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HUXLEY AND EVOLUTION.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S recent visit to America has awakened anew the minds of men to the difficult problems of evolution. The splendid reputation of the great English speculatist lent peculiar significance to the occasion, and created a feeling of general expectation in all literary circles. Professor Huxley has come and gone, but our enthusiasm loses much of its admiration for the man and all its warmth with our first perusal of his lectures.

We are fully prepared to accept the Professor's decision that the question is a historical one, depending, not on personal testimonies, but on circumstantial evidence. His refutation of the theory that the "Order of nature which now obtains has always obtained," is quite agreeable as a review of familiar things, but a little antiquated as an argument, since there are none found to urge the statement which it is designed to refute.

The downfall of the Miltonic theory is a necessary consequence of later geological revelations. Even his playful reference to the flexibility of the Hebrew tongue cannot disturb any man of however tender conscience in view of the numerous and fanciful interpretations of Genesis.

But one cannot but be surprised at his treatment of evidence. It is impossible that any considerable amount of circumstantial evidence, beyond a few isolated facts, can be classed as indifferent. It must at least create a presumption in one direction or another.

What Cuvier regarded as decisive, Professor Huxley disposes of by calling it indifferent. If we regard the problem of organic evolution as yet unsolved as we are forced to do,

and treat it inductively as he professes to do, then there is a large class of facts which no candid man can regard otherwise than as so much evidence in favor of the persistency of types. It is true he says that these facts can be interpreted in accordance with the theory of evolution. On strictly inductive principles it cannot be done until evolution is an established fact. If he assumes the theory and proceeds deductively, then the principle of his theory and the evidence conflict. Development is the characteristic feature of evolution, and we should naturally suppose that the flight of untold centuries, in conjunction with the hypothetical laws of Darwin, would have been sufficient to have produced variations better suited to their surroundings and destined to supplant and in turn wholly extirpate the original types. The laws of evolution must be capricious, for they do not work uniformly in the creation of new species to supplant older and less adapted ones. It certainly shows a degree of faith that would do credit to any apostle of modern miracles when men like Professor Huxley, in the face of the fact that we have the history and derivation of no one of the many thousands of living or extinct species that inhabit or have inhabited the face of our globe, will construct a department for the reception of all evidence that tends to establish the permanency of species and label it indifferent. The whole case looks like the work, not of a man who proceeds in a logical manner seeking to discover the plain teachings of facts, but of one who has a theory that must be established at all hazards. Hence much that seems plain is set aside according to the law of partisan zeal. Of course the deductive method is legitimate and in some cases is the only method that can be employed. Yet as long as the object of proof is in doubt, we should recognize any apparent conflict of testimony. Professor Huxley's idea of the modification of reptiles into a Dinosaurian form and then into birds, is not objectionable, for he himself states that the "process may possibly have taken place." But one who has doubts of the Darwinian theory of evoluton can hardly agree with him in calling his array of facts concerning the "pedigree of the horse," demonstrative of the thing which he affirms.

This, like a large class of allied facts, is demonstrative of an evolutionary succession, but compel no one to admit geneological relationships. All admit that a principle of evolution exists, but time alone will determine its laws.

A PRINCIPLE OF PROGRESS IN MAN.

MANY orators of the present day affirm, and many philosophers teach, the existence of a principle of progression in man — a tendency to perfection founded on the very laws of his being; and one has declared that in those eras when the race has appeared to recede into deeper darkness—as in the centuries that witnessed the decline and fall of the Roman power—that even then the light was but obscured, as when fuel is thrown upon a roaring fire, concealing for a season the brightness of the blaze, but increasing the intensity of the heat. We have learned history otherwise. We have otherwise regarded the story of human advancement. If they intend to assert that there is in human nature a capacity for improvement, that it ought to be wiser and better with each successive generation, that it is influenced to a greater or less degree by climate and circumstances,—we readily assent. But this is by no means the theory that the orators of our day assert and dilate on. Elevation and refinement spring directly from a few master spirits. Thus it has been with the great civilizations of the world. The early Egyptian civilization was not the fruit of growth and progression, but rather the result of traditionary teaching, transmitted from age to age by the priesthood of that mysterious realm. Greek civilization sprang from a few master minds; and without a Homer, a Pythagoras, a Plato — even under the inspiring influence of clime and scenery, of sea and skies—we can scarcely imagine the Greece of Miltiades and Leonidas, of Epaminondas and Pericles, to have had an existence. From the tremulous and famine-enfeebled chant of the blind old beggar of Scio, went forth the power that hurled back into the Hellespont the legions of Xerxes, and changed the destinies of a world.

Behold the nations of to-day basking in the light of civilization. What brought out of darkness, out of chaos, the glories of the nineteenth century? What kindled the smouldering embers of manhood to a more genial warmth and and a brighter radiance? The theology of Bunyan, the drama of Shakespeare, the poetry of Milton, the philosophy of Bacon, the inventive skill of Faust, —rather than any innate principle of progression in man. Vain the illusion that the far future, merely because it is the future, will be better and wiser than the past. Let the advocate of this theory trace back the mouldy chronicles of the Celestial Empire through thirty centuries of utter stagnation; let him stand upon the ruins of Babylon, above the fallen and imbedded pillars of

her temples, theatres, and palaces, aud look upon the scattered hordes of miserable and famished robbers of the desert, who roam abroad never dreaming that a great city ever existed there; and then judge of the fallacy that makes progress a law of our nature, and its unebbing tide the landmarks of time.

