Wiley, of Gibson, Ills, and Miss Mattie E. Reeves, of this city.

In the new catalogue there will be a slight change in the arrangement of the preparatory course of study. Instead of arranging the preparatory work by terms, the requirements in the various departments for admission to the Freshman class will be given, and then such preparatory classes will be formed each term as will best accommodate those in attendance. Some additional work in the Latin and Greek will be required in the preparatory classical and the Latin Grammar and Reader in the preparatory Scientific. These requirements will place our course of study fully on an equality with those of the leading institutions of learning in the country.

The final examination of classes connected with the close of the term occurred Friday, 12th, Monday, 15th and Wednesday, 17th of June. During the past year regular monthly written examinations have been held in the various departments, and the examination at the close of the term, in some instances, was written. Much more written work has been required of the students this year, and, by this means, not only has more accurate work been secured from individual students, but a higher grade of scholarship in general has been attained.

A. Y. Morriss, a member of '74 who entered into partnership in the real estate business with T. Axline, a fellow-classmate, at the beginning of the spring term, and opened an office in Paxton, Illinois, reported that he found the business in which he was engaged demanded too much of his time to permit him to prosecute his studies successfully and graduate with his class. It now appears from the following announcement that the more important business which demanded attention to the exclusion of literary pursuits was the formation of a life partnership with one who was formerly a student in the University.

MARRIED.—Morriss—Dent.—In Wenona, Ill., Mr. A. Y. Morriss, of Troy, Ill., and Miss Mary Dent, of Wenona, Ill. The happy couple bear with them on the voyage of life the earnest congratulations of many friends.

CLASS DAY.—The exercises of class day occurred on Saturday evening, beginning at 7 o'clock, upon the University campus. The cool breeze of the evening rendered the exercises extremely pleasant to all present. The programme of the occasion was as follows:

Introduction of class by the President—Kate B. Ross.

Rock Oration—G. E. Scrimger.

Presentation of cane to Juniors—S. T. Fullinwider.

Response—J. W. Conlts.

Oration—M. V. Crumbaker.

Class History—W. C. Gilbreath.

Class Prophecy—J. M. Blazer.

Farewell Address—M. L. Crum.

The class of '74 inaugurated a new ceremony which gave occasion for the

“Rock Oration.” Instead of the usual tree planting they secured a huge granite boulder, which they placed upon the campus and dedicated with appropriate exercises. We give place elsewhere in our columns for the Rock Oration. After the dedicatory exercises the audience adjourned to Amie Chapel, where the remaining part of the programme was heard. The exercises were all of the most sparkling character, full of wit and bright thoughts. They will be long and pleasantly remembered by all who were present, and can never be forgotten by the class of '73. A number of members of the Normal graduating class were present.

THE NEW DEPARTURE.—The Board of Trustees of the University, at their recent session, unanimously declared in favor of non-resident students. A course of study for each of the degrees of Ph. B., B. S. and Ph. D. is to be laid down in the forth-coming catalogue. These courses of study will be open to all applicants, and the parties pursuing them will only be passed in the various studies after a rigid, impartial, satisfactory examination by the faculty, or such examiners as they may appoint. The plan also requires that the final examination upon the completion of any one of the courses shall be at the University; other examinations may be conducted at such places as may be agreed upon by the examiners and candidates. All the examinations will, however, be mainly written, and the papers be placed on file at the University, for future reference if desired. By thus guarding these examinations, no one will be able to secure recognition in the world of letters through the University who is unworthy such distinctions. If the examinations passed by candidates recently examined may be taken as the standard, the friends of the University need have no fears that this plan will *cheapen* degrees. We ask any who may have had misgivings upon this point to call and examine the papers now on file.

Prof. F. A. Parker, of the University, started June 15th, on his European tour. He will be joined by Miss Nannie Smith at New York, in a week or two, and also by some others. They sail in the

“Oceanic,” for Liverpool, and will travel through England and France, and stop at Stuttgart, Germany, where they commence their musical education. They expect to return in two years.

The committee on decoration of the Chapel for commencement day labored with commendable zeal, and displayed not only taste in design but skill in execution. As a result of their labor the room was unusually attractive, and the class of '74 made their *debut* amid scenes of entrancing loveliness and bewitching beauty.

We clip the following personal note from the *Macon Journal*, Macon, Mo. :

“We visited the room of Prof. Hamill, who, as an elocutionist, has a reputation as wide as the country, and whose work upon the subject is standard in many of the best schools in the nation. We remained some time in Prof. H's room and were amused, instructed, almost enchanted. His very manner is oratory, his tone rhetoric, his movement eloquence.”

Professor Hamill is still engaged in the North Missouri State Normal School, where he is meeting with eminent success in his profession.

Rev. R. M. Barns, pastor of the First M. E. Church of this city, and formerly a student of the Indiana Asbury University, received the honorary degree of A. M. from that institution at its recent commencement. Whatever may be said in reference to honorary degrees, in this case it is but the recognition of superior merit.

Our old friend and former student, C. Rayburn, looked in upon us a short time since. He is farming near Le Roy, but proposes to re-enter the University at the first of next term. “May he live long and prosper.”

The Stubblefields have returned safe and sound from their European trip. The boys enjoyed their tour finely, among the relics of the past and the improvements of the present, but have come back more firmly impressed than ever that “there is no place like home.”

The commencement exercises of the State Normal University this year were pleasing and attractive and highly satisfactory to the many friends who were in

attendance. An unusually large number of the Alumni were present during the week. The graduating class numbers twenty-three. Among the distinguished visitors were General Hovey, the first President of the Normal University, and Hon. John L. Beveridge, the Christian Governor of our State, and the true friend of education in all departments from the primary school to the University.

#### FROM INDEX RERUM.

I believe I may say of Emerson's Philosophy, that it seems as if the doctrines of all the philosophers (pagan, christian and every other kind) are mixed together in it, just as a chemist mixes his chemicals in a mortar, and that not so thoroughly but that the different substances may be detected by the unaided eye.

Treason, *treason*, vile word, with, or without any meaning.

Truth is a fountain in the garden of paradise; from it flows nothing but the purest water. Error is truth poisoned by the vessels from which men drink it.

We have been called into being between two eternities—the past, or non-beginning eternity, and the future, or never-ending eternity. We look back, and strain our eyes as we may, we can catch no glimpse of a shore against which the waves of duration flow and ebb—there is no shore. Thought travels over the millions of the past and fain would slake its thirst at the fountain head of time, but returns exhausted, and reports no fountain head. Imagination takes the wing and would gladly perch upon the summit of antiquity, but as Chalmers says, “dizzied by the height it falls baffled at the foot of an antiquity which has positively no summit.” Equally vain is it to attempt to count the future eternity. We stand as it were upon the only piece of land that divides the two great oceans of eternity. I imagine I see two great billows—one on the ocean of the past eternity and one on the ocean of the future eternity—sweeping with mighty force toward one point—the little isle of time. They raise their white-crested heads; they meet with thunder crash, the isle sinks—it is lost forever. Nothing now for a moment divides the mighty, boundless, fathomless ocean of eternity.

## BOOK TABLE.

A HANDBOOK OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, by FRANCIS H. UNDERWOOD, A. M. Published by LEE & SHEPHERD, Boston and New York.

This work embraces two volumes, one devoted to British authors, the other to American authors. The two volumes are so prepared, however, that either may be used without the other. Each is sufficiently comprehensive for the general student as well as for the High Schools and Colleges,—indeed, each embraces more than is usually taught in the leading colleges of the country. The "Historical Introduction" will be found to be of great value to the student of English Literature. It contains much valuable information upon the general subject, and also gives a long, classified list of authors in addition to those from whose writings selections have been made. The biographical sketches, which are arranged in chronological order, are models of brevity, and yet are perhaps sufficiently exhaustive for the student, containing, as they do, about all of a personal character in relation to the various writers that the student of English Literature can be expected to retain. The author has been judicious in his selections, as an examination of the index will readily show. In speaking of the design of the work the preface says: "Above all, the HANDBOOK is intended to be readable, to make the introduction to our noble literature attractive, and to show that works of acknowledged authority are none the less entertaining, even to the casual reader, from being models of style and treasures of thought." We hail this valuable aid in a department of the field of letters which hitherto has received but little attention.

TEN YEARS AMONG THE MAIL BAGS, or NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A SPECIAL AGENT OF THE POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT, by J. HOLBROOK. Published by COWPERTHWAIT & Co., Philadelphia.

We have been much interested in a perusal of the above volume. In its introductory chapter the contents of the mail bag are graphically described as a miniature world,—an epitome of human life, in which are all the elements of "the raw material, so to speak, of human hopes and fears." Joy and sorrow, love and hatred, affection, disgust, business, pleasures, politics, theology, wit, humor, romance, even life and death, are represented as lying dormant in the Mail Bag, each ready to speed upon its mission upon the mystic touch of some "official." Then follows the unfolding of many a plan which has blasted the hopes of the "light-fingered," and caused the *true* character to shine all the more brightly. The work is not only highly interesting but replete with information in regard to the post-office department. As this book is sold only by subscription, it is destined to become popular with canvassers, as it will undoubtedly meet with a ready sale.

LESSONS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY, by J. T. CHAMPLIN, President of Colby Univer-

sity. Published by A. S. BARNES & Co., New York and Chicago.

A somewhat hasty glance at the pages convinces us that the above work is well adapted as a text-book for elementary instruction in Political Economy. It does not profess to treat the science exhaustively, but is simply designed as a basis upon which the teacher may rear a more or less elaborate superstructure, according to his own tastes and inclinations, or the condition and wants of the pupil. One object of the work, as set forth in the preface, is to so present the principles of Political Economy as to render its study attractive and practicable in our High Schools and Academies. At the same time the author claims that the work includes all of the principles of the science usually taught in our colleges.

THE TRUMPET OF REFORM, for the Grange, the Club, and all Industrial Associations, by GEO. F. ROOT, assisted by MRS. S. M. SMITH, \$40.00 per hundred, \$5.00 per dozen, and fifty cents singly, for examination.

Here is just the book that is wanted by every Grange, Club, and Reform organization in the country. Within its ample limits will be found music suitable for every society and social occasion. Of its adaptedness to the purpose for which it is mainly intended, Mrs. Smith's name will, we think, be considered sufficient guarantee. That its application is not entirely confined to society uses, will be seen in the following extract from the preface:

"A large portion of both the words and music has been prepared especially for mass meetings, picnics, sociables, and celebrations, while many pieces will be found appropriate for the entertainment of the family circle."

The miscellaneous pieces here referred to include songs for opening, closing, temperance, patriotic, thanksgiving, funeral, new year, anniversary, and other occasions. Every tune is a live tune: Every poem has a point. Send for a sample copy to ROOT & SONS, Music Publishers and Dealers, 109 State street, Chicago.

SURVEYING AND NAVIGATION, by A. SCHUYLER, M. A. Published by WILSON, HINKLE & Co., Cincinnati.

The above work is designed as a part of Ray's Mathematical Series. As preliminary, the author discusses the principles of logarithms, the use of logarithmic tables, and the general principles of plane and spherical Trigonometry. Then follows the application of these principles in Mensuration, Surveying and Navigation. While especial attention is given to the survey of public lands, the various subjects of the use of instruments, variation of needle, laying out and dividing land, leveling, surveying railroad and topographical surveying are fully explained.

The subject of navigation also, is briefly, but clearly discussed. We are pleased with many features of the work, especially with its practical character, and we shall not be surprised to learn that it meets with a ready sale.

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## PLAN OF THE WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

[Central Christian Advocate, June 17.]

As the interests involved in the discussion of the plan of our University for raising the standard of scholarship and stimulating study among our ministry and professional teachers, are of such grand importance and have been so greatly misunderstood, I must beg pardon for trespassing once more on the indulgence of the readers of the CENTRAL.

A little bit of history familiar to all leaders in education, who have kept posted to date, will throw great light upon our project.

The time-honored and conservative Institutions of Oxford and Cambridge, about seventeen years ago, woke up to the fact that a large body of men outside of the Universities were desirous of University guidance in their studies and University recognition of the culture they might attain. The Faculties and many friends of the Universities determined to establish "local examinations" in different parts of the United Kingdom, and offer to all young men the opportunity of taking a prescribed course of study, pass a satisfactory examination therein, at convenient times and places, and receive therefor a University certificate. Some very bitterly opposed the plan, sneered

at it, said it would lower the dignity of the Universities, would make the ordinary degrees comparatively valueless, was granting University recognition without University attendance—that no solid argument could be given for such an irregular and itinerary course. The Faculties held that a demand for such a plan existed in the fact that there were hundreds of worthy young men who were not able to attend the Universities but in some way should be reached by them. These learned professors believed that it was an attempt to prove an axiom, to prove the necessity and value of their plan, if the *demand* really existed for it. The experiment was tried, and with such triumphant success, that all opposition has been completely silenced. In 1866 Cambridge alone granted *one thousand* certificates. Since then she has adopted the same plan for women with gratifying results.

Our plan as regards "local examinations" is substantially that of these Universities. We prescribe a course of study and give specific directions for mastering it.

The London University was organized nearly fifty years ago, to confer degrees upon all students connected with certain

colleges, who should pass the requisite examinations. (See Huber's History of English Universities, vol. 3, p. 564.)

It has been said "that all the energetic life the London University now has it owes it to a change in its method." So it does; but that change is exactly the *reverse* of what the author first quoted understands it to be. In 1858 the change was made to grant degrees to *all* comers on examinations alone, whether connected with any college or not, and the result has been to give a tremendous amount of the right kind of energy to the University. (See West. Rev., Apr., 1861, p. 209, and Contemporary Review, vol. 6, p. 435.)

We took great pains to ascertain just what its plans were, for we did not wish to venture upon an untried movement. We therefore consulted all the histories and cyclopedias we could find bearing upon the subject. We read the article of Dr. Wallace, President of Monmouth College, on College Degrees, published in the Midland Monthly for March, 1874. It said that degrees were granted in the London University "on examination alone." Hon. B. G. Northrop, Secretary of the Board of Education for Connecticut, wrote, as far as he knew, "on examination alone." President Eliot, who had just returned from a tour among the English universities, wrote, "on examination alone." Finally, determining to go to headquarters, we received a reply from Dr. W. B. Carpenter, Registrar of the London University, second to no man living in the scientific world, and he said, "on examination alone." And to make assurance doubly sure, we obtained a calendar of the London University for 1874, and it says "on examination alone." So the statement that we made some weeks ago, that degrees were granted "on examination alone," the University *giving no instructions whatever*, a statement which was questioned, and held to be the result of "unprofessional inaccuracy," will now probably be considered as settled.

The London University is now connected with forty colleges and universities of the British Empire, and with eighty-four medical schools and hospitals. Two examinations are held for each of the

degrees of B. A., B. S., LL.B., LL.D., Lit.D., Sc.D., &c.

At the first B.A. examination this year 600 passed, of whom 280, nearly one-half, were *private* students, like the ministers and teachers taking our courses as non-resident students. At the first LL.B. examination 78 passed, of whom 49 were private students, over one-half. The University has now nearly 3,000 students on its rolls.

Prof. Huxley's views respecting the London University, have also been misconstrued. It is stated "that he was formerly the stoutest advocate of exactly this thing, and now confesses himself wrong." This statement is based upon what he says of examination in his address as Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen, found in the Popular Science Monthly for May, page 164.

He says, "Examination, *thorough, searching* examination, is an indispensable accompaniment of teaching, but I am *almost inclined* to commit myself to the *very* heterodox opinion that it is a necessary evil." He further says, "I am a very old examiner, having for some twenty-five years past been occupied with examinations on a considerable scale of all sorts and conditions of men, and women, too, from the boys and girls of elementary schools to the candidates for honors and fellowship in the *Universities*." That is, he is "inclined" to the "very heterodox" opinion that the examinations held after students have had "*daily examination by teachers*," in elementary schools, in Oxford and Cambridge Universities, in the forty Universities and Colleges, and the eighty-four Medical Schools of the London University, are a "necessary evil."

If being "inclined to commit himself to such a very heterodox opinion" makes a man a witness before any bar of educated judges, it makes him a witness against all *final* examinations in any school or college in the world. I don't think we shall have him on the stand any more against our plan, which is the very old, safe, universal, and orthodox way of getting at what a student knows.

We have aimed to make our courses of study thorough and comprehensive. We have simply allowed ministers the benefit



of *one* year preparatory in English studies, for the degree of Ph. B., which is a purely literary degree. For the degree of B. S. we take no theology into the account but require seven terms of Greek extra as an equivalent for the Mathematics above Geometry. Sir Wm. Hamilton would think that amount of Mathematics sufficient for most people. For the degree of A. B. the course laid down in the catalogue is required or its equivalent in kind. Our post-graduate courses are professional courses on which examinations will be held by a committee of educators of national reputation, who will assist in preparing questions and examining papers. A committee of alumni has also been appointed for the examination of non-resident undergraduates.

The following gentlemen consented to serve on the first named committee.

Rev. Joseph Haven, D.D., LL.D.; Rev. Richard Edwards, LL.D., President of the State Normal University; Rev. H. W. Thomas, D.D., President of the Philosophical Society of Chicago; Hon. J. L. Pickard, LL.D., Superintendent of Public schools of Chicago; Hon. W. T. Harris, LL.D., Superintendent of Public schools of St. Louis, and editor of the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*; Hon. Newton Bateman, LL.D., State Superintendent of Public Instruction of Illinois, and Rev. J. E. Latimer, D.D., Dean of the Boston University.

Since the appointment of the Committee Dr. Joseph Haven, one of the most eminent educators and authors, and one of the warmest friends of our movement, has entered into rest.

In the *Northern Christian Advocate* of May 28, Chancellor Winchell, of the Syracuse University, propounds a scheme of ministerial studies, embracing the salient features, as far as we can understand him, of our own.

Undergraduates and graduates from over twenty colleges and universities are now pursuing our course of study. Among these institutions of learning are Princeton, Dickinson, Wesleyan University, Middletown, Cornell, Genesee, the Ohio Wesleyan, the Universities of Michigan and Wisconsin, Oberlin, Bonn and Berlin.

Secretary Northrop, of Conn., writes in terms of high approval of our plan.

M. P. Jewett, LL. D., an eminent edu-

cator in the Baptist denomination, the organizer and first president of Vasar College, writes: "I have received your circular; your scheme is a most happy, timely, and practical application of the London University plan to the wants of the great West. When in London in 1862, I had the honor of an invitation to attend the Commencement (as we call it) of that institution, Chancellor Grote, the historian, presiding; and ever since I made the acquaintance of that distinguished advocate of a liberal education for the masses, I have been interested in the idea of conferring diplomas on all comers who pass the required examination. He who lives twenty-five years in this valley of the Mississippi will see a grand uplifting of the ministry through the modest but potent agency you are to-day putting into operation. I predict that the result will equal your most sanguine expectations."

One of our most conservative and influential theologians, connected with one of our theological schools, in a conversation respecting our plan, said, "that several years ago he had urged upon the Regents of the University of New York the importance of adopting the London University plan of conferring degrees, but while they admitted the great value of the idea, they thought it was not quite the time then to try it."

Another, occupying one of the chiefest positions in our general educational work thinks the plan should be adopted by the Church, *as a Church*. There is grandeur in the thought.

Nearly every mail brings letters of approbation from all parts of the country. We shall find difficulties of course in the realization of our plans; modifications may have to be made in details. As the standard of scholarship in the University is being constantly raised, that of the course for non-resident students will be raised also.

One difficulty that has been suggested we are free from at present. Our courses of study are designed for Christian ministers, Christian teachers and Christian gentlemen in America, and not for "worthless and contemptible Byzantines" and "the heathen Chinese."

SAMUEL FALLOWS.

Bloomington, June 2, 1874.

The University has now thrown open its courses of study, both under-graduate and post-graduate, to resident and non-resident students alike. Non-resident, under-graduate students, are expected to be of mature age, and accustomed to study. The opportunity is thus afforded to worthy persons of both sexes, who have not the time or means to attend the University to complete their studies and obtain appropriate degrees on thorough examination.

Many who were doubtful about the utility of the plan, have become con-

vinced of its feasibility and success, by witnessing its working at the last commencement. After a severe examination, several gentlemen received the degree of Ph. B., A. M. and Ph. D. The plan is no longer an experiment.

Many graduates of leading institutions of learning, have sent in their names since commencement as candidates for the higher degrees. Full information respecting the courses of study and methods of examination, will be cheerfully sent on application.

SAML. FALLOWS.

## LAID AT REST,

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, APRIL 18, 1874.

Laid among kings! To be a king is duly  
To do great things that else are left undone!  
His life was one such deed; then reigned he truly?  
Yes, for he knit the hearts of men in one.

Laid among poets! Was he then a poet?  
Had he the vision and the gift divine?  
Yea, one of those who see the unseen, and show it,  
Those who behold Truth's far-off fountains shine.

Laid among heroes! All unquestioned wearing  
The title—won by all that wins the name.  
Laid among heroes; for his ensign bearing  
The lion's tooth-marks on his wasted frame.

The lion's tooth-mark; this was but the token  
He passed through dangers of which death was least:  
Sickness, and pain, and loneliness unbroken,  
Terrors of savage man and savage beast?

Seeking the secret of the ancient river,  
Of which the flaming desert keeps the key,  
He strove men's souls from error to deliver,  
To break their every chain and set them free.

Dying he journeyed; dead, strange people carried  
Him they had loved a thousand miles, that we  
Might lay him here—long bath his funeral tarried  
Through all the seasons round, by land and sea.

Journeying he died; his very dust has traveled  
Farther than erst the foot of man had trod,  
But now he rests, his secret all unraveled,  
His journey ended, and his home with God.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

## SPECTRUM ANALYSIS AND THE UNITY OF THE UNIVERSE.

GRADUATING ORATION. A. WALKLEY.

In the shrouded past the fiat went forth from the Eternal, "Light be," and then all space was pervaded with an elastic ether, which dashed its tiny waves in madness against the distant worlds. For untold ages this ocean of light continued to flow and ebb, having sealed in its bosom, secrets—priceless secrets. But mind, human if you please, but then all mind is divine, arose in its majesty and said the seals must be broken. Newton made prisoner a ray of light and unbosomed its secrets with the prism. But the secrets were so concealed that the unaided eye could not discover them. So Bunsen imprisoned a ray in a small box, unbosomed its secrets by the prism, and then began to read its opened bosom with a small telescope. Thus imprisoned, thus bound, thus conquered, light began to reveal its secrets to man. Here we have the first rude spectroscope, an instrument which has opened the way by which man may intelligently enter the realms of light.

Fraunhofer noticed that dark lines crossed the spectrum of the sun. Kirchoff pushed this discovery until he demonstrated almost beyond all doubt, that the waves of light, that speed their way from the sun, ninety million miles away, bear on them to earth no less than seventeen different substances to be found here, among which are iron, sodium, calcium, and hydrogen.

But the mind unfurls its sails, leaves the harbor, the solar system, and rides upon the boundless ocean, the universe of God. Mind is not satisfied that light reveal the secrets of the solar system, but demands of it that it tell the secrets of the universe. Man then takes a ray of light that left Aldebaren, or Sirius, and finds that as it washed their shores it partook of their nature and bore to earth, over an inconceivable space, particles of iron, sodium, calcium and hydrogen, thus

proving that there is a kinship between us, our system and theirs.

A misty light comes from cloud-like bodies in the depths of space. What they are is more than Herschel can tell, and they have defied the power of Lord Rosse's magnificent telescope. There seems to be no connection between us and those far off nebulae, but the spectroscope reveals the contrary, and proves them to be bound to us by bonds of hydrogen and nitrogen.

Anon and again there sweep across the heavens luminous and mysterious bodies, which, as they approach the sun, spread their garments in glory behind them, and as they recede from it "gather up their brilliant trains, and wrap them about themselves," and then retire into unexpected and unknown depths; for whence they come and whither they go, who knows? Are these comets wanderers, rushing hither and thither in space, but bearing no relation to the great whole? Nay, they are one with us; for the spectroscope binds them to us by bonds of carbon. We thought surely that the silvery and wavy light, which is the peculiar beauty of the polar skies, could claim independence. But no, the light of the Aurora shows traces of iron.

Thus we have a universe of burning suns, revolving worlds, headlong rushing comets, silvery Aurora. But a universe bound into a glorious unity, chained to the Eternal Throne by the mysterious and subtle chains of light; bound to one grand focal point, in which converge, or rather from which diverge all the rays of the universe—God. He dwells in the depths of light, unapproachable. He is the high and lofty One who inhabiteth eternity; of whose glory the whole is but a reflection. Or better, perhaps the universe is but a gem sparkling on the bosom of my God. "God is light."

## THE NEXT TEXT-BOOK.

GRADUATING ORATION, M. L. CRUM.

Climbing to the height of some lofty mountain peak and looking out upon the vast expanse, we behold a beautiful variation; hills, valleys and brooks blended together in one great net-work, seemingly inclined, and fastened to one great web—a river.

So we stand upon the threshold of a new era, and glancing back upon the past college curriculum, we trace a beautiful outline of mental discipline—Natural Science, Mathematics, Philosophy and Language, mingled together in one grand symmetrical whole, designed for the attainment of one great object—culture. The application of this culture we conceive to be the succeeding text-book.

There is a time in the history of every student when he manifests a desire to complete his college course, and to attain the honor of his alma mater, with the inspiring thought, that, when that goal is reached, he will be able to fill any vocation he may select, and ready to launch his bark upon the great ocean of life to gaily float far out beyond the dangerous shoals, to always triumph, undisturbed by any fear or failure.

Such is his vain delusion, the result of which is only disappointment, and he who succumbs to such flattery is liable to be the pitiful wreck of misfortune.

To-morrow we enter the great college of life; without the aid and assistance of careful instructors, we take up the more practical text-books, thrown upon our own resources, like the orphan without parental care and guidance, to combat with the adverse and diverse forms of human life, and to indicate by a proper mission the end for which we are destined and our moral worth in the estimate of man.

Opening to the first page of this boundless volume, we see the busy, bustling world, in all its mechanism, myriads of human beings hurrying to and fro, like bees in early spring-time, replenishing the cells made empty by a lingering winter, some officiating, some educating, some producing, some engaged in mer-

chandize and commerce, others in the more humble occupations—all making up the grand panorama of human activity.

“In every rank, great and small,  
’Tis industry supports us all.”

Life is a career of study and labor, a text-book in itself, and but few master the best of it. None can rise to the higher stations of true manhood by relying upon the achievements of the past. No student can fold his arms and successfully stride through the world solely upon the honor he has received from his alma mater. We are students now and must be students forever. “He most lives, who thinks most.” The world is moving on, *on*, and only by continued toil and study can we keep pace with it.

Mental worth is not estimated by what has been done, but by what *can* be done. The petty theories and superstitions which ruled the minds of past ages, are vanishing like vapor before the irresistible influence of logic and philosophy. The theories of the nineteenth century are nearly as fallible, and liable at any time to be set aside by new discoveries. That beautiful planet, known as earth’s satellite, which meddles so much with earth’s affairs, controlling her vegetation and regulating her ebb and flow of tide, will, in course of time, be found to be as harmless as a dove, and simply under the control of “Old Sol,” authorized to shine on one side of the earth, while he shines on the other side. The theories relating to the earth’s crust are very diverse in their character and mysterious in the extreme; yonder on the further shore of the Eastern Continent is an outcrop of sandstone, having a little crevice or cavity similar to one found in another part of the world; they are pronounced the same; same stratum, same period, and about two hundred thousand years old. These are miraculous conclusions, but we students are compelled to satisfy ourselves with them until better ones can be deduced. The perfection of science is *far* in the future.

Even in this so-called enlightened age, the world is filled with speculative theories, which are to be disproved or verified by stubborn facts and rigid logic. Problems are yet unsolved, mysteries still under the veil of obscurity, and the world is as far behind the science of the future, as the science of the past was behind the present. There are Neptunes and Saturns yet to be found, only awaiting the persistent efforts of some ambitious mind who is ready to sacrifice his labor and life in the discovery, for,

“Life can little more supply  
Than just to look about and die.”

Spread out before us is this grand text-

book of the future, a vast volume for study and labor, with observation and experience for instructors.

With God and man to witness the efforts, and Heaven the alma mater, we *dare* not fail; but banishing all fear, and guided by the pilot of these years of discipline, we go with good will to meet the conflicts of life, bravely to conquer, what ill may come, and then,

“If there be on this earthly sphere,  
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,  
’Tis the course of a noble life,  
Which, in spite of all the world and strife,  
We may in old age possess,  
And bear away the chaplet of success.”

## MANKIND NOT AN AGGREGATE, BUT A UNIT.

GRADUATING ORATION. G. E. SCRIMGER.

Thirty years ago, as the astronomer turned his glass toward Uranus, he observed that it did not conform to the path, which, according to the law of gravitation, it should follow. Scientific men, with firm faith in the theory of gravitation, concluding there must be some unknown body exerting its attraction upon the truant planet, based their calculations upon these aberrations, and constructed a map of that part of the heavens where the variations were observed, indicating the point at which the meddlesome stranger should appear. The astronomer, looking toward the point indicated, beheld with gladdened eye the predicted planet, its vibrations imparted to the surrounding ether, borne through the distance profound, at last without an impulse lost, reached the eye of science, and we learned of Neptune as another member of the great family of our solar system; while the supremacy of the law of gravitation was maintained as one grand universal law, binding the universe together in one stupendous whole.

All things material, thus closely related, form but a part of vast creation. Mind, since we know it but as embodied spirit, is

intimately related to matter, and forms a grand fraction in the unit of the universe. Beginning with the inorganic world as the foundation of the great pyramid, we behold it rising in sublime proportions, as we perceive the organic world next in order with its various subdivisions, then the animal with all its gradations from the lowest to the highest development of life, until *man* stands in his majesty upon the towering summit, and while with the hand of his material organism he reaches down and grasps all beneath him, with the hand of his intellectual, moral, and spiritual powers, he reaches the throne of the universe, as “created but a little lower than the angels,” he dares claim kinship with the infinite Jehovah.

Omitting the many points of interest seen in the unity between the parts of the lower divisions of the pyramid, especially is the study of the unity of the race, the brotherhood of man, a fruitful source of pleasure and profit. Mind is the same the world over, in certain intuitive belief; an honest man is the same wherever found; the race is a unit in the outgoings of the soul, and the longings for the infinite, demonstrating that wheth-

er sprung from a germinal protoplasm, or the breath of Omnipotence, the race is of common origin, istending toward a common destiny. As a natural consequence of this oneness of the race, there must be a unity of interest. There can be no conflict here. If one individual is elevated the race shares the benefits; if one is degraded it shares the loss.

With this thought of unity of interest before us, what shall we say of those persons who hold up their hands in pious horror at the elevation to power of the fairer sex? Can they not perceive that by the elevation of the better half of mankind, the lesser part must, of necessity, be lifted also? As well might the aeronaut complain as he ascends, that the balloon ascends also.

Applying this thought to the temperance question, what shall we say of those men, who in order to secure a few dollars for license, and because they are afraid public sentiment is not yet prepared for total prohibition, pass laws and ordinances, which will but little, if at all, lessen the direful curse that is devastating our fair land? Do they not know that by degrading others they injure themselves and those most dear to their hearts? It would be but a just retribution if their sons, like beasts, should wallow in the mire, and the sorrow of the drunkard's home settle down upon their own princely mansions. Let this unity of interest find its legitimate expression in unity of effort.

Let the high and the low, the rich and the poor, labor shoulder to shoulder, and with heart beating in unison with heart for the uplifting of our common humanity. Let the philosopher as he theorizes remember he is a part of the race, that its interests are his interests, and that no theory how-

ever artfully constructed, that ignores the fundamental truths of mankind, can stand the test of the centuries, or benefit the world.

While there must ever be separate and distinct nations and creeds, as long as man's mind bears the impress of individuality, yet let these dividing walls be battered down so low, that over their humbled pride men may shake hands in the spirit of true brotherhood, and unity of effort. Let the world ever turn a listening ear to the voice of him who came to break down the partition walls, to teach the race its unity, while he bids us be one as he and the Father are one.

From this unity of the race springs the grandeur of each individual life. Did a human being stand alone amid the vastness of the universe, he would indeed be insignificant. The life of the most brilliant man would be but a bubble on the great ocean of eternity, but it is this linking of life to life, this web of the race, which imparts to human existence a profound significance, making it glorious to live,—to act, sublime.

Let the weakest arm be strengthened, the faintest heart take courage, for we march not alone, but in the grand phalanx of the world's hosts, on, on, to the infinite possibilities of the race. The weakest human being touching his soul with a trembling hand, may set it vibrating until it shall give forth a note, which, taken up by other hearts alike attuned, will be heard along time's remotest shore, until lost to human ears, it shall be heard with increasing power though the angels of eternity,—yes, though feeble, yet necessary to the harmony of the whole, it shall mingle in the grand chorus of the world's victors as they shout the triumphs of truth on earth, around the throne eternal.

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Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night;  
God said, let Newton be! and all was light.

—*Pope.*

## THE KNOWN AND THE UNKNOWN.

GRADUATING ORATION. MARTHA BENJAMIN.

The flashes of genius and the light of revelation have revealed mysteries to mortal vision.

See yon lofty mountains, with their snow-capped peaks piercing the blue dome of the heavens, concealing their hidden treasures from light; man saw them glistening, when the golden gates of morning opened, sending its glittering rays to their summits, and dug deep at their base, seeking their glittering sands, which now command the fabrics of all arts, and the luxuries from all climes, thus revealing new truths.

Man has also pierced the ocean's depths, grasped its pearls and coral, and walked on its solitary beds. While gazing on the heaving bosom of the seas, he has looked far beyond where sea and sky seemed to blend in one, and flow out together. Columbus thought there must be another way to the riches of the orient, and went forth and asked the sovereign of the nation for means and vessels to bear him across the foaming billows, but in vain. Now going to the Spanish realm and telling his sad story, only being refused his request, was turning away sadly when the noble queen, moved by the principles of his religious faith, sacrificed her gems, placing them at his feet and bidding him God speed; hence, that frail bark that sailed out in the unknown, that brought a new continent to light, was launched by the hand of a woman. Franklin, while gazing at the thunder storm, seeing the lightning flashing from side to side of the heavens, wondered if he could attract that flash to earth, and with rapture beheld his success: and now it bears on its flashes the thoughts of men from one part of the world to the other, uniting all nations in one, in sympathy and sentiment.

In another way making known the unknown, we may turn our eyes to view the heaven's wide expanse, aided by the key that unlocks the planetary mysteries, and we behold the celestial systems revolving around their central suns, and finally encircling the great white throne,

marching to the heavenly harmonies. Now gazing through that mystic instrument that brings the minutest worlds in view, what new wonders do we behold? Beings too small for mortal vision, yet endowed with life and perfect in structure. Now turning to man, the crowning gem of all creation, many facts have been learned concerning both his physical and intellectual natures, but their connection still remains unknown. Thus all along the stream of time, from its source to where it flows into the ocean of eternity, are left the foot-prints of the illustrious and the grandest monuments of human genius along its banks. But all the unknown cannot become the known while chained to earth. We can only stand on the narrow isthmus which connects two vast immensities; in vain would we strive to explore all its shores.

O mortal man, who art like a cloud that soon flies away like a snowflake on the ocean's sunny wave, why dost thou try to fathom this deep abyss? Why not fold the weary arms, lay down the aching head, for when our Father comes he will show us all things in their beauty and perfection, plucking wild flowers to admire them for their beauty without analyzing them, to see God's plans. No, while life lingers we shall strive to see our Father's beautiful touches in the bursting bud and un fading flower, and also in the mineral and animal worlds; and when the chains of earth are severed, and the soul, bursting from its mortal clay, shall soar far beyond yon white cloud to bask in eternal day, all mysteries will be revealed, leaving the world's mere speck in the distance; "as the angels bear us away on their snowy wings." All at once the golden city comes all in view, with its twelve gates of pearl, its streets of gold, its seas of crystal, the hope of the christian, the glory of the redeemed, the summer land of song. Now sweeping through its glittering gates, what raptures fill our souls at that transporting light. In our rapid flight, fast as meteors, we scaled the fields of light, now only

will the weary soul find rest, while journeying in the anthems of the blest. "Now we may not know how sweet its healing air; how bright and fair its flowers. We may not hear the songs that echo there, through those enchanted bowers. But sometimes adown the western sky, the fiery

sunset lingers, its golden gates swing open noiselessly, unlocked by unseen fingers.

O, land unknown! O, land of love divine! Father, all wise Eternal, guide, guide these wandering way-worn feet of mine into those pastures vernal."

## FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

GRADUATING ORATION. D. C. BENJAMIN.

Genius breathes into lifeless stone the full expression of the inner soul, God's noblest temple. In vain a Braminican tried, by a diamond which afterwards flashed in the crown of a queen, to give life to the closed orb of his dumb idol; but the substitution of the prince of minerals was a failure, for the eye of stone melted not at sorrows, but burned always in anger alike at the sight of the blossom, of the cradle, or hunter steel: or shone like the eyes of Bengal tiger as they gleam through the darkness of the forest, and mark the weary traveler as his prey. Genius animates quiescent matter into a very great activity, and consummate skill—skill not as in the case of man, the result of many years of effort. The chemist unchains the forces in nature to see them, after a fierce conflict, change companions while the widowed in anguish veil themselves from mortal vision. At the bidding of the Goddess Liberty, the waters bear on their bosom the pure marble from Italy's sunny shores. Skill carves in the immortal rock the forms of some, and names of the rest of the brave. Sisters, mothers, wives, strew the memorials of affection on the green mounds. Eloquence extols the virtues of the fallen. Guns flash their fame. All these, the occasions of genius and devotion in man, are open to the thought of humanity, but should not make deeper imprints on the table of the human heart than the formation of character. The desires of youth, the hopes of parents, the models of biography, are all elements in the building

up of a noble manhood. There are those who strive for that perfection in life attainable by man. They strive to keep pure spirits free from the leprosy of sin. As soon as the mind transforms itself from the waxen tablets of youth into adamant—when the soul becomes the dwelling-place of thought immortal, the youth may chisel with more skillful hands a character that is to be eternal. Even a youth may gather the gold dust of time by reading of men until he see down the pathway of another life. The weary traveler may bruise his feet on the pointed rocks, or pierce them on thorns, yet perseverance will bring him through the mountain-pass, or treacherous jungle into the smiling valley where the crystal element quenches his thirst. Flowers, fruits and sweetest social converse, make time pass unheeded by.

Biography is a gallery of statuary, but dare not to follow a single model for error reigns in all human actions. The present is most in need of firm characters. Let us then, aiming straight at the mark of our high calling, go forward to form characters that will stand in the last great day; let us follow no human being. If we must have a model, let that model be Christ.

"We rear not earth's best monument in sculptural marble;  
More lasting monuments are reared from treasures of the soul.  
Unsullied aims and godlike deeds their fair proportions take;  
And on their heaven-crowned heights at last immortal morn shall break."



## IMAGINATION.

JENNIE ROLAND.

Of the various faculties of the mind to which the psychologist pays attention, there is none more interesting than that of imagination. We do not purpose to examine it in a metaphysical way, but only notice some of its creations and their effects. Imagination penetrates into the nature of things in such a way that it sees them as they are not seen by the eye. Its great function being the calling back or forth that which is not visible to the bodily sense, it takes delight in the fulfillment of its mission, and enjoys and spends its energy on things out of sight, rather than visible and present. When living by the guidance and under the sway of the imagination, we think in *shadows*, because the great poem, the mighty fiction, and the grand painting, influence us most by the majesty of their great masses of shade, and cannot affect us much if they *affect* a continuance of sprightliness, but must be *serious often*, and *melancholy some*, else they do not express the truth of this wild world of ours. Imagination in the truest sense cannot but be serious. She sees too far, too darkly, too solemnly, *too earnestly*, to be *frivolous*. There is something in the heart of every thing, if we can reach it, that we shall not be inclined to laugh at.

The most common phase of this faculty is the *crude picture*. Whether a picture is perfect or not it is *suggestive*. Even the roughest woodcut may be the parent of an idea; the record of an event, or an introduction into a foreign land.

We know it is so, but cannot comprehend, as yet, the *power* of that master talent, which can render a flat country, an ugly *negro*, a clumsy *woman*, a large *cow*, a *pole* with a *dove-cot* on it, a *pig rubbing itself against a trough*, subjects that may impart pleasure to the most refined, and be cherished in foreign countries among our luxuries and choicest treasures. The imagination made manifest by the picture, *vivifies* our walls with the *real*, the *actual* of this beautiful world,

stamped with the several characters of many lands. The *pastoral*, the *sublime*, the *great sea head-lands*; the lonely, sunny islands sitting within the girdles of crystal lakes; the deep, earnest rivers; the saintly churches hallowing; the places whereon they stood; the grim, gray, massive *ruins*, landmarks of "old time;" the stately *barks*, deepening into *dells*, and spreading into lawns; the dark, interminable forests; we do not value *these* as we ought, or *rather* do not *appreciate* the *talent* that gives them *birth*, and *brings* them within our *grasp*.

The beautiful is above, below, around us, the *highly, purely beautiful*, and yet we do not look at it; we adopt *deformities*; we put away in our ignorance, worlds of the *purest and highest enjoyments*, and are always ready to undervalue what we do not comprehend. Still the desire for pictures seems *inseparable* from our natures. The little child begs for the "picture book" above all *others*, and lips the story which the picture—*mind you*, the *picture*—teaches him to understand.

Another phase of the imagination is seen in *poetry*. Poetry gives refinement to our literature, and literature is within reach of all; hence a benefit to the *whole human race*.

We all know how much more courteous we are to any one dressed in taste, than to the sloven in tattered garments, and with his elbows sticking out of his sleeves. Such is the case with truth; she is much more welcome when attired in beautiful garments. How much indeed is often lost by the dry style of the writer. *Poetry* bears the same relation to *Truth* that *salt* does to our *victuals*, rendering *palatable* what otherwise would be very unpalatable.

Poetry is the sculptor which hews off the sharp corners of thought, smooths down the rough places, creates a form, puts on a polish, and, in short, renders the rough and unsightly stone an image fair. Happily for us there is among the fountains of thought *one spring* where

lies deep within a hidden store of sweetness. Its brooklets flow pleasantly on mingling with other streams of thought. When this fountain is *large* its waters sweeten all the rest, and thirsty ones long linger on the banks and drink the draughts so pleasant to the taste.

*Romance* forms a striking feature of the imagination, and the use of the figures of speech forms a most effectual weapon in the hands of a skillful writer.

A metaphor, a parable misleads, obstructs, and confuses our thoughts, whenever we overpress them in the direction of literalness. A form of speech, if kept *transparent*, transmits the light of truth to our understanding; but if allowed to grow *opaque*, it darkens, discolors, and

sometimes *totally eclipses* that light. Just as in real life we delight to lift up to our observation every illuminated incarnation of the *ideal*, so in the mysterious realm of romance are we sincerely grateful and joyous over every *heroic creation* which is more at one with us than the far away every day people with whom we come in contact, and yet with whom we have no fellowship, but who might have weight to drag us down to their unlifted standards, but for these blessed countervailing powers which "though absent in body are yet present in spirit." *These* protect us. "And though throughout the world, the *good* I nowhere find, I still believe in it, for its image in my mind."

#### PENN'S FIRST TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.

*November, 1682.*—In an open boat, with a few companions, clothed in his simple Quaker costume, and surrounded with all the emblems of peace, Penn landed on the west bank of the Delaware, where the foundations of Philadelphia were soon to be laid. Here he met the Indians for the first time. Underneath a large elm tree,\* a numerous delegation of the Lenni Lenape tribe had already assembled to receive their sovereign. Other treaties with the natives of the continent had been for the purchase of lands; but this was for a higher purpose. They had the year before, received a letter from the great proprietary, through William Markham his agent, declaring himself equally responsible with them, to one and the same God who had written his laws in their hearts, and that they were equally bound to love, and help, and do good to one another. Now he had come to redeem his word. "We meet," he said, "on the broad pathway of good faith and good will; no advantage shall be taken on either side, but all shall be openness and love. I will not call you children; for parents sometimes chide their children too severely: nor brothers

only; for brothers differ. The friendship between me and you. I will not compare to a chain: for the rains might rust, or the falling tree might break. We are the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts; we are all one flesh and blood."

These were new words to fall from the lips of a white man on the ears of the Indian. They were prepared for friendly assurances; but when they heard them uttered with the dignity and earnest tenderness which characterized the great and good man whom they talked with, all the ferocity of their savage natures melted away. The rich and abundant presents were then opened. The chiefs gathered around, and as they handed the wampum belt, they declared, "We will live in love with William Penn, and his children, as long as the moon and the sun shall endure." And there, under the sheltering arms of the broad elm, the golden sun was pouring his light upon the strange group. On all sides, the majestic pines were shooting their tall spires into heaven. The squaws with their papposes laid carelessly on the ground, were inspecting the presents with all the curiosity of

woman; while the stern old warriors, erect as the monarchs of the forest around them, pledged to this messenger of peace, their fidelity forever. At evening they accompanied Penn and his companions to their boat; and it glided away over the bosom of the calm Delaware, on its return to Chester. "The simple sons of the wilderness, returning to their wigwams, kept the history of the covenant by strings of wampum; and long afterwards, in their cabins, would count over the shells on a clean piece of bark, and recall to their own memory, and repeat to their children, or the stranger, the words of William Penn. New England had just terminated a disastrous war of extermination; the Dutch were scarcely ever at peace with the Algonquins; and the laws of Maryland refer to Indian hostilities and massacres which extended as far as Richmond. Penn came without arms; he declared his purpose to abstain from violence: he had no message but peace; and not a drop of Quaker blood has ever been shed by an Indian to this day."

From this time, Penn became a beloved name. He made frequent visits to the Indians in their villages: he enjoyed the simple, but large hospitality of their cabins, where the rude tables were loaded with wild game—deer from the forest, birds from the skies, and fish from the waters. The yellow hominy, and the roasted acorns, steamed from the board, and their drink was the crystal water. "brewed by nature's own Arch-Chemist in his cool rocky hills." This apostle of

peace entered heartily into all their amusements; he joined in their athletic games: he played with the papposes, and kissed the tawny cheeks of the dreamy-eyed maidens. His cheerful laugh was always heard from the cabin where mirth and frolic were going on. The little savages climbed his knees and learned to love him.

Nor was this any hollow truce, to be broken by either party. Right hearty good-will prevailed between the proprietary and all his Indian subjects. They were his children, and he was their loving father. Presents of wild game were always sent to him. The robes of bears from the Pennsylvania forests, and the skins of buffalo from the distant prairies, were their unailing offerings. All things they could bestow, to increase comfort, or luxury, were sent to his dwelling, not so much as peace offerings, but rather, as tokens of filial veneration and love.

