

**PAGE(S)
MISSING**

ed that, in getting out of one difficulty, they have involved themselves in several. Admitting their conclusions to be correct, it becomes necessary to prove, (1), That all the descendants of Adam were confined to a particular locality, that the limited deluge might reach them: (2), That, in the 1656 years of the Adamic era preceeding the flood, the races had not so intermingled, that to destroy one would be to destroy the others: (3), If not entirely amalgamated, that they were so separated that the waters would reach none but Adam's posterity; and, (4), That, as the wickedness of the world was the ground of its destruction, the Pre-Adamites were not sufficiently wicked to deserve the same fate as the Adamites.

Thus it is seen that to adopt their conclusion, would be but to multiply assumptions. Now, it is really a less tax on our credulity to believe that, according to Moses, the world was repopulated by Noah's sons, that to accept all these as true. Our ignorance of the *manner*, does not disprove the *fact*.

I would say in conclusion, let us never do violence to the sacred text, in order to make it agree with our theories, or appear plain to our finite understandings; for we may rest assured that if there is an apparent difference between it and known truths, the fault is in our interpretation, and not in the text itself.

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of the wife of our esteemed commandant, Col. Swigert. He had been married but a few months, when death robbed his household of its choicest treasure. We deeply sympathize with the bereaved husband; but no human sympathy can console the crushed heart. He that gives, and that takes away, and He only, can soothe our sorrows. The bright hope of a blissful future is the only source of strength to the overburdened soul.

[For the Collegian.]

LINES.

TO E. S., LEXINGTON, KY.

Madame, in these lines sincere
Read each wish my soul holds dear—
Soft fall the humble rhymes on thy most friendly ear.

Ever may dear Friendship's glow
Light thy pathway here below;
In thine eyes' clear depths I see
Zeal for immortality.
All that Virtue loves be thine!
Beaconed on by light divine;
Ever may'st thou tread the way
Tending to eternal day—

Hence springs a joy more sweet than mortal tongue can say!

Soul of piety and truth,
Heart of sympathy and ruth,
Artless purity of mind,
Christian to no creed confined,
Kindness speaks in all thy ways
Long and loving be thy days
Ere earth wins thee to her breast,
Fearless then as babe at rest
On mother's bosom with closed eyes,
Repose and dream of paradise—
Death can but open the gate and point thee to the skies!

WM. FITZGERALD.

Our Boys.

'70. (A. & M.)—BARKER—Henry is reading law in Louisville.

'70. (A. & M.)—MUNSON—W. B. Munson is practicing law in Texas.

'70. (Arts.)—HOPKINS, J. O., is now Professor of Greek in N. W. C. University.

'70. (A. & M.)—McCAMPBELL—Will is telegraphing at Pee-wee Valley, Ky. He is "gwine" West.

'70. (A. & M.)—WARD—We met our old friend Will in Cincinnati, the other day. He is looking well and is in the Hardware business.

CORRECTION.—JNO. W. LYNN did not graduate at Howard as stated in the October No. of the Collegian, but left before the end of the session.

'70. (COMMERCIAL)—DAVIS, H. D.—Henry is expected in our city, about the middle of this month, *en route* to New York, to purchase a stock of goods for his establishment.

(A. & M.)—ANDERSON, E. A., is living in Busti, Howard Co., Iowa. Being in need, we suppose, of maternal care, he married a lady six years older than himself.

'72. (Bible)—FARROW.—J. R. Farrow is spending his entire time preaching in and about Cageville, Tenn. He expects to return to college next year.

(Bible.)—MASON, W. T., who it will be remembered by some of the older student, attended the College of the Bible, is now at the North Western Christian University.

Another deserter to N. W. C. U.

(A. & M.)—COOPER, T. J.,—Who spent three sessions at the A. & M. College, expects soon to enter the University again. He has made his way by his own exertion and deserves great credit.

(Arts.)—WHITAKER, J. L.—We had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Whitaker and his estimable lady, Mrs. Whitaker *nee* Cox. They are visiting their friends in the city. Mr. Whitaker is living at Maysville, Ky.

(Arts.)—SCOTT, HAMILTON,—Is living near Lexington, and is engaged in farming. He is a great bean among the fair of our city and very deservedly so. The University rarely turns out a handsomer representative.

(A. & M.)—BROOKS.—J. Marion Brooks is now practicing law in the firm of Hines & Brooks, at San Buenaventura, Cal. He still feels the greatest interest in his old society and with much pleasure remembers his college friends.

'72. (Bible)—DILLARD, J. D., and his "patent boring machine" are among the fixtures of Mexico, Mo., where he acts as "Grand Mogul" to the terror of the boys and girls who are under his care.

(Arts.)—STOVER, JAMES H., spent the past few years in successful pastoral labor with the church at Carlisle, Ky., and has been recalled to its pastorship. It is said that Jim knows every man he meets, but strange to say, though on the lookout he cannot recognize his other and better-half.