It is too true that we are a dwarfed and distorted race. Here and there we see a general, whose martial deeds we admire; a poet, and we are entranced by his song; an orator, and we are charmed by his eloquence; but how seldom a whole and complete man! Could a mental picture be held up before us on which the imperfections of character should appear, what defects would not the camera depict! what indiscreet philanthropists, what godless patriots, what uncharitable devotees! Must we therefore abandon in despair the hope of a truer manhood? Must, then, human virtue be ever a tiny rivulet, meandering through a bog of selfishness and passion? Let us hope otherwise. Only through ardent effort, through heroic endurance, aided and impelled by the providence of God, does the capacity of our race for improvement evolve itself. Imperative is the obligation resting upon us, not to stand idly by, expecting the foaming current of human ignorance and immorality to exhaust itself, but to embark earnestly in the great work of resisting and overcoming it.

NOVEMBER'S WOOING.

SHRIEK lustily, November,
Raise high your wildest breeze,
Wail through the slumb'ring forests
Where little rills must freeze!

A strain from banished anthems
Would sound but poorly now;
The pallid frost hath settled
Upon the face and brow

Of our crowned queen, October.
November's kiss was chill;
The birds would miss *her* welcome,
And *his* their voice must still.

With her the late buds cower
Beneath his grim, dark smile;
He stole her from her bower
All by his artful wile.

She stept to greet him coming
Across the white-gemmed grass;
Cold was the moon-lit pathway
O'er which the two must pass.

But, oh! *he* bore it bravely,
In Winter trappings clad;
While *she*, in Summer robing,
Was stricken, pale, and sad.

Wail, then, thou harsh November!
Alone thy reign shall be;
Lost is thy bright October,
Save unto memory.

MENTAL SUFFOCATION.

THERE is an atmosphere about the mind which aids its working and gives it vitality, just as the air inhaled by our lungs vitalizes our bodies. We know that with impure air our bodies will become dwarfed and weak, and soon die; just so the mind needs a pure atmosphere to give it proper activity and keep it from becoming dwarfed and useless.

This atmosphere which feeds the mind derives its elements from that which we read and observe. We are as unconscious of its existence and immediate effects on the mind, as we are of the air and its immediate effects on the body.

The oxygen inhaled with every breath purifies and invigorates the blood. If the air lacks this element it will fail to sustain life, and the body will die. Every good thing learned from books or by observation is to the mind as oxygen to the body; and if our reading is devoid of anything good, our minds are far from being improved.

A close inspection of the popular literature of the day would reveal many impurities, and we should be led to hold up our hands in horror at the vast amount of poison it contains. Large doses of this poison, done up in book-covers and in the

columns of newspapers, are placed where young minds cannot help receiving its deadly effects.

The parent is very careful that his child while growing may get a proper amount of open air exercise, and not be confined to the impure air of a close room. But it is feared he is less careful of what the child reads. He does not know what is feeding the young mind. He does not consider that

"'Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd."

The subject of proper ventilation in our school houses has been agitated until the desired change has been effected, and modern school houses are comparatively free from pale and sickly scholars; but there is also a need of proper ventilation in our literature. The hand of law should be laid more firmly upon the press, and the rapidly increasing flow of so-called literature, which revels in the details of bloodshed and murder and depicts scenes which would call a blush of shame to the cheek of the reader, should be checked. This is the kind of reading which influences thousands of young minds, as our Reform Schools and Penitentiaries plainly testify. It is an immoral atmosphere, so poisonous that it suffocates the mind, stifling every generous impulse, every worthy purpose. Thus, while the body comes to the stature of manhood, the mind is cramped by the swaddling clothes of infancy.

If a boy grows up in the streets of a large city, and is moulded by the influence of the scenes there enacted, his mind can never attain its proper growth, but will be circumscribed by the sphere in which he has lived, and in thousands of cases the result will be a premature, infamous death.

There may be intelligent men, men of power, men of influence, great men, honored men; but truly Christian men are all this and more. They are men of broad minds, of lofty mental stature, because in a Christian life the mind is nourished and grows up in a purely moral atmosphere. It is open to everything that is good and right.

Ministers and other educated men should have sufficient salaries, so that they need not be obliged to stint themselves to a few old books and papers, and be like men suffocating in a close room for want of air, but may have the means to procure such books and surround themselves with such influences as shall ensure an unrestricted development of all their faculties.

A few years ago, when slave-ships sailed between Africa and America, the slaves were crowded so closely into the holds of the vessels that many died during every passage from mere suffocation. The honor due those who have caused such scenes to be things of the past will only be exceeded by that which will be bestowed on those who shall remove the causes of mental suffocation.

'TIS NOT ENOUGH.

'TIS not enough of life to live,
To move, and have a being,
And gallop through life's giddy scenes—
With wanton pleasures teeming.

'Tis not enough to wear the form
And fashion of a man,
And suffer nought but pleasure's gale
Our puny faces fan.

'Tis not enough of life to eat
The fruit of others' toil,
To gather flowers that others sowed
Amid life's thorny soil.

'Tis not enough of life to read
The books of others' lore,
To trust to them for what we learn,
And know of nothing more.

'Tis not enough to always walk
In pace to olden tunes,
And never hurry on our march
When virtue's foe impugns.

'Tis not enough to sing the songs
Our fathers sang of yore,
And always dwell on minor strains,
As in their ancient score.

'Tis not enough to play the harp
That David used to string,
And, like the living warbler,
The same old tune to sing.

'Tis not enough to talk the brogue
Our fathers talked so lame,
To write their straight and labored hand,
And punctuate the same.

'Tis not enough to frame our thoughts
And actions by the past,
And, like the toiling beaver, make
The same old dam at last.

'Tis not enough—'tis not enough
To know what others know;
To gather fruit, and never plant;
To reap, and never sow.

THE "UNKNOWABLE" OF HERBERT SPENCER.