Would to God this had been the spirit with which Christians from the Old World had from the beginning come to to the Red man! The tomahawk never would have grown red; those primitive tribes would long since have become vast communities of illumined, Christian men; and we should have had a long holiday of peace with our brethren of the forest.—*Our First Hundred Years.*

\* In 1810 this venerable elm was blown down in a storm, and found to be two hundred and eighty three years old. On the spot where it stood, the Penn Society of Philadelphia erected a monument, which is to be seen near the intersection of Hanover and Beach streets, Kensington, Philadelphia.

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## THE LEGEND OF ARION.

FROM THE ORIGINAL GREEK, BY P. GUDENRATH.

Arion was a famous musician, and dwelt at the court of Periander, king of Corinth, with whom he was a great favorite. There was to be a musical contest in Sicily, and Arion longed to compete for the prize. He told his wish to Periander, who besought him like a brother, to give up the thought. "Pray stay with me," he said, "and be contented.

He who strives to win may lose." Arion answered, "A wandering life best suits the free heart of a poet. The talent which a god bestowed on me, I would fain make a source of pleasure to others. And if I win the prize, how will the enjoyment be increased by the consciousness of my wide-spread fame!" He went, won the prize, and embarked with

his wealth in a Corinthian ship for home. On the second morning after setting sail, the wind breathed mild and fair. "O Periander," he exclaimed, "dismiss your fears! Soon shall you forget them in my embrace. With what lavish offerings will we display our gratitude to the gods, and how merry will we be at the festal board!" The wind and sea continued propitious. Not a cloud dimmed the firmament. He had not trusted too much to the ocean,—but he had to man. He overheard the seamen exchanging hints with one another, and found they were plotting to possess themselves of his treasure. Presently they surrounded him, loud and mutinous, and said, "Arion you must die! If you would have a grave on shore, yield yourself to die on this spot; but if otherwise, cast yourself into the sea." "Will nothing satisfy you but my life?" said he. "Take my gold, and welcome. I willingly buy my life at that price." "No, no; we cannot spare you. Your life would be dangerous to us. Where could we go to escape from Periander, if he should know that you had been robbed by us? Your gold would be of little use to us, if, on returning home, we could never more be free from fear." "Grant me, then," said he, "a last request, since nought will avail to save my life, that I may die as I have lived, as becomes a bard. When I have sung my death song, and my harp-strings have ceased to vibrate, then I will bid farewell to life, and yield uncomplaining to my fate." This prayer like the others, would have been unheeded,—they thought only of their booty,—but to hear so famous a musician, that moved their rude hearts. "Suffer me," he added, "to arrange my dress. Apollo will not favor me unless I be clad in my minstrel garb."

He clothed his well-proportioned limbs in gold and purple fair to see, his tunic fell around him in graceful folds, jewels adorned his arms, his brow was crowned with a golden wreath, and over his neck and shoulders flowed his hair perfumed with odors. His left hand held the lyre, his right the ivory wand with which he struck the cords. Like one inspired, he seemed to drink the morning air, and glitter in the morning ray. The seamen

gazed with admiration. He strode forward to the vessel's side and looked down into the blue sea. Addressing his lyre, he sang, "Companion of my voice, come with me to the realm of shade. Though Cerberus may growl, we know the power of song can tame his rage. Ye heroes of Elysium, who have passed the darkling flood,—ye happy souls, soon shall I join your band. Yet can ye relieve my grief? Alas, I leave my friend behind me. Thou, who didst find thy Eurydice, and lose her again as soon as found; when she had vanished like a dream, how didst thou hate the cheerful light! I must away, but I will not fear. The gods look down upon us. Ye who slay me unoffending, when I am no more, your time of trembling shall come. Ye Nereids, receive your guest, who throws himself upon your mercy!" So saying, he sprang into the deep sea. The waves covered him, and the seamen held on their way, fancying themselves safe from all danger of detection.

But the strains of his music had drawn around him the inhabitants of the deep to listen, and Dolphins followed the ship as if chained by a spell. While he struggled in the waves, a Dolphin offered him his back, and carried him mounted thereon safe to shore. At the spot where he landed, a monument of brass was afterwards erected upon the rocky shore, to preserve the memory of the event.

When Arion and the Dolphin parted, each to his own element, Arion thus poured forth his thanks. "Farewell, thou faithful, friendly fish. Would that I could reward thee; but thou canst not wend with me, nor I with thee. Companionship we may not have. May Galatea, queen of the deep, accord thee her favor, and thou, proud of the burden, draw her chariot over the smooth mirror of the deep."

Arion hastened from the shore, and soon saw before him the towers of Corinth. He journeyed on, harp in hand, singing as he went, full of love and happiness, forgetting his losses, and mindful only of what remained, his friend and his lyre. He entered the hospitable halls, and was soon clasped in the embrace of Periander. "I come back to thee, my friend," he said. "The

talent which a god bestowed has been the delight of thousands, but false knaves have stripped me of my well-earned treasure; yet I retain the consciousness of wide-spread fame." Then he told Periander of the wonderful events that had befallen him, who heard him with amazement. "Shall such wickedness triumph?" said he. "Then in vain is power lodged in my hands. That we may discover the criminals, you must remain here in concealment, so they will approach without suspicion. When the ship arrived in the harbor, he summoned the mariners before him. "Have you heard anything of Arion?" he inquired. "I anxiously look for his return." They

replied, "We left him well and prosperous in Terentum." As they said these words, Arion stepped forth and faced them.

They fell prostrate at his feet as if a lightning bolt had struck them. "We meant to murder him, and he has become a god. O Earth, open and receive us!" Then Periander spoke. "He lives, the master of the lay! Kind Heaven protects the poet's life. As for you, I invoke not the spirit of vengeance; Arion wishes not your blood. Ye slaves of avarice, begone! Seek some barbarous land, and never may aught beautiful delight your souls!"

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#### EGYPTIAN LANGUAGE.

The ancient Egyptians attained to a high degree of civilization and mental culture. They were a highly literary people, and time has preserved to us, besides their inscriptions on their tombs and temples, many papyri of a religious or historical character and one legend.

Nothing is positively known of the origin and chronology of the old Egyptian language. It indicates some affinities to the Semitic language, but not as great a relationship as exists between Hebrew, Aramaic, Arabic and Assyrian. The history of the development and decay of the language has not yet been traced; only the four distinct graphic systems namely, Hieroglyphic, Hieratic, Demotic and Coptic, can safely be confined within chronological limits.

First the Hieroglyphic. The time of the development of the old and full hieroglyphic writing is unknown. Hieroglyphs signify divine words, and their invention was attributed to the Thoth—the Egyptian Logos—and he is frequently called the Scribe of the Gods and Lord of Hieroglyphics.

There is sufficient evidence to establish the fact that it was perfectly known and freely used in the time of the third and

fourth dynasties, which render it probable that the date of its discovery must be placed much earlier than the third century before Christ.

Hieroglyphics are of three kinds. First, phonetic, when the hieroglyph stands for a letter; second, emblematic or symbolic, when it is an emblem or symbol of the thing represented; third, figurative, when it is a representation of the object itself.

The opinion founded on the authority of the Greeks that the use of this writing was confined to the Sacerdotal classes has of late been found incorrect since there is well attested proof that it was employed by all and for all purposes. Though shorter methods of writing were afterward devised, the hieroglyphic or pictorial representation of the language continued in use for important State documents, inscriptions and religious compositions, and is found accompanied by transcriptions in Demotic and in Greek down to the Roman Emperor Decius, A. D. 249.

The spread of Christianity in Egypt caused a proscription of the hieroglyphics, because they are full of mythological allusions and sensual figures. The wants of

a reading and writing nation led at an early period to the use of linear hieroglyphics, which subsequently developed into cursive hand called the hieratic. The great body of Egyptian literature has reached us through this character,—the reading of which can only be determined by resolving it first into its prototype hieroglyphics. The time of the first use of Hieratic writing cannot be accurately fixed; but from actual preservation of several hieratic papyri of the 11th dynasty presenting it as a perfectly distinct and well developed mode of writing, it is safe to conclude that it must have come into use long prior to the 2d century B. C. The demotic indicates a rise of the vulgar tongue into literary use, which took place about the beginning of the 7th century before Christ; when it was brought into fashion by the great social revolution in the reign of Psammetichus. The oldest demotic papyri now found in the Turin museum dates from the forty-fifth year of the reign of this monarch, or 620 B. C. The demotic was used to transcribe hieroglyphic and hieratic papyri and inscriptions into the vulgar idiom till the 2d century A. D., and the gradual transition from the obscure and difficult demotia to the more intelligible Coptic alphabet, can be easily discerned.

Lastly came the Coptic language. The most eminent Egyptologists have agreed in deriving the name Coptic from *Hakaptah*, (house of the worship of Ptah,) whose sacred language was the mother of the Coptic; and by this language alone we are now able to understand the Egyptian monuments. This ancient sacred language co-existed with a vernacular dialect, and out of the two, with a mixture of Greek and Arabic words, arose the Coptic, which may be dated from the time of the Ptolomies in Lower Egypt. This language was used in Lower Egypt until the 10th century, and in Upper Egypt until the middle of the 7th century, when it gave way to the Arabic, except in the monasteries where it is still in use.

We will better understand the varied use of the hieroglyphic signs which make up the language, when we know how this system of writing came to be used. First, we are told that there are traces of a pic-

torial stage, when as in the North American and Mexican graphic pictures, no attempt was made to record particular words but only ideas which could be read in any language whatever. Hence, the great pictures on temple walls and the vignettes in the funeral rituals were probably the original text, which was expounded subsequently by writing paper, and ultimately preserved for illustration.

After this period, which might appropriately be called the ideographic, the Egyptians early learned to use certain objects as symbols to represent abstract ideas, actions and relations, like goodness and anger to adore and to rule; thus an irritated ape stood for anger, a lute for goodness, a man lifting his hands for adoration, and a whip for ruling.

When no symbol could be found to convey such abstract ideas the discovery was no doubt soon made that the sound of the name of the idea might be expressed by an object of which the sound of the name was the same or nearly the same in sound; as for instance in English the verb "can" might be expressed by a can. But this system of suggesting an idea by the picture of a different idea that accidentally had the same sound for its name, became the source of great confusion; and this led to the addition of determinative signs expressing the idea of the hieroglyphs which denoted the sound; and the desire subsequently of using consistently a selection of objects for representing names of other objects than themselves gave rise to the syllabics and alphabets. Hieroglyphics are therefore either ideographs or phonetics; of ideographs there are about nine hundred, and these are used in various ways; 1, directly, or representing the object itself intended to be expressed; 2, indirectly, or expressing the idea subjectively; 3, tropically, intending to convey only the quality of the object represented. 4, putting the effect for the cause, as a fallen man for "to kill;" 6, putting sacred animals and other symbols for the deities to which they belonged.

But the main object of this article was to give a brief account of the recovery of the Egyptian language, of which not only the vocabulary but also the characters were totally unknown. The subject has

seemed to acquire all that has thus far been said as an introduction or a preliminary to clear the way for the main work. The early Greeks and Romans were so little interested in the speech of other nations, and such imperfect linguists, that they left no other information than that the Egyptians had two or three different kinds of writing used for different purposes, and that two of these were confined to sacred uses, which is now known to be false. All their other accounts with reference to the Egyptians, with few exceptions, were wrong.

The writers of the 17th and 18th centuries based their investigations on the opinions of the Greeks and Romans, and as a consequence arrived at false conclusions and threw but little light on the language. As a consequence, the knowledge of hieroglyphics which we now possess, and through these the knowledge of the language, owes its origin to the Rosetta Stone, which is now in the British Museum.

What is the Rosetta Stone? Where, how, and by whom was it discovered, and what did it possess, that was of so much importance to the correct interpretation of Egyptian language and literature, are questions often asked, when mention is made of this stone.

We are informed that the Rosetta Stone is a piece of black basalt, about three feet long and two and a half feet wide. It was discovered in August, 1799, by a French engineer officer, M. Broussard, among the ruins of Fort St. Julien, while throwing up earth works.

Fort St. Julien is situated on the western bank and near the mouth of the Rosetta branch of the Nile; hence, the name Rosetta Stone. It has inscribed upon it a decree in three different kinds of writing, viz: Hieroglyphic, Demotic and Greek. This inscription refers to the Coronation of Ptolemy V, (Epiphanes), and is supposed to have been sculptured about 195 B. C.

As part of the inscription was in Greek, it was easily deciphered, and was found to state that the decree was ordered to be written in sacred enchorial (or Demotic) and Greek characters. A few days after its discovery, the English gained a victory over the French, and in accordance with

the terms of the treaty of Alexandria it was given into the hands of the ambassador, Sir Wm. Hamilton, who placed it in the British Museum. A short time since, while visiting our Alma Mater, we enjoyed the satisfaction of examining in the library an exact cast of this stone. The size corresponded to that given, and the inscriptions in three kinds of writing were perfect.

Dr. Thomas Young is said to have been the first who attempted to decipher these inscriptions, in which he partially succeeded by counting the recurrences of the more marked characters in the hieroglyphics and comparing them with those that occurred about the same number of times in the Greek. Champollion and Wilkinson have followed up Dr. Young's discoveries with great ingenuity, and we can now partially read inscriptions that before were wholly unintelligible to us. The history of the recovery of the Egyptian language presents a wonderful process of induction. After the sense of an hieroglyphic inscription was ascertained, there still remained the difficulty of determining the value of each sound and character. At length it was observed that at about the place corresponding to the name of Ptolemy in the Greek inscription, there was in the hieroglyphic inscription an oval ring enclosing a group of characters; and as a long series of sitting figures on the temples of Karnak had also such rings placed over them, apparently indicating their names or titles, it was conjectured that this ring was the sign of the proper name. The great discovery, that these hieroglyphic characters were made up partly of pictures of objects, and partly of signs of sounds, was announced by Champollion in 1810, and soon after by Thomas Young. Champollion acknowledges that he was led to this discovery by the labors of De Sacy and Akerblad, two philologists who were especially skilled in Oriental languages; and had shown that the Greek proper names on the Rosetta Stone were transcribed phonetically, in the demotic version. It was now established that the names of sovereigns were written in a ring or carboush; a ring was discovered identical with the ring for Ptolemy in the Rosetta Stone, and another for Cleopatra.

By a fortunate coincidence these two names have several letters in common. Champollion, proceeding on the supposition that the objects depicted signified the initial letter of their Coptic names, spelled out both groups and was now in possession of eleven phonetic signs of the old Egyptian language. It was now evident that in this case the signs were not syllabic, but alphabetic. He now proceeded to apply these signs to the royal rings found on monuments of the Roman epoch, and soon found an almost complete list of Roman Emperors, each with his title emperor added; and this title now became a clue to all similar inscriptions. After further investigation and comparison it was satisfactorily shown by Champollion, the hieroglyphic inscriptions could only be read by ascertaining the sounds of the old Egyptian language. To discover these sounds several learned men now turned to the modern Egyptian or Coptic language, as it was said by early Christian fathers to be almost similar to the Demotic, although written in a different alphabet. The Coptic language was almost extinct. There was a school of Coptic priests at Rome during the last century, who could speak the language of their sacred books; and from their knowl-

edge, together with the Coptic version of the Scriptural, a very good knowledge of the grammar and also of the vocabulary was obtained. Champollion made himself master of the Coptic language, and soon saw that it retained more or less accurately the old Egyptian names of a large number of objects. In the analysis of gramatical forms, terminations and inflections, he found the same close correspondence.

When he was sent to Egypt to explore the ruins in person he applied what letters he knew to the groups of hieroglyphs, and found in almost every case that the Coptic furnished a direct clue to the sound of the hieroglyphs. He thereupon easily completed his alphabet from partially read words agreeing in sense with known names; and so the great discovery was completed, sound suggesting signs and signs sounds, each step correcting and verifying inferences as well as suggesting new ones, until now not only these Egyptian hieroglyphics, the most ancient, copious and instructive of all relics of this description extant are read, but hundreds of perfectly distinct documents are interpreted, and a consistent meaning extracted from them.

G. R. C.

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## THE PRAYER OF AGASSIZ.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

On the isle of Penikeese,  
 Ringed about by sapphire seas,  
 Fanned by breezes salt and cool,  
 Stood the Master with his school,  
 Over sails that not in vain  
 Wooed the west wind's steady strain,  
 Line of coast that low and far  
 Stretched its undulating bar,  
 Wings aslant along the rim  
 Of the waves they stooped to skim,  
 Rock and isle and glistening bay,  
 Fell the beautiful white day.

Said the Master to the youth:  
 "We have come in search of truth,  
 Trying with uncertain key  
 Door by door of mystery;  
 We are reaching through His laws



To the garment-hem of Cause,  
 Him, the endless, unbegun,  
 The Unnamable, the One—  
 Light of all our light the Source,  
 Life of Life, and Force of Force,  
 As with fingers of the blind  
 We are groping here to find  
 What the hieroglyphics mean  
 Of the Unseen in the seen;  
 What the Thought which underlies  
 Nature's masking and disguise;  
 What it is that hides beneath  
 Blight and bloom and birth and death,  
 By past efforts unavailing,  
 Doubt and error, loss and failing,  
 Of our weakness made aware,  
 On the threshold of our task  
 Let us light and guidance ask,  
 Let us pause in silent prayer!"

Then the Master in his place  
 Bowed his head a little space,  
 And the leaves by soft airs stirred,  
 Lapse of wave and cry of bird,  
 Left the solemn hush unbroken  
 Of that worldless prayer unspoken,  
 While its wish, on earth unsaid,  
 Rose to heaven interpreted.  
 As, in life's best hours, we hear  
 By the spirit's finer ear  
 His low voice within us, thus  
 The All-Father neareth us;  
 And his holy ear we pain  
 With our noisy words and vain.  
 Not for him our violence  
 Storming at the gates of sense;  
 His the primal language, his  
 The eternal silences!

Even the careless heart was moved,  
 And the doubting gave assent,  
 With a gesture reverent,  
 To the Master well-beloved,  
 As thin mists are glorified  
 By the light they cannot hide,  
 All who gazed upon him saw,  
 Through its veil of tender awe,  
 How his face was still uplift  
 By the old sweet look of it,  
 Hopeful, trustful, full of cheer,  
 And the love that cast out fear,  
 Who the secret may declare  
 Of that brief, unuttered prayer?  
 Did the shade before him come  
 Of the inevitable doom,  
 Of the end of earth so near,  
 And eternity's new year?

In the lap of sheltering seas  
 Rests the isle of Penkinese;  
 But the lord of the domain  
 Comes not to his own again;  
 Where the eyes that follow fail,  
 On a vaster sea, his sail  
 Drifts beyond our beck and hail;  
 Other lips within its bound  
 Shall the laws of life expound;  
 Other eyes from rock and shell

Read the world's old riddles well;  
 But when breezes light and bland  
 Blow from summer's blossomed land,  
 When the air is glad with wings,  
 And the blithe song-sparrow sings,  
 Many an eye with his still face  
 Still the living one displace,  
 Many an ear the word shall seek  
 He alone could fitly speak  
 And one name forevermore  
 Shall be uttered o'er and o'er  
 By the waves that kiss the shore,  
 By the curlew's whistle sent  
 Down the cool, sea-scented air;  
 In all voices known to her  
 Natures own her worshiper,  
 Half in triumph, half lament.  
 Thither love shall tearful turn,  
 Friendship pause uncovered there,  
 And the wisest reverence learn  
 From the Master's silent prayer.

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#### NOTES BY THE WAY.

BY PROF. H. C. DEMOTTE.

We are in the City of the Saints, after a ride of more than a thousand miles. It happened in this way: At the solicitation of Major Powell I accepted a position in his party for the Summer campaign in his extended exploration of Utah and the canyons of the Colorado. Accordingly on the 11th of July we intercepted a portion of the party at Mendota, Illinois, and soon were rapidly measuring distance toward the Far West.

Our party consisted of Prof. A. H. Thompson and wife, W. H. Graves, John H. Renshaw, John K. Hillers, O. D. Wheeler, Richard Komas and myself and wife. Major Powell being detained a day or two at Washington will join the expedition at Green River City.

The plan of the expedition for the Summer is to divide the party; Prof. Thompson taking the main division will go to Central Utah to continue the survey of the Sevier and San Peat valleys, while the Major with a detachment will explore the Uintah Mountain country, visiting the Uintah Indian reservation.

Our trip across the mountains was

delightful. We had pleasant weather most of the time, the road was comparatively free from dust, and then, what adds most to the pleasure of traveling, we had a lively and companionable company.

In Western Nebraska and Wyoming Territory we saw some large bands of Indians on the trail. I did not learn to what tribe they belonged, but evidently the relation of Indian affairs in that region is somewhat disturbed. The friendly tribes are moving in toward the settlements for protection, while those disposed to be warlike seem to be plotting some mischief. Komas, of our party, is a Uintah Indian who has been attending College in Pennsylvania. He is an intelligent young Indian, speaks the English language with fluency, and seems much interested in the work of civilizing his tribe. He accompanies our party and will take two or three of his tribe back with him to college when he returns. A little incident, however, will illustrate the native disposition and the uncertainty of Indian character. It was necessary for our whole party to

stop over at Green River one day to make some arrangements for our section of the party. In the evening Komas became dissatisfied with the division of the blankets for the night and declared that our party should never enter the Uintah reservation, that they would steal our horses; and he even went so far as to threaten the life of the Major if he ever came into their country. After all they are a treacherous race, and though I sicken at the thought, yet personal observation and experience force me reluctantly to the conclusion that the red race must fade away before the superior Saxon. How truly has one written, "Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains and read their doom in the setting sun." Their decline and extinction is inevitable. It seems sad, and yet no influences have thus far been brought to avert the calamity.

The delay of the Major gave me an opportunity to visit Salt Lake City with Mrs. DeMotte, so after waiting a day at Green River, I passed on with Prof. Thompson's party to the City of the Saints, leaving Hillars, Wheeler and Komas behind. Upon entering the car we met Mrs. Ann Eliza Young, who was returning from her lecturing tour. She goes to Salt Lake City to spend a few weeks visiting her mother, children and friends, and will then return to pursue her work. Her aim is to place before the people, and especially the law-making power of the Government, the enormity and heinousness of Mormonism in such a manner as will secure some wholesome legislation on the subject. Congressmen say her efforts in this direction were not wholly unavailable during the recent session, and it is to be hoped that another session may not pass without some very positive official rebuke for this open defiance to the spirit and laws of our Republic. The great evil of Mormonism is not confined to polygamy. Indeed, Judge Haven, in a conversation with me remarked that polygamy is one of the lesser evils of the system. The union of Church and State in their hybrid government, the pollution of the ballot (every man, women and child vot-

ing when necessary to carry a measure), the corruption of the courts so that a Gentile, as those who do not accept the Mormon faith are called, has no means of obtaining justice, and the tendency to communism, and social libertinism which corrupt society and bring it down to the lowest level of sensualism, are some of the evils which brand the whole system as not only dangerous but subversive of all that is dear to us as a Republic, and which call loudly for its abolition by the strong arm of the law.

Mrs. Young received a very enthusiastic reception upon her arrival at the Walker House. The band gave her a serenade and many of her friends called upon her in the elegant parlors of that magnificent hotel. In response to a call from the large crowd which had assembled in the street she appeared on the balcony and was introduced by Gen. George R. Maxwell, U. S. Marshal, who made a few remarks in the course of which he took occasion to ventilate the malicious slanders which have followed Mrs. Young in her Eastern tour. He stated that \$1,500 were offered the publisher of a paper in Denver for the privilege of inserting that scandal in his columns just previous to her lecture in that city, and that \$500 had been offered Col. Davidson, editor of the Washington National Republican, for the same privilege. He said further, that these offers were made by the authorities of the Mormon Church, and challenged Brigham Young, George Q. Cannon, or any of the Mormon leaders to deny it. Such statements as the above, fearlessly made before a promiscuous crowd in the very center of Mormonism, show how the authorities are gradually losing their hold upon the people. Public sentiment is rapidly changing as the vast mines of precious metal in Utah call in the capital and population of the *Gentile* world, and the entire system of Mormon faith, founded upon such rotten and revolting principles, must undergo material modifications or meet the fate of all other combinations which oppose the real progress of the age.—*C. C. Advocate*.

## MISCELLANY.

PETERS' MUSICAL MONTHLY for August contains *thirty-two pages* of sheet music. Only \$3.00 per year; address J. L. Peters, 599 Broadway, New York.

We are under great obligations to Gen. McNulta, member of Congress from this district, for many valuable Congressional documents for the University Library. Among these are bound copies of the Congressional Globe, containing records of the 42nd Congress; Report of the U. S. Coast Survey, 1870; Report of explorations and surveys for a Ship Canal, Isthmus of Darien; Smithsonian report for 1872; etc. etc. The General is popular among his constituents and will probably represent them in the next congress also.

George P. Rowel & Co., the popular advertising agents of New York, have our thanks for a copy of the American Newspaper Directory for 1874. This is an octavo volume of 896 pages, very neatly bound in muslin. A list of the Newspapers and other Periodicals of the Country occupies over 200 pages of the volume. These are arranged alphabetically by States and Towns, and gives in a condensed form, the name, days of issue, politics or general character, form, size, price per year, date of establishment, editors' and publishers' names, circulation, etc. of each. The work contains much valuable information for publishers and advertisers.

The *University Herald*, of June 30, contains the following: "Five colleges, at least, found themselves without Presidents at the end of this year: Wesleyan, Alleghany, Ohio Wesleyan, Illinois Wesleyan, and Syracuse, though we did not stay so long."

We are happy to be able to state to the *Herald*, that so far as a president is concerned, the position we have occupied during the past year, and to all appearances will occupy for some time to come, is just the very opposite extreme from the one assigned us by the paragraph above quoted. We never yet have found any necessity for more than one Presi-

dent at a time, and can confidently assert that the present occupant of the chair is fully equal to all emergencies, and is exceedingly popular with the many friends of the Illinois Wesleyan.

We would suggest to the editor of the *Herald*, that a little attention to the columns of the Journal not only might afford him some reliable information but tend to dispel the aversion to western publications, that he seems to be so fondly cherishing.

THE ST. NICHOLAS is "looking well to its laurels" by performing all it promised at the start and even more. So long as it maintains its high tone and real worth it cannot fail to increase in popularity with the young folks. The August number gives its full quota of good things. The tastes of all seem to have been consulted. The stories are from some of our best writers, for the young. In this number, especially, Natural History, receives a good deal of attention. The Zoological Gardens of London are described with eight pictures of their occupants; there is a story in French (for translation) of a Pet Monkey; the exploits of some "Missionary Insects" are told; there is a sketch of the life and adventures of a snail; and certain ants that raise crops and some birds that lay out streets are described by the lively and wise "Jack-in-the-Pulpit." Mrs. Jane G. Swisshelm contributes "Willie's Little Brown Sister," a sketch of the far West; and Mrs. A. M. Diaz has a thoroughly New England sketch, "The Mov-of the Barn," with funny amateur pictures. The poems, "In Summer Time," and "The Little Doll that Lied," are each marked by peculiar quaint humor that will be sure to make them widely read and quoted, and the first is most exquisitely illustrated from designs by the author. Besides all this there is a beautiful frontispiece; short stories by Charlotte Adams and Lizzie W. Champney; a practical article on Wood-Carving and the usual excellent special departments.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Why don't you take that old hat to R. S. Green's, sign of the "golden hat," and have its youth renewed?

—F. M. Bishop, of '70, has accepted the chair of Natural Science in the Deseret University, in Salt Lake City, Utah, at a salary of \$1,500.

—J. O. Wilson, of the Junior class, will continue his work as Instructor in Elocution in the University. During the past year he has met with gratifying success in this department.

—We give place in another column to a hastily written article from Prof. DeMotte, clipped from the *Central Christian Advocate*. It will no doubt be read with interest.

—E. C. Hyde, the popular merchant tailor, continues to sell the best goods at the lowest prices. Call at his store, No. 169 N. Main St., and you need not go away unclothed.

—D. N. Caldwell, of '69, hangs out his shingle in Wellington, Sumner county, Kansas, as attorney at law, notary public and real estate agent. We have no doubt that business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.

—Prof. DeMotte writes: "Mrs. Ann Eliza Young, nineteenth wife of Brigham Young, joined the Methodist church in Salt Lake City, Sunday, July 26th. I was present, and after service gave her a cordial hand-shake."

—We have used Maxwell's ink for years and regard it as equal to the best in the market. We suggest, however, that since we may be hasty in our judgment, that you try it yourself. Ask your stationer for Maxwell's ink, when you buy.

—Miss Mary Kuhl, of the Sophomore class, has been appointed Instructor in German, in the University for the coming year. The German being Miss Kuhl's native tongue, she not only possesses a thorough knowledge of the science of the language but speaks it fluently.

—Miss S. E. Raymond, late principal of the High School, has been elected superintendent of schools in our city at a salary of \$1,500 per annum. Miss Hale, a former assistant in the High School, takes the position made vacant by the election of Miss Raymond.

—Our readers will please pardon the late appearance of the *JOURNAL* for the present month. The absence of one of the editors, and the labors of the other connected with the Teachers' Institute and the publication of the catalogue of the University, will furnish all needed apology.

—Professor S. S. Hamill, A. M., so widely and favorably known in our own State, has been elected to the chair of English Literature and Oratory in the State University of Missouri, located at Columbia. He accepts the position and will begin his labors there in September.

—Four of our leading dry goods houses have inaugurated the popular custom of closing at 6

p. m. Among them is the enterprising firm of Fitzwilliam & Sons, whose full page advertisement is found in every issue of the *JOURNAL*. This house appreciates the value of printer's ink.

—The seventeenth annual catalogue of the University for the collegiate year ending June 18, 1874, has just been issued by the *Pentagon* steam book establishment, of this city. It is a very neat pamphlet of eighty-four pages, and speaks well both for the University and for the publishers.

LEGISLATIVE.—We are pleased to notice that John F. Winter, Esq., of the class of '67, is announced as a candidate for the State Legislature. Mr. Winter graduated at the Wesleyan University with high honor in the classical course, and since then has been engaged in active business life. We predict for Mr. Winter a hearty support, and wish that our State Legislature could be filled with such capable, energetic and thoroughly educated men.

—The Trustees of the Louisville Medical College, appreciating the impoverished condition of the whole country, have determined to grant a Beneficiary Scholarship to any young man, who, sufficiently educated to study medicine and of good character, is unable to pay for his education. To secure this valuable aid, application, with a full statement of the facts, should be made without delay to Dr. E. S. GAILLARD, Dean, Louisville, Ky.

—So far as heard from '74 gives the following items: W. H. Graves accepts a position as assistant civil engineer in the Powell Exploring Expedition, and is already in the field somewhere in Utah Territory. G. E. Seringer is retained as tutor in the University the coming year, and will be glad to greet his old friends in the recitation room next September. Kate B. Ross goes to Abingdon College as Professor of English Literature and Elocution.

—The following card in our city dailies announces the arrival of Prof. A. Beuter and his accomplished lady. They come among us with the intention of making Bloomington their home, bearing with them testimonials of the highest order, and we sincerely hope they may receive that encouragement and patronage which they so richly deserve. They are heartily endorsed by Prof. F. A. Parker, and for the present will occupy the rooms in Minerva Block, formerly occupied by him:

MUSICAL.—Mr. and Mrs. A. Beuter would respectfully announce to the musical public of Bloomington and vicinity, that they are prepared to receive pupils in the following branches: Pianoforte, Organ, Violin, Vocalization, Harmony, Counterpoint and Fugue. Solo playing and singing made a specialty. For further information apply at rooms, second floor Minerva Block, or call at the music stores of S. H. Gage and Andrus Brothers.

—The following item was crowded out of our July number:

At the business meeting of the Alumni Society, held June 18th at the parlors of the Ashley House, the following officers were elected: President, R. J. Brooks, of '69; Vice-President, G. H. McCracken, of '70; Secretary, R. B. Porter, of '71; Treasurer, J. F. Pancake, of '64; Statistician, H. C. DeMotte, of '61; Executive Committee, J. W. Holder, of '73, W. W. Pusey, of '70, W. H. Graves, of '74; Orator, J. C. Hartzell, of '68;

Alternate, M. L. Keplinger, of '69; Poet, J. B. Taylor, of '60; Alternate, R. B. Porter, of '71. The work of the Executive Committee, Messrs. Reeves, Potter and Holder, in preparing and superintending the recent banquet was such as to give general satisfaction; and well it might for the "new plan" adopted by the society one year previous was admirably executed and proved to be eminently successful. The committee have the thanks of the association for the efficient services rendered on that occasion.

## BOOK TABLE.

HARPER'S LANGUAGE SERIES: SWINTON'S PROGRESSIVE ENGLISH GRAMMAR; SWINTON'S SCHOOL COMPOSITION; SWINTON'S LANGUAGE LESSONS.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of teachers and others to this excellent language series. In the April number of the JOURNAL for '73, we noticed the grammar of this series and the cordial reception it has met with in the classroom, has confirmed the favorable opinion we then formed of it.

*The School Composition* is a neat little book of a hundred and twelve pages and well adapted to beginners in this department. The following from the preface by the author will give a fair idea of the design of the work: "It is strictly a manual of school work, and has been made with special reference to the national remodeling successfully accomplished, or now in the way of being accomplished, in the courses of study in our public schools, a remodeling in which language-training for the first time receives the attention that is its due. \* \* \* It has seemed to the writer that there is room for a school manual of prose composition of medium size, arranged on a simple and natural plan, and designed, not to teach the theory of style and criticism, but to give school children between the ages of twelve and fifteen a fair mastery of the art of writing good English, for the ordinary uses of life." So far as we have been able to examine, the little work seems to be a really valuable addition to our school literature.

*The Language Lessons* is a book written especially for beginners in English grammar, and as a matter of course gets out of the old ruts heretofore so frequently followed. Whatever of technical grammar is given is evolved from work previously done. Again we let the author speak for himself. Speaking of the general features of the work he says "he is prepared to find that the plan does not suit the blind adherents to the old grammatical formalism; but he is well assured that it will meet the views of live and progressive teachers; for such teachers, in their class-room instruction, are, with remarkable unanimity, coming down to precisely that kind of work that forms the body of this manual. To these he would say, 'this is a book out of the class-room;

it is a grammar-book made by *induction*, (and perhaps the first ever thus made,) the method pursued having been to collect from immense masses of school papers, the difficulties that children actually encounter in speaking and writing English, and then to meet these difficulties by practice and precept. \* \* \* Take your pupils through the work here laid down, and you will find that they have a reasonable mastery of English. If there be less of lip-service than by the old fashion, there will assuredly be more of living knowledge and available power." We would advise teachers to examine this series thoroughly, and even though they should not choose to adopt it for their classes they will find in it many valuable suggestions that will aid them in class-room work. Address A. Ethridge, general agent for Harper Bros., 117 and 119 State St., Chicago.

OUR FIRST HUNDRED YEARS, by C. EDWARDS LESTER, author of "Glory and Shame of England," "Napoleon Dynasty," "Life and Public Services of Charles Sumner." Etc., Etc. Published by UNITED STATES PUBLISHING Co., 11 and 13 University Place, N. Y.

Part One of this publication has been received. It is to be issued in twelve monthly parts of sixty-four or more pages each, and will be completed by July 4, 1875. As the title indicates, it is a work intended to *picture the life* of our nation in its *first hundred years*.—a work for the Centennial year of American nationality. It is published as a subscription book, and will no doubt be exceedingly popular among book agents. The life of the nation is represented as made up of four great periods. First, Discovery-Colonization, 1492-1776; second, Constitution Statesmanship, from Declaration of Independence to close of second war with England, 1776-1815; third, Development-Work, from the peace of 1815 to the close of the war with Mexico, 1848; fourth, Achievement-Wealth, from peace with Mexico to the Centennial Celebration, 1848-1876. We give elsewhere an extract from specimen pages which will afford some idea of the general character of the work and the style of its author. For the work, or for agencies, address United States Publishing Company, 13 University Place, New York.

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No. 9.

ON THE SUPPOSED INFLUENCE OF CLIMATE ON NATIONAL CHARACTER.

BY DR. E. DUIS.

In order to eradicate the common error which induces us to consider nature as the almost exclusive modeller of the character of nations, it is of paramount importance for us carefully to keep in view that, even in the physical world, however obvious an influence they may produce, the climate, soil, and natural productions of a country, are by no means capable of accounting for all the phenomena which will claim the inquirer's attention. This observation applies with peculiar force to the distribution of the various families of the vegetable and animal kingdoms over the surface of the earth. It is impossible to explain, on such a hypothesis, why England and Van Diemen's Land, though similarly circumstanced as to climate, should differ so widely in respect to their animal and vegetable productions; or why the flora of southern Africa should possess so distinct a character from that of the northern parts of the African continent, or the flowers of New Holland be so essentially peculiar to its own soil. Much less will climate or soil enable us to account for the corporeal distinctions which characterize the several races of families of mankind.

We know it is customary to ascribe the dark complexion of the negro to the extraordinary heat of the solar ray in his native clime; but do not the olive-colored Hindoo and the fairer-complexioned tenant of the isles of the South Seas inhabit similar latitudes? or does the negro's skin become less sable when exposed to the less scorching skies of Jamaica or the Floridas? Though surrounded by the same meteorological circumstances, there is a striking dissimilarity in the complexional characteristics of the European, the Asiatic, and the aboriginal Indian of North America. The natives of Greenland and Lapland possess a darker skin than their European brethren, and the inhabitants of Van Diemen's Land, though living beneath a temperate sky, are of a complexion not far removed from black. We shall find ourselves at a similar loss in the attempt to explain other variations, upon the customary theories to which I have alluded: the woolly locks of the negro, the lofty stature of the Patagonian, the slender frame of the Japa, or the little twinkling eye of the Chinese, can in no wise be charged to the account of the climate, or referred to the nature of the soil.

If we follow up the influence of physical causes on isolated individuals, we shall find ourselves equally sinning against every rational assumption, should we venture to deduce the natural attributes of any one human race from any such causes. In the same country, in the same spot, nay, under the same roof, we meet with individuals entirely differing from each other in their intellectual features, but it would be ridiculous to ascribe the dissimilitude to the effects of climate, food or beverage. Intellect does not resemble the ananas: it can neither be nurtured nor called into existence by artificial heat.

In looking at the characteristics of nations, it is impossible not to observe the marked shades of diversity which sever one people from another, even where the climate is precisely similar, or not essentially different. The Europeans cultivate the soil, dwell in towers, live under regular forms of government, and, in general, are devoted to the arts and sciences; whereas most of the Asiatic regions, where the circumstances of climate are similar, are tenanted by nomadic tribes, who derive their livelihood from rearing cattle, are entire strangers to social quality, and have no conception of a more advanced

state of civilization; whilst the aborigines of North America are untutored savages, wandering from spot to spot, from wood to plain. The feeble, peaceable, thrifty Hindoo lives beneath a climate scarcely different from that which is breathed by the athletic, fierce and lazy negro, or the miserable natives of South America, whose wild exterior and uncouth features excite pity and aversion. The Chinese are, in every respect, strikingly dissimilar from any other nation surrounded by the same natural circumstances; and the proud and imperious Britton possesses few characteristics in common with the poor, timid inhabitant of Van Dieman's land. We find the most discordant masses intermixed and living together under the same sky, in the innermost parts of Africa, the Arabian dwelling with the negro, and far surpassing the latter in every mental endowment; in its southern districts, the Caffre hording with the Hottentot, to whom he has no earthly similitude; and, towards the northernmost confines of Scandinavia, the Laplander, hunting with the Swede and Norweigan.

(*To be continued.*)

## WHERE TO SEE GOD.

ORATION DELIVERED AT RHETORICAL PRIZE EXHIBITION. W. H. SMITH.

The world's childhood is past, and presaging the full maturity of its growth, its manhood dawns. We look back through the haze of history to the ages of mythology, when "The world by wisdom, knew not God," when science was in its infancy, and we behold man groping blindly after his Creator, and asking where, O where *is* God? We gaze at the present, and as the light of developing science illuminates the vast expanse, giving wider range to the vision, we behold the world as the footstool, and the stars as the stepping-stones of divinity. We cast a prophetic glance down the ages to come and as the light of developed science pierces the heavens, we behold, on his majestic throne, in the center of the universe, "The face of infinity un-

veiled." And when all false theories shall have been eliminated, and true science, the counterpart of revelation, shall have reached its perfection, we shall see God, in the absolute, as plainly in his work as in the teachings of inspiration. But the maturity of science cannot enable us to *understand* God, for that which is finite cannot comprehend infinity and as we cannot conceive of a limit to space without the idea of space beyond, so we cannot comprehend a being whose personality extends to the utmost boundaries of space. Neither can we see the essence of God; but in all his creations we behold the thoughts and operations of the Creator taking visible form. Mind everywhere is conscious of a self-existed will-factor at whose imperial behests



order arose out of chaos, and all the forces of nature marshalled into life in obedience to his divine mandate, and the correct interpretation of the action of these forces, leads inevitably, irresistably, to God. We see God in the inorganic universe. We see him in the newly-created earth,—the product of uncreated mind—blazing with the light of heaven's luminaries as it emerges from the gloom of ancient night, and commences its sublime revolutions, keeping time to "the music of the spheres," while the morning stars sang together for joy. We see him in the temple of the universe, with its pillars resting on the rock of eternal ages, its corridors extending to the outposts of creation, its arches spanning immensity itself, and its dome by the plastic hand of Deity hung with flaming worlds. Whence the boundless magnificence of the heavens, the unuttered perfection of the universe, if it be not to teach us God? Look at yonder sun—king of the day—in his dazzling brightness rendering invisible all the world of space; but every ray reflected to us by that blazing orb, emanates from the great Fountain-Head of light, and carries God's thought to man. The scene is changed, the sun has gone to rest behind the everlasting hills, and now as the shadows, eluding the faint glimmers of light, come creeping forth from their hiding places in valley and ravine, a solitary star casts its pencil of light athwart the heavens and through the gathering shades to the habitation of man, whispering the sublime truth of its creation. The twilight deepens into darkness as the pall of night settles over the scene, and one by one the stars appear until they are scattered like gold-dust over heaven's canopy, shining in silent majesty as they roll in their circuits with undisturbed regularity, and while they cast their mellow light over "a still and pulseless world," with united breath they whisper, God is our maker. Here is presented the greatest field for the study of Omnipotence. The further we prosecute our investigations in this direction, the more are we bewildered with the greatness and grandeur of divine power. Surely God is everywhere! The power that controls the solar systems and planetary worlds we call *law*; but call it what we *may*, it is the invisible but almighty

arm of Jehovah that reaches out and with a grasp that never relaxes, retains, not only "the satellites in their orbits as they revolve about their primaries, and the planets as they revolve about the sun, but the solar systems themselves as they revolve about the great centre," where coronated Deity on the throne of universal dominion reigns, and rules the universe. Omnipotent must be the arm, Omniscient the mind, and infinite the wisdom of such a Ruler!

We see God in the organic world. Life is not a principle inherent in matter but between matter and life there is a chasm which cannot be bridged except by the power of the Uncreated. It cannot be the result of organism, for organism must itself be preceded by life. Neither could it have existed from all eternity, for then it could not differ from God and therefore must be Deity himself. Hence it must have been created, and its Creator is the Lord, Almighty. It was a part of the divine plan that life should exist, and, as if to teach man that God is its absolute creator, the blind forces were in operation ages before its creation but failed to produce life; and when the proper time came, Jehovah in his boundless benevolence, and by his own creative fiat clothed hill and valley with verdure and vocalized the world with song. The theater of life presenting such unity and harmony coupled with such variety in its gradations unmistakably proves the supevision of an infinite mind. Commencing with the vegetable and slowly rising in the scale until it culminates in man,—the climax of creation—life takes but one step more, and the created merges into the Creator. The microscope reveals God in the lowest forms of life; but in mind, with the seal of immortality affixed to his nature and possessing a germ of divinity as deathless as God's own breath of life, are signally displayed the glory and power of creative wisdom. As man is the crowning work of creation, so the crowning work of man in his spiritual nature, which allies him to his Maker, and which speaks to his consciousness in tones that will not be hushed, telling of its emanation from the Eternal. The soul of man, the fittest symbol of God, responsive to its own thirstings after the Infinite, peers out from its

prison-house into the darkness of this terrestrial night, and longs for its native heaven, where it may repose in the bosom of its Maker, and where its expansive and ever-expanding powers may have room for eternal development: and when the veil of mortality is lifted, and the curtain of the tomb falls, the pure soul, liberated from its tenement of clay, revels in the home of God. The chemist may analyze the casket, but the jewel has left it.

We see God in the incarnated Son, the sublimest manifestation of Deity ever given to man. In his works, we behold the glory and powers of the Creator, but in Christ,—great in his goodness and good in his greatness—whether we regard him as the “man of sorrows” on earth, or as our ascended Lord, moving through the cycles of heaven the happiest being there, we see his interior nature, his attributes of love and mercy in union with all the other features of the godhead. This is the miracle of the ages. The Infinite assumes the finite, and the finite grasps the Infinite. A perfect man and a perfect God, marvellously united. The peer of the Supreme and the companion of man, Mystery of mysteries!

The angels pause in their harmonies to wonder and admire, and then, as if comprehending the full measure of Christ’s mission, they utter forth their ecstasies in divine strains, while their golden harps, by unseen fingers touched, quiver with unspeakable joy; and as man, beholding in Christ the Restorer of humanity, seeks to regain his Eden purity and perfection, the contemplation of the God-man sends a thrill of joy through all the pulses of his soul.

How can we expunge God from the universe when her myriad creations from the smallest particle of matter to the celest-

tial manhood of Christ, all bear the impress of the fingers of Omnipotence?

All the forces of nature, generated and applied to the machinery of the universe by the motor power of God, are but working out the plans, which, from all eternity, have existed in the mind of eternity’s King, and all true science, the true interpretation of nature, has become a votary at the shrine of nature’s God, and brings all her proudest discoveries and casts them at his feet.

The countless voices of nature are but the echoes of the voice of infinite Intelligence reverberating from continent to continent, and from world to world as it appeals to its finite kindred. Through nature, the incarnation of the Creator’s thought, God silently talks to man as he walks amid her beauties. The heavens declare his glory: the rising sun—the smile of God—proclaims it; the stars sing it as they bestud the firmament of heaven. The boundless deep, chained to the shore by an invisible hand, whether flashing like a mirror in the sunlight, or shrouded in the spray of its own strife, utters the same truth,

“There seems a voice in every gale  
A tongue in every flower,”

that echoes it, while the songsters of the air, with voices of angelic melody, warble it in their daily carols. The clouds are his mantle. The thunder, rolling like drums in the march of God, is his voice. The lightning, painting his name on the canvass of the sky, or writing it in fire on the midnight darkness, is but the flash of his eclipsed glory. Yea, throughout the whole realm of creation, all the wonders of earth and heaven, “from mite to archangel, and from atom to sun,” unite in declaring, “The Hand that made us is divine.”