'70. (A. & M.)—J. H. ORR, M. D.,—Who in days past, bore the title of "father" among the "boys" of Ashland, graduated in the Medical School, at Cincinnati, and has already proven his skill as a physician in Bourbon Co., Ky. If "father" was not so bashful, we would disclose his matrimonial intentions.

'71. (Bible.)—RIDGEWAY, D. L., writes us from Demoss-

ville, Ky., and his letter brings a peculiar smile to our face, his letter contains a subscription for the Collegian. He devotes half his time to the church at Rising Sun, Ind., and the other half to evangelizing Campbell Co., Ky.

'69. (Bible.)—AZBILL, W. K., after finding a "help-mate" in Columbia, Ky., went to Indianapolis, and is now attending the N. W. C. University, and also preaches on Lord's day.

A sensible man for marrying—He now has some one to hold his "pony."

(Arts.)—DAUGHERTY, J. S.—Our true and tried friend and Cecropian has been forced by circumstances to suddenly leave us, probably to return no more.

Farewell, old Cecropian. We still cherish your memory. Be as faithful to others as you have been to us and your name will appear on a better roll than ours.

'71. (COMMERCIAL.)—DILLON, JOS. A.—Joe has been in the Wholesale Grocery Business in Mecklin, Mo., since graduation. Having recently sold out his establishment, he was in our city last month on a visit to his old chums. He has, however, torn himself away, and gone to his home in Virginia. The well wishes of many old school-mates go with him.

(Arts.)—BRONSTON, J. S., now couples his name to D. C. M. C. C., which translated means Deputy Clerk of Madison Co., Circuit Court. Joe is as full of fun as ever, and the late small-pox stampede had no other effect than to make him play a heavier hand at marbles, in which game he assures us he was successful although his competitors were the 'crack' players of twenty or thirty years ago. Richmond boasts of no greater favorite than he.

(Arts.)—PARKER, HOWARD S.—"bosses" a school in Sweet Owen. His friends "up Broadway" miss him, and want his room across the way filled, as they are fast forgetting the art of "Handkerchief flirtation." Here is an opening for a youth to distinguish himself. Howard and the mule are as ever inseparable, and he is congratulating himself upon the thought that in a short time he will be at his usual place.

(Arts.)—WALKER, H. D.—"De." has been heard from recently. He has so far recovered his health, as to engage in business. His eyes are almost well, and he intends to return to the University next fall and again put them to good use. His friends, and especially his Society Brothers will give him a cordial welcome. His brother, David Walker, who was here a short time ago, is "making pills" in the firm of Wooldridge & Walker, at Willis, Texas.

HAZELRIGG—LAUDEMAN—In this city, on Tuesday, Nov. 6th, Jas. H. Hazelrigg, of Mt. Sterling, was married to Miss Mattie Laudeman.

Amid our heart's congratulations there lingers a regret that our "circle of bachelors" has lost its favorite. A more genial, a more whole-souled, or a truer friend never shared out love.

Hocker College, and Kentucky University have at last "clasped hands" over the breach caused by so many flirtations whose terminations were unfortunate, and to add luster to the occasion, have chosen their worthiest representatives.

(Bible.)—SCOVIL.—T. B. Scovil paid Lexington a short visit at the beginning of the present session, and then left for the N. W. C. University. He is spending part of his time preaching, and we suppose, the other part in what the "uncouth" are wont to term "gassing."

By the bye, this N. W. C. University, appears to us to have a strange attraction for Old University students. Do not understand us to hint that it is because young ladies are in attendance there. The theological students have hitherto been considered a blessing to Lexington from a matrimonial standing point. And for the ladies' sake we now protest against this transfer of allegiance. And there is one great argument in favor of our ladies that ought to draw down the scales in their favor, it is this, when a fellow gets hold of an extra difficult passage in Latin or Greek, our ladies are a success in the way of helping

him out—that is, by reading from Bohn while he examines the original. We are told that this plan is very quieting to a conscience tender with regret to using "ponies." We do not mean to insinuate that this is the great argument that induces our theologs to marry.

The following incident occurred in Richmond, Va., during the meeting of the convention assembled for the purpose of raising a missionary fund. "During the raising of the above fund, several amusing incidents occurred, one of which was the proposition by Elder E. N. Gilbert, of Baltimore, to give one or two weeks preaching to the church at Matthews courthouse—the compensation for said services to be contributed towards this purpose: whereupon one of the officers of the Richmond Church proposed the novel mode of raising a portion of the fund by placing J. Z. Tyler on the stand, and offering him to the highest bidder for two weeks' preaching. He was started by Gethsemane Church, in Hanover, at \$25, and finally "knocked down" to E. T. Powell, of Norfolk, for \$150.00.

University News.

Students will please notice those who patronize our advertising columns, and show their appreciation of the same by patronizing them in return.

Pres. B. A. Hinsdale, of Hiram College, O., recently paid the University a short visit.

Quite a number of students have left the city on account of small-pox. It is a good thing to be out of danger, boys, but a better to be at your post.