SPENCER'S theory of the origin of things (as we understand it) is as follows: The universe, since it exists, must have had a cause; but of the nature of this cause we can know absolutely nothing, for we have never seen or felt it. Our knowledge of its existence amounts to a knowledge of appearances or phenomena which it has caused. In other words, we know it has created—has performed wonderful feats; but what it is that has done these, in its essence, we do not know. Therefore it is the height of folly to ascribe to it the attributes of a designing mind. Hence, that which the theists call God, the pantheists call *everything*, the atheists call *nothing*,—Spencer calls the *unknowable.*

That we are profoundly ignorant of this primal cause, we frankly confess; but are we indeed so ignorant as Mr. Spencer would like to have us believe? What is it to *know* a thing? For example, what do we mean when we say we know a man? that we know his weight, the peculiar composition of his body, the texture of his flesh, or the essences of his being? No; we simply mean that we know the manifestations which he has made of himself to the world. Or, when we say we know a rock, we mean we know its color, shape, texture, specific gravity,—which is, indeed, not a knowledge of the rock itself, but of its *appearance;* and what more do we want? Is it not sufficient knowledge of a thing that we know its properties? There may be a difference between a thing itself and its appearance; if there is, it is so small that we are warranted to affirm "a thing is what it manifests itself to be." Suppose we were perfectly acquainted with a thing in itself, but knew nothing of its properties (if such a thing were conceivable), how much more

would we know than if we knew the properties but not the thing itself? Suppose we take to a bank a something, having neither color nor shape, nor any other tangible property, and ask the cashier to exchange it for a hundred dollars. Would he comply with our demand? But, on the other hand, let us take to a jeweler an article, in size no larger than a rain-drop, crystalline in form, of the hardest texture and the greatest brilliancy of any substance, and tell him: "Sir, here is something, that is of the shape, color, solidity, and brilliancy, as you see; but no one in the world knows what it is in itself." The man glances at it and says: "I will give you a thousand dollars for it." A thousand dollars for mere *appearance!* Therefore we may conclude, where there is appearance *there is something*, where this is lacking *there is nothing;* and when we have knowledge of appearances, we have real knowledge,—where this is wanting, there is gross ignorance.

Now then, do we know anything of the first cause, otherwise the "unknowable"—so called by Spencer? Has it made any manifestations of itself? Are there any appearances in which we see its very image? The earth and the wonders that are in it, the heavens and their glory,—are not these like so many types printed on a white sheet? Do we not in these read the name of Him whom Spencer calls nameless? and is it not committing a most gross blunder to call Him, who is thus known, "the unknowable"? Now, from what knowledge we have of ourselves and the outward world, do we not recognize, in the cause of the universe, a thinking, knowing mind, like our own (only infinitely greater)? But to Spencer's mind such a thing is unthinkable, for he says: "May a watch (supposing it possessed consciousness) regard the watchmaker's actions as determined, like its own, by springs and escapements?" We answer, A watch, had it a mind, could rightly reason in regard to its maker as follows: "My maker could not have made me unless he had first formed in his mind the concept, the idea of a complete watch." Again, the watch could say: "My mechanical workings are according to a law; the mind of my maker must work according to a principle. I have a balance-wheel to regulate my movements; there must be something in my maker to keep his mind within proper limits of action. I have a main-spring, to overcome the friction of my wheels; my maker must have force of character to surmount difficulties." In this sense, who can dispute that a watch is part and parcel of its maker, and therefore, so far, like its maker. It does not seem so absurd, after all, for a watch to judge of its maker from itself. Mr. Spencer has not, then, shown any flaw in the reasoning which determines the creator from the creature. Just as a watch is an

emanation from the mind of its maker and an expression of his character, so are we and all creation an emanation from the Infinite Mind and expressions of His nature. Therefore, while we are lost at the contemplation of His greatness, and are overwhelmed with a sense of our ignorance of Him, yet we can with the fullest confidence affirm: We know he is great, for his *works* are great; we know he is a designing intelligence, for *we* are intelligences.

METANOIA.

I STAND on some vast mountain peak
And gaze the landscape o'er;
What countless beauties round me break,
Set free through Nature's door!

I stand on some great thought, alone,
And look adown the slope,
And ask myself, in bitter tone:
"Is this your only hope?

"What other men have done for you,
Shall you but do the same?
And ne'er attempt a vantage new,—
Are you indeed so tame?"

And then I watch the way I came
To this, another's height;
And all my soul is filled with shame
That I have fought no fight.

Oh, bitter then the tears that flow,
And I am weak, so weak,
I fain would walk the road below—
Another pathway seek.

But if I go far down below,
I lose the beauty here;
The clouds that fill the valley so
May ever be too near.

And I may never come again
To glory such as this;
The longest life is but a span,
By current drawn amiss.

And I would fain go on to see
The higher peaks that rise;
The eternals that round me be
But urge me to the skies.

Shall I rebuild this mountain vast—
The bottom place at top,
Go over all the weary past,
And reach this height, to stop?

No higher shall I be when done;
No firmer will it stand;
No nearer to the noonday sun;
No farther see the land.

The plain and valley hold the earth
That you and I may take
To build a growth of sterling worth,
That nothing e'er will shake.

O Student! then no longer make
Another's height your own;
They who the soonest self forsake
Are all the sooner grown.

A LETTER FROM EUROPE.

AFTER a long and fatiguing journey of nearly three weeks we have finally reached our destination.

Aix les Bains is a fashionable watering place, situated in Savoie, in the southern part of France. The province of Savoie was formerly a part of Italy, but was ceded to France in 1860. The people speak a mixture of Italian and French, which makes it very difficult for one who is not acquainted with both languages. The town is high up among the mountains, contiguous to the beautiful lake of Bourget, near the Mont Cenis tunnel; it is surrounded by orchards, gardens, and vineyards, some of which extend far up the mountain side. It has many beautiful walks and drives shaded by tall trees set on either side. The place is visited annually by many thousands who come in search of health, tempted by the mineral springs and the extreme salubrity of the atmosphere. The climate is so healthful that Aix is said to have entirely escaped the terrible plague that so rapidly depopulated the neighboring valleys in 1435 and 1564.