## “HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.”

ORATION DELIVERED AT RHETORICAL PRIZE EXHIBITION. R. H. BOSWORTH.

Before me is a picture. A scene in oriental life. Let me describe it. Gathered about a table is a group of men of

ordinary aspect, except one in the midst of the company who appears like unto the son of God. Yes, it is He. Before

Him is portrayed a cup, ordinary in size, but so adorned with brilliant colors as to render it exceedingly attractive to the eye. And as the multitudes gather about to inspect the painting, profuse words of admiration may be heard respecting the beautiful cup, *alone*, upon which their whole attention is seemingly bestowed. The artist, observing the effect produced by his work, seizes his brush and dashes it heavily upon the pictured cup, exclaiming: Behold the Master!

It is a fundamental law in ethics, that the *quality* of a moral action lies in the intention. Upon this law I base the proposition, that the intrinsic worth of an individual lies not so much in the *deed* accomplished as in the spirit which prompts to action. Hence the most brilliant achievement ever effected by man, if it be the result of a right motive, is not to be denied the honor which justly belongs to it.

But, believing that real merit should receive due recognition wherever it exists and under whatever circumstances exhibited: believing that if a man's a man, why he's "a man for a' that and a' that;" and admitting that the world demands strong, fearless hearts to lead society onward, thus serving as a vessel to convey blessings to those in want, the position is maintained that there is also imperatively required the multitudes of earnest though humble hearts which exist as the primal human source of these blessings.

And in consideration of the conviction that the too universal tendency of the age is to bestow attention upon the cup, rather than upon the master, thus permitting virtue to lie concealed within the obscure labyrinth of society, weeping and moaning, perchance, beneath its burden of lonely, sad neglect, I, to day, although no artist, would seize the brush of just discrimination and dash it upon the glittering record of *great names* and *great deeds* spread out on history's page, exclaiming: Behold the more obscure ones, possessed of true nobility of life, and grant to them also: "Honor to whom honor is due."

While we contemplate and admire the

power and progress of mind as exhibited by the leading thinkers of to-day, let us not pass with indifferent contempt the struggles of a Thales, who merely reaches the simple conclusion, that water is the beginning of all existence; or those of Anaxagoras who conceived of several primary substances, presided over by one superior intelligence which he believed to exist, both as Architect and Controller of them all. For at that time mind was entering new and untraveled paths, and darkness overhung the way.

There were being *originated* the problems which succeeding ages are only asked to solve. And however vague may have been the speculations of those early devotees at learning's shrine, surely they are not undeserving of our notice and praise to day, although they stumbled oft and sadly too, in the primary lessons assigned them in the world's great school of earnest thought. For, amidst all their errors and illogical conclusions there is ever exhibited the possession of an earnest desire after truth—the congenial food of every heroic soul—daring, as they did, to venture far out into the unknown, in their sincere struggle to reach the shore of philosophic truth, untaught as yet, that "all philosophy is an arch, through which gleams that untraveled world whose margin fades forever and forever as we move." The world loves to lavish praise upon its military heroes. Let them receive all deserved honor. Let the name of Alexander, of Charlemagne, of Hannibal, of Cæsar and of Napoleon be engraven in enduring marble and encircled with flowers everlasting. But alongside of their names, may, higher up, inscribe the names of those who have earnestly sought and bravely defended the great principles of eternal truth. For while one has striven to erect and establish perishable thrones of earth, the other has labored to establish the throne of mind, eternal as the ages. While one has slain his thousands upon the bloody field, the other has been instrumental in elevating thousands to a better life. While one, in many cases, has fought to satisfy an ambitious desire to conquer, or at best, to maintain a petty sense of political pride and reputation, the other has stood in brave, even though

humble, defense, of a sacred, inner consciousness of right.

For an example of this latter class turn with me to a scene enacted in Rome at the beginning of the sixteenth century. See! a multitude is gathering in eager expectant haste. Why that pile of wood and that iron stake! Succeeding ages echo the reply: That was a time when dark superstition and the tyrannical rule of bigotry held sway. A time when hypocrisy and skepticism brooded over the land; when free thought was a most heinous offense and the only accepted philosophy of the age, assent to the one question: Do you agree with the teachings of Aristotle? But one brave spirit when subjected to the test dares to assert: My convictions as to what is the *truth* is my philosophy. For this, Bruno is forced to meet a martyr's doom but the flames which wrapped within their deathly folds that noble defender of manhood's grandest element, have lighted up the memory of his name with an immortal lustre. From this important crisis in the world's history, when the brave defense of truth was thus proclaimed over the land by the faggot fires of bigoted oppression, my mind reverts to the days of those noble worthies of old, who were tortured not accepting deliverance, who were forced to wander in deserts and mountains of the earth, destitute, afflicted and tormented, "Of whom" says Paul "the world was not worthy,"—not worthy, but yet in need of all down the ages, in need of at times when the spirit of truth seems to slumber, and the stagnant pools of society emit the poisonous vapor of death, while the masters look on in yearning, sullen despair! Then it is that brave hearts are needed to agitate the lumbering waters and dispel the thickening atmosphere of destruction. But all who prove thus potent for good, may not come to the notice of the world. And while honor rightly belongs to such as *are* known and in any measure applauded it equally belongs to all noble hearts that may be toiling on unknown, except to God. How many such there doubtless are, for strange, mysteriously strange is this life which we live here below. And yet, such lives are not failures after all. The violet may be surrounded by noxious

weeds, or spring up in the midst of the untrodden wood, yet its perfume is as sweet and its blush full as lovely as though blooming in most cleanly kept garden. And thus humble souls may be toiling on in the most obscure walks of life, neglected and alone, and yet, if resolved to pursue a pure manly course notwithstanding and to obey the call of duty even though deprived of a prominent position in which to labor, or the aid and approval of others, their lives may be rendered full as grand and worthy as though made the objects of the world's commendation. And consequently the heart that has no *distinguished* mission and concludes therefore, that there is nothing for it to do, needs much to learn the lesson that it may develop and possess such a beauty of character as will prove a rich blessing to self, shed a hallowed, even though uncredited, influence all around, and appear to the Father's eye an object full as lovely as the most noted saint. And in the lives of the many humble christian laborers there is contained a worthiness deserving of the highest bestowal of honor. By them hungry mouths are fed which never know the giver. Chilled bodies are warmly clad that know not whom to thank but God. Pages of gentle warning and counsel are sped on their mission to erring ones, while the world never hears the flutter of the wings of the loving messengers. Kind words of instruction are whispered in the ears of those who previously have said: None careth for my soul,—which never come to a reporter's notice.

Good seed is sown along the wayside and on the various places which is never mentioned in the columns of the daily news. Hearts filled with love and devotion to God, and burning with desires for the salvation of men and suppression of wickedness of every kind, often retire to the silent chamber to plead before Him who heareth the secret prayer, while the world may never catch their words of earnest intercession, or gaze upon them while bowed before the Lord. Conquests over self, endurance of burdens grievous to be borne, returns of love for hate and good for evil, are all performed without a single roll of drum or blast of bugle

horn, although deeds most worthy, for "He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

Humble, earnest hearts toil on. The shades of night may indeed hang over your pathway now,—but after the night—the morning. Your life may seem at present all hedged about with insurmountable walls of obscurity,—but patiently await the coming glory. The greatest developments in nature often require ages for completion, and yet their perfection is most certain. So the efforts of our hands may seem to effect but little, and yet they shall accomplish all that God designs, for his almighty hand extends throughout all worlds alike and leaves nothing undone. So, though no human eulogy is promised in memory of our deeds; though no wreaths of flowers are twined about our

names or strewn upon our graves; though many humble, unknown hearts may live and toil and pass away unrecognized by earth, honor will come at last, for angels will greet such spirits as they descend the skies, tuning their harps anew and sounding unequalled notes in their joyous welcome home.

Yes, up above, all wrongs will be corrected and each receive his proper due. Down below, forgetfulness and sad neglect: up above, the care of angel hands. Down below, heart aches, brain throbs and wearied nerves; up above, banished sorrow and sweet, unbroken rest. Down below, darkness and vision blurred; up above, light forevermore. Down below, a nail-pierced, dripping cross: up above, a star-gemmed, glittering crown.

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## INTO THE DEPTHS.

GRADUATING ORATION. M. V. CRUMBAKER.

We stand to-day upon the beach and look out upon the sea of life's activities. The past, with its pleasures, is behind us. The future, with its duties and responsibilities, lies before. What do we expect of the future? Is it that some wave of fortune on this mighty deep shall wash ashore pearls of truth and success and cast them all sparkling at our feet, where we may but stoop and they are ours? If so, we are doomed to disappointment. We must expect to launch our frail bark upon this sea of activity, and amid storms and labors and disappointments descend *into the depths* after these priceless jewels. Nature has no favored ones upon whom she lavishes her gifts, but she invites each and every one to comply with the requirements and reap the reward.

To the student who is preparing himself, by culture, for the sterner duties of life, her language is, "Into the depths, make your culture broad and deep." Many ignore this injunction, and would avoid the labors and difficulties of such a

course, by a superficial preparation, but the sequel of their lives shows that this command cannot be disregarded with impunity. It is not the man of superficial culture that moves the world. He may create a ripple on the deep of public opinion, or perhaps produce such an agitation as shall sink some craft of corruption or bring to the surface some gem of worth, but it is the man with that culture which extends down into the depths, that like a tidal wave sweeps everything before him. There have lived in the past many such great and grand men. The works which they have accomplished and the discoveries which they have made are wonderful. They have descended into the depths. But here we are met with the sneering inquiry, "Do you expect to follow these giants of the past in their meanderings through these labyrinthian depths of thought? We do. They were not wanderers through a dark and gloomy wilderness. They were pioneers opening up the way as they advanced, and have

left behind them a shining track by means of which we may follow them safely into these mighty depths; yea, we may pass into regions to them unknown, for while it may be thus that we cannot transcend them in greatness of thought, yet we may, by taking the ultimate result of their efforts as the starting point of ours, extend the dominion of thought one fathom further into the depths. Their works have been great. But the universe of God is so infinite in extent and has such grand lessons for man that after all the geniuses of all the ages have exhausted their powers in the attempt to solve its problems, it will require an eternity for the assembled hosts of God, standing in the observatory of Heaven, to unravel its mysteries, drink in its beauties, and enjoy its inexpressible and inexhaustible pleasures. We may not be able to move unaided the car of progress freighted with man's greatest interests, but when the propelling powers of advancement are strained to their utmost tension, we may by our efforts send it one move further into the unknown but knowable beyond.

Opportunities for such efforts are teeming all about us. In the depths of eternal blue, which stands like a mighty dome above us, are glories of the Creator, written in lines of living light, which may be

read and understood by man. In the depths of sin and wretchedness about us are gems immortal, gems, fit for the crown of Heaven's King, which must be cut and polished by human agencies. Beneath the strata of technicalities, errors and corruptions of the law, in which so many of the pettifogging legality labor, there is a substratum of right and justice broad as the fields of eternity and rich as the mines of Heaven in which the *true* man may labor, and *do's* labor for God and humanity. Before us lie the unfathomed depths of philosophy into which we may descend and there gather flowers of truth and leaves of thought with which we may wreath the princely brow of mind in its onward march.

Let us then, with *Pulchre bonoque studemus* as our motto, strive for the beautiful and good by going down into the depths; into the depths in culture; into the depths in active life; down beneath the sham and shoddy of the world to honesty and truth; into the depths in thought, beneath those strata from which the brightest gems have been gathered by others, to those in which are gems of the rarest hue which we may collect, and with which we may make the world brighter, happier, purer, better.

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## THE MAINSPRING OF ACTION.

GRADUATING ORATION. J. T. AYERS.

Human nature may be compared to a book whose pages are open to the child and peasant, as well as the philosopher and scholar; he who penetrates them will ever find new and precious truths. Education is not an indispensable qualification. Men may excuse themselves from the study of science or the classics for want of books; but he who fails to avail himself of this most fruitful source of knowledge, must close his eyes and refuse to see. We stand to-day upon the threshold with a busy world before us. Men of all rank are rushing to and fro: soon we

are to join that number, and it is for us to say whether the world will be better for our having lived. The historian who knew the various ambitions, energies and *will* of this class might write their history now.

Do you doubt this? History is replete with instances when men under the most unfavorable circumstances, with little or no natural ability, have succeeded in climbing to the summit of the mountain of fame and writing their names forever there. In fact natural advantages have ever been barriers which have kept those

in possession of them from reaching the goal of their ambition; for with them they fail to learn the secret of success,—*independence, perseverance and self-reliance*. He who would have his name honored and revered by all as the benefactor of mankind, *must* rely upon his own efforts. “The strong man and the waterfall,” (says the proverb,) “channel their own path.”

Such men not only pave the way for themselves, but they carry others with them; their every act indicates vigor and independence. They unconsciously command the admiration and homage of all. The noble leader of an enterprise is not the man who anxiously waits for some favorable circumstance to place him in the van, but resolutely grasps the standard and by his own energy and perseverance places himself at the head of the column. He is not the man who is made by circumstances, but is the one who *makes* circumstances. It is as true to-day as when first uttered, that “where there is a will there is a way.” The idea of power can never be separated from the human will. It is impossible for us to will without the conception of power; hence the will is power. We gain the extent of this by experience. We develop our bodies and form the ideas of physical strength by its use; it is by the exercise of the intellect that we increase our mental vigor; and we can do neither without volition. Here, then is the *mainspring* of all *action: the human will*. With it, everything is possible; without it, man is a failure. This must not only be strong enough to put forth the necessary effort, but must possess a zeal that will adapt means to ends. Therefore, to be in constant exercise is not sufficient, unless it is inspired and ennobled by ambition. Not that vaulting desire for personal glory which overleaps itself and changes men from heroes to tyrants, but the grand, sublime and noble aspiration which prompts men to higher achievements.

One has said “ambition is the germ from which all nobleness proceeds.” Indeed, as there could be no more sweeping criticism upon a work of art than to say it had no expression; neither could you say worse of the artist than that he had no

ambition. But for this will to be simply tempered by ambition does not suffice. It *must* be strengthened by perseverance. It is the constant dropping of the water that wears the solid rock; so it is by constant and earnest effort that we attain our heart’s desire. But while man is the architect of his own fortune, while it is within his power to do as he will, yet there is a limit to his possibilities. All can not be presidents. Position is not the measure of our efforts; neither is it the test of our success in these days, when deception and trickery are so current; when it is so seldom that he who is honored deserves the honor; or the one who is the most meritorious is rewarded. Nor can all be men of genius; this is a natural gift. True, cultivation quickens the perception, and those great intellects which have accomplished so much, gained their enviable position by constant application, yet they were men naturally adapted to their peculiar work, or they never could have accomplished what they did. Nor can all be wealthy, since riches, alas, how often take wings and fly away. But all can be men, noble and true. The poet has said, “an honest man is the noblest work of God,” and each may be this by doing with all his might what his hands and mind find to do. Do you talk of battles fought and victories won? There are no battles more terrific nor victories more sublime, than the one where the will of man is battling for the right and the mastery of the appetites and passions. How degraded is man, when these have him under their control. How imperfect when they are annihilated; but behold him as he goes forth with these under the control of the will, each performing its separate functions. Then it is that man accomplishes the end for which he was created. Then it is that he achieves the mighty deeds of valor. Then it is that the power of this will is revealed, as he comes forth with it tempered by ambition, softened by the affections and strengthened by perseverance.

“Ravished with joy, he wings his eager flight,  
Nor dreams of ruin in so clear a light;  
He tempts his fate, and courts a glorious doom,  
A bright destruction and a shining tomb.”

## MOVING ON.

GRADUATING ORATION. KATE B. ROSS.

After a night of darkness and storm the clouds break away. Crimson and gold tinge the east, and ere long the sun rides high in majestic course, his beams shedding light and warmth upon the earth; so, have the dark clouds of ignorance and oppression rolled away and the truths of freedom and equality, dawning upon the nations of the east, have swept onward to the west and have ever been the light by which the nations of the earth have been moving on.

There are two forms of government extant in the world. One, that it is a thing of pomp and power, in which the State is every thing, the individual nothing. It is embodied in the famous saying of Louis XIV, "I am the State."

The other is a broader, more utilitarian one. It holds government to be for the advancement and protection of society, and that the people have rights which the sovereign dare not ignore.

The first idea ran through the history of the past. For ages swaying the world, it produced that night of universal ignorance and superstition, when the sacred rights of life and liberty were utterly disregarded; when mind and soul alike were shrouded in darkness; when he whose right it was to be a freeman, at the will of the monarch was ruthlessly torn from his family, and his head placed beneath the descending axe.

But the world has been moving on toward the grander, more humanitarian idea. The darkness of the past has rolled away. Liberty is dawning. Each nation has contributed much for the advancement of humanity, but none have been moving on with more rapid, grander strides than our own free land.

America has solved the problem of self-government. It was solved, when, after four years of struggle for liberty's cause, the stars and stripes floated triumphantly over the re-United States. It was solved when, flashing over the wires, came the news that our beloved President was struck down, and the sun shone upon a land of sorrow yet still subject to existing

law; while in the countries of Europe, according to every precedent, the assassination of the monarch would have been the signal at which the sword must be unsheathed and martial law must be called forth to quell the bloodthirsty mob.

America has now only to perfect the problem of self-government. One onward movement for the accomplishment of this end must be the incorporation into our system of *woman's influence*, who, by an Elizabeth, by a Madame Roland, by a Catharine DeMedici, by the beautiful influence thrown around the life of the late John Stuart Mill, has proved herself capable of administering the affairs of government and engaging in the political life of the times.

This question, now agitating the people, is no "new departure." It is but the carrying to legitimate conclusions the underlying principles of our government. As the truths of the Bible, uttered so many centuries ago, will ever be adequate to the spiritual needs of manhood, so are the principles laid down in the declaration of equal rights broad enough to include all future reforms for the advancement of the people. Public sentiment is to-day in advance of our laws. Not suddenly have the principles of freedom and equality been grasped by man. Slavery crept in, bidding defiance to the spirit of our free institutions. But eight years ago a political necessity demanded the enfranchisement of the black man. To-day the temperance and other moral reforms demand the enfranchisement of woman.

It is an oft repeated assertion, yet none the less true, that the civilization of a country is measured by the position of woman, and we are proud our republic stands in advance. We have aroused to the fact that she who in the home, the family,—the foundation of society,—moulds and dissects the character of the men and women of the future, requires for the responsibility a mind none the less disciplined by culture and study. We have awakened to the fact that the highest good of our race demands of wo-



man a culture of mind equal to that of man, and in accordance with this, the doors of many colleges, formerly barred to her, have swung wide on their creaking hinges. Neither to-day, nor ever, can we forget to be grateful that four years ago the Wesleyan University invited to equal privileges sons and daughters.

While we praise America for allowing women a higher place in social life than other lands, yet we believe we are still moving on to that high place where there will be no "social wall" upon one side of which man may with impunity commit those deeds, the like of which on woman's side now casts her out of society, causing her to be morally and socially "dead and buried." We are nearing the time when there will be but *one* moral law for man and woman.

O, America! greatest among nations,—  
Birthplace of Freedom and Equality,—in  
spite of crime and corruption creeping  
into high places, "in spite of false light  
on the shore," thou art still moving on.  
May thou ever continue to be the cham-  
pion of human liberty, may Truth march  
triumphantly on, and when the centennial  
of thy birth is celebrated, may thy stars  
and stripes float over the land of the *free*,  
and thy bells

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring out the false, ring in the true;  
Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good."

"Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

### ST. CHRISTOPHER'S SEARCH.

Among all the beautiful legends of the middle ages, none is more pathetic and suggestive than the story of St. Christopher.

Colossal in stature, unequalled in strength, there dwelt in the land of Canaan a giant named Offero. Feeling in his heart the want that comes in time to all hearts, he traveled far and wide, seeking to find the mightiest prince on earth, that he might serve him. From one to another potentate he went, ever finding, after a short period of labor, that his new master stood in fear of some other and stronger. Enlisting at last in the service of the devil, he worked for him faithfully, till he discovered that the sight of a cross by the wayside caused him to tremble with fear. So he left him, and marched on, seeking but not finding the Christ, and scornful to follow the bidding of a hermit, who desired him to fast and pray. Then the hermit bethought him doubtless that in Christ's economy there is scope for all natures, and to this man, who did not

comprehend fasting and prayer or the gentler aspects of religion, it might be that hard work might become the chosen means of grace. So he told him of a perilous river, in fording which many pilgrims perished, saying, "Since thou wilt neither fast nor pray, go to that river, and use thy strength to aid and save those who struggle with the stream, and those who are about to perish. It may be that this good work shall prove acceptable to Jesus Christ whom thou desirest to serve, and that he may manifest himself to thee." To which Offero replied, "This I can do. It is a service that pleaseth me well!"

Patiently, then, by the side of the river, by day and by night, the strong man waited, aiding the weak, carrying the helpless, and steadying those who were in danger of going down with the current, till one day our Lord, looking on him well pleased, said, "Behold this strong man, who knoweth not yet the way to worship me, but has found the way to serve me."

So the legend goes on, telling of quiet and faithful service, willingly paid, till there comes a dark and stormy night, when the winds moan drearily and the drenching rains fall. To the giant, resting in his hut, comes, faint and tremulous, the cry of a child, "Carry me over, carry me over this night!" Twice and thrice came the piteous call ere the weary Offero answered, when going forth from the shelter into the tempest, he found a little child who, borne upon his shoulder, grew heavier and heavier, till almost fainting, he reached the other side. "Henceforth shall thy name be Christopher," then said the child, "for thou hast carried Christ."

It were idle to try to parallel this poetic legend exactly with the meanings of our daily life. The heart of it is the same that beats in the beautiful utterance of

our Saviour, "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these my servants ye did it unto me!" Those who have found out how to love and labor for Christ's friends are on the way to the knowledge of the best Friend himself. There are some who pitifully complain that they cannot find the personal Jesus. They believe that he is a Redeemer, but their faith fails to appropriate him as their own. To such, groping in the dark, and knowing not how to find rest, the story of Christopher carries a precious suggestion. Work for the Master, though yet you know him not. Don't let enterprises languish which your hands may help; don't let suffering souls and bodies near you suffer for lack of your tender ministry: give the cup of cold water to the disciple, and you may yet gain the disciple's reward.

—*N. C. Advocate.*

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### THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death! The stars go down  
To rise upon some fairer shore;  
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown  
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread  
Shall change beneath the Summer showers  
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,  
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize,  
And feed the hungry moss they bear.  
The forest trees bear daily life  
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,  
And flowers may fade and pass away,  
They only wait through wintry hours  
The coming of May day.

There is no death! An angel form  
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;  
And bears our best-loved things away,  
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,  
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;  
Transplanted into bliss, they now  
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird like voice, whose joyous tones  
Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,  
Sings now the everlasting song  
Around the tree of life.

Where'er He sees a smile too bright,  
 Or heart too pure for taint and vice,  
 He bears it to that world of light,  
 To dwell in Paradise.

Borne unto that undying life,  
 They leave us but to come again;  
 With joy we welcome them the same,  
 Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,  
 The dear immortal spirit treads;  
 For all the boundless universe  
 Is life—there is no dead!

—*Selected.*

## NOTES BY THE WAY.

PROF. H. C. DEMOTTE.

Salt Lake City is a marvel no less in its social, moral and religious life and character than in its material resources. To one who in years gone by was accustomed to view the valley as a rainless desert, wholly unfit for habitation, the teeming orchards and flowery gardens of this "city of the plain" must appear in strange contrast with its former desolation, and the genial showers, which during the past week have so plentifully dispensed their blessings, may be only the beginning of better days in the valley. So in a place and among a people where not many years ago the life of a *gentile* was by no means safe, especially if he dared utter an opinion contrary to the words of the "prophet," it is a source of pleasure to be able to speak freely and fully on all questions pertaining to the "peculiar institution," and to enjoy all the religious privileges which would be guaranteed to any one in any part of the Union.

If one spends a Sabbath in Salt Lake City he can have the pleasure of attending an Evangelical Church and hearing the Gospel preached in its simplicity and purity. On the 19th of July I had the good fortune to hear Bishop Merrill deliver a discourse in the Methodist Church, and in the evening I attended the Congregational Church and heard an excellent sermon by Rev. Barrows, the pastor of that church.

A few notes in relation to Methodism

in Salt Lake City may be of interest. Our Church has begun a fine edifice which, when completed, will cost about \$50,000. The basement has been completed and furnished in a plain substantial manner, at a cost of \$17,000, and efforts are being made now to inclose the building this season. Most of the means necessary have been secured, and the pastor, Bro. Stratton, is quite hopeful in reference to the speedy completion of the work. Our membership now numbers about one hundred and is steadily increasing. A Sabbath school is in successful operation, numbering between one and two hundred. It is under the efficient superintendency of Sister May, an enthusiastic and successful laborer in this department of our Church work.

The Protestant churches and schools are supported and patronised almost wholly by Gentiles and apostate Mormons. These latter are quite enthusiastic sometimes in their advocacy of the Protestant faith. Some of them give liberally of their means for the erection of churches and the support of the ministry. The Walder Brothers have already given \$1,000 to the fund for the erection of the Methodist Church, and will probably aid the enterprise still more ere it is finished. Our Church also has an excellent day school, numbering about two hundred, which is held in the basement of the church. It is under the supervision of Prof. Stein, who is

doing a good work here for the cause of true education.

Too much importance can not be attached to the work being accomplished by these brethren, and the success of evangelical religion and Christian education in Utah will have much to do in ridding our country of the curse which has been so long fostered and sustained by Mormonism.

I am persuaded that but little is known by the great mass of the American people of the peculiar manners, customs and faith of the "Latter-day Saints;" and those who do know something of their doctrine really fail to completely comprehend the situation or appreciate the utter disloyalty of this sect, not only to many of the principles of enlightened civilization, but to the government under whose protection they now dwell in peace and safety. A sketch of a day in the Tabernacle may be of interest. The new Tabernacle having been decorated and especially prepared for the grand Sunday-school jubilee, held on July 24, was not opened for service. Accordingly the audience gathered in the old Tabernacle, situated on the southwest corner of Temple Square. The room, which is a semi-ellipsoid, probably sixty or seventy feet wide, and thrice as long, was crowded with a strange admixture of humanity. Young and old of all nationalities were stowed away in the heterogeneous mass. A special section of seats in front of the stand was reserved for the *gentiles* and with an instinct and sagacity truly marvelous the ushers separated the sheep from the goats. A gentile was recognised immediately upon entering, and was politely shown a seat in the space set apart for the reprobates. The service was introduced by singing, in which none but the choir seemed to join. Prayer was offered by one of the bishops, in which thanksgiving and gratitude were expressed for the special divine favor manifested in giving the saints a home in the mountain vales, concluding with a petition for Brigham, the servant of the Lord, for the general prosperity of Zion, and especially for the missionaries in this and foreign lands. After prayer the familiar hymn commencing,

"'Twas on that dark and doleful night,"

was sung by the choir and during the singing the bread for the sacrament was broken by six of the bishops. A short prayer consecrating the bread was offered, and Orson Pratt, who is said to carry the brains of the Mormon Church, then arose and announced as his text Daniel's prophecy in regard to the stone that was cut out of the mountain. Those appointed to that work began a distribution of the bread through the audience, passing it in silver baskets, while Brother Pratt proceeded with his sermon. After the bread had been distributed, the speaker gave way long enough for the prayer consecrating the water used instead of wine in the sacrament, and then proceeded with his discourse while the water was passed in twelve silver vessels. The introductory portion of the sermon was an explanation of the wonderful dream of the king and Daniel's interpretation. The speaker accepted the usual explanation of the prophecy as to the various kingdoms referred to, representing that the present age of the world is aptly symbolized by the feet and toes which the stone cut out of the mountain, without hands, is to fall upon. He then passed to the vision of John, recorded in Revelations, and professed to explain the principles of the new kingdom which is to be set up in the world. He stated that the Church of Christ, as organized in the days of his incarnation, was to be overcome and that a new church was to be established. Some of the cardinal principles of this new church must be, repentance, faith in Christ, baptism for the remission of sins and gifts. These gifts include prophecy, healing, etc., all of which he emphatically declared the true Latter Day Saint to be in possession of. He then proceeded to show, to the satisfaction of his dupes I suppose, that Babylon, the great mystery which is mentioned in Revelations, is the Christian Church of the present day—and that it is utterly corrupt and the source of all manner of abominations, and that the Church of the Latter Day Saints is to disciple all who will hear the gospel according to the Book of Mormon, but that to those who refuse to heed the call the Lord will come in vengeance and

sweep them with the broom of destruction to the lowest perdition.

He then pictured in glowing colors how aptly and perfectly the Mormon Church represented the stone cut out of the mountain, closing by expressing his unwavering faith in the prophecy that this stone is to roll down out of the mountain and fill the whole earth. He spoke with much fervor and earnestness of the return of their people to Jackson county, Missouri, where, according to one of their prophecies, the great central city of Zion is to be built. As to the time when this is to be accomplished he professed to be ignorant, but said it was in the near future. The prophecy was given in 1832 and it declares that all of that generation shall not pass until these things be fulfilled. During the discourse numerous references were made to the persecution which their people have received and especially to the present corrupt condition of our government, and the certainty of its rapid decline and final overthrow. I forbear extended comment, but it does seem a marvel that people possessed of even a grain of common sense can be so completely duped and led to believe such improbable false-

hoods. I am further persuaded that for a nest of disloyalty and a hotbed of treason to our government, no other spot on the continent can bear any just comparison with the Mormon settlements of Utah.

In strange contrast with the service above described was that of our own Church on the same day, the pastor, Rev. C. C. Stratton, officiating. Fidelity to truth, to the principles of our enlightened civilization, to the spirit and purity, as well as a fearless exposure of error in all its forms, characterized the services of the hour. At the close Mrs. Ann Eliza Young, whose lectures throughout the Union in opposition to the system of Mormonism, have already won for her an enviable reputation and placed her name on the roll of the world's defenders of truth and liberty, came forward and united with our Church. May God speed the day when the curse of Mormonism, whose cornerstone is laid in the grossest sensualism, supported by a blind and ignorant religious superstition, may be forever banished from our otherwise free and happy land.

—*C. C. Advocate.*

## BRAVE WORDS ABOUT THE OLD PURITANS.

*The Character of the Puritans.*—There has been more careless writing about the Puritans; more reckless judgments have been passed upon them; they have been less understood, and worse misrepresented than any other class of men. How were they judged by the standard of their times? John Milton, Richard Baxter, Edward Coke, the Earl of Sutherland, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Bacon,—the strongest and best names that embellished that age,—paid to them such honors as have never been offered by contemporaries to any other set of men. Their characters were elaborated in the throes of a mighty revolution of thought. They were purified by passing through the sev-

en times heated furnace of persecution. They were stripped of every earthly treasure in heaven. Pained and sickened at the religious bigotry and superstition of their times; indignant at the heavy yoke of priestly tyranny that bent down the necks of men; outraged by the insults and indignities heaped upon the human soul by the usurpers of conscience; fired by love of freedom; deep beyond modern soundings in their convictions that the Bible was the sole revelation of the mind of God to his creatures; recognizing the intervention of no priest, except the Great High Priest who had made an eternal sacrifice, and passed within the veil forever to intercede for his people;

feeling the worthlessness of all earthly possessions, and the vanity of all worldly honors, they acknowledged no citizenship except in heaven. Believing that the earth with all its works was to be burned up, they sought 'a city that hath foundation, whose builder and maker is God.' There were but two items in their creed—God in heaven, the sole Master, the King of kings, and Lord of lords; and the absolute liberty of his children on earth. All oppression of man by his fellow-man was an insult to God. Their politics were all summed up in a pure Democracy for civil government, with one Supreme Ruler, even God.

Such men made bad subjects for despotism. They could not live in the Old World in peace; and valuing liberty dearer than all else, they chose the hardships of a wilderness life, rather than sacrifice the chief object of existence. Having no abiding place, but seeking one to come, they confessed that they were Pilgrims and strangers on the earth.'

Having once fixed their home in the wilderness, secured by fair purchase their title to the soil from its only owners, and planted their communities, they had a legal and a moral right to regulate their institutions, and establish such a civil and religious system as to them seemed best. By no law of God or man could any other being come in to disturb them. If they had a right to establish their system, they had a right to defend it against all comers. The world knew all this; every emigrant that embarked to join them knew beforehand exactly the conditions on which he had voluntarily become a member of those communities, or could enjoy their protection. If he didn't like them, he could stay away; but he could not be allowed to go there and make trouble. If he did, he knew the penalty. Not a man or woman was banished from their communities but what acknowledged the justice of their exclusion, provided they could not subscribe to the rules and regulations that had been established. And thus, sooner or later, outsiders learned that no legal wrong had been committed on them; that if they were not satisfied, they could choose a new home, and follow the example of those who had preceded them; there was ample room and

verge enough; and so the thing took care of itself.

The Dutchman was no Pilgrim; the Frenchman was no Puritan; even the Quaker, intense in his Calvinism, pure in his life, but holding all human authority in contempt, became a disturber of the public peace, and had to leave. Their State constituted a body of believers; the elect alone were citizens; they were determined that their communities should remain pure from all these disturbing elements. They had themselves become exiles to gain this great boon, and they were determined never to surrender it; and they never did. Roger Williams himself acknowledged at last the justice of it, and retired, setting a higher example of illumined statesmanship and sublime Christian Charity. William Penn, with marvelous judgment and sagacity, saw and felt it all. He proposed on a large scale, what Roger Williams had done on a smaller one. Coming half a century later, when the whole American question was fully understood: when all the new light of the age had been poured upon government and human rights, he could, under better auspices, with the favor of men in power, get a vast territory for the asking, and lay out a State, liberal and grand enough to suit his ideal of a free commonwealth.

Our age offers no standard by which the Puritans can be judged as civilians, only in their conception of the inviolability of human liberty, and the dignity and sacredness of the individual soul,—in all of which they far transcended our most enlightened ideas; while in virtue, sturdy as the Romans understood it—courage, loyalty to the gods, fidelity to the commonwealth,—in the vigilance with which they guarded public morals; in the purity of their private life; in the tenderness and love of their social relations; in their sublime devotion to God; in the sacredness with which they guarded their altars; the inviolability with which they surrounded their hearths and homes; in the patient industry which wrung from a reluctant soil the wealth which secured independence; in economy and self-denial, and in industry that never tired;—those men and women stand sublime in the presence of an age where prodigality is

substituted for thrift; where speculation pushes aside honest enterprise; where luxury scorns frugality; where indolence looks down on labor; where the stern integrity that grows out of the fear of God as the Supreme Judge of the earth, and the friend and vindicator of virtue, have given away to laxness of morals; where selfishness is the law, and generosity the exception; where even Christian charity itself is prostituted under the name of a liberality which garnishes crime and compromises with iniquity; where money is the god of idolatry; where even women of boasted refinement and culture, have almost lost the sentiment of maternity; where large families are growing scarce, and family bands weaker; where desertion takes place with the slightest provocation, and divorce is invoked as the sovereign panacea for every marital ill; where household thrift and scrupulous cleanliness, have ceased to characterise our American homes; where the education of children is turned over to the schoolmaster and the governess; where well regulated households filled with cheerfulness and plenty, hospitality, reverence for parents, purity of private character, the culture of gentleness, and the whole galaxy of domestic virtues and graces, have all but gone out of fashion;—where love gives place in marriage to a settlement for life; where home is no longer the center of attraction, but *society* becomes its miserable substitute: where friendships are quick struck, and short-lived; where a solid, manly character, growing like an oak, stronger and more venerable by time, is no longer the standard of manhood; where men in high office steal, and debauch public morals;—and yet in so fearful a social condition as our society presents to-day, we go back and rail at those God-fearing, noble men; those matronly women, who were clothed with the dignity, the graces, the beauties and the glories of pure and gentle womanhood.

Would to God that when we had at last grown into a system of government—which by the common consent of the best men of the world was nearer a model of perfection than had yet been reached

—we could have preserved those primitive virtues; that feeling of reverence for the Creator; that regard for justice; that unbending adherence to honesty they had: that while, in getting rid of the severity of the Levitical law, we had preserved the tender charities of the law of Christian love; that while we enlarged the pale of religious toleration, and even went beyond it,—basing the law in America upon the duties of Christian States not only to tolerate but to *protect* all religions,—we had not become ourselves indifferent to any; that we could have preserved the thrift and frugality of the household, the sacredness of the honor, and the depth of the sentiment of maternity among women; that in the strain for modern culture, the sentiment of delicacy itself should not have been impaired; that we might still have had sons growing up like pillars, and daughters like plants around our table, instead of having them fly early from the family circle, to test the world before they could resist its enchantments,—to try the struggle of life and be broken on the wheel before they are strong enough to go alone; to spring from ignorance into the ostentation of learning; to substitute—in a single word—an infinite sham for an eternal verity. This is the modern society that undertakes to sit in judgment over the men that founded the Commonwealths of America; that laid the hewn stone so deep upon the bed-rock of principle, that we have to recur to them now for whatever we need of strength and cohesion to hold our Union together. For now, in inculcating the virtues of citizenship, we must go back a generation or two for examples in illustration. No; instead of dragging the the founders of America up to our standard, in God's name, let us go back to theirs. To them are we indebted for whatever we now have of things of inestimable value that belongs to life, in the close of the first century of our national existence.

*From Part Two of "Our First Hundred years;" By C. Edward Lester. Published by United States Publishing Company, New York.*

## DAYS OUTSIDE.

J. OLIVER WILSON.

After commencement, a rest at home and a pleasant ramble form the programme from June to September, of most college students.

Of course we were not an exception, and after the home-rest we found ourself, on the morning of July 10th at St. Louis, the Queen of the Mississippi, the city of fire-works(?) The first object of interest that claims our attention at St. Louis is the recently constructed bridge spanning the river—a structure as wonderful as it is useful. With its arches of iron, and piers of stone, it seemed not only a thing of power and durability, but a great connecting-link between two the grandest states in the Union.

We next visit Mercantile Library in which may be seen some of the most exquisite, as well as interesting works of art. Upon entering the ante-room our attention is first attracted by a photograph of the Colosseum at Rome, and of St. Peters with part of the Vatican. But that which we admired most was a sculptured slab of marble from Nineveh. We tried to believe that it had seen this ancient city but were "harassed with doubts." Upon entering the Library proper, we were confronted by a bust of Columbus which brought vividly and instantly to our mind Mark Twain's Frenchman. The bust was truly beautiful, but we could not refrain from laughing as we asked ourself the question "what did he die of." A mask from the face of Napoleon 1st; the marble form of Beatrice Cenci, whose sad history is found in some Spanish romance: a life-size statue of Daniel Webster, and two paintings, one representing Abraham's grief when Joseph's coat was brought to him, the other Magdalen washing the feet of the Savior, are beautifully expressive. But that which lingers in our mind undimmed by the flight of days is a life-size statue of *Anone* in a reclining posture expressive of grief. Her history is a sad one; having refused to save the life of her husband (*Priam*), she after-

wards died of a broken heart. As a piece of art it is wonderful; every feature is perfect, and so expressive that you find it difficult to persuade yourself that you stand before a lifeless marble.

Shaw's Botanical Garden is the last place of interest we mention. This wonderful Eden beggars our power of description. It is like a hundred beautiful dreams in one, the ending of one the beginning of another. It contains sixty acres of ground, enclosed by a stone wall twelve feet high. Here may be found every variety of plant from the common door-yard violet, to the beautiful palms of the tropical clime. The coffee, tea, orange and lemon plants are not the least interesting to us. The summer house was not so fine as we anticipated, but its surroundings were perfect. The paths from a distance converging toward it as a center formed various geometric figures which caused us instantly to think of Prof. DeMotte, and his untiring patience with the class of '76 who always persisted in "wearing gloves" when they encountered such figures. We encountered one of these figures—we wished to name and discuss it. At first success seemed evident as the outline reminded us of something we had seen in the books, and with royal good will we proceeded through geometry trigonometry, and analytics expecting every moment to shout "eureka!" but alas! we descended the stairway completely vanquished, cheered(?) only by the thought that mechanics still awaits us.

After a short conversation with Mr. Shaw, whom we found to be a polite and affable Scotch gentleman, we took the O. & M. R. R. for Cincinnati. Sight-seeing at the rate of forty miles per hour is hardly worth mentioning. We closed our eyes upon the fertile plains of southern Illinois to open them upon the heavy forests, rich coal mines and rocky hills of Indiana. We are not surprised at the persistent and plodding character of the Hoosier, when we see the rocky, barren



land from which he obtains his livelihood.

At length we reach Cincinnati, whose places of interest we forbear mentioning since you desire more especially to hear something of the celebrated Murdoch whom we come to visit, and who, as an elocutionist is said to have no equal in Europe or America. To have received instruction from a man who has devoted thirty-six years to the study of elocution seems the privilege of our life: such powers of voice, such gracefulness of action and such grandeur of conception we have never before seen and heard. I could wish the Wesleyan no greater favor than the presence of such an elocutionist. The weeks soon passed and at the expiration of two terms of instruction we sailed the Ohio for Louisville, Ky., where we found a city almost faultlessly beautiful, and a cemetery which is said to have no equal outside of Greenwood. Truly may Louisville be proud of this marble palace for it deserves its reputation, and is a charming place in which to sleep the years away. It seemed both poetic and philosophic, to make glad the last resting-place, to rob death of the thousand nameless superstitions with which it has been invested, and make it what it really is, the taking home to the bosom of nature and her silent sympathies the souls that have been o'er-wearied in the struggle of life.

As we wandered over its graceful undulations we could but notice the perfect-

ness of arrangement and beauty of design that graces every part. Upon the loftiest pinnacle waved the American flag over the graves of four thousand "boys in blue," whose monument, to us, was not the little board with the figures 1, 2, or 3 upon it, but a redeemed and peaceful land, whose 20 millions march annually to their quiet graves with floral offerings, and tears of gratitude and love. But we weary you!

Evansville Ind., and Covington Ky., are places of considerable interest, but we have not time nor space to mention them particularly.

Again we find ourself at St. Louis, and now at our home village, when we try to remember the story of the days just gone, that we may fulfill our promise to furnish an article for the Journal. And what is the lesson learned? that the *world* is *outside* the college walls, and that any number of years inside an university will not give us a standing. The outside world will take us at the real value of our metal—if it have a *clear ring*, it will pass, otherwise it falls, with all its titles, to the ground. The college is simply a means; it gives a polish, it cultivates the brain—the world is the end.

Truly the call comes loudly for great-hearted, noble-minded, cultured men, who are not afraid of opposition and toil, and failure! For such men the world has a place of honor and heaven an awaiting crown!

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## BEYOND THE "HEIGHT OF LAND."

BY G. K. F.

While I was standing on the pier at Sheboygan, Wis., one morning about the middle of May, 1872, their came in-to port the fine screw steamer "Peerless," bound for Marquette, on the south shore of lake Superior. Having been on all the great lakes except Superior, and being desirous of traversing this, the largest

body of fresh water in the known world, I concluded to take passage. Having packed up, I went aboard, and soon after the vessel was steaming up lake Michigan at the rate of twelve miles an hour. We made several stoppings between Sheboygan and Mackinaw, a town on the straits of that name, the latter being the

last stopping place between Sheboygan and the Sault St. Marie, a distance of about 400 miles. The navigation of this river is interrupted, 20 miles below its source, by the Falls of St. Mary, or, as it is called by the French, Sault St. Marie. The river descends here in a succession of rapids, extending nearly a mile, from 18 to 22 feet, the fall varying with the stage of water in Lake Superior. Birch canoes run these rapids in safety though they appear full of rocks. I was told that one sailing vessel had run them, and that a sail boat before a strong wind had ascended them.

There is a ship canal here constructed by the U. S. Government, so that the lake is accessible from the Atlantic Ocean. There is a town on either side of the river both having the same name. Sault Ste Marie. The Canadian town is inhabited principally by Canadian French, while the one on the American side, like all towns in the United States, has a mixed population. There is also a fort here containing about 200 soldiers.—to protect the canal. I suppose, in case of war. There are no regular "military" on the Canadian side.

The banks of the St. Mary are rocky and precipitous and densely covered with spruce and birch trees. Below the falls to Manitoulin Bay, the river runs silent and smooth, and nothing breaks the seeming death-like stillness save the sound of the paddle wheels as they cleave the crystal tide. The scenery is grand, though rather monotonous.

As the "Peerless" was to remain on the American side for a few hours at the canal, I concluded to cross the river into the dominion of Her Majesty the Queen. There are but few individuals in this Canadian village of any other nationality than half-breeds and Canadian French. It contains about 300 inhabitants, who gain a livelihood principally by fishing. The kinds of fish taken are, trout, pick-erel, white fish, and salmon, obtained by spearing and nets. There is only one church, and that is catholic, as also is the school. There are several stores, whisky saloons, etc., and a large, one-story, frame building for the militia to drill in during the winter. The male portion of the community wear a cap similar to the

Scotch Glengary, and invariably wear a red sash about the waist. The women wear shorter dresses than American ladies, with a greater variety of gaudy colors in all their apparel, red predominating.

In this place I learned that a surveying party was to start, as soon as a steamer arrived, for Thunder Bay, on the north shore of Lake Superior. The British Government is constructing a military road from Thunder Bay to Fort Garry, situated at the junction of the Assinaboin and the Red River, in the province of Manitoba, the scene of the late "unpleasantness" between the Government and on Riel. As the officer wanted more assistance, and as one great object I had in view was to see the country, I accepted a position in the party. Having secured my baggage from the "Peerless," I returned to the Canadian side to await the arrival of the steamer which was to convey us to Thunder Bay. In two days the steamer arrived, the "Algonia," which proved to be an old acquaintance. When a boy, I had ridden upon her many times, when she used to ply between Lewiston, on the Niagara river, and Toronto, on Lake Ontario, under the name of "The City of Toronto." She was a large, staunch vessel, and required to be, to stand the trial she was about to go through on this trip. The revenue laws require steamers trading between Canadian and United States ports, to land at ports in either alternately; that is, if they land at a Canadian port they must next land at a United States port, and *vice versa*. Having freight for Marquette, Michigan, that would be the next landing place. I was glad of this, as I desired very much to see the famed "Arched" and "Pictured Rocks" on the Michigan coast of Superior.

The range of cliffs called "Pictured Rocks" are among the most striking and beautiful features of the scenery of the north-west, and may well attract the attention of the artist, the lover of the magnificent and beautiful, and those wishing to witness grand geological phenomena. It is a very dangerous part of the coast, and no kind of craft dares come within a distance to obtain a good view, except when the lake is calm, the high, bold rocks against which the wind-

tossed waves beat, producing a sound not unlike artillery firing, have a tendency to deter the most daring from a near approach. Fortunately the lake was calm when we passed, and the steamer could approach near enough for us to obtain a good view.