The thermal springs have been used for many centuries, first by the Romans, whence the name Roman baths. They were formerly situated under the "Pension Chabert." Its form is octagonal, surrounded by seats one above the other. The roof is supported by a hundred columns, around which the waters circulated. The ceiling is perforated. This is supposed to have been intended for a vaporium. Recently there has been a large stone building erected with all the modern conveniences necessary for bathing. The supply of water is 1076 gallons per minute, having a temperature of 112 to 117 degrees Fahrenheit, and thoroughly impregnated with sulphur and alum. There are some old Roman curiosities still in existence. In the garden near the bathing house I saw the old sun dial which was found close by the ancient vaporium. It shows the marks of age, but tells the villager the time of day as accurately now as it did the Romans hundreds of years ago. There stands in the square of the modern thermal establishment, a fine old monument called the Arch of Campanus. It is built of large blocks of calcareous stones, is 32 feet high and 22 feet wide. The span of the arch is nine feet ten inches. On it are many inscriptions, all dedicated to the honor of the Pompeian family. Under the architrave is the following:

L. POMPEIVS CAMPANVS VIVVS FECIT.

The thermal grottoes are well worth a visit. They are illuminated

twice a month, then the entrance fee is one franc, at other times fifty centimes. It is very interesting to walk through this subterranean cavern and notice the corrosive power of the water. Near the source of the springs the roof of the cave is completely honeycombed, caused by vaporizing of the water. The smell of sulphur and the almost insupportable heat brings to mind what we have read about the lower regions. Excursions are made to Haute Combe on the opposite side of the lake, which was formerly the burial-place of the princes of Savoie; also to Annecy, to the summit of Mont du Chat and many other places of interest. The most difficult and yet the most desirable of any is the ascension of the Grand Revass.

We have waited a very long time for a suitable day. It has come at last and is all that the most fastidious could desire. None has been clearer or more favorable during the whole season, says our guide. At eight o'clock we start. The first part of the journey is easily performed with mules (if one desires them, but I prefer to walk.) On the left, the guide points out a fine statue, on which is the following inscription:

HOC MONUMENTUM PIIS FIDELIUM IMPEUS
IN SPONTE CONCESSO
ERECTUM, IN HONOREM BEATÆ
MARIÆ VIRGINIS
SUB NOMINE
NOTRE AQUARUM DOMINE
DICTUM EST
1867.

Our path becomes more and more difficult as we ascend. It is very narrow, in many places cut into the solid rock which projects over it, and winds back and forth in a zigzag course. Near the top and most dangerous part of the mountain the path is not yet completed; here a misstep will send one over the edge of the path into the abyss, a distance of two thousand feet or more. A step that one would not relish unless he wishes to try the experiment of flying without the aid of wings. At length we reach a more level spot, where by the side of a mountaineer's stone hut we do ample justice to the bountiful viands which our landlady prepared and the stalwart guide brought. At a height of seven or eight thousand feet we see large herds of cattle and hear the tinkling of their bells as they feed.

At last we reach the summit of the mountain and are amply paid for our hard labor. At a little distance to the east we have a magnificent view of the eternally snow-capped mountains. The view from here rivals that from the Valley de Chamounix. To the north and south as far as the eye can extend, we see the line of perpetual snow. But directly before us and towering high above its neighboring peaks, is that majestic old mountain, Mont Blanc, which in its mute grandeur seems to say, "Here have I been for thousands of years wearing this same

snowy mantle, and here shall I remain as long as the earth continues to circle in its orbit." This mountain is the chief object of attraction to the tourist and usually the only one mentioned. Although there are others nearly as high, Mont Blanc is 15,410 feet high, Mont Rosa 15,150, and Mont Cervin 14,835, all in full view. It is impossible to describe the grandeur and sublimity of this stupendous work of nature. It must be seen in order to be fully comprehended and appreciated.

Our party remain and look at the marvelous beauty of the mountain scenery, strangely contrasted with that of the cultivated valleys far below, till the approaching sunset and the chill winds warn us that a night passed on the Alps would be far from agreeable. The average snow line is about nine thousand feet above the sea level. Many of the glaciers, however, extend far down the mountain sides into the valley, where, melted by the fierce rays of the sun, they form the source of some mighty river.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

CHIVALRY.

CHIVALRY presents a bright contrast to the barbarism and immorality of the middle ages. The feudal system had rendered the power of kings merely nominal in the eleventh century, and there was no protection for the weak against the violence of the times. Then chivalry took its rise with the avowed purpose to protect the defenseless and check corruption. With the sanction of the church it became the leading institution for three centuries. To become a knight was the highest ambition, an honor that kings and princes sought.

The oaths taken at different periods indicate the morals which it was endeavored to impress upon chivalry. They swore: "To fear, revere, and serve God; to fight for their sovereign and country; to protect the weak; to respect woman; to faithfully keep their word and pledged faith; to be faithful, courteous, and humble." No labor or hardship was avoided that would give them a graceful and robust frame. There is, in these oaths and obligations imposed upon knights, a moral development foreign to the society of the period.

Moral developments so elevated, so delicate, so humane, bear upon them the stamp of Christianity. In proportion as it succeeded, in proportion as chivalry appears more and more in a character at once religious, moral, and warlike; and superior to the existing manners, the more it exalted the imagination of men; and as it was intimately connected with their belief, it soon became the ideal of their thought, the source of their most noble pleasures. Poetry, as well as religion, took possession of it. From the eleventh century, chivalry, its ceremonies, its duties, its adventures, were the mines from which the poets drew to satisfy the imagination, to elevate the thoughts. It presented more elevated and purer emotions than real life could furnish. Many have claimed that chivalry was nothing but poetry—a beautiful chimera, having no relation to reality. In fact, when we look at the state of society in those three centuries, at the incidents in the daily life of men, the contrast between the duties and acts of knights is not pleasant. If in this period there was immorality and disorder in society, it cannot be denied chivalric morality, purity, and true knighthood existed. The monuments are there to prove it.

It is true of the middle ages, that while society was in its worst stages there existed in men's minds, in their imaginations, pure and noble instincts and desires. Their notions of virtue more elevated, their ideas of justice better developed, than they saw practiced around them, than they practiced themselves. Over these rude times hovered a pure spirit of morality which attracted the attention of men, and gained their respect, though they seldom practiced it. Much of this is due to Christianity. Its characteristic is to create in man a high moral aim, to hold before him an ideal superior to human actions, and incite him to imitate it.

We find everywhere in the middle ages that the moral thoughts of men rise above their acts. Yet, because practice gives the lie to theory, we should not consider the theory null and worthless. "I prefer a bad action to a bad principle," says Rousseau, and we agree with him. A bad action may remain isolated, but a bad principle is fertile. A young man had better be poisoned in his blood than in his morals. For it is the mind that controls; men are guided more by their thoughts than they imagine. We find in the middle ages principles better than actions. It is for this reason that it occupies so important a part in the civilization of Europe. It is a great thing to exercise judgment upon the actions of men, and the result is apparent sooner or later. If chivalry was naught but a poetic creation of the imagination, it accomplished a purpose, as the civilization and morals of Europe attest. Its origin was with the young men, and it became the trust of the people and the strength of nations.

Our colleges in a measure correspond to this. They are composed of young men, and are the higher development of the free school system, on which our fathers placed their hopes for the continuance of freedom. Whatever tends to raise the moral standard of society in colleges benefits the whole community. They furnish the men who frame our theology, create our literature, and control our motives. They are in a measure the sources of our religion, morals, and government. Yet we think few of them would care to claim the honor today.

For this reason the standard of colleges should be high. We would engraft upon them the noblest principles of chivalry. An ideal should be raised superior to existing society, and the students incited to imitate it. The principles of honor which exist among classmates and students should be cultivated and encouraged, till they reach a higher perfection, and when they fall below the recognized standard they should be guided in the right channel, but never eradicated. Let them always be guided by a delicate sense of

honor, and "student" be synonymous with what is honorable, a passport to the best society, a guarantee to any trust or honor. Let their rules be faith in God, pure morality, a sacred regard for truth, a noble purpose, a true manhood,—recognizing the fact that character is superior to intellect. With these principles, the standard of colleges will be higher, the aims of students more lofty, and our whole society better.

THE SOPHOMORES.

For the first time in the brief existence of our College, we have no Sophomore class. We think it necessary to state the facts that have led to this,—to so much talk in the city, and to so many comments in the papers. The facts have generally been stated correctly, but the criticisms sometimes have been unjust.

When the last division of the Freshman class declaimed, mock programmes were circulated caricaturing the Freshmen, and near the close, some balls from the bowling alley were let down from the top of the building, through the scuttle on to the floor above the chapel, and from thence rolled down stairs.

This created some disturbance in the audience, but no one was injured, and the exercises continued to the close. The programmes, instead of being disgusting, as some very pure minded correspondent reports, who, in pandering to a certain class, overstepped the mark, were acknowledged by the Faculty to be the least disgraceful and low of any they had ever seen, and in themselves not deserving of severe punishment. There was but little in them that any one could object to, and we are glad that the class did not indulge in anything obscene or disgraceful. The letting down of the balls was the worst part of the affair, and should have been dispensed with. The class claim no connection with this, as it was known to very few. This part of the joke fell upon the audience rather than the Freshmen. We should endeavor to repay those who attend our entertainments for their trouble, and, above all, treat them as becomes students and gentlemen.

The Faculty immediately suspended six of the Sophomores on suspicion, it not being known who were the instigators of the programmes, or who arranged the balls. The remainder of the class asked the same punishment, knowing some of those suspended to be innocent of the charges brought against them, and considering themselves equally guilty.

After a careful consideration of the matter, we do not see how the class could have honorably pursued a different course. College society is governed by laws peculiar to itself, laws strangely inconsistent sometimes with the established codes of God or man, and unintelligible to many. Their rules of honor

sometimes fall below the recognized standard, and again soar far above them, but almost unexceptionably lean toward the side of right. The student who is not bound by these laws, who will not stand by his class in trouble, will not be controlled by any principles of honor, and cannot be trusted in any emergency of life, and deserves the contempt that he receives from all fair-minded students.

If the Sophomores as a class assumed the responsibility of the programmes, and agreed to stand and fall together, as soon as part of the class were suspended the rest were bound to go. Their crime was in making the league, and for that they should be equally punished. We agree with many disinterested observers, that it has been made too serious a matter. We fail to see any bad motive or principle underlying it, or anything in the act itself meriting severe punishment. For this reason the sentences of some of the Sophomores was regarded by many as hasty and severe. No law compels any one to criminate himself. No court of justice convicts any one on suspicion. Neither does anonymous or doubtful evidence have any weight with them. We respect the decision of the Prof. who pronounced anything anonymous as mean and low. We wish he had gone farther, and expressed the opinion of all honest people, that one is equally mean and contemptible who by betraying secrets learned in confidence or by accident, brings another student into disgrace. As our institution becomes older, and the number of students increase, such things will occur more or less frequently, and should be treated as they deserve. After a careful and just investigation of the affair, the guilty ones should be punished as the case demanded, and the dignity of the College required; but nothing like "haste, anger, or vacillation should be apparent." We do not look upon every joke perpetrated by one student upon another, or by different classes, as hazing, or deeds that should subject a student and his friends to disgrace. They are practiced in all classes of society.