The first display of Nature's architecture to be seen in coasting westward, and the most magnificent of her structures is "The Chapel," an outside view of which exhibits curiously wrought columns of masonry in thin and regular courses. At the base of one of these columns, forty feet above the surface of the lake, is a niche, reached by ascending natural steps formed by layers of sandstone. This is called the pulpit, in front of which lies a mass of rock like a table, answering for a desk, while another block to the right is called the altar. It seems to have been adapted expressly for a place of worship, and mortal hands could scarcely have rendered a place more appropriate than this temple of Nature. Near the "Chapel" is a beautiful cascade, mingling its echoes with the sounds produced by the waters of the lake beating against the base of the cliff,—Nature's orator, perpetually breaking forth in paeons of praise to the God who reared this "temple not made with hands."

A mile farther west we come to the "Grand Portal," a huge mass of rock forming an arched gateway, about a hundred feet in height and one hundred sixty broad, which opens into a grand vaulted passage some three hundred feet deep. This enormous block of sandstone projects into the lake nearly six hundred feet, and an altitude of nearly one hundred and fifty feet above the water, which reverberates through the vaulted passage of this magnificent work of Nature.

About five miles west of the "Grand Portal," the cliffs rise about one hundred and seventy-five feet above the level of the lake in a series of scollops, graduating into fanciful carvings, cut out of the sandstone by the erasive action of the waves, which have wrought the wall into mimic architectural forms. One of the most magnificent of these scollops is called the "Amphitheatre." There is one group of these fallen rocks which has the appearance of a sail, and is called "Sail

Rock." So various forms have received names from their more or less fancied resemblance to structures met with in the arts.

In due time we arrived at Marquette, which is a thriving place, supported by inland trade from the copper mines. We remained here about twelve hours. The place is named after Jaques Marquette, a Frenchman who, in company with Claude Dablon, a countryman, established the mission of Sault Ste. Marie, in 1668.

The country immediately bordering upon Lake Superior is, for the most part, either too sandy or too rocky for fertility; but, a few miles back, on the south shore, especially on the trap ranges, the soil is deep and rich, and supports fine forests of hard maple, birch, red oak, ash, hemlock and, in the lower grounds, white cedar, spruce, tamarac, etc.

The occurrence of native copper in this region was noticed as early as 1659-60. The copper mines throughout this whole region have, at some remote period, been worked by an unknown people. The Minnesota mines on the northern trap ridge, east of the Ontonagon river, and the Cliff mine on Keweenaw point, are the great mines of the district. Attention was first attracted to the locality in 1847-48, by the long parallel lines of ancient trenches which might be traced for miles along the ridges, near the summit. These, like many of like character in the copper regions, were found to mark the out-crops of copper veins. The excavations, when cleaned out, were found to reach a depth of thirty feet, and these unknown miners even penetrated under rock cover and left barren places of the vein in the open trenches, the drift forming arches over the drift beneath. Upon the soil, which has been subsequently washed in and partially filled the pits, large trees had grown. One tree, a hemlock, standing beside a much older stump showed, when cut, 350 distinct annual rings of growth, while buried under its roots several feet and supported on timbers, was a mass of copper that had been worked free from the vein and cleared, by fire, of all the vein-stone which filled its crevices. Ashes and charcoal wood were found about it; and it was evident that these ancient miners had exhausted

their resources in trying to reduce its weight. When removed by modern appliances, it was found to weigh six tons.

The tools of these ancient miners were found in large quantities, and consisted almost exclusively of hammers shaped out of the hard trap rock, with one sharp edge and a groove around them for binding on a handle. The edges of these primitive tools gave evidence that hard labor had been performed in their use.

It may not be uninteresting to the reader to state how these huge masses of copper are detached from the vein and brought to the surface, ready for transportation to the smelting works. The extraction of a single one of the enormous masses is sometimes the work of many months. When a "side" is laid bare in the vein, it is attacked at one end by introducing charges of powder behind, and as room is obtained and cracks are opened between the copper and the rock, increasing the size of these charges. These charges are not introduced by the ordinary method—by drilling—but the "sand blast" method is used. For breaking down the huge sheets and blocks of copper in these mines, no other known method could be effectual. This method consists of pouring powder loosely into the crevices found extending into bodies of rock, or cracks which are opened by a previous blast, in large quantities, and then covered with dry sand, a communication to it being secured by the introduction of pieces of safety fuse before the powder is covered. Blasts of from twenty-five to thirty kegs (625 to 750 lbs.) are used, and the mass is partially thrown over into the levels. The work of cutting it is then commenced upon its weakest points. Two miners strike in turn upon a long steel chisel held by a third, and a groove three fourths of an inch

wide is gradually cut across the copper. This work is repeated until the mass is cut through, a labor occupying sometimes a month to complete a single cut. Pieces weighing six or seven tons are hoisted up the shaft, and upon the surface are again cut to more convenient sizes (from one to three tons) for transportation. In January and February, 1857, an enormous mass was uncovered, upon which 1,450 lbs. of powder had been expended in five sand-blasts, without freeing it. Another charge of 625 lbs. placed under it, had the effect at least of loosening it a little; so that another blast of 750 lbs. threw it over in one piece without bending or fracturing, except where it was torn from other masses of which it formed a part, and which were left behind in the walls. It was 45 feet in length, and its greatest width was 8 feet. By measurement it weighed about 500 tons. How great must have been the labors of those primitive miners with their rude stone implements; nothing but muscle, aided sometimes by simple wood fires.

The Indians appear to possess some secrets concerning the mines of the coast; but they persistently refuse to disclose them, having a vague fear of the consequences of their doing so, as if they were conscious of the wrongs which the Spaniards inflicted on their race in Central and South America and the West India Islands, in compelling them to perform the labor of slaves in the gold mines, and dreaded a similar fate. Alas, how many secrets are locked up in the breasts of these aborigines concerning the early traditional history of this continent; and what untold misery have early explorers suffered, from a lack of knowledge resulting from "man's inhumanity to man."

How mean the order and perfection sought,  
In the best product of the human thought,  
Compared to the great harmony that reigns,  
In what the spirit of the world ordains.

—*Prior.*

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Dr. Fallows reports that he is having a grand time rusticiating in Wisconsin. He expects to return about the 4th of Sept.

—Rumor has it that W. C. Gilbreath, of '74, and Miss Hattie Lyon, a former student of the University, were married early in August. We understand that "W. C." proposes to become a practical "Granger."

—The Fall Term of the University will begin on Thursday, the 22d inst. There is every prospect of an unusually large attendance. Students should by all means endeavor to come in time to make all necessary arrangements and become settled ready for work on the very first day of the term.

—Just as we are going to press we learn that one division of the Powell and Thompson Exploring Expedition, under the direction of Major J. W. Powell, left Green River on the 29th of July, for a two month's trip among the Uintah Mountains. Prof. DeMotte accompanies this division in the capacity of Civil and Topographical Engineer. The other division of the expedition under Prof. Thompson is making a topographical and geological survey of southern and central Utah.

—L'AUREORE, (*The Morning Light*).—This is the name of a French protestant weekly newspaper founded in 1866, and published in Montreal, Canada, at \$1.50, (United States, \$2.) per annum. It contains articles on the important questions of the day; a special correspondence from France on European political and religious matters, as well as general family reading and news, etc. etc. We gladly welcome *L'Aurore* to a place among our exchanges and trust it may receive the encouragement it deserves.

—The following correspondence clipped from a recent number of the *Winchester Independent*, will be of interest to many of our readers:

WINCHESTER, ILL., Aug. 12, 1874.

Prof. J. OLIVER WILSON, Manchester, Ills.:

We, citizens of Winchester, having heard of your ability as a reader, and your success as Professor of Elocution in the Illinois Wesleyan University, and having learned that you have just returned from a course of instruction from the celebrated Murdoch, of Cincinnati, respectfully tender you a complimentary in the M. E. Church of this city, at such a time as will be most convenient for your acceptance. Respectfully,

(Signed by Robert Clark, N. M. Knapp, and thirty others.)

MANCHESTER, Aug. 19, 1874.

Messrs. Robert Clark, N. M. Knapp, and others.

GENTLEMEN: Your favor is received. Permit me in reply to assure you of my grateful appreciation of the honor you confer, and humbly to mention Thursday evening, August 27th, as the time which will best suit my convenience to appear before you in the character of a reader.

Very respectfully, J. OLIVER WILSON.

—A "postal" from Prof. DeMotte intimates that he is doing some hard work during his pleasure (?) trip to the Uintah Mountains. He frequently spends from ten to twelve hours per day "in the saddle," in the performance of his duties as surveyor with the party exploring this comparatively little known region. He expects to report himself for duty at the University at the beginning of the term.

—Dr. Mansfield in an article in the *Western Christian Advocate* says: "It is impossible to tell what the endowment of our colleges really is; but there is a fact determined by the Bureau of Education which is both remarkable and encouraging. This is the sudden fashion, as we call it, of rich men to make large gifts and donations to colleges. The facts on this head are very extraordinary. I take from the "Report of the Bureau of Education" some of the individual cases of colleges which have received large grants, leaving out all under forty thousand dollars, for the years 1871 and 1872 alone, from which the reader may see what an immense work of education benefactions is going on in this country:

Colleges.	Donations.	Donors.
University of California.....	250,000—	For Professor-ship by E. Tompkins.
Lincoln University, Ill.....	40,000—	Henry Hill.
Hanover College, Ind.....	43,000—	John King.
Boston University.....	1,500,000—	Isaac Rich.
Harvard College.....	90,000—	James Arnold.
Tufts College, Mass.....	80,000—	Oliver Dean.
Rutger's College, N. J.....	60,000—	Mrs. L. Kirkpatrick.
Princeton College, N. J.....	470,000—	Jno. C. Green and others.
St. Lawrence University.....	50,000—	John Craig.
Madison University, N. Y.....	50,000—	J. B. Colgate.
Cornell University, N. Y.....	250,000—	H. W. Sage.
University of Rochester, N. Y.....	100,000—	Colgate, Tremaine, etc.
Syracuse University, N. Y.....	650,000—	Various persons.
Alleghany College, Penn.....	50,000—	Judge Chamberlin.
University of Penn.....	250,000—	Various persons.
University for do. for Hosp.....	100,000—	Various persons.
Brown University.....	50,000—	W. S. Rogers.
Cumberland University.....	150,000—	Various persons.
University of Virginia.....	100,000—	Samuel Miller.
Columbia Col., D. C.....	250,000—	W. W. Conover.
Rochester Theological.....	450,000—	Various persons.
Perdue University, Ind.....	75,000—	J. Perdue.
Agricultural Col., Mo.....	100,000—	Legislature.
" " Penn.....	100,000—	Legislature.
Smith College, Mass.....	400,000—	Miss Sophia Smith.
Literary Company, Penn.....	1,000,000—	Dr. James Rush.
Newport Academy, R. I.....	100,000—	W. S. Rogers.
Methodist University, South	500,000—	Com. Vanderbilt.
Dorn Institute, N. Y.....	500,000—	Com. Vanderbilt.

These are the results of about two years, and amount to over eight millions dollars. The smaller donations make the total more than ten millions. Of the above institutions, only six are among the old colleges. These six received a million and a quarter of dollars. But these two years exhibit only a part of what has given to colleges in the last ten years. Dr. McCosh, in his recent address, says that, since he has been president, which is only five years, Princeton College has received donations to the amount of one million one hundred thousand dollars.

We give place to the above simply to call the attention of our friends to the fact that the name of the Illinois Wesleyan is not found in the list.

—We call special attention to the change in Dr. Wilson's card in this month's issue. The change was ordered in time for the July number, but on account of some inadvertence on the part of the printer it was neglected. Notwithstanding this change the Dr. continues to cremate those beautiful porcelain masticators in the most approved style, at his extensive dental rooms, though he has the exceeding modesty not to mention it in our columns. Call and see him for extra fine work in the dental line.

—The late appearance of the present number enables us to chronicle the marriage of Rev. W. H. Wylder, of '75, and Miss Sarah Smith, formerly a student in the Wesleyan. This unlooked-for event, we are informed, occurred on the second inst, and is probably an entirely unexpected piece of news to very many friends of the con-

tracting parties. If our Alumni friends will do themselves the justice and us the pleasure to whisper such pieces of desirable information in our ear beforehand we will endeavor to do honor to the occasion with an elaborately prepared notice.

—We were lately surprised by a flying visit from Miss Kate Ross, of '74. A portion of her vacation has been spent with her father on a lecturing tour in Iowa and Illinois. The Dr. delivered the "4th" of July oration at Clinton, Iowa, and he informs us that Miss Kate assisted bravely and added no little interest to the occasion. She expressed herself as ready for hard work in her position of Professor of English Literature and Elocution, in Hedding College, the duties of which she assumes at the beginning of the Fall term.

## BOOK TABLE.

AN ELEMENTARY MANUAL OF CHEMISTRY, abridged from Eliot and Storer's Manual, by W. R. NICHOLS. Published by IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR & CO., N. Y.

This is a work of less than three hundred pages, intended for beginning classes. While it professes to be only an abridgement of the larger manual it is something more, since it treats somewhat of the elementary principles of inorganic chemistry. The highly practical and experimental character of the manual is retained in the abridgement. The description of apparatus and of experiments is clear and concise, and the work must prove of interest and value to those classes which have the conveniences for experimental work in this interesting department of study. The theoretical part of the work is based upon the later views of the science, and while the work is written in the interest of no particular theory, it will be found to be fully up to the times. Teachers will find this a valuable assistant in experimentation even if they do not choose to use it as a text-book for classes.

COMPLETE ARITHMETIC, THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL. MANUAL OF ARITHMETIC. By WILLIAM G. PECK, LL. D.

We have received the above works from the popular publishing house of A. S. Barnes & Co., and have examined them with some care. The plan adopted in the natural sciences by the same publishers is here applied to Arithmetic, and is just the opposite of that pursued by Felter and others, being an attempt to bring the subject within as small a compass as possible. The name of the author is a sufficient guaranty that the work has been well done. We have never been able to comprehend the supposed necessity that a student should spend years pouring over the subject of common arithmetic, when it ought to

be mastered in as many terms at most. The idea has been fostered by Felter in making the subject matter fill three full volumes, that is now, in the "Complete Arithmetic," treated with sufficient clearness and fullness as a *single* volume of only about three hundred pages. The author says in the preface to the Complete Arithmetic: "The object is to present, within moderate limits, all the principles of arithmetic required by the student, the man of business, and the artisan. To accomplish this end, the definitions and explanations have been revised and simplified; much superfluous matter has been rejected, and great care has been taken to avoid multiplicity of cases and special rules, but in no instance has any essential principle been omitted or abbreviated." The author claims, and our examination warrants us in admitting, "that the definitions and explanations are plain and concise; that the principles are stated clearly and accurately; that the demonstrations are full and complete; that the rules are perspicuous and comprehensive; and, finally, that the whole subject is simply illustrated by numerous graded examples and corresponding practical problems." There are some parts that might be simplified still more and be an improvement, we think. We cannot believe that it is at all necessary to resort to the old round-about method of "borrowing, and carrying to the subtrahend," to explain the rule for subtraction. But on the whole we can heartily commend the work.

The Manual is a smaller work of two hundred pages intended for those who wish to acquire a sufficient knowledge of arithmetic for ordinary business purposes, but have not the time to pursue an extended course. With this end in view, the Manual has been made entirely practical, while the Complete Arithmetic is both theoretical and practical. These works ought to be popular in our common schools.

THE

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OCTOBER, 1874.

No. 10.

RESUME OF LATE RESEARCHES.—SLOW GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT OF HUMAN INTELLIGENCE.

PROF. G. R. CROW, A. M.

The evidence amassed in the last twenty years by various cognate sciences, and especially the new science of Prehistoric Archaeology, forces upon us the somewhat unpleasant and humiliating, yet unquestionable, fact that the growth and development of human intelligence have been extraordinarily slow.

The belief that man wandered for many centuries over the earth in a condition which at first sight seems but little above the beasts which perish, is now scarcely questioned. Navigators of a recent date tell us of savage tribes who were ignorant of the use of fire, and who looked upon the water of a boiling pot as an animal which bit. In all lands where the march of civilization has penetrated (Italy seeming so far an exception,) and almost every island which the keel of its vessels has touched have been found such savage and ignorant tribes. These inferior and autochthonous tribes have no history, and just how long this prehistoric night of the human intelligence may have lasted we cannot know, and there are still extensive regions where it has not yet been dispelled.

Next in order to these unprogressive savages come to view in the earliest dawn

of civilization, though still far back in the remote traditions of the most ancient humanity, the great semi-civilized races of Eastern Asia and Northern Africa. The Egyptians (as we showed in an article on Egyptian language and literature,) in their pyramids and obelisks and painted sepulchres, have left behind them the imperishable record of their crude, cruel and one-sided development. The Chinese, with their monosyllabic language, their ideographic writing, their materialistic culture, and the sudden suspension of progress, observable in the very commencement of their arts and science, continue to exist like the reanimated fossils of some extinct organism. Some thousands of years ago it might have been imagined that at least the latter of these two races gave promise for a rapid and continuous progress in culture; but for long centuries some inexplicable paralysis seems to have stricken the vitality of every other mental faculty and left them the heritage of memory alone.

We next come to the third great eon of human records; indeed far back, but still so intimately connected with the present by a demonstrable continuity as to be almost visible to us by the combin-

ed use of the telescope of history and the microscope of linguistic archaeology. Here, in their neighboring cradles, in the vast table lands of Central Asia, we begin to recognise the two great races to whose existence is due all, or nearly all, which so distinctively characterizes man and marks an epoch in his history as of a new birth, both in soul and body. These two races are called the Semitic and the Aryan. To the thoughtful, stately Semitic, it was given to express forever the most unfathomable depths of religious emotion and the loftiest heights of holy aspiration.

The noble, ever progressing Aryan race boasts itself as the progenitor of the Persian and Pelasgian and Celt and Teuton, the discoverer of well-nigh everything which is great and beneficent in the arts of war and peace—the race from whose bosom sprang Charlemagne and Alfred, Dante and Shakspeare, Angelo and Raphael, Newton and Descartes. In the modern world this race is the parent of the metaphysical subtlety of Germany, the flashing intelligence of France, and the imperial energy of England; and in the ancient world of the lofty spiritualism of India, the glory that was Greece, and the grandeur that was Rome.

Since the Semitic and Aryan races are, so to speak, the youngest members of the great human family, and in them alone the spirit of inquiry was developed, it does not appear wonderful that numberless unprogressive generations would allow untold ages to pass without raising an inquiry as to that faculty that most distinctively characterized them as men. For our savage progenitors like our savage contemporaries wonder at nothing.

Now ignorance has been divided into two kinds: the one stolid and sterile, the daughter of a merely animal vacuity; the other, quick, intelligent, the twin sister of admiration and the parent of that beautiful and reverent wonder from which springs the whole progeny of knowledge. Coleridge tells us that in wonder all philosophy begins, in wonder it ends, and admiration fills up the interspace; but the first wonder is the offspring of Ignorance, the second is the parent of Adoration; the first is the birth thro' of Knowledge, the last is its euthanasy and apotheosis—

the tardiness of man's inquiries into human speech, and the erroneous methods and narrow conditions that were employed. So, when this stolid ignorance of the savage is succeeded by the wondering, open-eyed ignorance of the Aryan and Semitic; when, in two of the noblest branches of the human race intelligence of any kind was stimulated into activity, it is certainly amazing how strangely slow has been the development of mankind, and that above all the spirit of inquiring wonder has been so little directed to any single phenomenon of human speech, or when directed to it, for ages methods so erroneous and conditions so narrow should have been employed. Man was in possession of a faculty which was at once the simplest, most unexpected and most essential of all his faculties, as also most spontaneous and easy of consideration. Yet, among the rude primeval races language excited little or no speculation in so much that Grimm with his immense research only knew of one legend bearing upon it. This was the Esthonian legend that "the Aged One," as they call the Deity, placed on the fire a kettle of boiling water, from the hissing and boiling of which the various nations learned their languages. If we turn from savage to semi-civilized nations there is no evidence even among the intelligent Chinese that any speculations with reference to language have arisen, or any inquiries into its nature ever started.

Owing to the influence of Buddhism the Chinese had translated into their language various Buddhist books, abounding in Sanskrit names, yet there is no evidence of any inquiry respecting these names, and they were called Fan words; and it was not even known among the Chinese that Fan was but an abbreviation of Fan-lam-mo, which is the necessary shape assumed in Chinese by the word Brahma. For the purpose of deciphering these words, after they had been proven to be Sanskrit, M. Julien made himself master of the Sanskrit language, and after fifteen years of minute labor and unremitting toil succeeded in demonstrating the law of transcription. Yet there is no evidence that any Chinese ever devoted fifteen idle minutes to the philological inquiries which had occupied the French



scholar for fifteen toilsome years.

If we turn next to the Hebrews we are told that they added as little to Philology as did the Chinese. Influenced by a belief that God had revealed a full grown language to mankind, they attached to language a divine and mysterious character, and presupposed a natural and necessary connection between words and things. Nothing resembling philology could of course be expected from a people who thus viewed the gift of language. A view similar to that of the Hebrews enlisted the sympathy of many of the Greek philosophers.

For nearly one thousand years of thought, the main question which divided all who entered upon grammatical inquiries was this formula, namely: Did words originate by Nature or Convention. Thus two schools were formed, and those who argued that words were *natural* were called Analogists; those who held that they were due to convention were called Anomalists. The results of this disputation, although valuable to psychology and logic, contributed but little to the subject of language.

Though *comparative* philology was unknown to the ancient world, yet philology, in a more special sense, *i. e.* grammatical study of the phenomena of single languages was pursued by them to a considerable extent. The sophist Protagoras distinguished, we are told, the moods of verbs and woke the laughter of Aristophanes by calling attention to the anomalies of verbal gender.

Plato seems to have been the first to distinguish accurately between nouns and verbs; and it seems strange that so many centuries should pass before so very simple an exercise of analysis should be made.

Aristotle went further and added the conjunction and the article.

The Stoics adopted the division of the eight parts of speech; and to this school, it is said, more than to any other we are indebted for the scientific foundations of grammar. The Alexandrian grammarians, headed by Aristarchus, devoted to the text of Homer a study almost as earnest as the Jews to the Scriptures and the Brahmins to the Vedas. Aristarchus himself is said to have written eight hundred commentaries on the text of the great

Greek poets, but he devoted his chief labor to Homer, and the present text is based upon that adopted by him.

As the intercourse between the Greeks and Romans increased, grammar became a necessity, to teach the Roman scholar a language that formed the main part of his intellectual culture. The philosopher Crates, an eminent grammarian of the Anomalist school, the great rival of Aristarchus and founder of the Pergamene school of grammar, being detained at Rome by the fracture of his leg, spent the period of his recovery in giving lectures on grammar to the most distinguished men of Rome. These men are said to have taken up and continued the study for many years, with great enthusiasm; and even Cæsar himself, at the very time he was conquering the Gauls, delighted to spend his winter evenings in his tent writing a treatise on grammatical analogy. This treatise he dedicated to Cicero, and in it achieved the honor which perhaps no other emperor has ever enjoyed, of adding a new word to language, for he invented the term "ablative case." The line of latin grammarians culminated in Donatus and Priscan, who laid the foundations of grammar, as it was taught not only throughout the middle ages but (alas) even down to the present day. He is, however, the author of the most complete grammar that has come down to us from the ancients. It is entitled "Commentariorum Grammaticorum, Libri XVIII." The first sixteen books treat of the eight parts of speech, and the last two of syntax.

A hasty inquiry into the study of language soon convinces us that from the epoch when mankind first awoke to the subject the best minds have devoted a goodly portion of their time to grammatical studies, and these studies have made up in a great measure their intellectual training.

Though the pursuit of classical philology had enlisted many scholars of profound learning and critical acumen, yet even as late as the time of Bently all their labors had been directed to the architecture, rather than the chemistry, of language; that is, to the usage, and not the analysis of words. The laws of etymology were for the most part unknown; the theories

on language were in general erroneous, since, influenced by a strong and false theological bias, they were attempting to prove that all language was derived from the Hebrew. We are furnished with a specimen, which will illustrate the absurdity of the method of inquiry that had characterized their labors thus far, in which Guichard endeavored to show how easy it was to derive Greek from Hebrew if you but read all Greek backwards, and that this style of etymology was quite reasonable, since Hebrew was read from right to left.

Bacon, of whom it has been said that "in the very dust of his writings there is gold," had observed with interest both the mechanism of speech and those regular permutations from which Grimm established his famous law, which is one of the most memorable discoveries of modern philology. The idea of a purely philosophic grammar, a grammar which, from the comparison of various languages should illustrate the true principles of a perfect language, was presented to his mind, and he declared that the noblest form of grammar would be one which could only be written by some one who was thoroughly learned in many tongues, both polished and unpolished, and who could treat of the excellencies and deficiencies of each, forming from them all some form of speech, which, like the Venus of Apelles, should be a combination of all beauties.

Next came Leibnitz, who was the first real prophet of the new science. He rejected the Hebraic theory, which still was, as it had been for centuries, the great stumbling block in the path of philology, and maintained that linguistic science was as exact as any other, and therefore should be studied only on the same principles and by the same methods as any of the other natural sciences. In 1808 attention was drawn to a certain dead language in which were enshrined the sacred Vedas of the Brahmans, and this, though it had been dead more than three thousand years, was the direct source of all the main modern dialects of the Hindoos; and it was found that this language presented the closest and most remarkable affinities not only to the Persian but also to all the main European languages. This was the Sanskrit language: and Dr. Don-

aldson fixes upon this year as the date of its discovery.

Of this language, Sir W. Jones, who is called the Galileo of philology, speaks as follows: "The Sanskrit language, whatever may be its antiquity, is of a wonderful structure; more perfect than the Greek, more copious than the Latin, and more exquisitely refined than either: yet, bearing to both of them a stronger affinity, both in the roots of verbs and in the forms of grammar, than could have been produced by accident: so strong that no philologer could examine all three without believing them to have sprung from some common source, which, perhaps no longer exists."

And still further, that there was a similar reason, though not quite so forcible, for supposing that both the Gothic and the Celtic, though blended with a different idiom, had the same origin with the Sanskrit.

In 1816 Bopp published his conjugal system, and in 1833 his Comparative Grammar, which founded a new epoch in literature, and in this direction quickened the development of human thought. Three years after, in 1819, Grimm, who has been styled the Kepler of etymology, published the first part of his Teutonic Grammar, in which he stated, proved, and developed the law which determines the interchanges of sound in various Aryan languages, and is commonly called Grimm's law, a law of great importance and wide application.

In the same year Professor Wilson published the first Sanskrit and English Lexicon, and since then the work has been prosecuted with a vigorous enthusiasm by a host of toilers. Through the genius and labors of Schlegel, Bopp, Grimm, Humboldt and Patt, the foundations of the new science have been built on the broadest and surest basis. Younger generations of workers, not unworthy their immortal predecessors, have continued the work thus begun, the last but not least of whom is Professor Max Mueller, by whose popular and original lectures an impulse has been given to linguistic studies that is destined to be productive of good results among all students of language, whether critical or casual.

The results of the discovery of Sans-

krit, their practical bearing in the study of all the Aryan languages, and their interest and importance to all who feel a

noble curiosity in the past history and future destinies of the human race, must be left for future work.

### CHEVY CHACE.

It was in the reign of Henry the Sixth, of England, and of James the First, of Scotland, that the hot-headed Percy, Earl of Northumberland, made a vow, and swore a great oath, that he would hunt for three good days among the Cheviot Hills, in spite of his Scottish foe—the brave and mighty Earl Douglas—and all his clan. He declared that he would kill the fattest harts in all the forest, and carry them away to feast upon in his grand castle. When the bold Douglas heard this, he laughed, in a grim, mocking way, and sent the Percy word to look for him also, at that merry hunting.

Lord Percy came out of Bamboro, with a company of fifteen hundred archers, and began the chase among the beautiful Cheviot Hills, early on a Monday morning, in the golden autumn time. Fast and far they rode through the forest, following their eager hounds, which pressed close upon the flying deer. Now they galloped up hills; now they floundered through marshy places; now they leaped fallen trees; now they tore through thick brushwood; now they dashed through quiet streams, breaking down flowering shrubs, crushing small wild-wood flowers, startling little song-birds from their nests, shaking down showers of many-colored leaves, chasing down the panting hart, and bathing their swift arrows in his gushing blood; so carrying noise, and tumult, and terror, and death wherever they went.

By noon they had killed a hundred fat deer. They then blew a loud bugle-call and all came together to see the quartering of the game. Then the proud Lord Percy said, "The doughty Douglas promised to meet us here, to-day; but I knew full well the braggart Scot would fail to keep his word."

Just then, one of his squires called his attention to a sight which quickly changed his opinion of the Scottish chief.

Down below, in Tiviot dale, along the borders of the Tweed, came a host of full two thousand men, armed with bows and spears, bills and brands. As soon as they came near to the hunters, they cried out, "Leave off quartering the deer, and look to your bows; for never, since you were born, have you had greater need of them than now."

The Douglas rode in front of his men, his white plumes dancing in the wind, and his brazen armor flashing in the mid-day sun; and when he spoke his voice was like a trumpet,—so clear, and strong, and threatening.

"Ho, there!" he cried; "what men, or whose men are you? And who gave you leave to hunt in Cheviot, in spite of me?"

Then Lord Percy, with a black frown, and a voice like thunder answered, "We will not tell thee what men, nor whose men we are; but we will hunt here, in this chace, in spite of thee and all thy clan. We have killed the fattest harts in all these forests, and we intend to take them home and make merry with them."

"By my troth?" answered the Douglas, "for that boasting speech, one or the other of us must die this day! But, my Lord Percy, it were a great pity to kill all these guiltless men, in our quarrel. We are both nobles of high degree, and well matched; so let our men stand aside, while we fight it out."

The Percy agreed to this; but neither his nor the Douglas' men would consent to stand while their lords were fighting.

So the English archers bent their bows, and let fly a perfect shower of arrows, and the Scottish spearmen charged upon them. Then the English and Scots both

drew their swords, and fought face to face, and foot to foot. And so began one of the most terrible fights that the sun ever looked upon. Soon the Douglas and the Percy came together, and fought till the blood spurted through their armor, and sprinkled all the ground around them in a thick, red rain.

At last the Douglas cried, "Yield, Percy, and I will take thee to our Scottish king, and thou shalt be nobly treated, and have thy ransom free: for thou art the bravest man that I ever conquered in all my fighting!"

"No!" replied the proud earl; "I have told thee before, and I tell thee again, I will never yield to any man living: so lay on!"

Just then an arrow, sent by a stout English archer, came singing sharply through the air, and pierced deep into the breast of the Douglas. He gave one cry,—“Fight on my merry men, while you may: for all my days are over!” and then straightened himself out and died.

Lord Percy took the dead man's hand, and said, "Wo's me! to have saved thy life I would have parted with my lands: for in all the country there was not a braver or better man!"

As he stood there lamenting, a Scottish knight, called Sir Hugh Montgomery, came galloping up on a swift steed, and drove his spear clean through Lord Percy, so that he never spoke more. Then an archer of Northumberland took aim at Sir Hugh, with an arrow tipped with a white swan's plume, and the next moment the knight fell from his saddle; and the plume on the arrow that stuck in his breast was no longer white, but red.

And so they went on till evening, and still the battle was not done. Then they fought by the moonlight until the night-winds sighed about them, and the skies wept still tears of dew, and the fearful little stars glinted down upon them through the moaning trees.

In the morning, it was found that of

the fifteen hundred archers of England, there were living but fifty-three; and of the two thousand spearmen of Scotland but fifty-five, and these were so weary and wounded that they gave up the fight.

When it was told to the Scottish King James, at Edinburg, that the noble Douglas had been slain at Chevyot, he cried, "Alas, woe is me! for there is not and never will be such another captain in all Scotland."

But when word was carried to King Henry, at London, that Lord Percy had been killed at Chevyot, he said, "May God have mercy on his soul! I have a hundred captains in England as good as ever he was; nevertheless, I pledge my life to avenge thy death, my gallant Percy!"

To fulfill this angry vow, he went to battle against the Scottish king, and made the lives of six-and-thirty of the bravest knights, and many hundred gentlemen and soldiers, pay for the life of the Percy.

Soon, the Scots avenged themselves; then the English: till it seemed that there would be no end to the fighting, and bloodshed, and sorrow that came from that hunt in the Chevyot Hills, most often called "Chevy Chace." For century after century, the descendants of the men who fought there were at deadly strife; and few, I fear, were as noble foes as the great Douglass and Lord Percy. At last they forgot that the first cause of the quarrel was a dispute about the right to kill a few deer, between two chieftains who were reconciled in death, and they went on hating, and robbing, and killing one another; fighting, all the while, in the darkness of ignorance and superstition, and fierce, wicked passions. But after a while, God sent a better day to England and Scotland,—a day of knowledge and true religion; and by its light these men saw that they were brothers,—flung down their swords, clasped hands, and were at peace forever.—*From Grace Greenwood.*

## THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

GRADUATING ORATION. W. C. GILBREATH.

Out from the murky darkness which enshrouds the past, from the debris that lies scattered by wars and tumults, through the dark clouds which tower thickly around, there comes the dawn of a new era, brighter, grander than the world has ever known. It comes with the pealing of its trumpet, gliding swiftly along, startling the nations of earth from their lethargy; floating through the azure sky that overhangs them; flashing as the summer lightning, quickened by the bright prospect which the broad field of activity spreads out before it, majestically onward it sweeps where error stands in solid phalanx, where corruption lies thickest, and unfolding its mantle upon which is inscribed earnest words of truth, it brandishes its weapons and attacks these with its giant strength, exerting its power until these mighty barriers form one solid mass of ruins, upon which it erects a monument towering aloft in grandeur and magnificence, from each side of which blazes forth in golden letters "*To Education, Equality, Peace and Christianity,*" the grand central ideas of every distinguished age.

Under this new era men will sink into insignificance; principles and laws will be the ruling powers; and from these the most opposite opinions and established *usages* will be sacrificed for truth, blending with it thoughts and feelings which will shed their radiant light of philosophy and science, imitating with it all that is grand and glorious, lighting afresh the sacred *truths* of Christ, which will sparkle in all their brightness, spreading their influence from shore to shore, till the long line of fires will illuminate the whole world with the same immortal truths. Learning will unlock her stores, displaying her gems of brilliancy, inviting all to drink deeply of her inexhaustable waters; art will unfold itself in all its beauty and grandeur; literature will lend its inspiration, attracting many to linger in its shades to listen to its sweet and harmonious strains. That same spirit will erect noble monuments of grandeur, creating a

feeling of enterprise throughout the world under its sway. Commerce will unfurl her sail and float her flag over every sea, protecting and encouraging exchange in every department; urging nations to participate in this profitable and friendly intercourse, thus "weaving the sympathies and interests of the entire race into the web of one *vast* fraternity." That same spirit is seeking, like a guardian angel, to promote and protect the interests of humanity, building institutions of learning for the cultivation of immortal minds; rearing hospitals for the sick, asylums for the poor and unprotected, and awakening the nations of earth which are rising in all their power and glory, shaking off feelings of national antipathies and jealousies and holding aloft the banner, decorated and glittering like the brilliant morning star, by that sublime word *peace*, lasting peace,—consistent peace, which is whispered from lip to lip,—echoed and re-echoed from vale to mountain top; sounded from continent to continent, until its reverberations are heard to earth's remotest bounds.

Again, a wonderful reformation will be wrought in the political sphere, the spirit that loosed the shackles from three millions of bondsmen, and is striving to give them civil rights and to place them on the same plane in the broad theatre of action, where every idea of true manhood may be developed; where every art and science may be unfolded which can promote the prosperity of every individual; but the reformation cannot stop here. Men can no longer wink at the possibility of woman arriving at the same plane of political and social equality. "Soul, and not sex, is the watch-word." And we may hail the day, not far distant, when woman shall stand upon the same platform, contending for the same great end, battling for the same great cause, measuring her mental strength with the "lords of creation." From the corruption of the political parties, and the gigantic frauds which are being perpetrated, the world demands that some prurer and nobler

being shall redeem it from its present state.

A mighty conflict has long raged between science and religion. Hundreds of scientific theories and false religious dogmas have been scattered to the winds. Theologians have hurled their withering anathemas at the inconsistency and irreverence of the scientist in proposing and propounding theories which are antagonistic to long favored and adopted religious creeds. While on the other hand scientists have hurled back other invectives, denouncing in stentorian tones the religious creeds as the offspring of infirm, dwarfed and partial minds. But a grander, nobler and more god-like belief is

dawning upon the two contending parties, that science illustrates the divine character, regulation and government, and is the torch which lights and sets aflame true piety in the hearts of its cultivators; and the day is not far distant when the theologian will be thoroughly versed in *science*. With powers of illustration enlarged, a mind more acute and comprehensive, he may be able to lift the veil, penetrate the deep mysteries of earth, unfold its splendor, and by the side of each new truth discovered, Christianity shall place a divinity, thus ascending higher and higher until the grand centralization will be found in God.

### AN OLD SONG.

BY C. J. S.

You laugh as you turn the yellow page  
Of that queer old song you sing,  
And wonder how folks could ever see  
A charm in the simple melody  
Of such an old-fashioned thing.

That yellow page was fair to view,  
That quaint old type was fresh and new,  
That simple strain was our delight,  
When here we gathered, night by night,  
And thought the music of our day  
An endless joy to sing and play,  
In our youth, long, long ago.  
A joyous group, we loved to meet,  
When hope was high, and life was sweet;  
When romance shed its golden light,  
That circled, in a nimbus bright,  
O'er time's unwrinkled brow.

The lips are mute that sang those words;  
The hands are still that struck those chords;  
The loving heart is cold.  
From out the circle, one by one,  
Some dear companion there has gone;  
While others stay to find how true  
That life has chord and discord too,  
And all of us are old.

'Tis not alone when music thrills,  
The power of thought profound that fills  
The soul. 'Tis not all art!  
The old familiar tones we hear  
Die not upon the listening ear;  
They vibrate in the heart.

And now you know the reason, dear,  
Why I have kept and treasured here  
This song of by-gone years.  
You laugh at the old-fashioned strain;  
It brings my childhood back again,  
And fills my eyes with tears.

—From *Old and New for August*.

## TWELVE DAYS WITH THE BRONCOS.

It was the 22d of July. The curtains which a quiet sleep had gently drawn before the windows of the soul had been quite early lifted, and the gray dawn of a mountain sunrise in the hemmed in city of the Saints had lighted up the chamber of the Townsend House, where we had found sweet rest and sleep. The captain and myself were at our work betimes, for this day was to witness the beginning of our journey to Kanab, which lay fully three hundred miles away directly toward the south.

A week had been spent in seeing the places of especial interest in the city of the Great Salt Lake, and the Major had on the previous Friday purchased four unbroken mules. These he had selected from a corral in which were about fifty more in all their native, treacherous wildness. The manner of taming these *wild beasts* may be of interest to some. A strong mountaineer singles out the victim and, with an adroitness and accuracy which evinces the highest accomplishments in the mysterious art, by a graceful swinging of the nicely prepared lasso, he delivers the slip-noose around the animals front foot. The lasso is then secured to a post of the corral, allowing the mule some fifty feet of halter. With apparently little caution the tamer passes along the rope with bridle in hand and, after a few unfruitful efforts to secure its release, the bronco submits to being bridled. A long rope is then attached to the neck and passed through the ring of the bridle. And now begins the work of taming, proper. The master of ceremonies at one end and the mules securely fastened at the other end of a rope about one hundred feet long, are the principal actors. The mule is given rope, and starts to run, when the stalwart mountaineer, with a surge which seems sufficient to unjoint the bronco's neck, brings him to a sudden right-about face. This process is repeated until the mule can scarcely be induced to start from his tracks, submitting patiently to the most persistent coaxing without showing any signs of uneasiness or fear.

The harness is then placed in position and the animal led or driven about until it becomes somewhat accustomed to these new relations. This same process is repeated with another, and then the two are hitched to a large lumber wagon. I was interested and amused in witnessing this last process. A long rope was again attached to the front foot of each mule, and passed back to the driver's seat. The driver and his assistant took their positions side by side, the former with the reins, the latter holding the ropes. The driver then gave the following directions: "When I say left, pull the left rope, and when I say right, pull the right rope." The word was given, the broncos started in a stiff-legged jumping gait unlike anything that a civilized mule could possibly perform, and bearing too near the left hand sidewalk the driver called right, and suddenly one foot was taken out of the account and one mule was on his knees to beg pardon for his improper conduct. In less than half an hour the team was trotting along the street as quietly as a span of "all-work," five years in the service. And in less than twenty-four hours the four wild broncos were hitched to a new wagon which the Major had purchased for the trip, and seemed to be as bridle-wise as though they had always been accustomed to such restraint.

Our wagon was loaded at ten o'clock, and as a driver was to accompany us two days, I mounted the horse upon which he was to return, while he and the Captain sat side by side and drove toward the South. About twenty-two miles south of the city is what is known as the "Point." A spur of the Wasatch Range, which skirts the valley of the river Jordan on the east, here reaches to the river's brink. It was our intention to reach a spring of water near the Point, at which to make our first encampment. The valley in this region is dotted over with small farms, while here and there are "blast furnaces" for the reduction of the lead and silver ore which abounds in the canyons of the Wasatch Range. Some beautiful streams of water were crossed during the day, but

our mules were so shy that we found it impossible to get near enough to them to give them a drink. Indeed, we could not succeed in getting them to stand long enough to make the experiment. They seemed *bent* upon travel, and they were permitted to follow that bent. With somewhat varying fortune, but no serious ill luck, we reached the anticipated spot about five o'clock. Here we found a feed stable and at once engaged quarters for our mules, ourselves preferring the open air accommodations to the uncomfortable apartments of the only excuse of a dwelling house in that immediate region. We slaked our thirst from the waters of the clear bubbling spring, and then prepared our frugal meal. We had laid in an abundant supply before leaving the city, comprising many delicacies as well as the more substantial provender: for, in addition to our ham, dried beef and flour, we had fruits and jellies and jam, (and the more of this latter the farther we traveled.)

There is no condiment so appetizing as exhaustive labor, and no exercise more exhaustive than jolting on horseback, without intermission, for seven long hours, especially if one is an inexperienced horseman. Our supper was superb, and eaten with a relish unknown to the lank-jawed dyspeptic of civilized life. And then, when the sun had hid its golden tresses behind the western mountain range we took a bath in one of the warm springs in which that region abounds. Some of these springs are too warm for comfortable bathing, but this one was in prime condition. Many of these are simply little ponds of water in the valley without any visible outlet. Some are said to be bottomless, the deepest soundings yet made failing to discover their depth. I made a sounding with a plummet,—length, 5 feet 10 inches; weight, 1¾ cwt., avordupois,—time, a full inspiration, and the plummet came plumping back to the surface without touching bottom.

This was my first night in the open air, and I was anxious to locate our quarters near to, or under the wagon, or in the stunted grass by an apology of a fence which stood near. But the Captain, having had experience in camp, said it was much

better to spread our blankets in the sand, from which the grosser pebbles had been rejected. After composing my toilet for the night, I watched the stars as they twinkled merrily above, and thought of the possible danger of the coming days, and then of home and the loving hearts so far away. But wearied nature soon found rest, and when the early dawn began to hide the faithful sentinels of night I woke from a sweet refreshing slumber.

Of course the centre of our anxiety now was the four sleek creatures which stood quietly taking their morning meal. They were comparative strangers to us and we to them, and we feared that two sudden and intimate relations with them might be productive of some unpleasant memories. We tried to inspire confidence and give assurance in our presence by dealing gently, for though mules are not easily broken, you will find it necessary to handle them carefully. We called them pet names, christening the brown wheelers Jack and Muggins, and the little sorrel leaders Jane and Bett. And by planning and coaxing and manoeuvring we finally succeeded in bringing them into line without loss, and yet not without hazard of life and limb. I now took my seat by Kemp, the driver, while the Captain mounted the charger. At eight we straightened traces and scaled the foothills of the Point, passing some romantic scenery and over the ridge into the basin of Utah Lake. This valley is one of the most fertile and best settled regions in the territory.

During the morning we passed a number of Mormon towns; among them were Lehigh, American Fork, Battle Creek and Provost. This last place is the second town in size and importance in the Mormon dominions. At 11:30 a. m., the driver left us and I took the reins with no little trepidation. Before starting I had supposed that the Captain would assume the role of driver, but he at once awarded to me the palm as the more experienced horseman, and I held the ribbons with only occasional intermissions the entire journey. The especial difficulty we experienced was in passing persons along the road or in the settlements, for the mules were extremely fearful of persons. Sometimes it was with difficulty



that the leaders could be prevented from performing a "right-about, double quick." We, however, continued our journey without serious interruption, halting only a few minutes about one o'clock to coax our broncos to drink at a beautiful stream which came sparkling down from the snow-clad mountains in the near distance. After a drive of 36 miles, we reached the romantic little settlement of Springville at five o'clock where we camped for the night. Here too, we were fortunate in finding an inclosure or corral in which to tie our mules, as well as an ample supply of feed which they were well prepared to relish, after a full day's drive for the most part on an empty stomach.

This town is snugly nestled in a quiet nook at the foot of the mountain range, and a magnificent stream of pure spring water flows through it affording an abundant supply for irrigating purposes.

In all the Salt Lake region, and indeed throughout the territory traversed in our journey they depend entirely upon an artificial watering of the land to mature their crops. They have rain, sometimes the most violent storms, when the water pours down in torrents, but the recurrence of showers is entirely too uncertain to be depended upon for watering their fields, consequently the settlements are always made along some stream of water. Their houses are built near together in the form of villages, with regular streets intervening, and along these streets, on either side, are ditches in which the water from the stream is conducted to all parts of the town. Where the supply is abundant each person is permitted to use all he desires, but in seasons of scarcity they have a water clerk who turns the water to successive portions of the village by opening and closing the leading ditches. Depending thus upon the flow of water for irrigation it is necessary that their towns and farms be located on an inclined plane, so that the water entering the village or farm on the upper side will flow down in many small streams, dividing and subdividing until it is frequently lost in the loose, sandy loam; or if not, it finds its way into the main channel below. The houses being built in close proximity serve as a kind of protection to the inhabitants

in case of the appearance of hostile bands of Indians. In some of the more exposed settlements regular forts are constructed, into which the citizens can flee for safety in case of an attack. Their farms are generally adjoining the village and are enclosed with a single fence, the irrigating ditches forming the subdivision. The soil when properly irrigated yields abundant harvests, forty bushels of wheat per acre being frequently realized. Of necessity the farms are small, the possessor of a ten-acre tract being considered a well-to-do farmer.