We trust the affair with the Sophomores is settled, whatever may have been the difference of opinion, and nothing more will be heard from it till the class has served out their sentence. This we hope will not be long, and that next term will find them with us again.

READING.

We do not propose to add another essay to the countless number that are written advising students how to read, when to read, and what to read. We do not feel competent to give advice, or lay down any rules to govern students in their reading. Every one ought to consider the matter carefully, and be guided by what is for his best interests. We think reading as a means of improvement is not productive of the good it should be in our colleges. Some

students do not read enough, a few read too much, and none of them have any method. If a declamation or essay is to be written, or preparation made for a debate, the reading may have reference to those things; but the greater part is desultory. The student enters the library, and after loitering around, and looking at the different books till it is time to close, takes the last one he happens to get hold of; or a friend recommends one to him because he likes it. This is especially true of the Freshmen, for they all regard it essential to be in the library regularly. Reading of this kind is not productive of the good it should be. In the Senior year the student does the most of his reading. The studies of this year lead to thought and reflection, and necessitate more or less reading. Even then, many are puzzled to know how to read.

There is no branch of his education that a student needs more on leaving College, than a well established, systematic habit of reading. It is through this avenue a great part of his knowledge is obtained, and a correct habit is of inestimable value through life. For this reason we wish the class of '77 could make some arrangement to substitute a course of reading for the remainder of the year in place of one study. The course of reading and amount to be done should be arranged by the Faculty. This would not relieve the class of any responsibility or labor. They should be required to perform the same amount of work as now. We think this means would be of great advantage to the class, and one that might be accomplished.

EXCHANGES.

We shall soon take a last farewell of our exchanges, and at the thought our heart is "bowed down by weight of woe." Life will indeed be gloomy when we are no longer guided to right ways of thinking and acting by the sermons of this one, and amused by the sallies of that one.

Nevertheless we expect to survive and instead of the first, propose to take up Fox's Book of Martyrs, and shall console ourselves for the loss of the second by increasing our supply of Comic Almanacs.

But between these extremes there is a class of papers that we shall indeed be sorry to lose sight of, containing as they do much that is both instructive and entertaining. As College papers they contain mostly College news, and in their literary departments aim to offer matter which will be of interest specially to students. May the STUDENT, if not so at present, come in the future to be of this class.

The *Alabama University Monthly* opens with a good article on Fictitious Literature, distinguishing between two classes of novels — the first that to which belong Fielding, Scott, Bulwer, Dickens, and George Eliot; the second composed of works which owe their interest to rapid

changes in plot and scene. The article shows thought. Next comes a story which it seems to us must take its place among the second class, being quite sensational in its character. And then comes Commencement. We notice that the degrees were conferred before the Valedictory was delivered. Then comes a marriage, and exhausted we looked no farther.

The *Undergraduate* from Middlebury College, Vermont, recommends itself at a distance by its clean and clear appearance, and upon nearer inspection confirms first impressions. Its matter is good, though sometimes in a rather crude state. The "Philosophy of Poetical Translation" shows thought, but reminds one too much of a sermon to be of much interest. The "Characteristics of Miss Mulock's Novels" is good as far as it goes, but gives only one side of the question and is eulogistic rather than critical. The editorial column is filled with College matters and contains some excellent advice to Freshmen. Altogether it is far from being the worst of our exchanges.

We hope the time is distant when that monument to the "Literary Talent of Racine College" mentioned in the last *Mercury* will be needed, but really it seems to us that the *Mercury* is somewhat on the decline.

The *Wittenberger* has but recently made its appearance among our exchanges. It is a large sheet and devotes most of its space to editorials, locals, &c. An article on the authorship of Shakespeare in its last number is well written and shows thought as well as research. In regard to student work the editor says: "Do well what you do; do it for all time as well as the present." Old precepts these but well put. It has a mathematical department from which we turn with dismay. The personal column is well filled. We welcome our Western friend.

BOOK NOTICE.

Student Life at Harvard, published by Lockwood, Brooks & Co., 381 Washington Street, Boston. Price $1.50.

We have received advance sheets of this book and were much pleased in reading them. The work takes for its subject, students and their life, and the characters portrayed are types of men to be found in all College classes. Sam Wentworth, the hero of the story; Huntington with his brilliant gifts and entire lack of principle; Villiers, the "dig;" and Haskill who went through College to "please the old man," are all familiar to the College student. The Faculty also is well described—Bullard, the "Philosopher," the Doctor, and the "Bantam" are realities. The whole is enlivened by the introduction of ladies, and the power of a pretty girl to attract a student is fully shown. Altogether the book is very entertaining, and must be especially so to College boys.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Term closes Friday, the 25th.

All hands begin to prepare for Thanksgiving turkey.

For sale—a fine bull dog, warranted good to watch. Inquire of R——.

The Sophs. take their vacation a little earlier than the other classes, by request of the Faculty.

A Senior told the Prof. the other day that he supposed isomorphous meant something that wasn't morphous.

A Prof. says that the other night he "saw two meteors coming up from the lecture." What in the world did he mean by that?

A Senior wants to know if by "indirect vision" one can see a star that is below the horizon. That is a good deal like shooting round a corner.

It is supposed that '79 is responsible for the disturbance at the last Freshman Declamations. It is reported that when the balls descended from above, many started for the doors and windows under the impression that the building was coming down. Several even found it necessary to put their arms round their partners—for greater safety we judge.

It is now supposed that Abraham was the original base-ball player, as the Scriptures say that he pitched in the wilderness.