Travelling in the presence of mountains, distance is very deceptive. After a hard day's drive we could look back to the northward and see the Point over which we passed in early morning, seemingly removed only the distance of a morning walk.

The morning of the 24th dawned bright and beautiful. The night of disturbed slumber was gladly exchanged for the pleasanter prospects of the day. The drifting sand and dust, together with the constant hum and not infrequent touch of the mosquito (stalwart fellows they were, too,) rendered it impossible to sleep soundly, and hence the hour of striking camp was not at all unwelcome. The 24th of July is a grand gala-day with the Mormons. They celebrate in honor of their first arrival in Salt Lake Valley. So the little villages through which we passed were all astir, and the blacksmiths' anvils were in great demand.

It became me, as engineer of our train, to watch our headlights, for our broncos were disposed to celebrate, too, whenever any one might possibly give audience. By hook and crook, by passing alleys, around blocks and through the unfrequented suburbs of the towns, we avoided any dire disaster.

Our morning's drive took us along the foot-hills of the range, through Spanish Fork and Payson to Spring Lake, where we were cordially received and invited to sit down at a grand, old-fashioned dinner, at the house of some good Mormon with whom the Captain had a slight acquaintance. The Mormon people are noted for their hospitality. Nothing which a Mormon has is too good for a friend, and you are received with such a hearty wel-

come that you feel at home even with strangers.

We were now at the north base of Mt. Nebo, the highest mountain in the territory, rising in altitude 12,000 ft. To the northward was the Point, still visible, where we camped two days before, and intervening lay Utah lake, along the shore of which we had wandered for more than a day. Ascending a ridge we reached the village of Santa Quin, sometimes called Summit, as it stands on the divide between Utah lake and the valley of the Sevier. Crossing the divide we skirted along the base of Mount Nebo, whose snow-capped peaks were crowned with eddying clouds. A storm was fast approaching, and as it passed along the side and summit of this huge mountain, the sun shone clear and bright from the oppo-

site horizon, painting in vivid colors the "bow of promise" along the mountain side and crest. Never had I witnessed such surpassing brilliancy of colors nor seemingly approached so near the fabulous bag of gold, which in our boyhood we were told lay at the base, to reward the labors of him who reached the spot before the rainbow vanished. Far, far above, confusion reigned supreme. The lofty mountain pine bowed in meek submission to the storm-king, and fleecy clouds were driven with fury against projecting cliffs, while the forked lightning played athwart the sky and peals of thunder shook the solid ground. One felt as if the scenes of Sinai were about to be reenacted or that the chariot of Jehovah might be passing by.

*To be continued.*

## ON THE SUPPOSED INFLUENCE OF CLIMATE ON NATIONAL CHARACTER. CONCLUDED.

DR. E. DUIS.

If we weigh the effects of physical circumstances, to which is usually attributed the formation of national character, this will be found to depend neither necessarily nor demonstrably upon their influences. On the contrary, we shall frequently find the closest affinity of character existing where those characters wear the most widely diverse aspects. A clear atmosphere is held to foster gentleness of manner, and give vitality to art and science; and Greece and Italy are cited in proof of the justness of this inference. The surface of the globe, however, will show us many a country where the atmosphere is more rarified than in those regions,—and such are the islands of the South Seas, or the elevated plains of Peru, Quito or Mexico; yet in these where shall we discover the manners and intellectual energy of the olden Greeks? whilst under the dense and humid sky of England, man has reached a state of intellectual advancement to which few other nations have attained. Again; large

ivers are esteemed conducive to the interchange of social relations, and consequently to human civilization; and the proofs of this argument are drawn from the Nile and the Indus. Now the largest streams which exist are those of South America, along whose banks the uncivilized Indian toils for a bare and miserable existence; while the Dane, who is scarcely inferior to the most intelligent of his contemporaries, treads a soil unfertilized by a single stream. The Mediterranean is brought forward to exhibit the propitious influence attending large masses of water encompassed by land; yet where shall we discover the minutest traces of civilization along the capacious lakes of North America, around the Caspian, or among the numberless thickly-studded isles of the Indian seas? The coasts of the Cattegat, where social intercourse is impeded by storms, and sand-banks, and floating fields of ice, are ennobled by those civil institutions and mental energies which will be sought after in vain among the

islands of that ocean on which the name of "The Pacific" has been appropriately bestowed.

The slender influences of climate will become still more apparent, when it is recollected that nations which have abandoned their native soil, and sought a home under stranger skies, have undergone no change whatever in their character.— Among the colonists who have settled in the interior of the colony at the Cape of Good Hope, there is no difficulty in recognising the Dutchman; yet his dwelling stands upon an elevated plain, which is celebrated for the dryness of its soil and atmosphere, whilst his ancestors toiled in a land damp as it was flat and low, and enveloped in a dense atmosphere of fog. In India we shall find as little difficulty in detecting the Englishman, as the Spaniard in South America, or the descendants of the Gaul and Briton in the Canadas or United States: whilst the Jews, dispersed over the face of every nation, and scattered beneath every various sky, afford an interesting proof that the peculiar characteristics of an individual race may be faithfully retained under the most striking dissimilarities of physical circumstances.

The lapse of time will be frequently marked by a deterioration in the national character, though soil and character remain unchanged. In vain should we seek to discover among the Greeks of the present day those traits of character and expressions of intellectual greatness which distinguished their grandfathers in the hour of their noblest splendor; and yet the Grecian sky is not less translucent, nor its atmosphere less kindly, than they were in former ages; and if ever this unfortunate race should succeed in raising themselves from their present low estate, one circumstance, at least, is placed beyond a doubt—they will not owe their elevation to any revolution of their climate. The Scandinavian sky has undergone little or no alteration, yet the Scandinavian himself has risen from the depths

of barbarism to a state of civilized prosperity.

Let it not be imagined that we are inclined altogether to deny the influence of climate, and other physical causes. There are regions where these operate with so sinister an effect, that the inhabitants, though incessantly contending against them, are incapacitated from attaining any eminent degree of mental refinement; and such must, to some extent, be the event where the climate is overcharged with cold or heat, or where the atmosphere is loaded with unwholesome vapors. The Icelanders afford, however, a signal instance of the extent to which the inward powers of man are capable of overcoming such obstacles as these.

The effects of what are termed "moral causes" on national character are beyond the limits of the present article; yet we cannot refrain from observing, that in this particular, also, too great a stress has been laid on isolated appearances. One party will profess to resolve such effects into the influence of legislation and political institutions, another will refer them to that of education, and a third, to the impulses of religion. All these causes are undoubtedly co-operative—nay, they are far more influential than any physical impulses; yet they are of trivial moment when placed by the side of those powerful agents which exist in the innate qualities of the human mind, for what are called "moral causes" are usually the immediate results of a national character, and on this principle despotism is the consequence of popular depravity and servility.

Under every view of the subject we are warranted, therefore, in assuming that God has endowed every nation, as every single individual, with a peculiar character, the expansion of which is favored or retarded by external circumstances, though it can never become the subject of direct and unerring calculation.

The past but lives in words: a thousand ages  
Were blank, if books had not evoked their ghosts,  
And kept the pale, embodied shades to warn us  
From fleshless lips.

—*Bulwer's Cromwell.*

## INDESTRUCTIBILITY OF MATTER.

“It was said of old,” the celebrated Robinson remarks, “that the Creator *weighed* the dust and *measured* the water when he made the world.” This first quantity is here still: and though man may gather and scatter, move, mix, and unmix, yet he can *destroy* nothing. The putrefaction of one thing is but the preparation for the being, and the bloom, and the beauty of another. We have reason to think that every particle of matter is indestructible, and that even when bodies are burnt, none of their particles are destroyed. These particles had previously formed together one kind of compound, and they now separate from each other at the high temperature to which they are exposed, in order to form others with the vital air in contact with them: and such of the principles as cannot unite with the vital air, such as the earth, some saline, or metallic particles form the cinder. Thus the process of combustion merely *decomposes* the body, and sets its several parts at liberty to separate from each other, in order to form other new and varied combinations. Nothing short of consummate wisdom could have so devised so beautiful a system, and nothing short of infinite power could have so modified matter as to subject it to laws which effect so many desirable purposes, and at the same time prevent the destruction of the elementary principles which are actually essential to the preservation of the world.

Provision has been made even for the falling leaves of vegetables which rot upon the ground, and, to a careless observer, would appear lost forever. Berthelot has shown by experiment, that whenever the soil becomes charged with such matter, the oxygen of the atmosphere combines with it, and converts it into carbonic acid gas. The consequence of this is, that this same carbon, in process of time, is absorbed by a new race of vegetables, which it clothes with a new foliage, and which of itself is destined to undergo putrefaction and renovation to the end of time.

“Link after link the vital chain expands,  
And the long line of being never ends.”

Vegetables, like living animals, have the power of *respiration*, and in this way inhale the carbonic acid with which the surrounding air is impregnated, and thus make available that part of decaying substances which float in our atmosphere. This fact of vegetables *breathing* was first announced by Dr. Priestly. He had observed that a plant called *conferva*, which exists in pools of water, when exposed to the rays of the sun, is covered with minute globules of water, filled with air; and by experiment he found this to be oxygen, which the leaves having inhaled with the carbon, and not wanting, threw back again. All orders of vegetables are produced from four or five natural substances, namely, heat, light, water, air, and carbon. Nature has required only these, in order to form even the most exquisite of her productions; and when we consider that the many thousand tribes of vegetables are not only formed from these two substances, but that they all enjoy the same sun, and are supplied with the same nutriment, we cannot but be struck with the economy of nature. That it should be possible so to modify and intermingle a few simple substances, and thence produce all the variety of form, color, odor, taste and quality, which is observable in the different families of vegetables, is a phenomenon too astonishing for our comprehension. The various orders of vegetables provided in every part of the globe for the countless forms of animal existence are experimentally illustrative of the provident care of the Creator. The sluggish cow pastures in the cavity of the valley; the bounding sheep upon the hill; the goat browses upon the shrubs or the rock; the duck feeds on the water-plants of the river; the hen with an attentive eye, picks up every grain which is scattered and lost in the field; and the “little modest bee” turns even the dust of the flowers to advantage. That which is rejected by one is a delicacy for another. The hog devours the hen-bane; the goat the thistle and hemlock. All return at evening to the habitation of man with murmers, bleatings, and cries of joy, bringing him

back the delicious tributes of innumerable plants; not *destroyed*, but *transformed*, by a process the most inconceivable, into honey, milk, butter, eggs and cream. Yes; for man has nature covered the earth with plants, and though their

species be infinite in number, there is not one but what may be converted to his use, either to minister to his pleasure and support, or to serve for his bed, his roof, his clothing, the cure of his diseases, or the fire on his hearth.

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### NO INTEREST IN THEIR WORK.

Light and trifling minds do not succeed in life, for reason that they take no interest in their work. What they do is done mechanically, without thought or care, so that they kill so much time and get paid for it. If they talk or rattle, it is about that which has no sense in it, showing clearly smallness of caliber and vacancy of thought. If girls or young women they are, or would be, constantly on the "go," and chattering about very little somethings, or about absolutely nothings. An hour in *such* company is enough. If it be young men of the same class, the weightiest discussions are on "how to make their hair grow" on their feminine faces, or about somebody's fast horse, fighting dog, or the late runaway match of two silly youths. One seldom hears from them any reference to the real duties of life or to the work by which they are getting their living. If a target company or a band of street minstrels pass the premises where they "work," all these "light weights" rush to the doors and windows, leaving their duties, it may be, in confusion. Without exhibiting interest in their work, without application, without energy or perseverance, and with no economy as to the way in which

they spend their time, is it surprising that their "efforts" are not appreciated by their hard hearted employer? These eye-servants, these giddy human soap bubbles, are now "fixing things" for life. They are sowing the wind and will reap the whirlwind. Having "no interest in their work," they will come to naught, and perhaps assist in filling the poor-houses, asylums, hospitals and prisons.

REMEDY.—"What you find to do, do it with your might." Be diligent in business; do one thing at a time, and finish what you begin. Let nothing divert your study from the interest of your employer. Make his interests your interest; he will, in time, if not at first, appreciate and reward your efforts. Be prompt, temperate, industrious, never "in the drag," always up to time, or a little ahead. Think more than you talk. —read such books as throw light on your pursuit, that you may become thoroughly posted on all matters connected therewith. Attention to these things will call out your faculties, develop your mind, and secure to you a good measure of success in life.—*Phrenological Journal*.

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Want is a bitter and a hateful good,  
 Because its virtues are not understood;  
 Yet many things, impossible to thought,  
 Have been by need to full perfections brought.  
 The daring of the soul proceeds from thence,  
 Sharpness of wit, and active diligence;  
 Prudence at once, and fortitude it gives,  
 And, if in patience taken, mends our lives.

—[*Dryden*.]

## HINTS TO WRITERS AND SPEAKERS.

The editor of the *New York Evening Post*, Wm. Cullen Bryant, who is excellent authority, gives the following advice to a young man who offered him an article for his columns :

My young friend, I observe that you have used several French expressions in your article. I think if you will study the English language, that you will find it capable of expressing all the ideas you may have.

I have always found it so, and in all that I have written I do not recall an instance where I was tempted to use a foreign word, but that on searching I found a better one in my own language.

Be simple, unaffected ; be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word when a short one will do. Call a spade a spade, *not* a well-known oblong instrument of manual industry. Let a home be a home, and not a residence ; a place a place, not a locality, and so with the rest. Where a short word will do, you lose by using a long one. You lose in clearness ; you lose in honest expression of meaning, and in the estimation of all men who are com-

petent to judge, you lose in reputation for ability.

The only way to shine even in the false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a very thick crust, but in the course of time it will find a place to break through. Elegance of language may not be in the power of all of us, but simplicity and straightforwardness are. Write much as you would speak ; speak as you think ; if with your inferior, speak no coarser than usual ; if with your superior, speak no finer. Be what you say, and within the rules of prudence. No one ever was a gainer by singularity of words, or in pronunciation. The truly wise man will speak that no one will observe how he speaks. A man may show a great knowledge of chemistry by carrying about bladders of strange gases to breathe, but he will enjoy better health, and find more time for business, who lives on common air.

Sidney Smith once remarked : After you have written an article, take your pen and strike out half the words, and you will be surprised to see how much stronger it is.

## PARTING.

If thou dost bid thy friend farewell,

But for one night though that farewell may be,  
Press thou his palm with thine. How canst thou tell  
How far from thee

Fate or caprice may lead his feet

Ere that to-morrow comes ? Men have been known  
To lightly turn the corner of a street,  
And days have grown

To months, and months to lagging years,

Before they looked in loving eyes again.  
Parting at best is underlaid with tears—  
With tears and pain.

Therefore, lest sudden death should step between,

Or time or distance, clasp with pressure true  
The hand of him who goeth forth : unseen  
Fate goeth too !

Yes, find thou always time to say

Some earnest word between the idle talk !  
Lest with thee, henceforth, ever, night and day,  
Regret should walk. —[*Galaxy*.

## BELLES LETTRES SOCIETY DEPARTMENT.

F. H. CUMMING, EDITOR.

## GLANCING OVER A BOOK.

FRANK YOUNG.

It was on a beautiful Sabbath afternoon, in the dreamy Indian Summer, that I was glancing over a book containing extracts from the English poets. I am not, in general, much given to reading poetry. There are however a few familiar pieces which claim my attention in quiet hours: but to sit down, and read page after page of, to *me*, mere words strung together,—'tis a pastime which I cannot enjoy. "Blank verse," said Jack to me, after I had told him what I have been telling you, "why, *I* can."

Now Jack wrote sometimes,—that is, at one time,—the time when he was in love. I suggested to him *then* that it made not the slightest difference what metre he chose, the result was always "blank verse." Jack said nothing, but his thought evidently was that of Joseph C—, "I pray you change the subject."

But I am getting away from the day I first mentioned—an unnecessary proceeding, for the days will get away from us fast enough—so I will return to the Sunday afternoon. The sun is letting himself slowly down by golden chains fastened to crimson clouds. Sunset is a scene concerning which the poets have made a great many remarks, good, bad and indifferent. Some thoughts about "The Golden Orb of Day, majestic, grand," are in the book before me. Thus, one speaks of his rising:

"Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,  
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,  
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast,  
The sun ariseth in his majesty;  
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,  
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnished gold."

That is what Shakspeare knew about sunrise. John T. Fletcher says of

## THE DAWN.

"See, the day begins to break,  
And the light shoots as a streak  
Of subtle fire. The wind blows cold,  
While the morning doth unfold."

Some one has said that life is illustrated by a day,—we wake "while the morning doth unfold," to youth; at noon we come to manhood's prime, at eve to tottering age, and it might have been added that at night Death snuffs the candle out, and we begin Eternity: so Time goes and e'er continues to "Awake the morn and sentinel the night,"

Of the hour now passing Ben Jonson sings:

"Queen and Huntress, chaste and fair,  
Now the sun is laid asleep,  
Seated in thy silver chair,  
State in wonted manner keep,  
Hesperus entreats thy light,  
Goddess excellently bright."

And Southey thus:

"How beautiful is night!  
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;  
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain  
Breaks the serene of heaven,  
In full orb'd glory moon divine,  
Rolls thro' the dark blue depths,  
Beneath her steady ray  
The desert circle spreads  
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.  
How beautiful is night!"

I cannot resist the temptation, to step down from the sublime to the—presentation of the following lines from Abraham Cowley, especially for the consideration of Kansas:

## THE GRASSHOPPER.

"Happy insect! what can be  
In happiness compared to thee,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,  
Happier than the happiest king,  
All the fields which thou dost see,  
All the plants belong to thee;  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Man for thee dost sow and plough,  
Farmer *he*, but landlord thou,  
\* \* \* \* \*

But when thou'st drank, and danced, and sung  
Thy fill, the flowing leaves among,  
Voluptuous, but wise withal,  
Thou epicurean animal,  
Sated with the summer feast,  
Thou retir'st to endless rest."

If that reaches Kansas I imagine that the western farmers, reading with increasing aggravation, will start out on as energetic a hunt for the said Abraham Cowley, as some who have failed to produce Thomas Collins, or the man who inflicted violence on Mr. Wm. Patterson. That this trouble may be avoided, I will state that the author of the above lines *died* at Chertsey in 1867; and perhaps it is well to add that on the subject under consideration Mr. Cowley, unaided by the light of experience, may have committed himself without due reflection.

But, my good friend, the sun is going

down, the gilded links are snapping or dissolving into space. The crimson clouds have changed, and now they hang, "a sable pall, o'er all the earth."

The sun is going down; when friends are leaving me I think more of them; when they are gone—most; and then we begin to forget.

I had almost forgotten another friend—Jack; but *now* it is too late to speak of him; on one of the to-morrows, however, I may have a chance to do justice to a character which I admire; and still

"I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,  
And weep the more, because I weep in vain."

### BELLES LETTRES NOTES.

J. T. Ayers, pedagogue.

Blazer dives into the mysteries of Blackstone.

Martha and DeWitt Benjamin are "At Home."

M. L. Crum is building a house in Arenzville. Does it mean anything, Mark?

Kate B. Ross is Prof. of English Literature and Elocution, in Hedding College.

"The Little Senior," Walkley, has charge of the M. E. Church in Danvers, also teaches the young idea, &c.

So much for the Belles Lettres graduates of '74.

—Perhaps to our friends who are seldom present with us in our society work, a word in regard to what we are doing will not be uninteresting. We append the programme of October 2d:

Prayer—Rev. J. B. Dille.

Music—"The Monastery Bells," Miss Dennison.

Oration—Hidden Treasures, Wm. A. Reynolds.

Select Reading—Over the Hills to the Poorhouse, Minnie Stettler.

Declamation—Death Doomed, H. F. Reid.

Essay—Memories, M. E. Bodley.

Recitation—The Greenwood Shrift, Belle Ryburn.

Essay—Susie and her Aunt Diantha, Puss Heafer.

Declamation—Collins' Great Ride, D. C. Corley.

Quartette—"Leaf by leaf the roses fall," Mollie Hughes, May Phoenix, J. A. Fisher, M. D. Hornbeck. *Recess.*

Essay—Common Conversation, Frank Young.  
Music—"Kunkel's March Triumphale," Frank Mueller.

Debate—Question, *Resolved*, That climate affects the character of a nation. *Aff.*: J. M. Miller, C. O. Swart. *Neg.*: R. W. Denning, O. M. Dunlevy.

Miscellaneous business.

Critics report, R. H. Bosworth.

Music—"I dreamed that I dwelt in marble halls," Mollie Hughes.

Adjourned.

Every performance was well received, and showed very careful preparation. The prospects of the Society were *never* so flattering: with a membership of nearly seventy, and every one disposed to do his duty, we expect to achieve much this year.

—All the orators in the Inter-College contest, except our own, are beginning to tremble, and "wish it was over," for though a Co(t)lt-as yet, November 20th will show that the mettle of the Illinois Wesleyan University is *not to be surpassed*.

—A visit to the Society halls of Lombard University, and also Monmouth College, showed them to be vastly inferior both in size and furnishing to our own. There is, however, *some* very fine talent at both places. Surely we have great cause to be thankful to the Faculty and Board for the commodious rooms which they have set apart to our use.



—The temperate are the most truly luxurious. By abstaining from most things, it is surprising how many things we enjoy.

—If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom-friend, experience your wise counselor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.

—The University is “brimfull” of students, and we are getting many new members. Already some thirty names have been proposed, most of which are signed in the constitution.

—Rev. Charles Brooks was asked, “What is the shortest sketch of human life?” He answered thus:

“At ten, a child; at twenty, wild;  
At thirty, strong, if ever;  
At forty, rich; at fifty, wise;  
At sixty, good, or never.”

—When our Hall was dedicated two years ago, a large number of subscriptions were made to the Society fund; a few remain still unpaid, and we most earnestly ask those who have not paid to settle immediately; our debt, which is small and gradually decreasing, must be paid off by January 1st, 1875. In order to do this we must have all of our unpaid subscriptions.

—Just as we go to press the following lines from an old *Belles Lettres*, of '74, now in the far, far west, come drifting by, and are captured by the nimble carrier and laid upon our table. We judge from the description of the surroundings that the point from which they came must be the snow-capped summit of Mt. Nebo, mentioned elsewhere in this issue:

Well, here we are, and what does your aneroid read? Thirteen thousand two hundred,—mine is better than that by two hundred and sixty feet. This is the highest peak that we have been on yet, and I believe beyond all doubt it is the highest in Utah. See that huge bank of snow! it must be fifteen hundred feet below us. That is an extremely cold wind, let us go over on the sunny side. The thermometer reads 12°. That is pleasant for August 31st. Look through your glasses and you can see the flag on Moose-

wah. That must be over fifty miles away. But here comes the pack mule with the instruments. We've been two hours and twenty minutes climbing up from camp—over three thousand feet. What a splendid view? Off to the north is the Wasatch Range,—it must be two hundred miles away—and off to the left is the Dirty Devil Mountains, and away beyond the canyon country, along the Colorado river, and that must be equally as far away. That must be Wheeler's Peak, over to the west, in Nevada; and that low, dark line in the southeastern horizon must be the Kaibab Plateau. Is'nt this a magnificent view? But there come the clouds, and I fear they are going to spoil our work. They sail around us and envelop us for the time being, but soon disperse and leave us a clear horizon. With our theodolite in position we commence work. We take the flag on “Mount Katharine” for our reference point. As this is one of our geodetic points we will first take the geodetic bearings, then the circle of trigonometrical points, and lastly the plain table or circle bearings, and this completes our system of Triangulation. Now comes our sketching. Those cliffs we will sketch in contour lines, and that craggy range in hachure lines.

You see that light spot in the Sevier Valley, just east of Mt. Katharine range? that is the wheat field at Gunnison, where we run our base line; through the theodolite telescope I can see the stone and flag at the north end. We will take a bearing on the church at Gunnison, and with our bearing from Mt. Katharine it will locate it. Do you see that blue spot just over that low range to the west? That is Silver Lake, and that plain beyond is the Great Sevier Desert. It must be snowing in that cloud over on Fish Mountain. But it is getting late, and I am nearly frozen; we pack up and after a long, rough descent we reach camp just at dark. One of the boys has killed a deer and we are treated to venison. After supper we sit around the camp-fire, while the cook entertains us with an Indian story. It is too cloudy for astronomical observations, and being tired we will spread down our blankets, and with our saddle for a pillow dream of home.

## MUNSELLIAN SOCIETY DEPARTMENT.

C. S. LUDLAM, EDITOR.

Another year of society labor is now fully inaugurated. We meet again in our dear old hall, where some of us have met many times, and fought our mimic literary battles o'er and o'er in the years that have gone by.

We meet again in the same hall, and go through the same literary exercises, from Chaplain's invocation to "Critic's report," as of yore. But O, what changes meet our gaze as we glance over the assembly before us. It is the same society, but not the same assembly. We behold only a few of the old familiar faces that that used to greet us here. They have drifted out into the busy world; some carried away prematurely by that feverish haste to plunge into actual business life, which characterizes our American youth, others, bearing from among us the honors of their Alma Mater and the impress of their society. We behold them scattered far and wide over this broad land, occupying positions of trust and honor, and wearing laurels fairly won.

We are proud of their record. We cherish them kindly in memory, and regard with feelings akin to veneration that array of names which constitute our "old Munsellians."

We miss their presence here, but their spirit of energy and enthusiasm seems still to linger, to incite us to noble efforts to carry out the trust which they have committed to our hands, and sustain what they labored so nobly to establish. New forms and faces now fill the places they used to fill. Stout hearts and willing hands stand ready to take up the weapons they have laid aside, to carry up the structure they began. It must go up. There is no such thing as standing still. The society is an essential part of the University. It supplies a practical culture such as is furnished nowhere else in the college course, and, as has been justly remarked, the student's success in life,

his status, is determined in a great measure by the use he makes of this branch of his education. The Society must advance and develop in proportion to the advancement and development of the institution of which it forms a part.

The year 1874, now fast drawing to a close, has been propitious, and the University has experienced a measure of progress and development unprecedented in the years that have gone before. New departments have been organized. New and important courses of study have been established. The old college courses have been extended and perfected, and from far and near, young men and young women are crowding her halls, eager for culture and ready for work.

Thus new and large fields are being opened up to the Society, increased numbers are pouring in to avail themselves of its advantages, and the wants of those who throng our hall demand that its advancement shall be in keeping with the progress of the institution. Then, too, the march of intellect, the evolution of thought, the progress of ideas everywhere is no less marked. In the world of letters, of arts, and of science the watchword of the age is progress. Whatever place we take in the world outside, will be determined in the main by the place we take among our fellow students here in the Society. Shall the Society then advance as the occasion requires?

When I consider the earnest young men and women who compose it, I believe it will. But, no array of honorable names, no mere numerical strength, no adornment of hall, no prestige from past prowess will avail to accomplish this end, unless there be earnest, individual effort. Every Munsellian should feel that upon him rests the honor of the Society. Progress should be his watchword, and his motto "onward and upward."

## GENIUS.

L. P. HOPKINS.

There is one law interwoven into the constitution of things which declares that force of character and mind must rule the world. This truth gleams out upon us from daily life, from history, from science, arts and letters, from all the agencies which influence conduct and opinion. The whole existing order of things is one vast monument to the supremacy of mind. The exterior appearance of life is but the material embodiment, the substantial expression of thought.

The fixed facts of society, language, institutions, and positive knowledge were once ideas in a projector's brain. The scouted hypotheses of the fifteenth century are the time-honored institutions of the nineteenth: the heresies of yesterday the common-places of to-day. We see in every stage of this change a certain vital force, a living power, to which we give the name, Genius.

In the past it created the present, in the present it is creating the future. From the time when the present civilized races ran wild in the woods, and dined and supped on each other, to the present, the generality of mankind have been satisfied with things as they were, a small number have sought something better, something new. These we call men of genius; from these come the motion and ferment of life, and to these we owe it that existence is a stream and not a bog.

There are two fields for human thought and action, the actual and possible, the realized and the real. In the actual, the tangible, the realized the vast proportion of mankind abide. The great region of the possible whence all discovery, invention, and creation proceed, and which is to the actual as the universe to a planet, is the chosen region of Genius, as almost everything which is now actual was once only possible, as all our present facts and axioms were originally discoveries or inventions, it is, under God, to Genius we owe our present blessings. It builds habitations for us, but its dwelling-place is on the vanishing points of human intelligence.

What is Genius? It is easier to determine its sphere than to define. According to Dr. Johnson it is a general force of mind accidentally directed to a particular pursuit. But this does not cover the genius of Shakespeare, of Leibnitz and of Goethe. Genius is not a single power, but all the great powers of the mind; it reasons but is not reasoning, it judges, but is not judgment; it imagines, but is not imagination; it feels deeply and fiercely, but is not passion; it is neither, but it is all: it is the passion of all the powers and impulses of humanity in their greatest strength and most harmonious combination. It has often been defined, but each definition includes but a portion of its phenomena. The definition of Coleridge is most popular; he calls Genius the power of carrying the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood. Such a power may indicate the genius of Coleridge or Wordsworth, but did Napoleon conquer at Austerlitz, or did Newton discover the laws of gravity, or did Shakspeare create Macbeth by carrying the teachings of childhood into the powers of manhood?

This method of defining by individual instances is like drawing a map of Illinois and calling it the world. Indeed, Genius has been incompletely defined, because each definition has been a description of some order of genius.

Conceive of a mind in which the powers of Napoleon and Howard, Dante and Newton, Luther and Shakspeare, Kant and Fulton were so combined as to act in perfect harmony, conceive such and you have a true definition of Genius, a definition which would be made up of many minds, and broad enough to include all the results of human thought and action.

It requires all the energies of men of genius to produce the results of genius; it exists somewhat in fragments, no one human mind can comprehend it all. The nearest approach to universality of genius in intellect is Shakspeare; in will, Napoleon; in harmony of combination,

Washington. It is strange that Washington is not generally considered a man of genius. Lord Brougham declares him to be the greatest man that ever lived, yet of moderate talents, as if being the soul of a revolution and the creator of a nation, did not suppose energies equal to those employed in the creation of a poem. Genius thus being an ideal, which the most powerful intellects have but approached, which, while it comprehends all men of genius is comprehended by none, the question still arises, what common quality of men of genius distinguishes men of genius from other men in practical life, in science, in letters, in every department of human thought and action? This common quality is vital energy of mind.

Men in whom this energy glows seem to spurn the limitations of matter, to dive beneath the forms and appearances to the spirit of things, they leap the gulf which separates positive knowledge from discovery, and in their grasp of spiritual realities, in their intense life, they seem to demonstrate the immortality of the soul that burns within them—they give palpable evidence of infinite capacity.

This life, this energy, this uprising aspiring flame of thought has been variously called the power of combination invention, creation, insight, but in the last analysis it is resolved into vital energy of soul to think and to do. This force of being to labor, to create, to pluck out the heart of nature's mystery, this is the law of genius.

It would be impossible here to follow this live and life-giving thought of man

in its invasion of the possible and unknown. Its result is human knowledge, the science of mind and matter, poetry and the plastic arts, with the myriad untraceable influences on society and individual character. Genius, mental power, wherever you look you see the radiant footprints of its victorious progress. It has surrounded your homes with comforts, it has given you the command over the blind forces of nature, it has exalted and consecrated your affections, it has brought God's immeasurable universe nearer your hearts and minds.

And above all it is never stationary, its course being ever onward to new triumphs, its repose but harmonious activity, its acquisitions but stimulants to new discovery. Answering to nothing but the soul's illimitable energies it is always the preacher of hope, of brave endeavor, and unwearied elastic effort.

It is hard to rouse in their might these energies of thought, but when once roused, when felt tingling along every nerve of sensation the whole inner being thrilling with their enkindling inspiration, there seems to be no limits to their capacity, and obstacles shrivel into ashes in their fiery path; you cannot check their victorious career as they leap from discovery to discovery, new truths ever beckoning in the distance, a universe ever opening and expanding before them, and above all a voice crying, On! though the clay fall from the soul's struggling powers, On! though the spirit burn through its garment of flesh like the sun through mist, On! "along the lines of limitless desire."

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#### MUNSELLIAN NOTES AND COMMENTS.

—John Moore has entered the Law Department with the intention of completing its course. He is evidently following in the footsteps of his brother R. E., a Munsellian of old renown.

—G. E. Scrimger is with us once again, this time in the capacity of "Tutor in Mathematics." As the ox returneth to his stall so he returns to his old stamping ground, and lingers fondly about the spot where he has received his culture and

acquired no unenviable reputation by his earnest, well directed efforts.

—S. T. Fullenwider, we are informed, is at his delightful home in Mechanicsburg. Nor do we wonder that he lingers there, for from all accounts it must be a delightful home indeed. It requires no slight effort to tear one's self away from the joys, the peaceful quiet of a beautiful, happy home to mingle in the turmoil and strife of the busy world.

—M. V. Crumbaker has entered the Central Illinois Conference and is stationed this year at Clifton, and now I suppose we must add to the length of his already lengthy name a Rev. C. was the longest man and had the longest name in his class; if there is anything in stature and name he ought to succeed.

—The officers of the Society for the present term are as follows: President, T. Sterling; Vice President, W. A. Smith; Secretary, T. I. Coultas; Asst. Secretary, Miss Minnie Rogers; Treasurer, J. O. Applebee; Librarian, Miss J. Franc Pound; Chaplain, N. K. Rankin;

Atty., J. F. McNaught; Chorister, J. A. Fisher; Court, J. O. Wilson, J. A. Smith, and George Metz.

—Of our Class of '74, one—though by no means a giant in stature—has proven valiant in mighty deeds, taken a lion (Lyon) and entered boldly upon the untried realities of matrimonial life. W. C. Gilbreath and Miss Lillian Lyon, of this Society, were united in the bonds of wedlock August, 1874. We join most heartily with their numerous friends in wishing them long life, prosperity, and happiness unalloyed.

### ALUMNI NOTES.

—The coal delivered by H. M. Senseney, 304 North Main street, is as cheap as the cheapest, and as good as the best.

—G. E. Scrimger, of '74, in addition to his work as tutor, has accepted the pastorate of the Methodist Church at Wapella.

—Peter's Musical Monthly for October is unusually attractive. We class this monthly among the best musical publications on the continent.

—R. B. Welch, formerly a student in the University, is meeting with gratifying success as principal of the public schools in Washington, Tazewell Co., Illinois.

—W. H. Graves, of '74, is still in Utah Territory with the Powell and Thompson expedition. He expects to spend the winter in Washington, D. C.

—It is currently reported that A. H. Davies, of '73, recently the pastor of the Methodist Church at Bakersfield, Cal., has entered the profession of the law.

—The great increase in attendance upon the University has made lively work for our book dealers the past few days, and Maxwell & Batchelder have had their full proportion of the trade.

—A few of those elegant lithographs of the University are unsold. Parties desiring a supply can be accommodated by applying to H. C. DeMotte, either in person or by letter. Price 50 cents per copy or \$4.00 per dozen.

—We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Celebrated Florence Sewing Machines. There has been an immense reduction in the price of the machines, bringing these valuable acquisitions to a household within the reach of all. For illustrated catalogues and price list, write to W. H. Sharp & Co., agents at Chicago.

—In the Alumni Record of the University, published in the catalogue of the present year, in the list of Honorary Degrees the printer detracts somewhat from the official rank of COL. E. R. Roe, A. M., by lengthening his title. His official position should be given as Marshal of the Southern District of Illinois.

—Rev. W. H. Musgrove, who received the appointment as pastor of the University Church at the recent session of the Illinois Conference, has entered upon his labors with such zeal and earnestness as to give promise of a prosperous year. He has already made many warm friends in our city.

—Hon. Newton Bateman, our present efficient State Superintendent of Public Instruction, has accepted a call to the Presidency of Knox College, Galesburg, Ill. We congratulate the authorities of that institution in being so fortunate as to secure a man of such ripe scholarship and extensive practical experience in the educational field to place at the head of Knox College.

—Miss Mary F. Kellogg, of Tremont, Tazewell county, well known to many of our readers, sails for Europe on the 13th of this month. She is accompanied by a lady friend from New York. Miss Kellogg expects to spend the winter in Paris under some of the masters in the art of painting. She will also visit the more important places of interest in Europe before she returns.

—The large attendance of ladies upon the University this term is proof, positive, of the great desire on their part to share in the pleasures and advantages of a higher education, and of the wisdom of the Board of Trustees in opening the doors of the Illinois Wesleyan University for their reception. Nearly one hundred now tread her halls and mingle in the labors of scholastic life.

## BOOK TABLE.

## MUSIC-PAGE SUPPLEMENT FOR 1874.

We have just received from *The Pennsylvania School Journal* a copy of the third annual Music-Page Supplement, issued by the publishers of this periodical, for gratuitous distribution at Teacher's County Institutes in all parts of the State. It contains some twelve choice selections, songs and hymns appropriate for schools, with the music to each in four parts; as well as some sixteen or eighteen selections, the words without the music. There are music books that sell at from 35 to 50 cents that are worth less than this Supplement, which is distributed to Institutes gratuitously. *The Journal* contains a page of music each month. Price \$1.50. It is published by J. P. Wickersham & Co., Lancaster, Pa.

**COLE'S PRIMARY WRITING GRAMMAR OR SYLLABUS OF LANGUAGE LESSONS; REQUIRING WRITTEN EXERCISES IN THE PROPER SPELLING, MEANING AND USE OF WORDS; use of capital letters and punctuation marks; and arranged with reference to sentence building and composition writing.**

The above work, though somewhat unpretentious in form, is quite suggestive to the teacher, and will be found a valuable aid to the teacher and pupil in the study of English Grammar. By following the hints and suggestions which it contains the study of grammar will lose much of its unpleasantness and impractical character, as usually taught, and will become one of the most attractive and interesting studies of the common school branches.

**THE AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL ANNUAL. A CYCLOPEDIA for School Officers, School Teachers, and everyone interested in educational matters.**

**VALUABLE REFERENCE WORK for Newspaper Offices, Public and Private Libraries, and Legislative Bodies.**

**A HANDBOOK for Ministers, Lawyers, Journalists, Physicians and Professional Men Generally. A Volume full of Interesting and Useful Information for Everybody. Containing Contributions from Forty-Seven Different State and Territorial Superintendents of Instruction.**

The Annual gives a digest of Educational Legislation in every State and Territory from their origin, together with a full synopsis of their present School Systems and School Legislation during the year.

It contains a History of Educational Land Grants and the Peabody Fund; Geographical and Scientific Discoveries for the past eighteen months; latest Educational Statistics for the entire country, comprising Number of Schools, School Houses and Number of Pupils Enrolled; Average Attendance, Legal School Age, Num-

ber of Teachers and Average Pay; the Amount of their School Receipts and Expenditures; School Statistics of One Hundred American Cities; Education in other Countries; the Compulsory Law of New York; the Educational Features of the Pending Civil Rights Bill; Educational Associations and Conventions during the year; a list of the Colleges, Universities, Theological, Law, Normal and Scientific Schools in the United States; Brief Sketches of all the State and Territorial Superintendents and of Eminent Educators who have died during the last year and a half; a List of the Educational Journals in the Country; a list of the School Books published during 1874. Volume 1st, 1875. Price, \$2.00. J. W. Schermerhorn & Co., Publishers, 14 Bond Street, New York.

**A MANUAL OF ZOOLOGY, for the use of Students, with a General Introduction on the Principles of Zoology. By HENRY ALLEYNE NICHOLSON.**

The above work from the extensive and popular publishing house of D. Appleton & Co., of New York, has been received. To determine accurately the real value of such a work, requires the test of use in the class room. We have not yet submitted it to this kind of test, yet we are prepared to say that with the examination we have given it we believe it will prove to be one of the most valuable text books upon the subject now before the public. We confess to a decided liking of the general arrangement of the subject matter. After about forty pages of introduction devoted to a general view of the various themes, and discussions relating to the science, the author proceeds to the treatment of his subject under two general heads, the Invertebrates and the Vertebrates. The plan of classification is based essentially upon the views of Prof. Huxley, and is in keeping with the recent advancements in the science. Unlike some other works upon the subject, this is not a mere catalogue of some of the more prominent species in the several kingdoms, but a classification and description of the leading characteristics and that, by the aid of synoptical tables given in connection with each subject, the careful student will be enabled to quite accurately determine the families of the various forms of animal life he will ordinarily meet. About 300 pages are devoted to the Invertebrate, and 225 pages more to the Vertebrates. These are followed by a very complete glossary of terms in common use in connection with the science. This, together with the extensive index, renders the work valuable as a book of reference for the teacher as well as much more convenient for the use of advanced students. The work will be found to be a valuable assistant in the prosecution of the study of Natural History.

T H E

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## TWELVE DAYS WITH THE BRONCOS.

CONTINUED.

At the end of our third day's journey we camped at Mooney, just west of Mt. Nebo. For one entire day we had been sporting around the base of this majestic pile. The night was cool, the ground damp, and yet our sleep was sweet and undisturbed, and early morning found us on our way. We had now entered Little Salt Lake Valley. The road was charming the air delightfully cool and bracing, so we improved the time. Passing Nephi, a place of some note, we halted at Chicken Creek to feed. Thus far our camps had been made at Mormon settlements, where we could readily secure what feed was needed for our mules, but from this point our stages were to be uncertain and our camps determined by the declining sun.

In that country travellers usually depend upon grazing for food for their animals. To prevent their wandering too far away during the night they hopple the ring-leaders. This is done by fastening the front legs together so that the animal can only move by mincing steps. Now we feared to turn our chargers loose lest we might never see their like again, and neither of us coveted the task of hopping. So we laid in store sufficient feed for night and directed our course toward the

Sevier river. We reached its banks just as the sun was setting. At Chicken Creek, where we dined, it was reported that hostile Indians had been occasioning some trouble in the valley,—that a drove of horses had been stolen and one man killed. My nerves were none too steady as I pillowed my head upon a wisp of straw that night. True, my trusty "Smith & Wesson" was at hand ready for any emergency, but then, for one accustomed to the security, comforts and refinements of a pleasant home in the midst of civilization, the thought of an Indian raid upon two unprotected innocents, in the dead hour of night, is not calculated to induce perfect quiet and undisturbed repose. But weary nature must have rest, and so I slept, to be startled from my dreams by the presence of some ungainly hobgoblin which was stealing the scanty supply of hay which served us for a couch. I arose at once prepared for bloody action; but discretion proved the better part of valor, and delay revealed the fact that the thief was but some harmless, brindle cow. Flushed with victory in this first surprise and feeling now brave to do and dare in all similar encounters, I slept more soundly the remaining hours of the night.

The early morning found us at our task.

We were to have our first experience of harnessing without assistance, for hitherto some villager had always been present to lend us aid. The work to be accomplished is not easy of description, and the dangers incident are not readily pictured with a pen. Imagine the two wheelers with not the kindest natural affections in position at the tongue, and then the sorrel leaders, whose feet were evidently not transfixed to earth, being brought into line, with the Captain at the bridle to quiet them by gentle strokes and sweet, pet names, and myself in aft very carelessly hitching the traces and threading the reins through the guiding rings, while Jack is performing a mazarika on one foot or attempting to get up and ride, and Muggins, the invincible, is disposed to back to Salt Lake City, and Jane and Bett are watching, as for a sparrows fall, and ready, without the slightest provocation, or warning, to double column and beat an inglorious retreat, thereby producing panic in the camp and all the numerous ills which follow in its train. Such is the merest outline of the work which twice each day lay unperformed before us; such the opposing forces that we must meet and conquer ere our journey was begun. But when once the tugs were fastened and the driver in position all were obedient to the call, and wheeling into line leaned steadily to the work.

Our route now lay up the east bank of the Sevier, which, at this point, was possibly somewhat larger than the Mackinaw of our own county. The water of the Sevier was quite muddy, occasioned by recent rains upon its tributaries, and, as I was not accustomed to a mixed beverage, I drank sparingly. About 12 o'clock we came to a beautiful brook whose water was clear as a crystal. Being very thirsty I gave the reins to the Captain and with cup in hand approached the purling stream. Imagine my disappointment upon placing the brimming cup to my lips to find the water was warm and insipid and much less palatable than the murky Sevier. Upon inquiry we learned that the stream was named Warm Creek, and rightly named, as from experience I could testify.

At Gunnison we rested, and while our

faithful steeds were busy with their lunch we sought to find some purer water than the ditches by the roadside afforded. It is the custom of the people there to fill a barrel with water from the ditch in the morning while yet the air is cool and then by keeping it in the shade the water is not only cooler but much purer, than that in the wayside ditches. The Captain's first effort was unsuccessful. He returned bearing a cup of some kind of hop beer, entirely too bitter for my taste. His second expedition was more encouraging, for this time he returned to invite me into one of those western frontier palaces, to enjoy the luxury of a bowl of bread and milk. I would that I might describe the house, but words fail to do the subject justice. Dirt walls, dirt floor, dirt roof, dirt all over, inside and out, and yet it was clean dirt; for there was after all an air of neatness and cheerfulness about that home which is often stranger to the mansion of wealth. Thanking our host for his generous hospitality, and leaving in his bank a small deposit of fractional currency, we resumed our journey.

The afternoon's drive was over a level plain, the valley being several miles wide in this locality. The soil in many places was quite sandy, indeed too much so for anything but a stunted growth of sage and rabbit-bush. We reached Salina before the sun went down and camped. A storm of rain disturbed the preparation of our evening meal, but a generous blacksmith kindly granted us possession of his shop, which afforded us good shelter for the night.

A little incident occurred the following morning which served to break the dull monotony of our usual daily task. Uneasy Jack by some unnecessary efforts parted his moorings and was out at sea without a rudder. To secure him was the problem. The exploits of former years were carefully conned over, but no similar instance would up at bidding to serve us as a guide. Books were consulted, and the playful horse, the boy, the hat and the tempting grass; and then the haltered pony of Third Reader notoriety seemed a case in point, and so a plan was speedily devised. A youth of several summers who evidently had seen better



days, with some oats, a nose-sack and a halter went slowly, mincing towards the wayward brute, which now stood serenely munching a wisp of hay near the corral to which the other animals were yet anchored. There was profound strategy in the scheme and dramatic effect in its execution which none but the crayon of an illustrious Nast could sketch; and had he viewed the scene no doubt the feint would have been immortalized in Harper's Illustrated Weekly. But the ruse was quite successful and the offending brute secured; another powerful argument in favor of a knowledge of the books.

The valley of the Sevier is for the most part a plain, varying somewhat in width and skirted on either side by irregular mountain ranges, and through this plane the river makes its tortuous channel from side to side. We had reached a point at Salina where the stream cut close by the eastern mountain's base, and we must either ford the stream or climb the mountain pass. Both ways were declared to be passable by the good smith whose hospitality we had shared; but fearing to attempt the ford with our small mules, we chose the dry land route through what is very significantly termed "The Twist." And twist it was. Of all the roads in christendom, or out of it for that matter, this proved to be the crookedest of the crooked, the hilliest of the hilly, the brushiest of the brushy, the rockiest of the rocky, the roughest of the rough, and the longest short road on the continent. By constant driving we arrived at Glen Cove at 1:20 p. m., and were comforted with the assurance that we had made a remarkable drive that morning, having passed the horizontal distance of full fifteen miles. The vertical distance had not been estimated.

This Glen Cove was a lovely little nook in the midst of volcanic mountains, whose brown, bald brows and sides were in strange contrast with the rich carpet of of luxuriant grass and fields of waving grain within the glen. We tarried only long enough to feed, and then, passing up a frightful "dug-a-way," where, at our left, were frowning cliffs which, towering heavenward, seemed ready to forever hide us from the living, and at our right a steep declivity led almost vertical far

down to the rich pastures; in the lowlands, we gained the summit of the mountain-spur only to be forced down a monstrous rocky steep upon the other side. This done, we reached the vale again and had prime driving till we halted at Monroe. We found here that the fear of an Indian raid was quite prevalent in the settlement. Suspicious looking Indians had been seen skulking among the hills and farther up the valley some had occasioned trouble. But, with our past experience to quiet our nerves, we rested well and slept secure from harm.

The Sabbath sun shone bright and clear upon the hemmed in valley, but no church-going bell was heard to call the devotees to worship. A crowbar fashioned like the letter "U" however formed a substitute; and, as its ominous clang rang out upon the stillness of the morning air, the ragged urchins of the village ambled through the streets at snail-like pace to Sabbath School, with any other than devout demeanor. We fain would have mingled with the motley throng but for this once we felt that duty called to labor on the day of rest. We breakfasted and started on our way intent upon accomplishing at least a Sabbath-day's journey. Mary's Vale, quite as romantic in natural scenery as in name, lay distant fifteen miles. To reach it we must cross another mountain spur. This pass bore the euphonic name of "Hog-back," a name which we soon found quite as significant as "The Twist." For full one hour we traveled up a gently inclined plain, thickly beset with volcanic boulders. We joggled along with measured pace, at length reaching a somewhat more undulating section of the route, but still ascending: up, up we went, winding along some tortuous ravine, then over some uneven ridge into another. Still on we steadily pursued our way, until we found ourselves in the presence of an upheaved ridge which seemed to hedge us in. Was this the "Hog-back?" "Only this and nothing more." Here the road led directly up a sharp ascent at least two hundred feet, and, to add the difficulty, the road-bed was solid rock, upon which our unshod mules would, with no slight uncertainty, retain their footing. But over the "Hog-back" we must go, if go

at all. So adjusting the reins with unusual care and preparing to leap for life should any accident befall us in our skyward journey, at the word, without a murmur, our mules began to climb. Never did *broncos* do more faithful service. First one and then another would lose its footing and fall upon the shelving rock, but the others, true as steel, would hold the load of sixteen hundred pounds until the footing was regained. And need I say our breath was freer when we halted on the summit to let our faithful servants rest. We now supposed our troubles for the day were ended, but soon we found that the descent was rough and rugged, with frequent steep declivities. So in the downward journey I held the reins with all the strength at my command while the Captain manned the break with dexterous skill, and when we reached the base it seemed as if my fingers were unjointed. We had great cause for thankfulness however, that our necks were spared, and so with cheerful hearts we reached the Vale and found a resting place at two o'clock. Here we met a kind family which bore the romantic name of Brown. (God bless the Browns if they are all like those). With this family the Captain had a slight acquaintance, and we were welcomed to their rustic cabin home, and entertained right royally. Here we enjoyed a luxury for the night, spreading our couch upon a full supply of new mown hay. It was like resting upon a bed of down, and sleep was never sweeter to a weary mortal.

The morning was quite cool, really uncomfortably so before the sun was up. We bade kind friends adieu and were fairly on our way at seven. The road was charming, and we measured distance at a liberal gait, with nought to interrupt save a lone wolf, which passed beyond the range of our trusty rifles. Still farther up the valley we found traces of the Indian's lodge poles. In moving camp they drag their lodge poles on the ground, and thus it is quite easy to trace their line of march. We were now on the west side of the valley, having crossed the stream at Mary's Vale, and as we skirted the western slope we saw some Indians near the eastern border. They passed on down the valley and we continued our ascent,

reaching Circleville at two o'clock. We found here a Mormon town of more than fifty houses without inhabitants. Through fear of Indian trouble and for lack of irrigation it had been deserted years before. Here some, in years gone by, had labored hard to make a home. The houses were of logs, and many of them seemed to be still habitable. But fear of the treacherous red man had caused all parties to decamp, leaving their homes to ruin and decay.

For some miles the axes of the bordering hills had been inclining toward the stream, and the valley growing gradually less and less expansive, until now it was hemmed in between two frowning cliffs, for we had reached the entrance of Volcano Canyon. I cannot attempt a full description of this section of our route. It was barely passable, winding along the base of the cliff in such close proximity that the moving wheel would wear the projecting ledge, while on the opposite side just over the vertical bank some feet below the sparkling water of the Sevier was merrily gliding along its rocky bed. The stream was not large but in many places flowed with great rapidity, and, as it went dashing over the huge boulders which had tumbled from the cliff, its noise gave to the surrounding scenery an air of wildness which at times became almost painful. We were compelled to ford the stream six times in less than that many miles, and, if before we had uttered words of praise for our little leaders, we might well enlogize them now. Twice in the middle of the stream a trace became unfastened and, at the word, they stood until the Captain could wade in and make all safe again.

We reached the upper end of the canyon just before the sun went down, and, as we were prospecting for a camping ground, the Captain spied a deer near the foot of the cliff. With a trusty rifle, two of which we carried, he started on the chase. The cliff seemed perpendicular and yet the deer well knew its secret path. With bounding step it scaled the cliff, jumping from crag to crag, and soon was beyond the hunter's range.

Though in July, the night was excessively cold, and when we rose the ground was white with frost, and ice, of no mean

thickness, had formed upon the water in our bucket. But the morning sun soon warmed the chilly atmosphere and we passed out upon an undulating plain.

It was now my turn to spy some game. Some sage hens near the road came in my line of vision ; so, putting the Captain in command of the train. I dismounted, revolver in hand, prepared for deeds of

daring. Brave to the last, I emptied every barrel and left the game unharmed—indeed unscared—not even raising a single feather. The Captain, with words of commendation, urged me to try another round, but I entered a demurrer, maintaining that game which had so bravely stood my center shots had fairly won the right to live. *(To be continued.)*

## IN THE COLD SHADE.

HENRY W. SUTTON.

When spring through thrush and cuckoo cries,  
The root that in some cavern lies,  
To cold and darkness thrall,  
But dimly hears her call.

With sick shoots—pallid, piteous hopes,  
Wan, idiot fingers—how it gropes ;  
Lost for defect of light,  
A scandal to the sight.

Such are the minds unfecl, untaught,  
Not blooming in the light of thought ;  
Poor, sickly growths that shame  
E'en vegetation's name.

What ! suffer human souls to dwell  
Thus dark in ignorance's cell ?  
Oh, give them to the light !  
Teach them, it is their right !

Of knowledge all men must be heirs,  
Her pathway should be thoroughfares :  
Free as the woodland wild  
To every human child.

Whatever can by man be known,  
Common as grass-seed should be sown ;  
Oh, stint not ! let it fall  
Free, free—for all, for all !

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We search the world for truth ; we cull  
The good, the pure, the beautiful,  
From graven stone and written scroll,  
From all the flower-fields of the soul ;  
And, weary seekers of the best,  
We come back laden from our quest,  
To find that all the sages said  
Is in the Book our mother read.

## THE AGASSIZ MEMORIAL.

The following beautiful tribute to the lamented Agassiz is from the pen of Hon. Newton Bateman, L. L. D., and forms part of a circular address which was issued from his office as State Superintendent of Public Instruction last April, to the teachers and pupils of Illinois inviting them to contribute to the Agassiz Memorial Fund:

He was a man of matchless genius, of world-wide fame, of prodigious industry, exalted character and stainless reputation, and of the most ingenuous and childlike spirit. Early imbued with a tender, genuine and absorbing love of Nature, he consecrated his splendid powers, and his whole life to the study, discovery, classification and utilization of the facts, phenomena and laws of animate beings. No part of the wide field was left unexplored: no fleetness of foot, or fin, or wing, from the greatest and strongest to the tiniest and feeblest, could escape his pursuit or elude his search; no minuteness or delicacy of shape, color or contour, of resemblance or difference, of normal or anomalous characteristics—no lurking eccentricities of action, abode or habits—could baffle his keen, patient, microscopic scrutiny. From earth, air and sea, for two-and-a-half decades, he quietly, steadily, gathered the multitudinous creatures of the animal kingdom, fossil and living, and there they are to-day, in the magnificent Museum at Cambridge—mutely eloquent of his life-work—a priceless heritage to the present and future generations of students in natural history, and an unrivalled contribution to the most interesting yet most intricate and difficult science of Comparative Zoology.

But if the Great Museum, conceived in his own far-seeing mind, filled with the costly treasures of his toil, and organized by his wisdom upon a plan so comprehensive and thorough, is a legacy of untold value to us and to our children; of still higher and rarer value are the lessons of his life and work, in their relation to the supreme question: *How* shall we teach the natural sciences?

It is his crowning honor, the rounding

out of his illustrious career as a Teacher, that, together with an unrivalled collection of specimens, an exhaustless supply of materials, he has also bequeathed to us a gift more precious still—the *true method of their use*. Of little worth were those vast accumulations from the animal kingdom, if with them the Master had not also placed in the pupil's hand *the key* to their silent mysteries.

It is only by remembering that it is not the amount but the quality of teaching that tells; that the excellence and worth of the product depend upon the character of the factors, the fitness and wisdom of the method pursued—it is only thus that we can appreciate the full magnitude of our obligations to Agassiz. The stories that are told by some of his earlier pupils, and the more recent reports from those whose privilege it was to gather about him in the Experimental School on Penikese Island—the founding of which was the last great achievement of his life—are filled with the very pathos and poetry of ardent discipleship, demonstrating the kingly grace and power of the Teacher, and the profound wisdom of his methods of instruction.

The path by which Agassiz leads him who is *resolved to know* the secrets of the animal creation, is indeed, at first, dark, narrow, rugged and uninviting. But if bravely and patiently pursued, it leads infallibly on and up, ever widening and brightening, till order begins to rise out of seeming chaos; golden threads are discovered winding unerringly through the maze; law is found dominant everywhere; and at last the broad light of an all-interpreting Generalization floods and penetrates the labyrinth through and through, while in and above all, of ineffable beauty and glory, the Supreme Creative Thought is revealed, regnant forever.

The author of this splendid System of Nature does not carry the Student at once to the top of the mount of transfiguration where he himself dwells—as well might the painted skies of sunset be shown to the blind—but places him at

the very base, whence he must clamber and climb by his own sight and strength, as best he can; clutching for help at rocks and shrubs, pushing on and struggling forward, with no help yet from the Master, save his cheering shout: "Look sharp, press on, there's light ahead!" The summit and the light are gained at last, with toughened sinews, clarified vision, every sense alert and keen, when Agassiz takes him by the hand, explains the grand objects now in the field of view, and points the way to other heights and greater victories. Such, under a figure, is his method in natural science—it is the only true one.

But what kind of a monument are we invited to help erect to the memory of Agassiz? An imposing Mausoleum? a Triumphal Arch? a Shaft or Column or Obelisk, whose towering summit shall greet the sun at his coming and reflect his setting rays? Not so, but a Memorial more noble, more enduring, and infinitely more beneficent than any structure of granite, bronze or marble, though the art and wealth of the nation were lavished thereon.

The great Teacher is dead; but his Museum of Comparative Zoology remains, and we are simply invited to unite with the teachers and pupils of every other State in the Union, in a voluntary contribution to a Fund the income of which shall be applied to the expenses of the Museum and School—the principal to remain inviolable forever. For the Museum is not only a collection of natural objects, the largest and choicest on this continent, if not in the world; it is also an organized School of Natural History, open to all the teachers in the land, and the income from the proposed fund is to enlarge, perfect and carry on that School, and so to multiply and diffuse its benefits more and more widely in all the States; awakening throughout the country a strong and genuine interest in Natural Science, and giving an intelligent direction to that interest, through the ever increasing numbers of picked men and women who shall there be trained and qualified for the work of instruction.

And so it shall come to pass that Louis Agassiz will still teach on, and on, with widening influence and reduplicated

power; still inspiring, directing and captivating all who love the studies that he loved, and pursue them in the spirit that animated him, while, through lapsing generations, the daisies of Mount Auburn bloom and fade above his sleeping dust. In the higher sense it is not appointed unto such men to die. The immortal essence, instinct with light and love, sympathetic, intense, diffusive, seems to escape from one such tired, sinking form, only to dissolve as it were into legions of spirit-forces, each to become incarnate again in living men. So will it be, so is it with our Agassiz. Hundreds will be his pupils and apostles in the future, for each one that ever looked upon his benignant face or heard his living voice.

Not a dollar of this memorial fund will be diverted from its sacred purpose or used in the prosecution of any merely tentative schemes. The work is already beyond the domain of experiment and theory. Its illustrious founder has left on record, in detail, his plans and wishes for the comprehensive development and final consummation of his own conceptions. Those plans are in the hands of the worthy son (what more could be said in his honor) of the great Naturalist, and a distinguished few of his intimate personal friends, who will see that they are carried out with all completeness and fidelity. All that is contributed will therefore be put to direct and immediate use in furtherance of work already organized, and of plans and methods already elaborated and perfected. The significance of this fact will be appreciated when it is considered what vast sums have been absorbed in ill-conceived, half-matured educational and scientific enterprises, which seemed of good promise, but fell to pieces under the first sharp test of practice, and now adorn the annals of Utopia—not of History. No visionary Institution now invites our confidence and co-operation, but one as pronounced and definite, as stable and sure as Harvard University itself.

As Agassiz belonged to no one city, State or country, but to the whole Republic of Science and Letters, so, most fitly, this Memorial is commended to scholars and teachers on both sides of the ocean. But here was his home, here most of his

mighty work was done, here for a quarter of a century he lived and taught, here he died and with us will be his sepulchre forever. To us of the United States belongs, therefore, of right, the post of honor in this enterprise. No appeal in behalf of a good cause ever had a more distinguished heralding. The head of the

National Bureau of Education, and of the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington, join with the very elect of our country's Scholars, Teachers, Superintendents, men of Science and citizens of Culture, in nearly all the States from sea to sea, in commendation of this object.

### THE FAMILY ALBUM.

There is a sort of delirious joy in looking over a family album, especially if it is a very old album with a sprained back, which occasionally and unexpectedly drops through your fingers, leaving a couple of cousins in one hand and three aunts in the other, and the balance of the family under the chair. The first picture is of an old gentleman with an expression of wary cautiousness in his face as if he were engaged in dodging a wild bull, and was somewhat doubtful of the result. Opposite him is the grandmother, a patient-looking lady in black dress, with a book in one hand and a pair of spectacles in the other. There is a feeble but well-meaning effort to look safe in her face. On the next leaf is a middle-aged man looking as if he had been suddenly shot through the roof of a starch factory, and had landed in the middle of a strange country. Opposite is the picture of his wife, who having heard a rumor of the catastrophe, has made up her mind to be prepared for the worst. Then follow the children—little girls looking so prim as to make you squirm, and little boys with their eyes turned on their noses, and with an expression on their face of unearthly solemnity. Then follow uncles, taken in

their overcoats, with a spreading inclination in their clothes, hair, and face, as if they were bound to get their money's worth; and aunts with warts on their noses, and varnish in their hair, and preposterous lace collars about their necks. Then there is the bashful young man penned opposite an aggressive young lady, whom heaven and some married women have designed for each other.

There are also the pictures of cousin Aleck and his young wife, who stopped here when on their tour, and no young man looks at him without retiring at once and registering a terrible vow never to get married. Besides these is the picture of the man who lived next door for eight years, at the end of which time his wife died, and he moved to Illinois with the children, and is now worth some fifty thousand dollars. He has been photographed in hat, which is one size too big for him, and which gives him an appearance of having murdered his aunt and concealed the body. Then there are two or three fine looking corsairs of no particular identity, and several broken spirited women with babies in their arms—directly or indirectly related to the owners of the album, and the exhibition closes.

—Were we as eloquent as angels, yet should we please some men, some women, and some children much more by listening than by talking.

—The man who has nothing to boast of but his illustrious ancestors is like a potato plant, the only good belonging to him is under ground.

## SIGNS OF GOD IN THE FLOWERS.

Dr. Paley's argument for the existence of God is not worn out. There is everything in the beautiful plan and order of the world to suggest the Almighty and Omniscient Hand that made it.

A pleasant writer tells of a Texas gentleman who had the misfortune to be an unbeliever. One day he was walking in woods reading the writings of Plato. He came to where the writer uses the phrase, "God geometrizes." He thought to himself, "If I could only see plan and order in God's works, I could be a believer." Just then he saw a little "Texas star" at his feet. He picked it up, and thoughtlessly began to count its petals. He found there were five of them. He counted the stamens, and there were five of them. He counted the divisions at the base of the flower, there were five of them. He then set about multiplying these three fives to see how many chances there were for a flower being brought into existence with-

out the aid of mind, and having in it these three fives. The chances against it were one hundred and twenty-five to one. He thought that was very strange. He examined another flower, and found it the same. He multiplied one hundred and twenty-five by itself, to see how many chances there were against there being two flowers, each having these exact relations of numbers. He found the chances against it were thirteen thousand six hundred and twenty-five to one. But all around him were multitudes of these little flowers. They had been growing and blooming there for years. He thought this showed the order of intelligence, and that the mind that ordained it was God. And so he shut up his book, and picked up the little flower and kissed it, and exclaimed, "Bloom on, little flowers! Sing on, little birds! You have a God, and I have a God. The God that made these little flowers made me!"

## MY FAIR GAMALIEL.

TO WOMAN.]

TWIG.

Thou hast many things to teach,  
My fair Gamaliel.

Thou art teacher of the laws that bind man to his God;  
Thou art teacher of pure ways—the ways our Savior trod.  
Thou art, unawares, a sage,  
My fair Gamaliel.

Thy words fall soft and low,  
My fair Gamaliel.

Thou knowest not that they breathe truths of purity and right;  
Thou knowest not that they shine with an unsuspected light,  
Yet they are deep and wise,  
My fair Gamaliel.

There's a wisdom of the soul,  
My fair Gamaliel.

There is knowledge which is drunk by communion with the high;  
There is truth which shineth down on the heart from out the sky.  
I am thy listening Paul,  
My fair Gamaliel.

## MUNSELLIAN SOCIETY DEPARTMENT.

C. S. LUDLAM, EDITOR.

—It may not be generally known that in point of thoroughness of its whole course of two years, the Law College of the Illinois Wesleyan University stands preeminent among the law colleges of the United States. Yet such I am convinced is the case; and this conclusion is adduced from a careful examination and comparison of the courses and requirements of the leading law colleges, and from the testimony of those who have taken their courses.

While other law schools require scarcely more than reading and attendance upon lectures in the first or Junior year, here daily recitations are required in both Junior and Senior years, and those recitations are conducted in such a thorough and searching manner as to really constitute a rigid daily examination upon the subject assigned. This course, like the regular college course, requires most of the student's time for its complete mastery. And this we conceive is as it should be, for surely the law is not of so

little importance among the learned professions as to warrant a more superficial preparation than any of the others require. We welcome then the strict rule of the Supreme Court of Illinois and this innovation in the matter and manner of legal instruction.

Since the efficiency of the bar must, in the main, be proportioned to the intelligence and culture of the lawyers who compose it, it may be fairly presumed on the one hand that the bar itself will be elevated by the establishment of such a thorough course of legal culture in its midst. While on the other hand those who avail themselves of this culture will by the same means rise to higher places in the forum of their native State, a forum which in efficiency and culture already holds a proud place among the States, a profession which adorns one of the foremost States of the Union. Thus to State and people alike is the establishment and maintainance of such an institution a matter of the greatest importance.

## COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

ALLEN MASON.

Compulsory education is a topic of the day. It is one in which all are interested. Unlike those old subjects of "tariff," "specie payments" and "annexation," it comes directly home to every citizen of the state.

We object to any law compelling the attendance of children at school. In this article we will speak only of the principle involved in such a law, and not concerning any technicalities. We claim that a compulsory school law is inexpedient,

that it could not be enforced, that it is unnecessary and impolitic.

The free school is established. The importance of an education is proven. The per cent. of attendance in our schools is constantly increasing. Facts prove this. Reports from the superintendents of various towns and cities in the state show that there is ever a demand for more room and more teachers. It is true that there are children who do not attend, but by careful examination it will be found



that by far the greater part of these are included among the poor and vagrant children of the state. Now, that such a law will affect these children, will appear to any one on a moment's consideration to be preposterous; because, first, they have not the wherewith to attend; second, they have no way of making a living if they should attend, and third, their parents have nothing to pay as fines if they did not attend. We say that a compulsory school law will not have the tendency to bring into our schools children suffering for food, clothing or shelter; children who must work or steal in order to live; and four-fifths of those who do not attend are of this class. But, it is said, "Pass a law and the state will take care of the poor." It is a very nice theory, but it would be disastrous in practice. Already we complain of the amount we are taxed for the maintenance of poor farms, orphan asylums and other benevolent enterprises; how much greater would that discontent be if the state, out of public funds, should attempt to support one-twentieth or even one-fiftieth of its rising population. Look at the inconsistency. Let such a law be passed; let it be announced that the state will provide for the helpless, and you will find that it would have to support not only those who are actually destitute, but hundreds of those whose parents are in comfortable circumstances. Again, if the parent has not enough authority to compel the child to attend school, it would be folly for the state to attempt it. From this we claim that such a law is inexpedient, because it will fail to accomplish the end for which it was designed. State control (the "papa theory,") will not educate the truants.

Such a law could not be enforced. The truth of this statement has been illustrated so often by trial that it can no longer be doubted. Other states in the Union, fully as capable of enforcing it as our own, have attempted it and failed; why, then, shall we hope to be successful? Massachusetts, the pioneer state in education, has signally failed. If any state could have enforced it, she could; and yet, H. K. Oliver, state constable, especially delegated to see to the enforcement of the law, says: "No one looks after it; neither town authorities, nor school committees, nor

local police, and large cities and many of the towns are swarming with unschooled children, vagabondizing about the streets and growing up in ignorance and to a heritage of sin." The experience of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan and other states is similar. Waiving all question as to whether such a law is politic and in consonance with republican principles, do not these examples teach us that we must look in some other direction for a remedy for non-attendance?

When we review what our schools have done; when we see what they are doing; when we look forward to what they will do, we say that such a law is unnecessary. We glance along the history of nations; we contemplate their intellectual achievements and unrivalled skill in the arts, and yet we look in vain for a parallel for our own times. Here a new spirit stands before us as if tired of the spirit of war, the lust of conquest and the stately pomp of courts; we see each State putting forth her energies to uplift her people to the rank and dignity of the christian citizen. Schools are multiplied, the sciences are unfolded, even to the capacity of the child, and the profoundest thinkers are seeking to spread popular instruction. With well regulated free schools; with well educated, faithful and efficient teachers, who have in themselves authority for the execution of their noble work and earnest longings for its right accomplishment, we have the power that has scattered and can scatter seeds of civilization broadcast. With these we have no need to fear for the education of the children.

A compulsory school law is impolitic and contrary to the spirit of the times. It is impolitic, because in a country like ours where every man is a king, it infringes on his liberty. It is impolitic, because it is in opposition to freedom of thought and action,—the very principles upon which our existence as a nation is founded, and from which our free institutions have sprung; hence, it could not be brought to a successful issue. Civilization is advancing. Our society is moving forward. Mankind all around us are arousing from the scourge of ignorance. New and better agencies of governing are ever being developed. This system of force belongs to the past. It is a char-

acteristic of the past, and there in the past let it remain. It belongs to empires and monarchies where force holds sway ; where the will of the people is subjected to that of the ruler : where the people are treated as subjects, and where the ruler governs with supreme power. All this has had its time, and the people are awakening to the fact that there is a better way to govern than by force.

Finally, we denounce such a law because it is inexpedient ; because it could not be enforced ; because it is unnecessary,—impolitic, and contrary to the spirit of the nineteenth century. Firmly

believing in our free schools, because they have accomplished more than any other system ; firmly believing in them because they are continually improving ; firmly believing in voluntary education because it is the only system that is in consonance with republican principles, and because it is the only road to true national prosperity ; we say that to act worthy of the freedom for which our ancestors strove, we should defend this grand old system of voluntary education founded by our forefathers and consecrated by their prayers.

#### MUNSELLIAN NOTES.

—The rock on which the woman suffrage moment split : free-love and spiritualism. The wave that drove it on the rock : Beecher-Tilton scandal.

—If you would be happy make others happy. There is more real pleasure in giving a dime to relieve the sufferings of a beggar than in acquiring a fortune by dishonest means.

—Let your motto be, to do right and trust in God. Always live up to your motto, and then, no matter what your lot in life or how severe your trials, somehow or other you will come out all right in the end.

—We had the pleasure of meeting Mr. D. N. Caldwell at the Society on last Friday evening. Mr. C. is an old Munsellian, graduated with the class of '69, and is at present a practicing attorney and mayor of the city of Wellington, Kas.

—We are pleased to learn that S. Van Pelt, of the Class of '75, is giving private instruction in elocution. His natural oratorical powers, the wide range, wonderful compass and flexibility of his voice and his excellent judgment in expression and gesture eminently qualify him for such work. We predict for him success in his chosen sphere.

—On last Friday evening, Oct 23d, at the regular session of the society, Munsellian Hall was filled to overflowing.

The performances evinced considerable spirit and animation, and were well received by the audience. A remarkable coincidence was observable in the original productions, every one of which treated of moral, civil and political corruption.

—“I went into the woods and I got it ; after I got it I searched for it ; had it in my hand all the time, and went home because I could'nt find it.”

Whoever will be the first to search out and communicate to the editor of this department, the solution of the foregoing riddle may receive as a reward a *bona fide* relic from the great Chicago fire.

—In a certain capital city there stands a beautiful mansion, surrounded with magnificent grounds and furnished in great splendor, with everything that a refined taste could devise. In the midst of its ravishing, sensuous beauty the traveler stands spell-bound, and is ready to pronounce it a paradise on earth ; but alas, it is but the fruits of ill-gotten gain filched from the government, the people, who had placed its possessor in position and power. And he, whom men worshipped and envied for his wealth, became a drunkard, a foul and broken wreck, as incapable of pleasure as the vilest beggar that walks our streets.

—It is remarkable how wayward and egotistical great men are apt to become. Dr. Johnson was impatient of correction

or contradiction. Nelson could not brook restraint, Sheridan praised his own wit, while even Socrates had a modest way of saying that he was the wisest man in the world. It is said of Zeuxis, one of the first among the world's great painters, that his vanity led him to have his name embroidered in gold upon the border of his robe when he attended the Olympic games, while Parrhasius, the contemporary and rival of Zeuxis, used to declare that *he* was descended from Apollo, and appear in public wearing a purple robe and a golden garland.

—In looking over a large English grammar, published over twenty years ago, we came across the following rule for rhyming, which, on account of its terseness and comprehensiveness, we venture to transcribe :

“For two or more words to rhyme with each other it is necessary,

1st, That the last vowel be the same in both.

2nd, That the parts following the vowel be the same.

3rd, That the parts preceding the vowel be different.

Beyond this it is necessary that the syllables to form a full and perfect rhyme, should be accented syllables.”

—Why term the fair the weaker sex,

(A foul aspiration falsely cast.)

Behold when worldly storms perplex,

How bravely they can bide the blast.

Lord of creation lower thy crest,

Strive as you may, do all you can,

Woman, with all her faults confest

Must still be *double you, O man!*”

—Anacreon, who lived and wrote in the Sixth Century B. C., summed up woman's province and the secret of her power in two lines :

“Woman be fair, we much adore thee ;

Smile and the world is weak before thee.”

How different the creed of the strong-minded woman suffragists of the present, which may be summed up about as follows :

Woman, be strong, men will adore thee ;

Vote, and the world will bow before thee.

—The following is a curious and well authenticated instance of love at first sight:

A young gentleman and lady saw each other for the first time at a prayer meeting. The young man was deeply impressed by the lady's appearance, and without waiting to ascertain her impression of

him he took his Bible, turned to II John, 1st chapter and 5th verse, which reads : “And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another,” and underscoring the passage, passed the book to her.

The feeling seems to have been mutual, for immediately upon reading this passage the lady turned to Ruth, 1st chapter and 16th verse, and handed back the book with this passage marked :

“Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee, for whither thou goest I will go ; where thou lodgest I will lodge ; thy people shall be my people and thy God my God.”

This was their strange betrothal. In a short time they were married, and report says, lived happily together.

—Another instance scarcely less striking but presenting a strong contrast to the former was related to me by a friend, as follows :

H—— was a bachelor residing in the village of L——. Wealthy, educated, and handsome, he was considered quite a “catch,” and profuse were the attentions lavished upon him by all the ladies of the village. But alas, notwithstanding the sweet smiles and winsome ways of the fair ones, and the secret machinations of anxious mammas, a bachelor remained he still.

At a village party he met for the first time Rosalie M——, a warm hearted, fun-loving creature, no less noted for her beauty than for her mischievous pranks.

During the evening, Miss Rosalie approaching our hero with mock-gravity handed him one of those old-fashioned “secret papers,” on which he read :

“What a pitiful set these old bachelors are,

And to kiss one,—believe me—I'd rather by far

Give buss to mamma's old cow.”

For a moment he was non-plussed, but glancing across the room he caught sight of a pair of merry, laughing eyes, a mass of auburn hair, and a lithe form, convulsed with laughter at his expense. Setting his foot down with emphasis, “Hang me,” exclaimed he, “if I don't make that girl change her mind !” And sure enough, ere three months had passed away he led the fair Rosalie to the altar, a blushing bride.

## BELLES LETTRES SOCIETY DEPARTMENT.

FRANK YOUNG, EDITOR.

## GLANCING OVER A BOOK. CONTINUED.

To my very good friend the book, I say, that another bundle of idle moments is in my mind ready for sorting,—moments that were idled in turning its well known pages.

The sorting shall be done here. I was thinking of the seasons, the springs and summers. Does any one know why autumn recalls all the seasons to thought? I do not, but I suspect there is some poetic reason for it. Everything you know, in the way of grace which we cannot express, is stuck away into a sort of poetic rubbish gallery, that we do not just know the whereabouts of ourselves. By the way, the poets have done less of justice to autumn than to the other seasons. Why is it so? Perhaps because autumn is a parting, and none can express at parting what they feel. In one sense, to go farther with this, all seasons still want justice, for you can not make a season out of words; and I think to well appreciate the rhyming writers' picturing nature, we would use good judgment to read of spring in the spring time and of summer in the summer; for the scenes of the day help more to the picturing than does the picturing help to the day. There are some passages in the selections from which I select that will occur familiarly to the mind.

I do not intend to excuse this, for there is nothing in the familiarity apt to breed contempt, and though the multitude, inconsiderate, clamor for newness, I can tell it with undeceiving candor, that the supposed successful clamors have often but called out the old done over. The silk has been turned. The remnants of a feast of reason appear in cold lunch at evening, and thus made staled,—too the various and coarse appetite become uncriticised hash for to-morrow.

One who would be original, and is not, might, by rewording the old thoughts, buried because they are yet sprightly,

become the possessor of some reputation which he might hang up before the place where character ought to be. Indeed, some one has hinted there are such. Irving I think it was, who dreamed of the book makers who dressed themselves in the thoughts of former writers, and strutted proudly thus attired.

The passages familiar bind us together. Who is there that is not pleased to find himself one of many admirers; or who having found one of the many, is not glad in his unencumbered time to talk his likes and hear his likings talked? Let us sit down and glance over the book and see what it says of the seasons. Here in its leaves are parts of traces of many minds which, leaving the world many years ago, still cling to it, and we to them. "Blest be the tie." An unknown writer has done the best that poetry can do for spring. I had the writing once but have mislaid it. 'Twas meretoriously brief.

Passing that, we will see what's here. T. Nash, an old Elizabethan poet and dramatist, writes thus quaintly of spring:

"Spring, sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;  
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,

Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds doth sing,  
Cuckoo, jug jug, pee-wee, to-wita-woo!"

This is pretty, because it is simple. O that young writers would have done with soaring. The things written of are here, on the earth, and cloud-high language only throws a shadow on them. Thomas Gray, author of "Elegy in a Country Church Yard," writes this in his ode to spring:

"Still is the toiling hand of care;

The panting herds repose;

Yet hark! how through the peopled air

The busy murmur glows."

"The insect youth are on the wing,  
Eager to taste the honied spring  
And float amid the liquid noon:  
Some lightly o'er the current skim,  
Some show their gaily gilden trim,  
Quick glancing to the sun."

That will suffice for Spring. The master hand has painted this summer scene in the play of "As You Like It." Under the greenwood trees,

"Who loves to lie with me,  
And tune his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither!  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun  
And loves to live i' the sun  
Seeking the food he eats,  
And pleased with what he gets.  
Come hither, come hither, come hither!  
Here shall we see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

In this book I find no song to Autumn. It was that fact which led me to say that less of justice has been done to Autumn than to the other seasons. I see no way of mending this neglect but to write a poem to the slighted beauty myself. I think, however, that silence is preferable to the noise my muse would make. Winter seems to be a favorite, for there are numerous songs to it. Shakspeare has one and Juo. T. Whittier has an interview with "The Frost Spirit." But more to my taste than either of these, because the scene is laid indoors, is Cowper's description of

"A WINTER EVENING.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,  
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,  
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn  
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups  
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,  
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.  
Not such his evening, who with shining face  
Sweats in the crowded theatre, and squeezed  
And bored with elbow points through both his  
sides,  
Out-scolds the ranting actor on the stage:"

Not such his evening, the poet continues:

"Who patient stands until his feet throb  
And his head bumps, to feed upon the breath  
Of patriots, bursting with heroic rage,  
Or placemen, all tranquility and smiles,"

Nor such his evening, who listens where—

"Rills of oily eloquence in soft meadows lubricate  
the course they take;  
The modest speaker is ashamed and grieved  
To engross a minute's notice, and yet begs,  
Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,  
However trivial all that he conceives  
Sweet bashfulness."

How very fit is this to day! It needs no application.

"'T is pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat  
To peep at such a world; to see the stir  
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;  
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates,  
At a safe distance."

To peep at this and much more that is pleasantly mentioned:

"While fancy, like the finger of a clock,  
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home."

Having arranged these fragments, somewhat incongruously I fear, and having nothing earnest to add; this is the finish, taken from the writings of William Cox Bennett:

"THE SEASONS.

A blue-eyed child that sits amid the noon,  
O'erhung with a laburnum's drooping sprays,  
Singing her little songs, while softly round  
Along the grass the chequered sunshine plays.

All beauty that is throned in womanhood,  
Pacing a summer garden's fountained walks,  
That stops to smooth a glossy spaniel down,  
To hide her blushing cheek from one who talks.

A happy mother with her fair-faced girls,  
In whose sweet spring again her youth she sees,  
With shout and dance, and laugh and bound and  
song,

Stripping, in autumn, orchard's laden trees.

An aged woman in a wintry room—  
Frost on the pane, without the whirling snow,—  
Reading old letters of her far off youth,  
Of sorrows past and joys of long ago."

BELLES LETTRES NOTES.

—The music for Contest is preparing, and the fact that Prof. DeMott, Frank Mueller and Frank Cumming constitute the committee on music, will vouch for its success. It will be entertaining, yet artistic.

—We learn that M. L. Crum, of '74, paid Bloomington a flying visit last week. He must have flown very rapidly, as we did not get even a glimpse of his pleasant face.

—Three weeks until Contest.

—The most bitter critics we have are those who have failed to write anything worth reading.

—The recent rain freshened the thoughts of our contestant to such a degree that his success is certain.

—Kate, of '74, is very successful in her work in Hedding College. She finds that teaching is no easier than going to school.

—The Prep. who defined an exponent as "a letter or figure placed at the north-east corner of the quantity," must have but recently passed on geography.

—Mr. Grafton, of Kenosha, can lift a barrel of flour with his teeth, while it's hard work even for some college professors to raise one in a whole week with their salaries.

—Miss Frances E. Willard, late Dean of the woman's college at Evanston Illinois, was present at, and participated in, the exercise of the state convention of the Woman's Temperance League.

—Judge Tipton, gave a splendid reception to the members of the Bloomington bar, on Friday evening, Oct. 23d. Several legally inclined Belles Lettres were present, to enjoy the good cheer for which the Judge is so noted.

—The Belles Lettres Society has accepted the proposition of the Inter-College Association, to share in the profits coming from the Contest. We can do that with the very best of grace, for who cares for the work when adequate reward follows.

—A certain Senior, is hard at work with four *g's*, viz: Gorgias, Greek and a gay girl. They won't make good harmony and yet he dosen't like cancellation. He don't know what to do, but Ap'll be through at any cost.

—"Where, O! where are the Hebrew children?" Go to Prof. Jaques' room the first hour, and you will find—not the ones "who were cast into the fiery furnace," but, instead, a goodly number who, to evade a year of Greek fire, are passing through the hotter flames of Sh'vas, Dagshesh, K'phath and the almost profane B'ghodh letters,

—After canvassing the subject thoroughly, the Seniors have become convinced that Whately used too many words in his rhetoric. It is difficult to explain.

—Sorrow must crop each passion short,  
And Pain, each lust infernal;  
A human life can bear no fruit  
For Heaven, or life eternal.

Old tunes are but the old paths of christians, often trod, well worn, familiar, up which they climb to God.

—And Walkley is married! Such was the expression of astonishment and wonder that echoed through the hall on Friday Oct. 23d. Something like the following becomes necessary as a post-script:

WALKLEY—SMOOTS—Married, at the residence of the bride's parents, on East Jefferson st., in the city of Bloomington, county of McLean and state of Illinois, by the Rev. Samuel Fallows, D. D., President of the Illinois Wesleyan University, Rev. Albert Walkley, the "Little Senior," and Miss M. Smoots.

We add, as a subpostscript, that the friends of the happy pair congratulate them in the new relations which they have thus voluntarily and mutually assumed. *Next!*

—The Bible contains 3,586,489 letters, 173,692 words, 31,173 verses, 1,889 chapters, and 66 books. The word Lord occurs 1,855 times; reverend once, in the 9th ver. of the 111th. psalm. The middle verse is the 8th verse of the 118th psalm. The 21st ver. of the 7th chap. of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet but J. The finest chapter to read is the 26th of the Acts. The 19th chap. 11 Kings and 37th chap, Isaiah, are alike. The longest verse is the 9th of 8th chap. of Esther. The shortest, 35th ver. of 11th chap. John. The 8th, 15th, 21st and 31st verses of the 107th psalm are alike. There are no words or names of more than six syllables. The word *and* occurs 46,277 times.

The above is given as the results of the patient research of a Bible-reading prisoner, and contains some things not known by many whose opportunities far exceed those of this patient reader of the Book of books.

## BEYOND THE HEIGHT OF LAND.

CONCLUDED FROM SEPTEMBER, BY "G. K. F."

Our passage heretofore had not been interrupted by ice, indeed but very little had been seen at all, but in our passage from Marquette to Thunder Bay, we passed through several fields of broken ice, which slightly impeded our progress. Before reaching Thunder Bay we stopped at the famed "Silver Island," about twenty miles east of Fort William, and near the main land. This is a very small island, hardly large enough for a good-sized residence, yet there is a shaft on it which branches out in the argentiferous rock beneath the waters of the lake. All the houses for the workmen and shops are on the main land. Numerous islands are scattered about the north portion of the coast, and many of them rise precipitously to great heights directly up from the deep water. Some present castellated walls of basalt, and some rise in granitic peaks to various elevations up to 1,500 feet above the level of the lake. Upon our inland waters the scenery is no where so bold and grand as on the north shore of Lake Superior. The irregularities of the coast, with the general depth of water here, afford numerous good harbors, which however in this unfrequented region are as yet of little service, while on the south side, such places of refuge are much wanted. The determination of the coast lines by the erosive action of the waters upon rocks of different degrees of hardness is remarkably exemplified everywhere along the shore of the lake.

The great waves often heavily charged with ice, and driven by the terrific storms of this northern region, batter with tremendous force the hardest rocks, and in the long succession of ages scoop out the softer strata, following them up the narrow lines of their bedding, or excavating them from their more irregular repositories, leaving the high cliffs worn into fantastic architectural forms, and honey-combed with caves into which boats may enter when the lake is calm. Such also is the character of the precipitous walls of red sand stone on the south shore, as seen in the Pictured Rocks, before mentioned. Isle Royale runs parallel with the

coast, opposite the mouth of Pigeon River, (which forms the boundary between Canada and Minnesota,) and is the largest island in the lake, being forty-five miles long, eight wide, and twenty miles from the north shore. This island was allowed to fall on the American side of the boundary, in compensation for one of the islands at the mouth of the St. Mary's river. The harbors on its side are elongated inlets, due to the same action as before mentioned. Thunder Bay has a mountainous coast formed of argillaceous slates, hornblende and granitic rocks. Veins of copper ores are frequent among the rocky islands of this vicinity, and on several the ores are found to be highly argentiferous. The Silver Island mine is the only one worked at present.

Near old Ft. William, quite a town has sprung up, calling vividly to mind the mining towns of California in early times. It is almost totally without women. Four-fifths of all the houses (which are frame structures,) contain drinking and gambling saloons; the remaining fifth consisting of tents scattered through the woods in every direction contain gambling and drinking saloons, also. With the exception of a few government (Canadian) buildings, I don't believe there is one house in which whisky cannot be found for sale among one hundred and fifty in number. Here, the government collects no taxes, issues no licenses, enforces no law. If *liberty* is *license*, verily this community is *free*; but if there is a place on God's foot-stool, that needs the refining influence of Christianity and woman, this little town on Thunder Bay demands such influences. The road from Thunder Bay to Ft. Garry, not being in a condition for the transportation of supplies (having but recently been surveyed and opened,) at that season of the year, and as our surveying party were to start from Ft. Garry and survey through to some point in British Columbia, we remained on the steamer "Algoma," bound for Duluth, where we were to take a train on the North Pacific R. R., for Morehead, on Red river,—descending this stream by

small steamers to Ft. Garry and Lake Winnipeg. Before leaving Thunder Bay the wind had been blowing from the east for several days, and in consequence we expected to have trouble with ice which would be blocked up in the western part of the lake. When about thirty miles from Duluth we encountered the ice, as was feared. Huge blocks of ice, which before the wind came had been drifting separately to the outlet, were now found cemented together and piled up in places from ten to fifteen feet above the surface of the lake, forming in some instances an almost impassible barrier. Frequently in going the distance of a mile, at a very slow rate, would the steamer have to back her full length and butt the barriers of ice several times before a passage could be effected.

It was anything but pleasant to behold these huge, ragged blocks of ice grinding against the prow and sides of the vessel, and coming in contact with the paddles, shivering them to pieces, until there was not a whole one on the wheels. Some of these blocks were submerged in the water fully fifteen feet, sending a chill through every nerve as one gazed upon their crystal sides, looking so cold and green through the depth of water. The barriers became more frequent as we neared Duluth, and when within about fifteen miles of that harbor, we encountered one which defied all the power that could be brought to bear upon it,—the large vessel acting as ram, driven by two powerful engines. The steamer backed, then drove ahead with all the steam safe for the boilers to bear, until the prow became wedged into the mass of ice and we could neither move backward nor forward. We had barely a ton of coal left to carry us into port under favorable circumstances, so, as far as we could see, we would have to wait for the wind to change and move this mass of ice in which we were inclosed. This was about 6 o'clock p. m. The fires were allowed to go out, and we made calculations for staying in this situation until "Oid Probabilities" saw fit to calculate differently. On the following morning the chief government officer and a contractor, wishing to reach Duluth before the possibility of our getting clear, deter-

mined to cross the ice to the north shore, distant about three miles, reach Duluth by land, and if possible send a tug-boat to our assistance. The ice was not frozen in one solid field, but consisted of cakes of solid and half thawed drift-ice, heaped up and wedged together by the force of the wind, and although there were many places that would sustain tons, there were more places that would not sustain the weight of a child, which made this an exceedingly dangerous undertaking. Two planks were obtained, into either end of which was fastened a rope about six feet long, and armed with a pike-pole apiece, these two adventurers started. One plank was put down from one solid place to another (found by sounding,) and walking the length of this plank, the other plank was drawn and pushed ahead to walk on the same as before. They had thus reached a quarter of a mile distant from the vessel, when another adventurer, presuming upon the seeming success of the others, started out with two pieces of clap-board, without ropes. He succeeded in getting about 300 yards from the steamer, but owing to the shortness of the boards he could not span a weak point, and had to stop. His return came very near costing him his life, as he missed his footing and went down through a mass of slush-ice, only saved by the ends of his pole catching on more solid ice. It was with much difficulty and danger, he was finally rescued by the captain and mate. Meantime our two other adventurers had succeeded in getting a mile and a half from the steamer, and it looked as if they would accomplish the dangerous passage, but presently a misty rain began to fall, and we saw them soon after making a retrograde movement, and finally they clambered over the sides of the steamer. They said it was not the rain that stopped them, but, that they came to a long rift in the ice, which they were unable to span,—and lucky rift it was for them; for in another hour the wind changed; the rain poured down in torrents; and the huge barriers of ice began to sink and separate, moving eastward. Steam was raised, and we finally reached Duluth after dark, the rain pouring down a flood. As I walked



along with a friend, under an umberella, I could hear on every street, the following colloquy, suggestive of early times:

1st. Voice, "Oh, Noah! Noah! can't you let me in?"

2nd. Voice, "No Sir! No Sir!" you are a man of sin?"

1st. Voice, "Go along then, with your high old scow; 'twon't be much of a rain anyhow."

The "Algoma," was the first steamer in port that season, and the whole population seemingly, lined the wharf—raining never so hard—to give a hearty cheer. Two steamers had left Duluth the day before, for the lower lake region, but both became fast in the ice six miles from port. A tug-boat was sent to their assistance, but became fast too, when the wind and rain released all, and they went on their way rejoicing.

Duluth has a population of about 2,500, and is becoming an important railroad centre. The St. Louis river empties into the lake here, and is important as the first link in the chain of lakes and rivers of the St. Lawrence system. The Hudson Bay Company have constructed docks and warehouses here, in order to be able to transact the whole of their immense business over the N. P. R. R. and its branches, yet to be built, throughout the Hudson Bay Territory.