And now Room T will weekly resound with the Sophomoric "Give me liberty, or give me death!" and the average spectator will rise up in his might and say, "give him death!" —*Ex.*

Persons who wish to have secret conversation should take warning from recent occurrences, and see that the ventilator over the door is tight and that the key hole is plugged up.

Scene — Greek recitation room. Prof.—"How do you translate *moschos?*" Smart Student—"A plant —a young plant." Prof.—"Hardly in this connection. Here it means a calf." Smart Student—"That must be a cowslip."—*Ex.*

Philosophy class. Prof.—"What was Boyle's greatest discovery? Pupil (barely minding his b's)—"Hoyle sir, is the man that knew how to shuffle the cards. They were his discovery—the greatest blessing that monte men and gin-slingers ever got. Hoyle *was* a great man." Prof. proceeds to turn him down which proceeding was certainly in accordance with Hoyle.—*Ex.*

A Senior, who evidently had his reasons, asked the Prof. whether the skin would grow again after the application of nitrate of silver.

Geology. Prof.—"How do you recognize generic character?" Student—"By detail of structure." Prof.—"But this specimen has no tail." Student smiles faintly, gasps and sits down.—*Ex.*

The following translation in Wilhelm Tell does not look so suggestive as it sounded. "Ulrich von Rudenz tritt ein in Ritterkleidung" was rendered—"Ulrich von Rudenz enters in a knight-dress."—*Cornell Era.*

A Senior who was making a decided flunk in his Chemistry recitation and was being kindly assisted by a neighbor, rebuked him and astonished both class and Professor by calling out, "Who's doing this reciting, you or I?"—*Nassau Lit.*

Daniel Pratt, G. A. T., CO_2, etc., made Middletown a call lately. The subject of his lecture was "Universal Principle." He said that he should condense this lecture, "*multum in parvo, pro bono publico, ne plus ultra.*" The degree of H_2O was conferred upon him.—*Ex.*

A gentleman residing on College Street was disturbed late one night by the barking of a dog. Now he recognized this dog as one belonging to a house in another part of the city, where beauty hath its abode in the form of young ladies. What he wants to know now is, which one of the Seniors who live near by brought over the dog. Neither thinks he is the man, but neither would take his oath about the matter.

A Freshman showed his valor at a recent necktie festival in a notable manner: Having with difficulty, and finally by aid of a friend, found a partner, he spent the evening in her company, and about breaking-up time approached a friend, saying, "Here, you take her," and was off.

It is not very often that the Doctor perpetrates a joke, but when he does it is sure to be a good one. On registration day a certain Fresh. walked meekly up to the Doctor's desk and inquired, "Are the schedules out yet?" Dr.—"Yes, sir; they are." Fresh. after an awkward pause—"Can I have one please?" Dr. (with a bland smile) "How can you have one when they are out?" —*Cornell Era.*

Strange things happen to travelers. For instance, one of the Seniors who recently visited Philadelphia, found himself in a predicament one day. He had gone into a barber shop in company with a friend to get a shave. The operation performed, as he was about to start out, the door burst open and one of Philadelphia's dirtiest street youngsters rushed up to him shouting, "Papa, papa," and refused to be shaken off. The moral is plain.

Pull for the shore, Junior, pull for the shore,
Heed not the barking dog, bend to the oar;
Safe are the apples, dangers now are past,
Open wide the pillow-case and treat while they last.

—*Coll. Reporter.*

Prof. in Psychology—"Now, Mr. D., in regard to how the mind forms a material thing from several percepts. Take an apple, and illustrate." Mr. D.—"I don't care if I do." Class murmur, "Pass 'em 'round."—*The Dartmouth.*

A theological student, supposed to be deficient in judgment, was asked by a Professor, in the course of a class examination, "Pray, Mr. E——, how would you discover a fool?" "By the questions he would ask," was the rather stunning reply.

Two Seniors and a Freshman undertook to carry a stove down stairs. During the passage the stove got the better of them and deposited itself partly on the Freshman's head and partly on the floor. We are told that the Senior who was in command used some naughty words.

One of our prominent men went out one evening to make a call—not a business call you know, but for pleasure. Arrived at his destination, however, he found the man of the house was round and so cut his visit short. After his departure the gentleman, perceiving perhaps that he had been in the way, hastened to the door and shouted after him, "Hold on, I will go to bed and you may have the room." It is said that the temptation was too strong to be resisted, and he concluded to *stop*.

Scene in Mechanics. Festive Junior puts his pedal extremities on the seat in front of him. Instructor, *loq.*—"Mr. Z., if it would not be inconveniencing you too much, I would like to be able to see the gentlemen in the back part of the room."—*Berkeleyan.*

Right you are—Three gentlemen being at a tavern, whose names were More, Strange, and Wright; said the last: "There is but one fool in the company, and that's Strange." "Yes," answered Strange, "here is one More." "Aye," said More, "that's Wright."—*Ex.*

A young man, an applicant for admission to Cornell University, spilled ink all over his examination papers, rubbed out the blots with his tongue, sucked his pen clean at the end of every sentence, spelled the name of the father of his country "georg washingten," said that "gallus decius Brutus discovered America," and that it was at least 679 miles from the earth to the moon, and nearly twice as far to the sun; but when it was ascertained that the applicant was Robinson, the Union Springs, New York, oarsman, his papers were marked 125 per cent., and he went into the Sophomore class.—*Ex.*

COLLEGE ITEMS.

It is a bad time for locals.

Vassar has organized a political club.

Another ball smashed in the bowling alley. Keep it up.

Singing on the campus or in the buildings is forbidden at Trinity.

The Rowing Association of New England Colleges does not appear to be very popular.

There are now 120 Chinese students in the colleges of New England.—*Univ. Review.*

The question of wearing caps and gowns is being discussed by several of the College papers.

Cornell has some thoughts of changing her color—the present one being hard to obtain.