Superior City, in Wisconsin, is just across an arm of the lake, and was,—before Duluth started up,—a lively town. Its harbor is not deep enough for large steamboats, and consequently would not do for the lake depot of the N. P. R. R. The inhabitants are bound to have a railroad, however, and improve the harbor. I had the honor of meeting in Superior, Ex-Governor Beriah McGoffin, of Ky., who was striving to impress the citizens with the importance of a railroad, which was to make Superior its terminus, and of which he was President. The old rebel's nose was as red as a turkey gobbler's, and plainly said "no prohibition." We remained in Duluth three days waiting the unloading and reloading of supplies for Ft. Garry, by the North Pacific R. R. to Moorhead.

The geographical position of Minnesota is peculiar. Lying nearly at the centre of the continent, it occupies the summit of

the interior plain of North America, formed by the conterminous basins of the Mississippi, the St. Lawrence, and the rivers flowing into Lake Winnipeg, and at once encloses the head waters and navigable limits of the three great converging river systems of the continent. A group of low sand-hills in north-east Minnesota, formed by huge deposits of drift overlying a local out-rop of the primary and metamorphic rocks, which terminates the Superior basin on the west form the "Height of Land" between the waters which flow respectively into the Gulf of Mexico on the south, the Atlantic Ocean on the east, and Hudson's Bay on the north. The Height of Land rises by scarcely perceptible slopes from the general level, in no instance higher than 1,680 feet above the sea, which is not more than 600 feet above the average elevation of the country. These hills are commonly flat at the top, varying in height from 85 to 100 feet above the surrounding waters. A prominent spur extends in a southerly direction from the Itasca crest of the Mississippi, for perhaps about 150 miles, known as the Leaf Mountains and the Coteau du Grand Bois of Nicollet, and forms a low dividing ridge between the waters of the Mississippi and Red rivers. The crest of the dividing ridge between Lake Superior and the Mississippi is not more than 1,400 feet high; and the highest of the trap summits north of the lake is but 1,475 feet. Lake Superior is 641 feet above the level of the sea. With this exception the country is generally an undulating plain, with an average elevation of nearly 1,000 feet above the sea, and presents a succession of small rolling prairies or table lands, studded with lakes and groves, alternating with belts of timber.

The Red river of the North rises in Elbow lake, and, flowing through several lakes, runs in a south-west direction, then turning to the north forms the west boundary of Minnesota for 379 miles. It is but recent that an important trade has sprung up between St. Paul *via* Duluth and the Selkirk settlement on this river, a community of perhaps 15,000 souls, consisting of farmers, hunters and traders, connected with the Hudson's Bay Com-

pany. In 1859 this trade, which is constantly increasing, was carried on by means of carts overland, of which four or five hundred arrived annually at St. Paul. In that year, however, a small steamboat was placed on Red river, (there are several now,) and with the improved means of conveyance by railroad from Duluth, the Hudson's Bay Company have chosen this route for the transportation of their annual supplies, in preference to the old canoe route to Hudson's Bay. Where Red river makes its great south bend it meanders through a boundless prairie, destitute of timber, which gradually declines in elevation until it forms at length one vast plain, level as a floor, and elevated only about one-and-a-half to two feet above the water at its ordinary stage in June. Nothing but personal observation can convey to the mind the singular effect produced by this dead, level plain. The line of the horizon is so perfectly straight that it might almost serve the purpose of astronomical observations for determining the altitude of the heavenly bodies, or be the most suitable place on which to measure a degree of latitude. These plains extend the whole distance to the settlements on Red river, interrupted only by narrow belts of timber along some of the water courses, and give a monotonous sameness to the whole face of the country. To latitude  $46^{\circ}$  the waters of Red river continue comparatively clear; beyond this they gradually become more turbid, as the stream cuts deeper into the stiff clay which forms the substratum for three hundred miles, until finally they appear quite milky from the suspended particles of argillaceous matter. The *Red Fork* of Red River, which flows from Red Lake, is a considerable stream, being about a hundred feet wide, whilst the width of the east branch is about one hundred and twenty. The former is the stream to which the name of *Red River* properly belongs. What we call by that name is known to the Indians by the name of Otter Tail River. The colors of the waters of Red River proper, also show the origin of the name; they are of a reddish-brown cast, and contrast strongly with the whitish, milky appearance of the stream coming from Otter Tail Lake, and which henceforth assumes a darker hue.

Red River enters Lake Winnipeg by four different channels. Ft. Garry and the town of Winnipeg are near the junction of the Assinboin and Red rivers. The crops on these rivers are sometimes destroyed by frosts, but the failure is exceptional. In 1826 and again in 1847 the Red river overflowed its banks and destroyed the habitations of the settlers, and the locust, of which no man can tell from whence it comes or whither it goeth, has passed over the colony several times, destroying everything green. Here, where Lord Selkirk planted his colony, is the only part of this coast region where anything deserving the name of colonization has been attempted. Except at one or two other points, nothing has been done beyond cultivating a few acres around the posts of the Hudson's Bay Company for the convenience of the traders.

The settlement is scattered along the banks of the river, a distance of fifty miles: up narrow strips of farms which have a depth of about one-third of a mile. The houses are generally placed on the edge of the table land, close to the channel of the river. At some points, however, the elevation is not sufficient to protect them against floods, when the waters rise thirty feet above their ordinary level. The population is mixed; English, French, Scotch Irish, full-breed and half-breed Indians, fill the catalogue. The half breeds are careless and improvident, while gradual decay marks the cottages of the hunters and trappers. The only good houses are occupied by the retired officers of the company, the traders, and the clergy. More than half the colony live by fishing. Where farming is well conducted, fifty-six bushels of wheat have been grown to the acre, and forty on new land is common; potatoes grow to a prodigious size, and Swedish turnips have reached as high as seventy lbs. each. Indian corn succeeds well; it is usually planted about May 20th. and hardly ever fails to ripen. Onions reach extreme dimensions, and melons grow in the open air. Spring wheat ripens in about 100 days, and the wheat fly is unknown. Barley sown May 28, was reaped August 18; peas sown May 7, were reaped September 25. The prairies for hundreds of miles, produce excellent

crops of hay. The agricultural implements in use, are of English and American manufacture; and produce is hauled in carts, into the construction of which, not a particle of iron enters. Hay limits on the prairies are established, and recognized by settlers, each having exclusive rights within his own limits. There is no reason to believe that the country east of Winnepeg lake, is capable of supporting any considerable population. The Hudson's Bay Company, have made no systematic efforts to collect the Indians into villages, their interests lying in their continuing to follow the chase. The Indians are dependent on the company for fire-arms and ammunition, and the company holding a monopoly both as buyers and sellers, are able to fix their prices. The extent of their hunting ground is not abridged, and no treaties are forced upon them, by which they are obliged to alienate portions of their land, and as there are no causes of war between the company and the Indians, the preservation of peace is not a diffi-

culty. At Ft. Garry I learned the true nature of the work to be accomplished, and the deprivations and hardships to be endured. I beheld men here who had just been brought in from the route of Survey, who were nearly dead with the Scurvey, from a lack of proper food and attendance, and taking into consideration the rigors of a new climate, hundreds of miles from civilization as we would be, I came to the conclusion I had seen hardships enough in nearly eight years service in the army, without a further unnecessary exposure, and prepared to return by the Lake of the Woods, and Rainy Lake route, back to Thunder Bay. I shall never forget the wild but beautiful and picturesque scenery I have visited, (and which will amply repay any lover of nature to visit,) and of which one can form but a meagre idea from books. E'en now, in passing some horticultural garden it calls to my memory the rose-scented savannas of Red River, beyond the "Height of Land."

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### THE INTER-COLLEGE CONTEST.

It is already known to many of our readers that the *Inter-College Contest* is to be held in Bloomington, Nov. 20th, under the auspices of the Illinois Wesleyan Association. A few explanations, however, as to the character of this *contest* may not be out of order.

The colleges represented are as follows: Northwestern University, University of Chicago, Industrial University, Knox College, Monmouth College, Illinois College, Shurtliff College, and Illinois Wesleyan University. The contest consists in proficiency in original oration, each college being entitled to one orator. Three judges are appointed by the State Association to decide upon the merit of the orations, marking each in a scale of ten. The prizes offered in the contest are, a first prize of \$75, and a second prize of \$50. The successful contestant is further honored by being constituted the orator for the "*Inter-State Collegiate Contest*," which

is held in Indianapolis in February next. At this date almost all the colleges represented in the coming contest have been heard from, and, judging by the subjects that have been selected, the occasion promises to be highly interesting. Excellent music, also, is anticipated, as our committee is soliciting the best talent of the college and city. In fact, as Bloomington has been honored in being selected by the Association as the place for holding their first annual contest, we propose that the Association shall feel not only satisfied but abundantly proud of their choice. And as those youthful orators from our sister cities shall appear upon the stage at Durley Hall, on the evening of the 20th, we propose that they shall be greeted by a large and intelligent audience. Indeed, by virtue of all the encouraging reports we hear, we feel perfectly free in saying to our readers "*be sure and come to the contest.*" \*\*

## A NOBLE WOMAN.

The fourth Sabbath lecture before the students of the University was delivered on last Sabbath, October 25th, by the Rev. Dr. Moss, President of the University of Chicago.

His lecture abounded with clear, earnest, living thought, and was listened to throughout with marked attention by a large and appreciative audience. He afforded his audience a rich treat by reading a letter from that great and good woman, Florence Nightingale, in which gleamed forth some of her grandest, noblest thoughts, portraying the wonderful secret of her own glorious life.

I happened to sit directly in front of the speaker where I could see the writing quite distinctly. I can scarcely describe the emotions that filled my soul as I looked upon those lines, and listened to the earnest, burning word which her own hand had traced.

As her sentiments fell from the lips of the speaker, earnest, fervent, full of deep pathos: hopeful, yet tinctured with sadness, her whole life seemed to pass before me. I beheld her toiling on amid opposition and difficulties; toiling in sadness and often in pain; struggling against the natural desires of her own heart and the allurements of a cultivated society, home and country. I beheld her blessed with a beautiful home, surrounded with cherished friends,—wealthy, educated, talented and refined; yet forsaking all these things so dear to the human heart, and going out to work silently and in secret for God and humanity. Then I beheld her after long years of devoted labor, of untold suffering, of wonderful sacrifice,—

as she penned those noble words, sitting there in her chamber—an invalid—health, too, sacrificed in the noble work, still toiling on “*in silence*”; working in pain, yet uncomplaining and unremitting in her toil, declining every honor, refusing the praise of men.

O, wonder of wonders! Naught more wonderful in the world do we see than this.

God hath some jewels that seem to reflect the very image of his own glory. As I contemplate this beautiful character I seem to catch a glimpse of that same thing beyond, that same thing higher, purer, toward which the souls of men are ever aspiring with earnest longings, yet ever dragged backward by the allurements and cares of the world.

One leading sentiment of her letter, apparently the very groundwork of her own character, deserves to be inscribed in letters of gold; to be treasured in the hearts of all. It is: “To work, honestly and earnestly, and *silently*; to work on and on, unknown, unpraised by men, content that God alone—through whom we accomplish all things worthy of praise,—should receive all the glory.”

O, Florence Nightingale! Who, but God and the angels, can know of the sacrifice you have made and the good your life hath wrought.

Yet millions of human hearts will bless your name, and multitudes yet unborn will emulate your virtues.

“If not the image of God’s lustre, thou  
Art one bright jewel on his flaming brow.”

\* \* \*

## AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

We are pleased to see so many familiar faces at our table as we resume the editorial quill after the vacation, and, as the questions go around the circle, we beg leave to extend our hand and join in a hearty welcome to all. The merit of your exchanges has demanded some notice

long ere this, but so much work foreign to our editor’s desk has been found in our pathway that we have been constrained to take it up sometimes to the neglect of other interests. However, these *newsy* friends have not been forgotten. Though silent and unobtrusive, yet we fully ap-

preciate their presence and enjoy their company. But where shall we begin to shake quills and exchange the salutations of the craft? We extend a hand and take at random from our well filled table.

*The Packer Quarterly*. Always welcomed and read with interest. The last number is more than usually attractive. The "funny girl" of Packer must be one of '75.

*The Volante*, from the University of Chicago, is a new visitor, but we extend the hand of greeting and give it a hearty welcome to our circle.

*The College Transcript* is also a comparative stranger, and yet it presents itself in such excellent dress that we readily admit it as one of our best. Closer scrutiny proves this hastily formed conclusion to be correct, and we lay it by the side of the *Mercury* and *Western Collegian*.

*The Tripod*, for October, has found its way to our sanctum. It is a live college paper, devoted to the interests of the North-Western University. We shall be glad to see it more frequently. The article upon "The Exclusion of Young Ladies from the Literary Societies" intimates that the condition of affairs in that locality is not the most desirable, especially on the part of the societies.

*The Magenta*, one of our regular visitors, usually presents an attractive table, but recently its columns have been largely devoted to "regattas." Such lengthy reports of the tests of superiority of muscle may be entertaining to those who are personally interested, but the general reader can hardly find in them that which is either profitable or attractive.

*The Lawrence Collegian* modestly suggests that the ALUMNI JOURNAL is too largely made up of "deep editorials" and "scientific discussions." We would gladly return the compliment, but like George Washington, we, etc.

*The McKendree Repository* comes to us in a new dress,—a decided improvement upon the one just laid aside. While the editorial work of the *Repository* speaks well for the college it represents, the typographical execution can hardly be taken as a model of neatness and accuracy.

*Oliver Optic's Magazine* for November can not fail to please. The chapter of con-

tents is varied to suit the wants of a household. Something for the old, the middle-aged and the young. "Head Work" is crowded with puzzles. The "Pigeon-Hole Papers" are entertaining, and "The Letter Bag" full of information. The full page illustrations, four in number, "Falling Leaves," "The Closing Year," "Homestick," and "In Confidence," and the illustrations to the stories, add not a little to the attractions of the number. The number will prove to be as attractive as any of its predecessors. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, at \$3 per year.

But what shall we say more. The cry of "copy" from across the way warns us that something must be done at once, and so we gather in our arms the contents of our table and cram the unsorted mass into the printer's maw. What follows is the best digested column he can make from such heterogeneous pie. And who is to blame? Not he,—not we.

The Cornell Era, Madisonensis, Institute, College News Letter, Iowa Classic, Asbury Review, College Mercury, University Missourian, Patent Right Gazette, National Normal, Pennsylvania School Journal, Illinois School Master, University Reporter, Hedding College Register, College Courier, Scientific American, South Western Advocate, Journal of Education for Ontario, Bates' Student, Little Watchman, Central Collegian, Owl, Seminary Budget, Wood's Household Magazine, Western Collegian, Peters' Musical Monthly, *La Creme de la Creme*, Song Messenger, Dwight's Journal of Music, University Herald, Normal American Journal of Education, Lawrence Collegian, Annalist, Collegian, Aurora, Diocese Christian Woman, School Record, High School, Tyro, N. Y., Tyro, Canada, Home Grange, College Journal, Illustrated Journal of Agriculture, Vidette, Sanitarian, Illini Journal of Education, N. S., Chicago Teacher, New York School Journal, Colledge Sibyl. The University is also favored with the regular visits of the whole family of Advocates, The Methodist Quarterly, The Ladies Repository and the Methodist; also, the Golden Censor, Golden Era, Industrial Bulletin, and American Working People. Total, 75.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

—One of the busiest houses in our city is Strobe's Palace of Music.

—We use Maxwell's Record and Copying Ink and find it equal to the best.

—W. H. Graves, of '74, has recently been promoted to a responsible position in the Powell and Thompson Expedition.

—K. P. Taylor, 118 Centre street, will fill orders for Sunday-school supplies as promptly and as cheap as any other house in the State.

—Did you ask why we get our book binding done at Kemp's? Simply because he always does honest, substantial work at bottom prices.

—An elegant new cabinet organ from the factory of Simmons & Clough, Detroit, Mich., has recently been placed in the day chapel of the University.

—"Our Favorite Baking Powder," manufactured by J. M. Long, of our city, is free from all injurious chemicals, and warranted to give satisfaction.

—W. E. Barns, of '72, writing from the sanctum of the *South Western Advocate*, New Orleans, La., reports affairs in that locality as being in a somewhat unsettled state.

—From a recent private letter we learn that the Powell and Thompson Exploring Expedition, now in the region of Panguich, Utah Territory, will return to Washington City about the last of December.

—These November days forcibly remind one of approaching winter, and Messrs. Haggard & Hewitt have an abundant supply of those elegant hard and soft coal burners,—just the thing for wintry weather.

—The Higgins Bent Wood School Furniture is becoming more and more popular wherever it has been introduced. It is made without any cast iron whatever, and hence is not so easily broken as the ordinary school furniture.

—The enterprising firm of Hyde & Green have recently received a full line of gents' furnishing goods, which they are rapidly distributing to their many customers. Call early and make your selection while the stock is new and complete.

—Hon. Scuyler Colfax honored the University with a brief call, as he was returning from the unveiling of the Lincoln statue. He was present at chapel service, and in response to a call spoke briefly but eloquently upon the value of thorough culture.

—It is really a pleasure to deal with such a prompt and reliable business firm as Geo. F. Root & Sons, 109 State Street, Chicago. All orders sent to their address will receive immediate attention. For further information read our advertising columns.

—The attendance at the University during the present term is very gratifying. There have been enrolled at date of writing 261 in the Literary Department, and 22 in the Law Department. This is a large increase as compared with any preceding year.

—Rev. James W. Lee, formerly of our own State, but more recently of Atlanta, Ga., favored us with a call during his brief visit with friends in our city. He returns to his field of labor in the South, where for years he has been doing valiant service in both the pulpit and the educational work.

—The University Library is being removed to more convenient quarters, where it can be made more servicable to the students. It has just received the full quota of Congressional Reports, also the complete Smithsonian Reports for the year, including the current number of the *Contributions to Knowledge*, which is not a whit behind its predecessors in the amount of really valuable information it contains.

—The Inter-State College Association will hold its annual convention in our city on the 20th inst. The first session will convene at 10 o'clock a. m. The Inter-State College contest will take place in Durley Hall on the evening of the same day. This will be one of the richest intellectual treats of the season, and will attract a large number of strangers to our city. Our own citizens will doubtless aid in filling Durley Hall to its utmost capacity on that occasion.

—Judging from the Decatur dailies, the late visit of President Fallows to that city was very acceptable to that people. *The Magnet and Tribune*, of Oct. 13th, says: Rev. Dr. Fallows, President of the Illinois Wesleyan University, preached an excellent discourse at Stapp's Chapel last Sunday morning, during which, in speaking of the feminine tenderness and love of the Apostle John, he paid one of the most glowing tributes to those qualities in the wife and mother that we ever listened to. The logic of Paul and the love of John were most eloquently contrasted; indeed, the entire discourse was very fine, and worthy of the head of a great literary institution.

*The Republican*, of the 13th, says: The pulpit of this church (Stapp's Chapel) was filled by Rev. Dr. Fallows, President of the Illinois Wesleyan University, who preached greatly to the acceptance of the congregation, taking for his text in the evening the words "The things which are seen are temporal, the things that are not seen are eternal." The proposition discussed was, that while the developments in nature are visible, the force by which those developments are carried forward is unseen; and while the former are temporary and constantly changing, the latter is eternal. This complex proposition was ably discussed and eloquently illustrated by appropriate citations. The Dr. is an eloquent speaker and held the attention of his audience throughout.

T H E

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TWELVE DAYS WITH THE BRONCOS.

CONCLUDED.

We reached Pangwich at 1 o'clock. Here we found a thriving Mormon village, and, by inquiring, ascertained where we might possibly prevail on the good people to provide for us a "white man's dinner." We succeeded in engaging, and securing, what is known in Western parlance, as a "good square meal," and here, as elsewhere, we left a gentle reminder of our gratitude in the form of an elegant steel engraving, prepared at the expense of the general government, which so moved the generous soul of the kind hostess in compassion on the two lone hopefuls, that she made us a liberal donation of the staff of life, which served us grandly for our evening meal.

We left the spot reluctantly, as one would an oasis in the desert, and resumed our journey, still ascending the Sevier, which had become a small stream; and leaving Hillsdale, a little settlement, to our left, we pitched our camp in a pleasant little dale near the bank of the brook. Not long had we been halted, when some travellers bound for the city of the Saints, hove in sight, one of whom proved to be Johnson, who had been one of the Major's party in the exploration of the Green and Colorado rivers the previous year. As the Captain also had

formed one of that company, we all shared the same camp-fire, and the incidents of the previous year's survey, formed a fruitful and interesting theme of conversation till a late hour.

The night was cold and frosty, but the abundant supply of new-mown hay which formed our couch fully compensated, and we slept soundly till the day dawn. Parting company with our friends at an early hour, we soon reached Mammoth Fork. This stream is fed by an immense spring, which furnishes a sufficient supply of water to fill an ordinary mill-race.

We soon left the remaining branch of the Sevier river altogether. Winding along a pleasant little valley for some distance, and then ascending a long hill, we were on the divide, which separates the waters of the Sevier from those of the Colorado.

Halting only a short time to feed and rest, we pursued our way through a beautifully undulating region full of valleys, richly carpeted with grass and flowers, and nicely rounded ridges intervening, indented with lonely dells, and dotted over with clumps of stately evergreens.

We reached Kanab creek about 4 p. m. and were now upon the Colorado slant. Proceeding down the valley about five miles we made our tenth encampment. Just before halting for the night, we had a narrow escape from a regular "turn-over" and "smash up." Kanab creek at this point is simply a deep gully, and across the little chasm, a temporary bridge of willow boughs laid cross-wise on some timbers had been constructed, barely wide enough for "*very proper mules*" to guide their load in safety. We saw the danger, and yet our only possible way lay over the rustic bridge. So preparing for the emergency, I gave the word to advance. The leaders did their duty nobly, and had gained footing on the opposite bank, when Jack was very improperly interrupted in his steady gait, by the luckless moving of a willow bough upon the bridge, and forthwith sheered to leeward more than was becoming. Seeing this mishap, I at once with trusty lash put life into all four. This rapid movement brought the front wheels safely to the shore, but one hind wheel, when nearly over, suddenly fell out, and left the bridge to land its axle down upon the cross beam of the structure. To give effect to the scene which was being enacted, the beam gave way and left the wagon on an inclined plain, whose angle was not less than 45°. As the bridge gave way, I called a halt, and with unusual activity of muscle, safely landed the somewhat discomfited driver far out of danger on the bank, who, true to the instinct of his profession, was still holding to the reins, and ready for another drive. It really seemed a hopeless task to start the train without reshipment, and the Captain said we might as well begin the labor of unloading; but I, confiding in the muscle of our mules, (when under due restraint,) resumed the driver's seat and gave the familiar "git," when all four, faithful to the last, soon brought us safely upon plane and solid footing.

We were now twenty-two miles from Johnson's Ranch, and all that distance must be passed without water for our mules. The first part of our morning drive was pleasant, but soon the way became rough and hilly. Leaving Kanab

creek we crossed a high and rugged ridge and entered a sandy canyon leading to Johnson's Ranch. The day was excessively warm and the wheeling heavy, especially when passing over, or more exactly, *through* the long deep beds of sand which here and there had drifted into the canyon. At times it was with difficulty that the mules could be urged forward. They seemed ready to drop in the heated sand, overcome by the unusual labor of the recent days and the excessive thirst of the hour. We succeeded, however, by dint of perseverance, in imparting sufficient enthusiasm and courage to our faithful servants to enable us to reach Johnson's Ranch at 2 p. m.

Our journey thither had consumed eleven days, and as the Captain knew the people of the ranch, we halted for the night. At this ranch were three or four families. They were provided with comfortable houses, and had vast herds of sheep and cattle. Johnson's Canyon, in which the ranch is located, is a narrow valley enclosed between sandstone ledges which in some places rise vertical from the base, and along which are occasional springs of water. The grazing for herds is excellent during the entire year, the green and thrifty growth of the valley forming good pasture during the warmer season, and the dried grass of the upland serving as hay for the winter.

We were invited to dine with the good people, and never were hospitalites more gratefully received and more fully enjoyed. Though we had provided bountifully for the journey before leaving Salt Lake City, and, indeed, had a plentiful supply at this time, somehow it had been jolted and tumbled and sadly mixed; so that, after, with care, we had separated the oats from the sugar and the rice from broken straw, and the prunes from the coffee, and then dusted everything off nice and clean with a wisp of hay, the meal prepared did not seem to tempt the palate as at the beginning. Hence, to sit at a table and eat like civilized specimens of the genus homo, with a woman, a veritable woman, to do the honors of the occasion was a luxury indeed.

We here met Beaman, the artist, who accompanied the Powell expedition the previous year, and who now was prepar-



ing for a trip to the Moquis Pablos or Artic cities of Arizona. Our jaded mules for the first time in our journey were permitted to range a pasture, and they seemed to enjoy their freedom and the rich grazing as much as we did our sumptuous repast.

After dinner I visited the corral where they were branding cattle. The process was novel to me. The corral was located in a nook along the cliff, the perpendicular walls of which formed three sides. Across the remaining side a fence had been constructed of the scrub cedars which grow on the uplands. It was interesting to watch two boys who had taken this occasion to practice with the lasso. Having singled out the animal to be branded, with great dexterity the noose was thrown, sometimes around the horns but more frequently around the neck or feet. After properly securing the victim the heated iron letter was applied which was to leave the evidence of ownership for time to come.

Our stock of hay being exhausted, I spread my couch that night upon the naked ground, which here was dry and hard and quite uneven. And this trivial circumstance, together with the lowing of the herds and the unusual hum of civilized life from which for a time I had been separated, somewhat disturbed my rest. The Captain, until the "wee" small hours, was visiting with the girls, so I learned afterwards; but, after the hum and bustle of the ranch had ceased, he quietly crept to his accustomed place beside me

and soon betook himself to dreamland. With the dawn of the morning we were astir and undertook the somewhat dreaded task of securing our mules. As a precaution we had left the halters trailing, and so coaxing them into a corner we captured them one by one: not however without being occasionally vaulted into mid-air, or laid calmly upon the turf by the sudden perverseness of the brute occasioned by seizing, too unguardedly and rudely, the trailing halter. Though urged to tarry, we did not breakfast at the ranch. A lunch of bread and sweet, fresh milk sufficed, and we began our twelfth and last day's journey. A mile toward the south brought us to the mouth of Johnson's Canyon, where the road bore toward the west. Our route lay along the foot of a sandstone ledge, which rose abruptly from the sandy plain. The cliff prevented any northern view, but far toward the south across the plain lay the Kaibab Mountain. The road for the most part was good, winding along the plain which was sparsely covered with sage brush and bunch grass, with here and there an occasional cedar grove. At eleven o'clock, turning to the northward, we rounded a vermilion cliff and entered Kanab Canyon. In the near distance lay the far-famed city of Kanab, a settlement of about forty families snugly quartered in plain but comfortable homes, and presenting the appearance of a quiet, industrious people. And here we met Prof. Thompson, and rested from our twelve days journey with the broncos.

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—The person and feeling of a clergyman have in every civilized country been regarded with respect, while any attempt to injure the one or the other has been visited with reprehension. But the church courts have not always left to magisterial punishment those who assailed the members of their body. Mr. Wm. Russel, minister of Kilbirnie, complained to the presbytery of Irvine that one of his parishioners had denounced his doctrine as "dust and gray meal." The presbytery ordained the delinquent to humble himself on his knees at the presbytery table, and thereafter to indicate repentance next Sunday on the stool in Kilbirnie kirk.

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—Speaking of parsons, a story is told of one who is "favored" with absent-mindedness and a short memory. He has a habit of forgetting something he intends to say in the pulpit, and then, after sitting down, will rise up again and begin his supplementary remarks with "By-the-way." Recently he got through a prayer, when he hesitated, forgot what he was about, and sat down abruptly without closing. In a moment or two he rose, and pointing his forefinger at the amazed congregation, he said "Oh! by-the-way Amen!"

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN—DEDICATION POEM,

Written by James Judson Lord, and read by Richard Edwards, LL. D., at the dedication of the Lincoln Monument, Oak Ridge Cemetery, Springfield, Ill., October 15, 1874.

We build not here a temple or a shrine,  
Nor hero-fane to demigods divine ;  
Nor to the clouds a superstructure rear  
For man's ambition or for servile fear.  
Not to the dust, but to the deeds alone  
A grateful people raise th' historic stone ;  
For where a patriot lived, or hero fell,  
The daisied turf would mark the spot as well.

What though the Pyramids, with apex high,  
Like Alpine peaks cleave Egypt's rainless sky,  
And cast grim shadows o'er a desert land  
Forever blighted by oppression's hand ?  
No patriot zeal their deep foundations laid ;  
No freeman's hand their darken'd chambers made ;  
No public weal inspired the heart with love,  
To see their summits tow'ring high above.  
The ruling Pharaoh, proud and glory-stained,  
With vain ambitions never yet attained—  
With brow enclouded as his marble throne,  
And heart unyielding as the building stone—  
Sought with the scourge to make mankind his slaves,  
And heaven's free sunlight darker than their graves,  
His but to will, and theirs to yield and feel,  
Like vermin'd dust beneath his iron heel ;  
Denies all mercy, and all right offends.  
Till on his head th' avenging plague descends.

Historic justice bid the nations know  
That through each land of slaves a Nile of blood shall flow ;  
And Vendome Columns, on a people thrust,  
Are, by the people, level'd with the dust.

Nor stone, nor bronze, can fit memorials yield  
For deeds of valor on the bloody field,  
'Neath war's dark clouds the sturdy volunteer,  
By freedom taught his country to revere,  
Bids home and friends a hasty, sad adieu,  
And treads where dangers all his steps pursue ;  
Finds cold and famine on his dauntless way,  
And with mute patience brooks the long delay,  
Or hears the trumpet or the thrilling drum  
Peal the long roll that calls : " They come ! they come !"  
Then to the front with battling hosts he flies,  
And lives to triumph, or for freedom dies,  
Thund'ring amain along the rocky strand,  
The ocean claims her honors with the land,  
Loud on the gale she chimes the wild refrain,  
Or with low murmur wails her heroes slain !  
In gory hulks, with splinter'd mast and spar,  
Rocks on her stormy breast the valiant tar :  
Lash'd to the mast he gives the high command,  
Or midst the fight sinks with the Cumberland.

Beloved banner of the azure sky,  
Thy rightful home where'er thy eagles fly ;  
On thy blue fields the stars of heaven descend,  
And to our day a purer luster lend,  
O righteous God ! who guard'st the right alway,

And bade thy peace to come, "and come too stay!"  
 And while war's deluge fill'd the land with blood,  
 With bow of promise arch'd the crimson flood;  
 From fratricidal strife our banner screen,  
 And let it float henceforth in skies serene.  
 Yet cunning art shall here her triumphs bring,  
 And laurel'd bards their choicest anthems sing.  
 Here honor'd age shall bare its wintry brow,  
 And youth to freedom make a Spartan vow.  
 Here ripen'd manhood from its walks profound  
 Shall come and halt, as if on hallow'd ground.  
 Here shall the urn with fragrant wreaths be drest,  
 By tender hands the flowery tributes prest;  
 And, wending westward, from oppressions far,  
 Shall pilgrims come, led by our freedom star;  
 While bending lowly, as o'er friendly pall,  
 The silent tear from ebon cheeks shall fall.

Sterile and vain the tributes which we pay—  
 It is the past that consecrates to-day.  
 The spot where rests one of the noble few  
 Who saw the right, and dared the right to do,  
 True to himself and to his fellow men,  
 With patient hand he moved the potent pen  
 Whose inky stream did, like the Red Sea's flow,  
 Such bondage break and such a host o'erthrow!  
 The simple parchment on its fleeting page  
 Bespeaks the import of the better age,  
 When man for man no more shall forge the chain,  
 Nor armies tread the shore, nor navies plow the main.  
 Then shall this boon to human freedom given  
 Be fitly deem'd a sacred gift to heaven:  
 Though of the earth, it is no less divine,  
 Founded on truth, it will forever shine,  
 Reflecting rays from heaven's unchanging plan—  
 The law of right and brotherhood of man.

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### THE SCHOOL OF EXPERIENCE.

Happily there is a school, a hard school, with stern, uncompromising teachers, in which many of the errors of early education are corrected; and that school in which the life-long work of education is carried on all must attend. Willingly or unwillingly, the school of experience we must attend. Some of us learn indifferently well the useful lessons taught there; some of us are dullards, who never advance; some of us are apt and attentive. and, as in all schools, those who learn readily are quickly promoted. How to learn in this hard school is the great art of living. People speak of this school, most erroneously, as being open only to those who have passed the bounds of childhood; but the baby when it bumps its head has taken its first lesson in the school of experience; and if this important truth were only recognized, there would be

less of the folly of attempting to teach experience by proxy. "Experience is no more transferable in morals than in art," and the earlier a child is permitted to acquire for himself that which no one can transfer to him, the better—the more readily will he learn, the more permanent will be the lessons.

Especially is this true of girls, or rather especially is it necessary to insist upon this in regard to girls: for to put a girl early to the school of experience requires us to deny our tenderness somewhat. It is so natural to hope that our dear-bought knowledge in that hard school may suffice for all her needs, at least until she is old enough so learn for herself; which is exactly like saying no one should go into the water before learning to swim.—(*From November "Home and School," Louisville, Ky.*)

## THE REVEREND SAMPSON'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

The Reverend Sampson Beatty strode about his study one cold morning in December, and looked threateningly on his little wife. One would have thought, from his manner, that she had committed some grievous sin, for she clasped her hands together with a gesture of entreaty, and followed him about pleadingly with her eyes.

There never had been a missionary for woman's rights up among those bleak hills, and the little woman's education in this way had been sadly neglected. She never ventured upon expostulation with her husband, and when he was vexed, not only gave him the first but the last word.

Fortunately for Mrs. Beatty, her husband was as gentle in spirit as he was pure in soul, and would sooner have cut off his right hand than add one care to the many that beset her, so sorely against his will.

"It is a bitter humiliation," he said at length, the hot color flaming into his cheek. "I never thought I should descend quite so low as this, Lucy—to have people going about with a subscription paper in my behalf, as if I were a very pauper! and I in the full vigor of manhood, with health and strength and head to work. God knows I *do* work early and late; I am no laggard in the vineyard. Is not the laborer worthy of his hire?"

"But, Sampson," said the little wife, "you know it is quite customary around Christmas time; and they mean it for the best—I am sure they do. But if you feel so badly about it," she added, noting the frown deepening on his brow, "I need only to speak to Mrs. Beverly, and it can be stopped; only"—the low voice faltered. The minister looked down upon his wife, and smoothed her hair tenderly—"Only it would be a terrible disappointment to you dear; is it not so? No wonder your pride is crushed and your spirit broken, my poor child. Don't think for a moment I forgot my little helpmate, bearing the brunt of the battle and wearing a cheerful face to hide a woful heart. I know all the patches in the wee jackets, dear, and the skillful darning in the carpets, and heard the sad

lament of the little ones over their lack of sugar this morning. Once for all, Lucy, don't think I am ungrateful or indifferent enough to be ignorant of even the details of our poverty. I know their full extent. And now leave me to myself, little woman. Let them do as they will. If it will serve to make you happier, I will try to be content."

Mrs. Beatty went quietly from the study and left her husband to his rueful ruminations. He bent himself over his unfinished sermon with a heavy sigh, and felt in his heart that his life had been a failure. When he looked back over his lost youth he wept in very bitterness over the hopeful, vain-glorious dreams that had vanished one by one, and left him upon this wintry morning almost desolate. He had in that youthful onset pictured to himself a life of chivalrous strife and glorious victory, and had entered upon his ministry with the burning zeal and earnest self-sacrifice of a Savonarola. But he felt himself, as the years rolled on, a veritable Don Quixote, struggling with windmills. Gigantic and powerful windmills surely, for they represented all the petty passions and meannesses of the human heart; but they were of that calibre that they blunted his weapons and rendered his strife almost ridiculous.

Where are all these years of study, these haughty resolves, and glorious determinations, to be wasted in entreating stupid clod-hoppers to remain awake for one little hour upon Sunday, or in endeavoring to reconcile Mrs. Jones to her neighbor's bay-window?

Not once did he see a glimmer of light in the faces of his parishioners when he expounded to them, with all the eloquence and force of which he was capable, the epistles of the apostles; nor did they show the least enthusiasm when he read to them a sermon over which he himself had wept with emotion.

"Can it be well," murmured the wicked parson, "to people paradise with souls like these?"

It seemed as if a gulf widened be-

tween him and his people day by day, and soon he should not even be able to stretch out his hand to them.

In the mean time, however, Mrs. Beatty went about the house with a smile of genuine joy upon her face. Mrs. Beverly had hinted that they would probably raise seventy-five dollars for the Christmas gift, and the little woman's imagination exaggerated this sum of money into a fortune, and reveled in the abundance in store for them.

Oh, if she could only have the spending of the money herself—she knew so well what they most needed! But of course this was out of the question; beggars could not be choosers; and Mrs. Beatty went joyfully back to her sumptuous visions—rolls of flannel, pieces of linen, warm colored merinoes; odorous coffee, aromatic tea, the whitest of sugar; jars of jelly; pickles, hams, and sausages; jackets for Johnny, needle-work for baby, a doil-baby for Nell; perhaps, oh, perhaps a musty old book for Sampson: all these and more passed and repassed through her brain, and the brown eyes brightened, the lips shaped themselves into a smile, as cheerily she rocked her baby to sleep that cold December morning.

When night came, and the children were sound asleep in their little bed, and baby lay in his wooded cradle, the Reverend Sampson stole into his wife's room, and took an easy chair by the fire. Such was often his custom, and at these times there was a look of rest and joy in his face that betokened well for the power of that gentle woman over the gaunt, hard-featured man. For hours and hours they talked together, and it was plain to be seen that these hours were the happiest of the poor gentleman's life.

Did she then listen wide awake and attentively to the expounding of the epistles of the apostles? And did the brown eyes fill with tears and the lips quiver with emotion when the eloquent points of the sermon reached her ear and her heart? Well, no. The Reverend Sampson never ventured upon theology with his wife, nor ever read to her extracts from his favorite authors.

"I think, little woman," said the

Reverend Sampson, "that you have spent at least three times that seventy-five dollars in your imagination."

"Oh no, dear," replied his wife; "for Mrs. Beverly can get things so cheap. You can't imagine how she beats people down. Then, you know, they always sell things cheaper to a minister."

"The poor wretches are considered worthy objects of charity," said the minister, bitterly.

"Now Sampson," said his wife, feeling quite brave in her own little sanctum, "it is queer to me that you folks always preaching charity don't take to it kindly, and not bind it down to all sorts of rules and forms. I am sure they always show *me* respect enough. One would think I were a princess."

"And so you are, darling, a princess—a pearl among women."

"You don't think they'd get a sewing-machine?" said the princess, irrelevantly.

"I don't give them credit for such a wise generosity," said her husband.

"No, no," said Mrs. Beatty, hastily, "it would be a shame to swallow up all the money with one thing."

"Well, what would be nice, Lucy?" said the parson, with generous encouragement.

Then she commenced enumerating such a quantity of delicious probabilities that the Reverend Sampson's face lighted up with a smile that deepened and grew broader till it actually culminated in a laugh—a startling thing from the lips of the Reverend Sampson.

"And we'll get a pony and cow, and a nice set of fandangoes for the parlor windows, and a brand-new silk dress for little mother," he said.

"Yes, one of these days, please God," said his wife, nothing daunted. "I should not wonder a bit if they gave you a suit of broad-cloth too."

The minister's face flushed wrathfully.

"I don't think they'd venture upon than indignity," he said, with an implied threat in his voice.

Mrs. Beatty looked upon her husband's threadbare coat and saw its darned wristbands with a wistful expression of countenance, but, warned in time, she changed the subject speedily.

So it came about that under the magic influence of his wife, even this Christmas charity was looked upon with favor by the minister, and he caught himself once in a while enjoying the surprise in store for his wife and little ones. He endeavored to give the people credit for the kindly motive that impelled them to the deed, only he could not help wishing it had taken the shape of a larger salary, so that he could have been his own patron.

One morning, meeting Mrs. Beverly with the obnoxious subscription paper in her hand, he smiled faintly, and endeavored to appear ignorant.

"You must not peep into our little secrets," said Mrs. Beverly, playfully, thrusting the paper into her muff.

"Certainly not, dear madam," said the minister, frigidly.

"Of course you'll know all in good time," she said, significantly.

"I shall wait cheerfully, curiosity being a mainspring of evil," said the Reverend Sampson, passing on with a heightened color.

"Gracious goodness!" murmured Mrs. Beverly: "what a disagreeable ramrod he is! He certainly never was made to be a minister!" and the poor woman sighed under the hard fate that compelled her to leave her city home and her city pastor. A vision of grace and splendor rose before her: a majestic form clad in flowing robes, eyes mild and benignant, waving, ambrosial locks, hands more delicate and whiter than her own, a voice softly modulated—tender, caressing, brotherly.

He never would have passed her in the street with a few gruff words, scarcely touching her hand, and averting his eyes with an expression of almost dislike. It was a pleasure for *him* to meet his people and talk with them, advise, counsel them. How sweet, how easy, how comfortable it was to get through her religious duties with so thoughtful, so kind, so affectionate a Mentor!

"If it was not for his wife," she said, spitefully, to herself. "I declare I'd give the whole thing up. I do wish we could ever get away from this desert!" and poor Mrs. Beverly went on her way, sighing bitterly for the flesh-pots of Egypt.

But ever as the wintry days passed on

the minister's wife consoled herself and her little ones for the wants of the household with the generous bounty that was to fall upon them so soon. Let Johnny eat his bread with molasses now, and he should have plenty of butter by-and-by; and if little Nell would be careful with her pinafores a while longer, she should have new ones with a pretty lace frill about the neck.

The days grew darker and colder. Even from their little store of blankets a few were taken for those who had none, and many a meal was stinted in the parsonage to render a poorer table less bare. The minister labored constantly at his Christmas sermon, making it a masterpiece of rhetorical eloquence.

At last the great day came, and the little family were up betimes, all eagerness and expectancy. Even the face of the Reverend Sampson betrayed a faint glimmer of curiosity, and he did not betake himself to his study while breakfast was getting ready. The baby crowed upon his knee, and Johnny clambered by his side, while little Nell solemnly watched the browning of the Christmas muffins. Suddenly a loud knock resounded through the hall, and for a moment the pulse of the family stood still. Then there was a great rush for the door, but, reaching it, there was nobody there. Only a flat, square paper box on the door-sill, with a neatly folded note slipped under the cord that bound it.

Mrs. Beatty lifted the box quite easily, and her heart sank a little when she found it so light.

"I wonder what it can be?" she said, as she handed the note to her husband.

The Reverend Sampson read it aloud:

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—Accept this little Christmas gift as a token of esteem from your parishioners, and please wear it in their honor at the Christmas service."

"Wear it!" cried the minister, with flaming eyes. "What new insult is this?"

Then he tore open the box, and all the little brood, peeping over, saw the hopes of weeks and months dwindle down in a square black compass. But the voice of the minister softened a little.

"It is, after all, a present for you, Lucy. Here is the brand-new silk gown that I promised you."

Lucy took it up with a trembling hand and let it suddenly fall.

"It—is a minister's robe," Sampson, she said, and then her voice faltered, for her husband strode over and lifted the shining fabric from the box, scanning it savagely, while his face whitened at his very lips. Once, twice they opened, but the words refused to be uttered. Taking the robe in his two strong hands, he rent it from top to bottom; then, flinging it upon the floor, he went away to his study.

Poor Lucy choked back her tears, and gathering up the robe and the box, put them well out of sight. The muffins were burned, the coffee was spoiled, the Christmas breakfast was ruined; and away in the study they heard the steps of the enraged minister pacing to and fro. But after the first great shock the sturdy heart of the minister's wife began to take courage, and although many a sigh escaped from her lips she went about heating more coffee, and making more muffins, so that in half an hour the little folks had quite forgotten the black spectre that had loomed upon them in the shape of a minister's robe. Leaving them at the table, the little woman went softly to the study, and found that her husband was not quite so violent in his displeasure as she had feared. The Reverend Sampson was ashamed of the burst of rage that had overpowered him, and felt in his heart that if he had been sinned against he was also sinning.

"The fact is, Lucy," he said, turning to the dear face that was so sweet a rest to his eyes and heart, "I begin to fear I must give up the ministry. I am unfitted for it—at least here, dear. We do not understand each other, the people and I. Let them get a block from the city that they can shape and dress to suit themselves, and you and I, little woman, will go farther into the wilderness, where the souls of men are nearer to God."

But his wife shrank a little from this wilderness of which he spoke, and, understanding the people better, pleaded for a longer stay among them.

"But, Lucy, how can we ever reconcile this ridiculous matter of the gown between us?"

Then Lucy made him pause in his walk, and seating herself upon his knee, she

filled to overflowing that she had been consulting with her more muffins, and heating more coffee, and that the parson sat down and said that he had broken times he ended by going out to breakfast with a smile upon his face.

When upon that Christmas morning the congregation had assembled at the church, there was an air of confusion, and among them that made it almost like a social gathering. Many a pew was filled that was ordinarily empty, and even the front seat of the sanctuary bent under its formidable weight. Mrs. Beverly, in veils and furs, looked down upon her gilded box with an attempt at serenity, but there was an evident restlessness about her when there was a stir at the door, and a whisper that the parson was coming. At last she looked back with the rest: there was the tall, gaunt form of the Reverend Sampson in his old threadbare coat, the white seams of his well-worn trousers shining in the waxy sunlight, the muscles of his strong arms plainly seen from under his short, tight sleeves, and at every step the ungainly trowsers hitching up and down, showing the white, horse-stick legs. The same as ever—stern, angular, uncompromising, awkward, stiff, repelling—was there ever such a disconcerting man? Mrs. Beverly frowned with vexation.

But who was the dainty little woman that tripped after him, rustling in stiff, heavy silk, dragging up the aisle a rich, shining train? It was an old dress she wore. Mrs. Beverly put up her eyeglass to examine a more closely. Not unbecoming, certainly. The long, flowing sleeves made her little hands look wonderfully pretty; then the material itself was of excellent texture, lustrous and heavy. It hung very full from the shoulders, draped up in voluminous folds about her slim little figure, and widened out in a graceful sweep as she walked. It was made with a yoke—yes, and a square collar. Why, certainly it must be—it was the minister's robe, and this was the minister's wife.

After Mrs. Beverly had recovered from the surprise of the discovery, she could not confess that the little lady did it honor. How quaint and sweet she looked, surely, with her brown eyes full of a tender light, her cheeks glowing from the

cold air, a little quaver of subdued glee about her dimpled mouth!

And now was heard the minister's voice, and every eye is bent upon him, every ear listens attentively.