Of the sixteen University races Harvard has won nine, Yale three, and other colleges four.—*Targum.*

We hear that President Cheney will probably cut short his stay in Europe by reason of the serious illness of his son.

Notwithstanding the efforts of our manager, Bates has not yet been able to induce Bowdoin to play us the third game in the series arranged for the year. Those who know the nines can draw their own inference.

The Latin School Declamations were very fine. Perkins took the prize, with Parsons a good second.

The Literary Societies of the Latin School held a public meeting a short time since. The exercises we are told were very creditable.

A number of the students spent a pleasant evening not long ago at the residence of Deacon Jones. Truly, surprise parties are pleasant things.

The contemplated public meeting of the Polymnian Society is necessarily deferred by reason of the absence of its Sophomore members.

The College color has not yet been decided upon. Meanwhile we notice that the Freshmen use garnet to set off their class color, navy blue.

At Oberlin, the Æliolians refuse to accept an invitation to attend the exercises of the Alpha Zetas because it is against a *traditional rule* of the institution.

The Freshman Declamation took place on Thursday evenings, Oct. 26th, Nov. 2d, and Nov. 9th. From the first division, Merrill and Reynolds were chosen to compete a second time—from the second, Davis and Tarbox. Hayes finally bore off the prize. The declamations were a credit to the class.

The preparation for examinations is something of a bore. One gets tired towards the end of a term and finds it hard to buckle down and work on lessons that are no longer new.

Amherst field-day sports resulted as follows: Ball throw, 364 ft. 2 in; 100 yard dash, 11 1-4 seconds; quarter mile run, 58 seconds; half mile run, 2.33 1-2; 2 mile run, 12.12; mile walk, 9.11; three mile walk, 28.54; running jump, 16 ft. 4 in; standing jump, 9 ft.

The billiard tables introduced some time since at Princeton by advice of President McCosh, and also the bowling alleys, have been removed by order of the trustees, as being "deleterious to the moral health of the community."

The Reading Room Association has elected the following officers: President, O. B. Clason; Vice President, F. O. Mower; Secretary and Treasurer, L. M. Sessions; Executive Committee, N. P. Noble, J. W. Hutchins, R. F. Johonnett, F. P. Fisher.

Fall Athletics at Dartmouth: Throwing heavy hammer, 61 feet; one-quarter mile run, 59 1-2 seconds; 100 yards dash, 10 3-4 seconds; throwing base-ball, 323 feet 6 inches; mile walk, 7.57 1-2; mile run, 5.8 1-2, broad jump, 16 feet 6 inches; standing long jump, 10 feet 9 9-10 inches; running high jump, 4 feet 8 inches; one-half mile run, 2.22 1-4; 3 mile walk, 17.36 1-4.

The Juniors, in accordance with nomination, have elected the Editors of the STUDENT, as follows: F. O. Mower, J. H. Hutchins, M. F. Daggett, M. Adams; Business Manager, F. H. Briggs. These names give assurance of good reading throughout next year. The addition of two to the number of the board will undoubtedly show good results.

The STUDENT makes its appearance a little later than it otheawise would, by reason of the Chief's losing his manuscript. A classmate, coming home rather late one evening, found the door locked and was obliged to force an entrance. He attributed the joke to the Editor, and confiscated his *copy*. Hence those tears and the general gloom that prevailed for a while.

Two of the professors in Michigan University have printed outlines of their lectures given before the students. They are printed in pamphlet form of 18 pages each, with blank leaves bound in for the use of the students in taking additional notes. The matter printed is simply that which has been heretofore dictated to classes who have been required to spend an immense amount of time in copying, while a large portion of the lecture hour has been consumed in the mere dictation.

PERSONALS.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editor.—ED.]

'67.—Rev. A. H. Heath was recently installed pastor of the Congregationalist church at New Bedford, Mass.

'68.—Prof. Wendell was in town recently. His health, we learn, has much improved.

'68.—Prof. Chase has been severely afflicted recently, by the death of his father, and more recently by the death of an only sister, wife of Rev. W. C. Hulse. He receives the heartfelt sympathies of his numerous friends in this vicinity.

'72.—E. F. Nason, we learn, is stopping in Boston.

'73.—N. W. Harris is stopping at his home in Auburn. We see him occasionally in the College Library.

'73.—L. C. Jewell is practicing medicine in Cape Elizabeth.

'73.—In West Buxton, Oct. 31st, by the Rev. Mr. Kyte, George Ed. Smith, Esq., of Boston, to Miss Sarah F. Weld of West Buxton.

'73.—E. A. Smith has met with a severe loss in the death of his wife, who died at their home, Sept. 23d.

'74.—R. W. Rogers is studying law in Burnham.

'74.—H. W. Chandler, former editor of the STUDENT, is practicing law in Jacksonville, Florida.

'74.—In Concord, N. H., August 13th, by Rev. Mr. Garner, Mr. J. H. Hoffman of Bangor Theological School, to Miss Elena L. Gordon, late Instructor of Music in New Hampton Institute, N. H.

'74.—Augustus Simmons has been appointed Principal of the High School in Fairfield, Maine.

'75.—J. R. Brackett is in town, and made us a call recently.

'76.— W. C. Leavitt is studying law with Hutchinson, Savage & Sanborn.

'76.—J. Rankin has been teaching the High School at Bolster's Mills. He met with fine success.

'76.—Ed. Whitney, former editor of the STUDENT, is stopping at his home in Harrison.

'77.—M. E. Burnham of this class has been appointed teacher in a Normal School in Tougaloo, Miss.

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TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

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This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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The Course of Study comprises three years and as many classes; that is, the first year, or third class; the second year, or second class; the third year, or first class. The classes are so arranged that students can enter the school at any time during the year.

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