"I will take my text," he said, "from the Gospel according to St. Mark :

"And he called unto him the twelve, and began to send them forth by two and two ; and gave them power over unclean spirits ; and commanded them that they should take nothing for their journey, save a staff only ; no scrip, no bread, no money in their purse ; but be shod with sandals ; and not put on two coats."

"Now, my dear friends," said the Reverend Sampson, "one word as to your generous Christmas gift : you see it is expressly forbidden me to wear two coats. I have one, therefore I have given the other to my wife, as it seemed best and better to do."

Then, altogether disregarding the sheets filled with rhetorical eloquence at home, he began a fervent and glowing description of the mission given to the apostles of Jesus—of their purity, their self-sacrifice, their earnest devotion and enthusiasm. He spoke of the birth on that Christmas long ago, of its humility and touching simplicity. There was power and pathos in his voice ; a thrill went through the congregation, and with electric sympathy touched the heart of the minister, filling it with an unspeakable joy. A throng of words fell from his lips, simple, soul-felt, as from man to man and heart to heart. Not an eye closed, not an ear failed him. Tears came into his eyes, and sprang unbidden into those of his listeners. A mysterious power seemed to reign in the little temple. The fat old squire saw a tall marble spire looming up from the church-yard, and for the first time in years he thought of his dead wife. Even Mrs. Beverly's thin lips relapsed from their usual grimace, and an unwonted emotion showed through her artificial complexion. For nearly an hour the little throng of people remained rapt and spell-bound ; then the book closed, the minister paused : there was a murmur and stir in the congregation. Up bustled the squire to the pulpit, and shook hands with the minister.

"You robbed me of my morning nap," he said, a kind of shake in his wheezy voice, and something that looked like moisture in his wicked old eyes. When he put out his pudgy hand to the minister's little wife he left a slip of paper in her trembling fingers.

"It's for yourself and the bairns," he whispered, hoarsely ; "and if you want to spend it in town, there is a seat for you in the family coach."

Then he waddled away, leaving Lucy overwhelmed with joy, peeping furtively at a hundred dollar bill firmly clutched in her little fingers.

The Reverend Sampson was surrounded by his people, each one vying with the other in expressing in their simple way the affection and respect that his Christmas sermon had inspired.

Lucy very wisely put the bill carefully by, determining not to disturb her husband's sensitive spirit with this sordid gratification. But, to save her life, as she walked home from church, reaching up her hand to the stalwart arm of her husband, she could not help going back again to the old joyful enumeration, and hugged to herself the precious treasure, till she could show it and explain it with delight to the dear little brood waiting at home for her.

"We won't go to the wilderness, will we, Sampson?" she said.

"The fact is, I never got near to them before," replied her husband, his voice still trembling with emotion.

"Then you are not sorry about the robe, after all, are you?" said Lucy.

"If it was the agent that brought us together, I am more than glad," said her husband.

Not many years after the little woman had her pony and her cow, and her fandangoes for the parlor windows, and the Reverend Sampson rejoiced in the possession of many ponderous musty books and a broadcloth suit ; but the one relic and heir-loom of the family is a minister's robe that cost seventy-five dollars. Lucy never wore it again.—*Harpers' Magazine.*



## BELLES LETTERS SOCIETY DEPARTMENT.

FRANK YOUNG, EDITOR.

## PREPARATORY EDUCATION.

LIBBIE LAWRENCE.

I am well aware that the more advanced students will be intensely disgusted with such a subject from such a source. They regard the lower department as some people always do old friends who have served them faithfully and well, as stepping-stones to coveted positions of honor; or as a restored man does the crutches that were invaluable in his lameness, but, having ceased to be useful, are most contemptible. Why then do they invite us into their societies? I will tell you: for the same reason that patent medicine venders always give us two pictures, one of the patient before taking the medicine, and the other after a full course of treatment. Behold the contrast! It is a splendid thing for the Seniors, but fearfully humiliating for the weak little one of the preparatory department, who comes upon the platform trembling in every joint, eyes protruding and tongue paralyzed with fear, a choking, dizzy sensation, as though a rope were round the neck and the floor sinking from under him, a frantic hope that it may, and then a confused recollection that there is no such easy way out of the ridiculous position, "that, sink or swim, survive or perish," he must speak and speak now; and yet, "as a sheep before his shearers is dumb, so he opens not his mouth." Is he going to fail? No, he is rallying his scattered forces, and finally succeeds so far as to stammer through his imperfect production. You enjoy this picture do you not? forgetful of the time when it would have been a correct representation of yourself. You do not like to recall that period: it is quite as distasteful to you as the Darwinian theory that you were once an oyster. For now you mount on eagle's wings, and it is so absurd that these common fowls will

attempt to follow you and go fluttering so helplessly downward. Ah! but there is your mistake, these are fledglings of your own species, and will one day soar as fearlessly. And now be generous, as great minds are said to be, and try to recall the time when you were like a little child learning to walk, and needed the help of a kind hand to guide your faltering steps, and not a rough push to make you go faster. And when one of these little "preps.," as you affectionately call them, has heroism enough to stand before you, a conspicuous mark for the barbed arrows of your criticisms, painfully conscious that his effort can not be a success, for his future encouragement, leave him the forlorn hope that he has not utterly failed. Passing from one extreme to the other, lo, the conquering hero comes! a senior, mounting the rostrum as a veteran general does his favorite war-horse, that has borne him to many a famous victory; pride of intellect and consciousness of power flash from his piercing eye, and are stamped upon every feature of his thoughtful and expressive countenance; there is music in his well modulated voice, grace in every gesture of his well trained hand. Are we discouraged by this contrast? No. It is to us conclusive proof of the remedial powers of this institution. But does this senior for a moment believe when he receives the bit of parchment, for which he has labored so faithfully and long, that his education is complete? Certainly not. The more thorough he is, the better does he understand how much remains to be learned. He is just prepared to enter some other institution, and whether it be theological, law, medical or matrimonial, he will find a wide field for the accumulation of useful knowledge: and after all, where have all

the years of his past life been spent, but in a preparatory school; and well for him if he does not have to regret that his morals were not as carefully cultivated as his mind. I have used the masculine gender exclusively, as girls who will pursue the same course of study with gentlemen, are supposed to be masculine enough to be spoken of in that way, especially if they chance to part their hair a little on one side. Gentlemen are always fearful that such a girl will array herself in male attire and try to be a man. Let not your hearts be troubled! Admitting that man is the noblest work of God, and that woman was an after-thought, created especially for him, and given to him to control, she yet ruled that *man* and that garden, not wisely or well, but was banished from Paradise, as many of her daughters have been since, for disobedience and a fatal desire for dress. However, unmindful of all this, the fiercest lion nature of the proudest man can be tamed to the tender gentleness of a little child by a woman. Knowing this, do you suppose they are going, Sampson fashion, to be shorn of their strength, by striving to be *some thing like a man* and shamefully *unlike* a woman, a horrible caricature of both? Not if they have a fair amount of common sense. There can never be a female George Washington, but there may be many such women as his mother was. And what eloquent advocate of woman's rights has done so much to elevate her sex, as that mother in giving to her country such a son. Then let us make the best use of every talent we possess, that our influence may be purifying, and elevating, and inspire to higher aims in life. I have been asked if I were preparing myself for a foreign missionary, and replying that I had never thought of such a thing, have been greatly amused at the next question, which invariably is, "why then are you studying Greek?" Highly complimentary to our civilization, is it not? that if a girl wishes to be thoroughly educated, she is supposed to be going to pass her life in a foreign land. For here, in christian society, it is only necessary that a girl should have a few accomplishments, and be able to display to the best advan-

tage her bewildering outward adornments. I heard a fashionable gentleman say, that he hated college-educated girls, they were so *confoundedly* strong-minded, a crime of which his worst enemy would not accuse him. But we must expect to be classed among the Amazonian monstrosities, or consent to receive our education at a fashionable boarding school where a friend of mine graduated, and then could not have passed the examination required to enter our high school,—even the pleasing task of answering her love letters was delegated to a friend, for the reason that after securing the aid of the most approved letter writer, a big dictionary and several books of reference, she found herself unequal to the occasion. And so her "dear Charles" received and cherished letters originating in the brain of a little girl, very inferior in every way to "his Alice:" for *she* was *accomplished* and an *artist*, exhibiting with a pardonable degree of pride, a marvelous painting in oil: a wonderful blue dog rescuing a drowning child, while a scarlet cat was staring in the distance. To be sure art has so far surpassed nature in all these boarding school productions, that an uncultivated mind is a little mystified, and to me that child looked like a huge frog, and the lovely lake like a reservoir of purple ink. But to her artistic eye it is a thing of beauty, a joy forever. And she is happy in the thought, that she has not lived in vain. Her education is finished: her life work nearly accomplished, for she is wearing Charlie's diamond ring, and are not engagements, cemented in that expressive way, supposed to be binding? There will be a grand wedding, and then the removal of her sixteen Saratoga trunks to Charlie's boarding-house, as she does not intend to be annoyed with house-keeping affairs, and then a life of aristocratic idleness forever after. Rather a serious affair for Charlie, but then he is one who admires these clinging, vine-like women, they are so charming in their helplessness. How long will he think so! I have observed that however blind love may be before marriage, it is very clear-sighted afterward, and he will soon wish, most heartily, that the lovely vine was transplanted, and that its clinging ten-

drills had some other support than his neck, where it hangs like a mill-stone dragging him downward. And what if he can endure the stragulation no longer and breaks away from the bondage? Well for her, if there are tender hands to gather up the broken tendrils, but if there are none, there is no choice for a vine with its support removed, but to trail in the dust. Who wants to be a vine? For girls reared in idleness, and educated to believe that costly apparel is the one distinguishing mark of a lady, it may be very charming in the genial sunshine of prosperity, but when the storms of adversity sweep over them, where are they?—drifting downward with the tide, the saddest wrecks upon the sea of life. Welcome then the rough training and pruning that will enable us to stand alone, even though it rob us of some of the frail gracefulness that adorns our boarding-school companions; and let us rejoice that we are privileged to enter institutions, where the useful branches are not all left out to make room for the ornamental, and where the foundation

upon which we build must be deep and broad and firm. And what if our next neighbor looks down from his third or fourth story and sneers at our basement? We do not expect to abide here, and when we have attained a height equal to his, he will be one of our dear five hundred friends. This is the way of the world, and the sooner we learn to make the best of it the better. It is only another branch of our preparatory course; for there are many bitter lessons of worldly wisdom to be learned not mentioned in the catalogue. And while we strive earnestly to fit ourselves for the duties and responsibilities of life, let us remember that this world is but a vast preparatory school, that “’tis not the whole of life to live, nor all of death to die.” And may we be so well prepared, “that when our summons comes to join the innumerable caravan that moves to the pale realms of shade, we go not as the quarry slave scourged to his dungeon, but as one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

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#### BELLES LETTRES NOTES.

—Quis autem negabit deum esse corpus. Esti Deus spiritus. TURTELLIAN.

—As you cannot avoid your own company, make it as good as possible.

—Spiritual manifestations sometimes take a more accountable form, in the shape of delirium tremens.

—Two things in this world that should not be trifled with—a woman’s opinion, and the business end of a wasp.

—Habit is a cable: every day we weave a thread, and soon we can not break the cord which binds us.

—In youth life is the folded bud; in middle age it is the expanded leaf. Death comes, and steals the blossoms and the fruit.

—When success smiles upon us our heart is our own; but, when crushed and

bruised, it wails in its utter agony, *then* it belongs to God.

—There are those who, because their thought is so muddy that they cannot see its shallow bottom, fancy they are profound.—LEWES.

—Read Humboldt’s *Cosmos* and you feel on solid ground. Read Hegel and you feel in mid-air without foundation. Such is Metaphysics.

—Several old-time Belles Lettres attended the reception, given to the orators and delegates of the Inter-Collegiate contest.

—The earliest recorded observation of an eclipse was of the moon, made by the Chaldeans, 721 B.C.; the latest occurred Nov. 3, A.D. 1874. For further particulars see recent election returns.

—We were pleased to greet the happy face of Miss Kate B. Ross, of '74 at the reception. She is at present professor of Belles Lettres and Elocution in Hedding College. It pleasantly recalls the happy scenes of yore, to meet warriors of "auld lang syne."

—As a poor beggar, foot-sore and weary, passed my door, I thought,—Is it necessary! are such part and parcel with us? are they essential parts of this wondrous, this never-to-be-unraveled mystery—humanity? Must their hearts bleed, their tears flow in order to complete this strange drama? Had I an almighty arm, I would lift humanity. But He doeth all things well.—BURNS.

—The work of deft fingers, and the tasteful skill of "our girls," was seen in the beautiful decoration of our hall on the night of reception. Suspended from the four corners of the room to the chandelier, were graceful festoons of evergreen, our pictures were placed to the best possible advantage: several beautiful brackets, upon which were handsome vases of rare flowers, the gift of Mr. F. K. Phoenix, almost deluded us into the thought that "summer had returned;" an elegant fernery and several hanging baskets, also from Phoenix nursery, excited much attention. The monogram of each college represented in the contest was conspicuously placed upon the wall, surrounded by a wreath of evergreen; the decoration was a grand success in every respect, and reflected much credit upon the committee, and Miss May Phoenix, to whom belongs the honor of the whole plan. The Munsellian hall was also well decorated, but we liked ours *far* better, on the principle that every "mother knows her own child to be the best."

—The address of welcome by Dr. Fallows, was a happy effort; he spoke at length upon the advantages and uses of speech; what it had done and what it was doing. He characterized it as the gift which distinguishes man, more clearly than any other, from lower creations, and said that it would be hard to eradicate speech from man, for the generic *man* includes all women. He welcomed the orators as rivals, all wrestling in the field of oratory for literary

honors. The delegates made no response, and the audience adjourned to the "regions above," where the good social time "anticipated by many, was enjoyed by all." Upon the rostrum we noticed many distinguished men; among them our own faculty, and that of the State Normal University.

—The contest has come and gone, and the result is as we had anticipated, a complete victory for Mr. Coultas. On the night of the 20th, Durley Hall was packed with an immense audience, which had assembled to witness the greatest contest in oratory, which had ever occurred in our state. To see one college rise superior over its friendly competitors, to see victory perch upon the walls of the Wesleyan, and waive its bright wings in joy, as the well earned laurel crown was placed upon the head of one of her sons, was truly gratifying. Every orator did nobly, and no college should feel dissatisfied, that her champion did not bring home the palm of victory. The following is the programme:

President of the evening Rev. R. Edwards, LL. D., President of the State Normal University.

Prayer—Rev. S. Fallows, D. D., President Illinois Wesleyan University.

Music—How have I loved thee, native land; Mohring.

Oration—Richard B. Twiss, Chicago University; "Head and Heart."

Oration—J. Ross Hanna, Monmouth College; "Power of Love."

Oration—J. Frank Stout, North-Western University; "The American Statesman."

Music—"Student's Song," Mendelssohn.

Oration—George A. Lawrence, Knox College; "Scholarship—Its Influence."

Oration—C. R. Lathrop, Shurtliff College; "Law and Liberty."

"Excelsior." Balfie; Messrs. Franc H. Cumming and J. O. Wilson.

Oration—Thos. I. Coultas, Ill., Wesleyan University; "Culture, a Basis of Brotherhood."

Oration—Henry MacKay, Ill. Industrial University; "National Arbitration."

Oration—Edward B. Clapp, Illinois College; "A Scholar's Service and a Scholar's Crown."

Music—Duett—"May-Pole March." Mueller; Messrs. Frank Mueller and Franc H. Cumming.

JUDGES.—H. L. Boltwood, Princeton; Rev. H. D. Moore, Springfield; Rev. G. R. Palmer, Normal.

And so ended the contest, long wished for, but with feelings next akin to fear, and as it has passed, we can see one more milestone in the path of education. It has given an impulse to intellectual research which will be felt for years.

## MUNSELLIAN SOCIETY DEPARTMENT.

C. S. LUDLAM, EDITOR.

## CULTURE, A BASIS OF BROTHERHOOD.

PRIZE ORATION DELIVERED AT THE INTER-COLLEGIATE CONTEST, NOV. 20, 1874.

THOMAS I. COULTAS.

The introduction of evil into the world, brought countless woes, the dissolution of the human family following in their sad train. That the prevalence of evil has subverted the union between the Creator and created, destroyed the divine image in man and severed the bands of human fraternity, is now almost universally admitted. And viewing man through the medium of history, as it unfolds his cold seclusiveness, and exhibits wild, warring, struggling, surging humanity, coming up the path of ages, we are prone to say, the family relation will never be restored. To him who reads but pauses not to reason; to him who sees humanity only as delineated on history's page, but knows nothing of the principles unfolded by ethics and philosophy, how dark and foreboding the picture. Despair possesses him as he reads the first page of human career, for in the first family is a murderer, and the first soul entering heaven's gate is driven from earth by the hand of violence. Here are seen whole empires torn and rent in pieces, whole armies mown down on a thousand bloody fields, thrones shaken to their foundation, hearts bleeding with sorrow; even the church, loaded with depravity's pestilential vapor, bearing the impress of evil, popes, prelates and priests, led on by the powers of hell, grappling the secular sword, until "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain," under the dominion of human passion. Saddened with such a scene, we anxiously ask, is there any encouragement for a fond hope that the severed family may again be united, that, joined in fraternal union as was the divine intention, the millennial

sun may yet shine upon our race as a unit? In despair we sometimes answer, no! For passion reigns as mighty king, with the world as his citadel, and there are none who dare invade his dread dominion. But, thanks be to the Universal Father, he has raised up a mighty deliverer. With purpose as inflexible as Deity, with garments as white as angels' robes, with intentions as pure as divine thought, culture, out of chaos, brings forth a world of order. By the scepter of its power, out of the dominion of passion and prejudice, it is leading forth the nations and arraying them as brothers on the broad plain of mental and moral attainment.

Manhood is sovereignty. Culture is the highest quality of true manhood. Hence, in proportion as we attain to its full embodiment, mankind become a unit. The Bible recognizes a community of blood and lineage, and as culture restores the divine image, a brotherhood of mind and soul. There must be, there is, a broad plain to which humanity is being lifted, where culture reigns supreme, where kindred spirits revel in the delights of their own society, where mind communes with mind, soul with soul, and brotherhood is an acknowledged existence.

Culture is bringing about a fraternity of minds. Mental ability and the immortality of this thinking principle which is the breath of omnipotence forcibly assert the universal fatherhood of God. And, as this mental ability is developed, culture becomes the golden cord binding together the intellects of all ages, thus establishing the consummate brotherhood

of man. Great minds must commune with each other, for upon this depends the march of intellect. Miles and oceans cannot separate them, neither can centuries divide them. Thoughts expressed ages ago are thrilling the souls of millions to-day, and although the grave has long since opened to receive the speaker, he still lives, as human hearts beat in sympathy with his utterances, and human lips reiterate them again and again. In fighting the fierce battles of life, in walking up the same pathway, in entering into similar investigations, a harmony of sentiment, an identity of interest have united the votaries of intellect in a brotherhood as sacred and consummate as the union of angels. Aristotle in his scientific researches investigated the wonders of animal life, unfolded many mysterious phenomena, gave us more enlarged ideas of man's relation to nature, more exalted conceptions of the plan of creation. All this, too, did Agassiz. Hence, through the medium of science those two men communed with each other, and across the chasm of centuries clasped the hand of brotherhood. Shakspeare, Milton and Bryant walked up the same pathway, hand in hand with Virgil and Homer and Isaiah, and feeling the inspiration of the ancient muse, they soared to loftier themes. Blackstone and Kent breathed the spirit of liberty from the free hills of Greece, gathered greatness from the studied justice of Cicero and Justinian, received mightier animation from the inspired law of Moses, thus linking them together in sacred fraternity. The glorious hymn of victory which Moses sang and Miriam echoed back on the shore of the red sea; the strains of Jeremiah, tear-steeped in the prophets own sorrow, the heart-bursts of grief from the trembling strings of David's harp, the rich melodies breaking forth from the lips of a Handel or a Mozart, blending with a thousand voices from moorland and mountain side, proclaim the brotherhood of song, and with mightier expression declare, that the impulses, wants and woes of humanity, are as the impulses, wants and woes of one man. As culture advances, secrets unfolded from nature, powers delved from the earth, wisdom drawn from the skies, conspire to break down barriers of preju-

dice, and unite mankind in enduring fraternity. The philosopher who reads in nature the handwriting of Deity, the metaphysician who reduces chaotic thought to principles, the poet whose harp is the universe and who plays on the strings of a million hearts, the artist who visits the spirit land and brings down to our grosser sense its archetypes of ideal beauty, sit together as one family, joined in one unity of purpose to elevate the race, and together are throwing open the portals of learning for the on-coming nations. Science and religion, too, join hands, standing upon a common level; not contradictory but vindicative one of the other, not by lowering religion to man's former misconception of science, but by lifting our conception of science to the plain of spiritual and divine truth. The final science and the final religion will own brotherhood. While religion will stand forth better understood, shining out in clearer lines, science will be heard saying "the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof."

Culture is uniting the nations. Demolishing those barriers which ignorance and prejudice have reared, spurning that narrow-minded patriotism which confines its regards to a particular nation, with impartial benevolence, culture embraces every man as kinsman and brother. However much the nations may have been at war with each other in the past, the signs of the times certainly indicate the near approach of that era, when it will be recognized that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men." This western world with its religion and its learning, losing not its lineage by migration, is but the outgrowth of the old. And by virtue of this patronymic claim, we have just as indefeasible a right to every scholar, patriot and philanthropist of the old world, as those who tread the ancestral acres. Profound and metaphysical Germany, artistic and imaginative France, practical and energetic America, bluff and sturdy old England, though distinct in customs and peculiarities, are not divergent in thought and purpose. God is letting loose an army of thinkers in the world, and they are bringing the nations together. Science, commerce, religion, new facilities of intercourse, electricity converting the

world into a whispering gallery, the abolition of slavery, the spirit of liberty bursting forth in both hemispheres of the globe, new friendships, new interests, are overcoming the old antipathy of nations, silently spreading the sentiment of human brotherhood, and the conviction that the welfare of each is the happiness of all. We, as Americans, are proud of our country. Justly so; we are the model government of earth. But a nation is not made in a day. We are more than one hundred years old. This model government is but the expansion and outgrowth of the past. One truth after another slowly rising from the bosom of by-gone centuries has contributed to make for us this precious heritage. Ages that have preceded us are seen notched in our very soil, and chronicled in our very institutions. We have come up the pathway of generations; through toil and vicissitude, through the smoke of battle, and the rage of passion, by the way of free Athens, and free Rome and sacred Palestine. Noble men led us ages ago, who never breathed the free air of America, or planted foot on our sacred soil. In view of this, we hail Asia as our birth-place, we grasp with firmer friendship the electric hand of Europe, beneath the foaming Atlantic, and forever severing the shackles of slavery, we open wide the doors for the admission of Africa into our sacred brotherhood.

Culture is moral, and in the effulgence of its light the unity of Christianity is being recognized, and the churches are converging. It is here culture attains its highest dignity, and its truest worth. The first and grand condition of true culture is an unselfish love of truth, which is the very soul of Christian virtue. Culture inspires love and faith, and these centering in a common Lord bind together the christian world. It reveals a Divine Cause, and leads to a recognition of common origin. It opens the word of life, and brings the church to a common tribunal. Denominational distinction *may* exist as long as time, but sectarian prejudice is already becoming a thing of the past, and fraternal hands are being clasped across the crumbling walls of partition. Ignorance was once considered "the mother of devotion,"

while culture was stigmatized as "tending to heresy." No wonder the hydra-headed monster, prejudice, raged in his most horrid forms. No wonder the records of Christianity are as black and bloody, and revolting to humanity, as the records of empires founded on conquest and guilt. But advanced culture is lifting the mists of darkness, revealing the stumbling-blocks over which the church has fallen, the devious ways into which she has wandered, and leading us to recognize that Christianity consists in the cultivation of those virtues which cement into one the family of mankind. Said a renowned church historian, "The sixteenth century was the epoch of a great separation; the nineteenth, must be that of a great union." And, as culture inspired by Christianity continues to advance, this prophesy approximates its fulfillment. The meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in Brooklyn, was the meeting of Christianity. Those men with cultured minds and cultured hearts were her worthy representatives. And as they came from Belgium and Greece, from Britain and France, it was no more our noble delegates who took them by the hand and said to them welcome, than it was Luther and Latimer, and Calvin and Wesley, who live and work together upon our free soil, through the rich results of their prayers and faith, as exhibited in a free religion, a free church, and a free nation. Above their heads in the Alliance hall was gracefully festooned the flag of the Union—*E Pluribus Unum* as appropriately declaring the character of that ecclesiastical body as the unity of our own nation. Above the platform was written Christianity's expressive motto: "Unus corpus sumus in Christo;" while in every heart was felt, we are met,

"Where names and sects and parties fall,  
And Jesus Christ is all in all."

Three of these noble men are gone. Two from the deck of the *Ville de Havre* sank beneath Atlantic's foaming billows, but "their works do follow them." Under the influence set in motion at that Alliance, the clash of religious sentiment is ceasing, Christians are uniting against a common foe and the churches are converging. Love is mightier than

logic, and as Christian hearts are being deluged with love they are becoming one, "as the Father and the Son are one." Those of the ministry, too, with cultured minds and cultured hearts, are soaring above the narrow creed and catechism, and as with the voice of one man are crying out to humanity, "Behold, behold the Lamb!" From the banks of the Ganges, "from Greenland's icy mountains, and India's coral strand," from the shores of the Pacific, and where flow the waters of the Nile, from Alpine heights, and New England palatial residences, comes the legitimate response, "I see, I see the Star," and over every barrier they are coming—they are coming, to clasp hands around the cross of one common Redeemer, until soon in heaven's courts will be heard the glad announcement, "The morning dawneth."

Such is culture's worthy mission. The

morning stars once sang together, not because a new orb had appeared, but because a race of kings and conquerors had sprung into existence. But when that race, under the leadership of culture, brought forth from a world streaming with blood and echoing with groans attains its full fruition, and with united hands marches to heaven's gates, the spheres will break forth in sweeter music, angel voices, too, will join the strain, while all heaven with triumphant shout will welcome home the brotherhood. O, culture, noble is thy work! Thy dignity is the brightest manifestation of divinity; yea, the symbol of God's infinity, for no limit can be set to thy unfolding! Humanity as a unit comes and bows at thy tribunal, acknowledging the sway of thy scepter, and marshalled under thy banner marches forward to conquer death and hell, and with thee to scale the battlements of glory.

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#### MUNSELLIAN NOTES.

—A neat classical name for a boy: Orionpeterjacobshumpsicundunks Hohengollenhoffenberh. The Seniors would do well to make a note of this. We would suggest to the reader not to apply the common rules of pronunciation to the first part of the above name.

—We are glad to receive the good reports that come to us from the Chicago University. The officers and friends of that institution, are evidently in good earnest to put it in excellent working trim. The Rev. Sam'l. Moss, D.D., has been duly installed president, and Rev. Dr. Burroughs, Chancellor, men in every way well fitted to fill such positions. Initiatory steps have been taken for the establishment of an endowment fund of at least \$25,000, to be raised by July 4th, 1876. Other matters of vital importance to the University, have also received special attention. Success to our sister institution of the Queen City of the West.

—News from the front! Cupid still victorious! Great slaughter of hearts! Williamsville again the scene of Cupid's triumph! List of the wounded &c. The particulars are about as follows: Dr.

R. E. McClelland married to Miss Turley, Sept. 9th, and Miss Jennie Fisher married to Mr. E. A. Lyon, Oct. 27th. Thus, two more Munsellians have gone up—not "where the woodbine twineth," but—from a state of single blessedness to try the untried realities of matrimonial bliss. We join with their hosts of friends in wishing them God speed, in their work and journey through life.

—While in the midst of our scribbling we were interrupted by an invitation to discuss the merits of a ten-pound turkey. Now, while we are averse to interruptions generally, we wish our friends to understand that we never object to an interruption of this kind. But it is not fat turkeys and rich viands that we prize most after all. It is the warm welcome and social good cheer we are always sure to meet with at the table of a friend. Ah, we love the old-time custom, of gathering off' and tarrying long around the festal board, where in animated conversational wit, sharpens wit, the joke and laugh go round, merriment holds sway and pleasure crowns the hour.



## HERE AND ELSEWHERE.

## ALUMNI.

—J. F. Winter, of '67, has recently been elected to a seat in the legislature of our State.

—M. V. Crumbaker, of '74, is meeting with encouraging success in the ministry. His address is, Clifton, Ill.

—E. M. Johnson, of '67, found time recently to call at the University and give us a friendly shake of the hand. He still hails from Pontiac.

—W. F. Graves, of '71, writing from Fairbury, Ill., intimates that his address will shortly be Indianapolis, Indiana, as he purposes removing to that place to engage in the practice of law.

—W. E. Barns, of '72, who for some time has held the position of assistant editor of the *South Western Advocate*, published at New Orleans, La., recently visited his friends in our city. We were pleased to see him at the University, and we applied our powers of persuasion to prevail upon him to call upon the students at chapel service, but having been one of their number in previous years, he had not forgotten the cost of such luxuries, and hence declined the pressing invitation, remarking that he had no speech prepared. He goes to St. Louis, Mo., to take a position in the office of the *Central Christian Advocate*.

—There is a rumor afloat in regard to an effort to induce the Alumni of the University to endow a Professorship in their Alma Mater. The suggestion is certainly worthy the serious attention of all friends of the University, and more especially of those who have enjoyed its privileges and prepared for the active duties of life in its halls. There are at present about one hundred regular graduates, and a goodly number who have received honors of the University. This desirable work might be accomplished without seriously burdening any one; and if the sons, and we are happy to be able to add *daughters* too, of our Alma Mater, would simply *plank* down the cash so that such an endowment might be at once realized and made immediately

available, such relief would be opportune, as the University is straightened for means to provide for its rapidly increasing number of students. Who will be the first to give tangibility to this floating rumor by a substantial donation.

## LAW DEPARTMENT.

—The Faculty of the Law Department have made a slight change in the arrangement of the law course in order to accommodate those who desire to enter the department in January. Hereafter the work of the year will be divided into two terms. The first term of 16 weeks will begin the first Tuesday in September; the second term of 20 weeks will begin the first Tuesday in January. Arrangements will be made to accommodate all students who may desire to begin the course either in September or January, and members of the department will be awarded diplomas as soon they have satisfactorily completed the prescribed course.

## DEGREES.

—The question has been raised whether a scientific graduate holding the degree of B. S. will, upon satisfactory examination in the studies of one of the post graduate courses, be awarded the degree of Ph. D. As that degree has a specific meaning and is supposed to imply a classical education as the basis of its conferment, it has been suggested that the degree of Doctor of Science (D. Sc.) be given to all Bachelors of Science who may complete a post graduate course. We think the suggestion a good one, and worthy the consideration of the proper authorities of the University. The Faculty of the University are considering the propriety of recommending that the degree of Master of Science (M. Sc.) be conferred upon all Bachelors of Science of three years' standing, who, by their efforts since graduation, have shown themselves worthy of such honors. No doubt such a degree would stimulate some of the scientific graduates to engage in more systematic study after leaving college halls, especially if such a degree was made attainable only by a thorough, sat-

isfactory examination in some post graduate work. We hope the time is not far distant when the Master's degree in both Science and Art will be conferred only upon those who pass satisfactory examination in some special course of study.

#### LADIES' EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

—The Ladies Educational Association of the Illinois Wesleyan University is now fully organized, and its financial agent, Mrs. J. R. Jaques, is meeting with gratifying success in her work. Already the pledge of \$5,000, which was to be secured before subscriptions were binding, has been obtained, and the agent is rapidly closing up the open subscriptions either by cash payments or interest bearing notes. At a recent meeting of the Association a permanent organization was effected by electing a Board of Trustees, consisting of twenty-one members. That our friends may be assured that all funds contributed to aid the Association in its work will be carefully and judiciously invested, we here insert the names of those who have been elected to the responsible office of Trustees, officers and managers: Trustees: Mrs. Gov. Beveridge, Mrs. E. P. Hall, Mrs. D. McWilliams, Mrs. J. C. S. Miller, Miss S. E. Raymond, Mrs. O. A. Shur, Prof. Jennie F. Willing, Mrs. G. R. Crow, Mrs. A. Funk, Mrs. E. C. Hyde, Mrs. J. R. Jaques, Mrs. M. L. Orme, Mrs. S. Withers, Mrs. Judge D. Davis, Mrs. S. Fallows, Miss S. E. Hale, Mrs. J. F. Humphrey, Mrs. D. Kern, Mrs. A. E. Sanford, Mrs. P. Whitmer.

Officers: Pres't, Mrs. Fallows; Vice-Pres't, Miss S. E. Raymond; Recording Secretary, Miss S. E. Hale; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. H. I. Shur; Treasurer, Mrs. A. E. Sanford.

Managers: Mrs. J. Crego, Mrs. F. M. Funk, Mrs. H. C. DeMotte, Mrs. I. Lackey, Mrs. B. S. Potter, Mrs. H. G. Reeves.

The Association proposes to endow a chair in the University which shall be filled by a lady professor, and also to establish a Ladies' Cottage, or Home, for young women who with limited means are striving to obtain an education at the University. These objects are certainly praiseworthy and, in themselves, appeal to the generosity of a christian public for substantial recognition and material aid. We trust none of our friends will deny

themselves the privilege of contributing to this enterprise.

#### PERSONAL.

—We take pleasure in introducing to our readers Messrs. Moore and Oliver, subscription book publishers, Davenport Iowa. We have had a very pleasant business acquaintance with Mr. Oliver, as correspondent for John Fleearty, whose full page advertisement appeared in our columns a portion of the year. Messrs. Moore and Oliver, having purchased Mr. Fleearty's interest in the book trade, present an attractive page in this issue, and solicit a share of the public patronage. Having examined a number of their books, we can most heartily recommend them to the reading public.

—In our last issue we mentioned the fact that a new cabinet organ from the factory of Messrs. Simmons and Clough, Detroit, Mich., had recently been placed in the day chapel of the University. We have had sufficient time since its introduction to examine somewhat minutely its elegant style and finish, and to test the power and quality of its tones. Thus far it has stood the test of our amateur critics of music in the University, and given universal satisfaction to all who have witnessed a trial of its power, and the quality of its combinations. Its action is free and easy, its power average, and its combinations pleasing. Its peculiar attractiveness is found in the rich melodious sweetness of its tones. The nine stops forming its combinations are, flute, vox-celeste, melodia, vox-humana, forte, sub-base, diapason, octave-coupler, and viola. We have no hesitation in recommending the Simmons and Clough organ as a superior instrument.

—Messrs. 'John Wiley and Sons, have recently presented to the University library a complete set of Professor Warrens' works on descriptive geometry, shades and shadows, and linear perspective and free hand drawing. This valuable donation is fully appreciated, and we sincerely trust that this liberal spirit of giving may duly influence many other publishers. Messrs. Wiley and Sons are the publishers of some of the most attractive and valuable works in the English language, among which we might

mention those of the celebrated art critic, Ruskin. Any information in regard to their numerous publications, will be promptly furnished by addressing John Wiley and Sons, 15 Astor Place, New York.

—Mr. Edward Cook, 132 and 135 State street, Chicago, agent for Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor and Co., has placed upon our table for examination, "The Spencerian Drawing Books," prepared by H. Hutchings. A brief glance at their contents assures us that they are admirably adapted to elementary instruction in drawing, and we hope, ere long, to put some numbers of the series to the practical test in our preparatory classes.

#### EXCHANGES.

—Vol. 1, No. 1, of the *National Teacher's Monthly*, with J. Mahony as editor, and A. S. Barnes & Co. as publishers, has reached our table. It is much like its editor, spicy and somewhat dogmatical, with a lurking disposition to say some sharp thing under the name of sectarian schools in opposition to denominational efforts in the educational work. We like Brother Mahoney, however, for his *blunt* or *pointed* way of saying things, and shall hope to receive the regular visits of this new member of the magazine family.

—The *Cornell Era* has done us the honor to mention the name of the ALUMNI JOURNAL in a somewhat unenviable connection. We have no war of words or epithets of condemnation for our Cornell friends. We award to them, without discussion, the right to form their own opinions as to the merits of their exchanges. The truth is we are not attempting to publish a "*Cornell Era*," neither do we take its spirit as our patron saint. We do not care to beguile our readers with reports of match games of base ball which fill whole columns, devoting, as in the *Cornell Era* before us, more than one-eighth of our space to that interesting subject. It may be intensely interesting to the readers of the *Era* to know that Finch made one "fly-catch" and Cobb four "foul catches;" that W. C. Hays acted as one of the scorers; that the game was advertised to begin at half-past twelve, but did not begin until shortly

after one o'clock; that quite a number of people were present, and that the game was opened with Syracuse at the bat and Cornell in the field, but we confess to a lack of enthusiasm and interest in our work when we attempt to peruse such columns. We have a base ball association at the University. This club occasionally plays a match game. At *times* it is the *victor*. We could induce some one, feeling a greater interest in the sport than we do, to write a full report for publication. We have a large list of exchanges, many of them much more interesting and valuable than the *Cornell Era*; and we could fill several columns with "college gossip," but the constant appearance in our college exchanges of those clever sayings which, when first uttered, were really interesting, becomes so severe a joke that we beg to be excused from inflicting it upon our readers; and we have the satisfaction of knowing that our thoughtfulness in this matter is duly appreciated by many of our friends.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

—Answer to the riddle in the *Munsellian Department* of the November number of the JOURNAL: *A Splinter*.

Mr. J. A. Mack, a student of the University, being the first to furnish a solution was awarded the prize, which may be described as a modern Phoenix in the shape of a china baby, which came through the great Chicago blaze of '71, minus one hand and a great toe, but otherwise as sound as a dollar, and which was secured by the writer before it had fully grown cold.

—I have listened when it thundered. I thought, what music! Peal after peal rolls forth. Cloud answers cloud. The peak of one cloud-mountain calls to its fellow. Each calls to the other, and each returns its answer, until every peak is vocal with divinest music, and the Heavens are flooded with sound. We hear it gently rise and fall in the cloud-valley. We hear its voice swelling in the infinite distance, it becomes fainter. It is now a whispering echo, trembling in the distance; dying now, gently dying; it is lost.—*Index Rerum*.

## BOOK TABLE.

## PETERSON'S CHEAP EDITION OF THE WAVERLY NOVELS FOR THE MILLION.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, have just published *Ivanhoe*, by Sir Walter Scott, it being the first volume of an entire new edition of *The Waverly Novels*, now in course of publication by them, entitled "*Peter-son's Cheap Edition of the Waverly Novels for the Millions*." Each work will be issued complete in one large octavo volume, with a new illustrated cover on each book, and be completed in 26 volumes, at 25 cents each, or \$5 for the complete set. This will be the cheapest as well as the only complete edition of the *Waverly Novels* published in this country.

## OUTLINES OF ASTRONOMY, by ARTHUR SEARLE, A. M. Published by GINN BROTHERS, Boston.

In the preparation of the above work it seems to have been the aim of the author to so popularize the discussions of the science as to make his book acceptable to the general reader. In a good degree he has succeeded. As a *popular* treatise on Astronomy, Searle's Outlines stand in the front rank. However, in abandoning geometrical illustrations for the most part, he is compelled at times to resort to some circumlocution of words in his explanations, which lies as a serious objection to his work as a text-book. The typographical execution of the work is superb.

## 3,000 PRACTICE WORDS; A MANUAL OF ORTHOGRAPHY AND PRONUNCIATION. By J. WILLIS WESTLAKE, A. M.

The second edition of this work has just issued from the publishing house of Eldridge & Brother, Philadelphia. It has been enlarged and improved and will prove a valuable aid in acquiring a knowledge of that most difficult science, if science it may be called, English Orthography and Orthoepy. The design of the book is sufficiently set forth in the following taken from the preface: "In teaching orthography, the want is often felt of a collection of just such words as a student needs to study, unencumbered by those of which he is already master, or which are so rarely employed as to be of but little use to him. The spelling book and the dictionary are too large; a person has to go over too many words to find the ones he needs. This little work is printed to supply the want here indicated." Price, by mail, post paid, 50 cents.

## A PRACTICAL AND CRITICAL GRAMMAR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, by NOBLE BUTLER. Published by JOHN P. MORTON, Louisville, Ky.

In the above work considerable attention is given to Orthography, while, for a knowledge of Orthoepy, the pupil is referred to some standard dictionary. Might not a knowledge of Orthography be gained as readily in the same way? The subject of Etymology is thoroughly and systematically discussed, while the apt illustrative examples and questions for review will please many teachers. The principles of Syntax are presented in a clear and forcible manner, and the

exercises are unusually full and well selected. The brief discussion of Prosody can only be of interest to advanced pupils. In an appendix the author, in a series of notes, presents much valuable information in reference to idiomatic and disputed constructions. We shall not be surprised if Butler's English Grammar becomes a great favorite with both pupils and teachers.

## A GRAMMAR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, WITH AN ANALYSIS OF THE SENTENCE, by JOHN S. HART, LL. D., issued by the same house, is before us.

We have given the work a brief review, and are well pleased with its general arrangement. The author is well known as a ripe scholar in English literature, and his works all bear the impress of careful research. He is also at home in the field of the teacher, and is prepared to write a text-book, aided by the light of actual experience. The work before us evidently partakes of this practical character. The points aimed at by the author in its production are two-fold: First, to give some knowledge of grammar in general; Secondly, to set forth the forms and laws peculiar to the English language. Throughout the discussion, the more important matter is kept distinct from the valuable notes, comments and remarks of the author by the use of different type. Single copies will be sent post-paid to any address upon the receipt of 90 cents by the publishers, Eldridge & Brother, No. 17 North Seventh St., Philadelphia, Pa.

## A MANUAL OF MEDIEVAL AND MODERN HISTORY, by M. E. THALHEIMER. Published by WILSON, HINKLE &amp; Co., Cincinnati and New York.

The above work contains a sketch of fourteen centuries, in five Books or parts:

- I. The Dark Ages, A. D. 476-1096.
- II. The Middle Ages, A. D. 1096-1492.
- III. Discoveries in America, and the Rise of State Systems in Europe, A. D. 1492-1648.
- IV. From the Peace of Westphalia to the Beginning of Revolutions in Europe, A. D. 1648-1789.
- V. From the French Revolution to the Rise of the German Empire, A. D. 1789-1871.

The name of the author is already familiar to many students of history, as "*The Manual of Ancient History*" has had an extensive circulation and is now used as a text book in some of the leading educational institutions of the country. It seems unnecessary to offer any comment upon the peculiar freshness and attractiveness of the style of one so well known in American literature. To be appreciated the book must be carefully read, and the facts which it records thoroughly digested. The volume before us is an admirable sequel to the "*Ancient History*," and the two form a very thorough course in history. We only add the remark that it seems to us that all that can be done by an author has been done in this series of histories to relieve the study of whatever difficulties may surround it, and render its prosecution a source of real pleasure as well as profit.

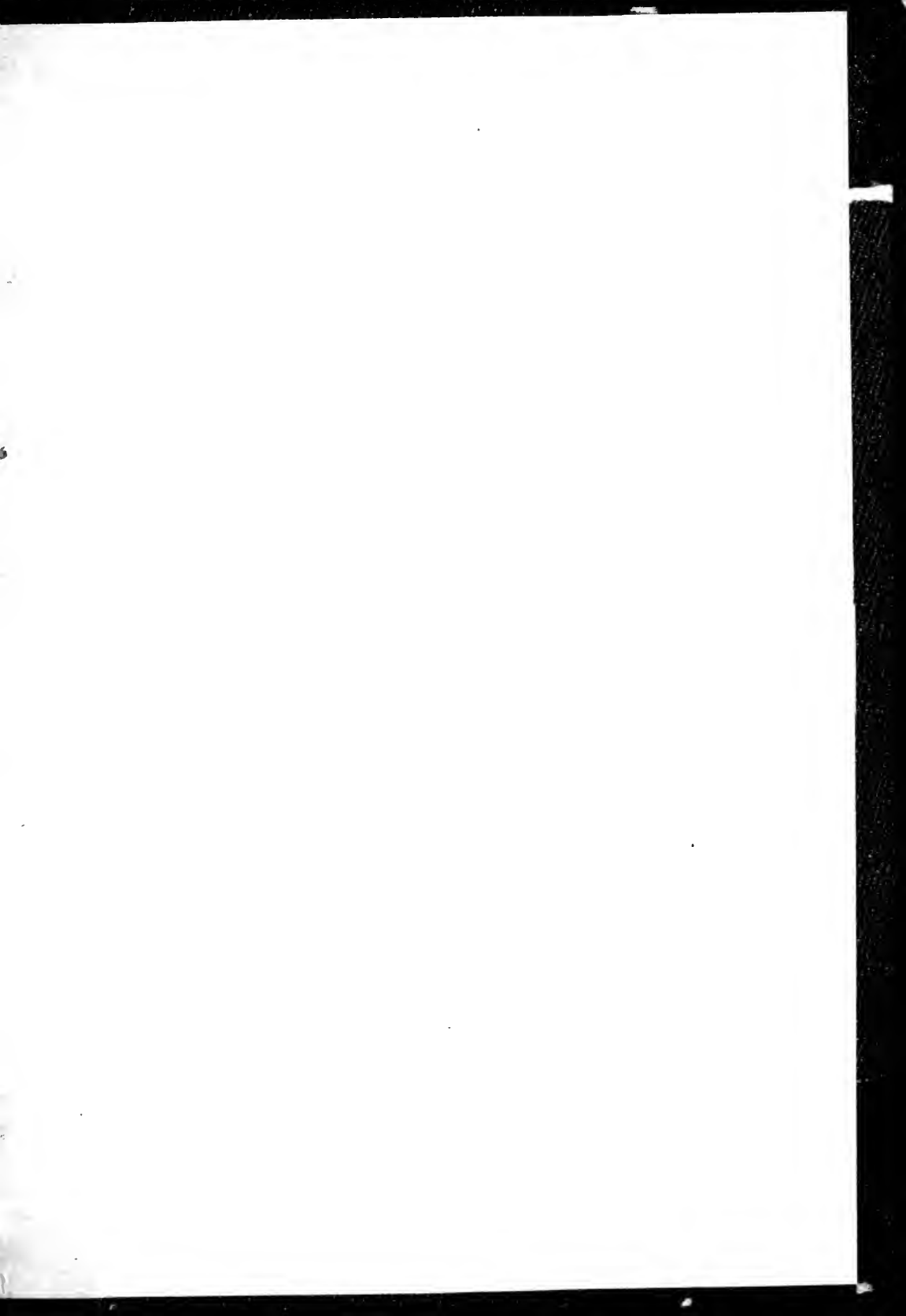


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