HUSTON CLUB.—The first annual exhibition of the Huston Club, will be held in Morrison Chapel, on Friday evening, Dec. 6th, 1872, at 7½ o'clock. The public are respectfully invited to attend.

OPEN SESSION OF THE PHILOTHEAN SOCIETY.—The Philothean Society will hold their next open session in their hall on Friday evening, December 13th, at 7½ P. M. The members of other societies, and all others who feel an interest, are invited to be present.

We learn that the young ladies of Hocker College were terribly frightened by the fire that occurred Nov. 14th.

Many of them even packed their trunks; and one young lady balanced hers in the window and, having carefully arranged her back hair, sat down beside it to wait till the fire should come over the intervening five or six blocks.

We used to think that fellow pretty wild, who introduced in a treatise on Belles-Lettres, a discourse on the seven sacraments of the Roman Catholic church; but when a professor in English, a few days ago, delivered his class a lecture on the art of raising children, we concluded that we had been hasty in forming our judgement.

Said a professor to his Greek class, one morning, "what was the intention of the inventor of Greek accent?" "To puzzle students," cried one, who evidently felt that he at least was puzzled. The professor, somewhat taken a back by this reply, remarked, with a sly twinkle in his eyes, "He must have looked a long way a head."

For several years past the boys of the Cecropian Society have not had their society pins. We are glad however to see that they intend again to supply themselves.

This a matter in which our University has been behind other institutions, and it is with pleasure that we enrole this step in the right direction. All Cecropians should give immediate attention to the advertisement in another column.

The announcement of a two weeks vacation during the holidays, will be hailed with pleasure by the majority of the students. There are some, however, who are strangers in this

city and the country in the immediate vicinity; who will receive it with dissatisfaction. They are too far from their homes to return thither, and consequently, will be forced to remain "lone and forlorn," at their boarding houses, whiling away the tedious hours with their musty text books. It is an unusual thing, so far as we are acquainted with the history of our University, for the students to be allowed any liberty on such occasions, and we predict that there will be almost as much forgotten in those two weeks, as has been learned, during all the previous part of the session. But it will not do for us to question the wisdom of the procedure. We must acquiesce in whatever the sages determine. We would say to the boys, therefore let us try to spend the vacation in that way that will be most interesting to ourselves and profitable to others.

We feel it due ourselves to state the reason for having so small an amount of University news this month. Our local editor became alarmed on account of the small-pox, which so disturbed his mind that he not only failed to edit this department, but was unable to content himself in the city. Consequently he started for home a few days since, leaving us just on the eve of the present issue to collect what items of interest we could. We promise to make up the deficit in our next number. For the present our readers will please be satisfied with this promise.

In addition to small-pox and Epizootic, Lexington has in the last month been excited by a fire which occurred Nov. 14th, at about 9 P. M.

The fire originated in the planing mill of Dow & Bro., corner Mechanic and Upper sts., and communicated at once to their dwelling adjoining, which was consumed so rapidly that the family had barely time to escape. There was a high wind blowing from the South and the flames ran rapidly North, licking up the block between Mechanic and Fourth St., which was occupied almost entirely by frame buildings.

In the neighborhood of Morrison Chapel the scene was perfectly fearful. The air was filled with flying coals of fire which drove an immense crowd of homeless people before it. Immediately every house opposite the campus was emptied of its contents and the college grounds were strewn with furniture and families. The old Dormitory twice caught fire from the sparks, and but for the constant efforts of the Bible students it would have been consumed.

Prof. Smith commanding a corps of students kept the roof of Prest. Milligan's residence continually soaked.

For a time it was thought the northern part of town would be consumed.

At one time great excitement was occasioned by the discovery of several small-pox patients in the crowd who had been driven from their homes by the fire. Many accidents occurred from carelessness, but so far as we could learn, no lives were lost.

Owing to the Epizootic the engines were dragged to the scene by hand; here, as elsewhere, "our boys" were actively engaged.

It is said, that a Junior rescued a negro child from a burning house and having safely deposited it on its mother's breast, was informed by some waggish student that it had the small-pox, at which announcement our hero fainted—almost.

There were in all about sixteen houses burned, but nearly all were small and built of wood, consequently the losses generally fell upon poor people, for whose benefit we understand a relief fund has been raised.

Among the Colleges.

The University of Mississippi, rejoices in the appellation, "The Oxford of the South."

The amount of money paid by Alabama, for public schools in 1870, was \$539,344.52.

Gen. Lee's room at the Washington & Lee University, is to be kept forever untouched.—*Ex.*

F. H. Hedge, D. D., has accepted the professorship of German literature of Howard College.

Brown University received \$50,000 from the late W. F. Rogers, of Boston; to endow a chair of chemistry.

Sixteen ladies, students of Michigan University, expect to take the degree of M. D., next spring.

The total amount of the subscriptions for the aid of Harvard College, is \$91,176.

There are 363 colleges in the country, of which 28 are under state supervision.

The University of France has one hundred and nine professors.

In France there are over three hundred colleges, not one of which will admit women students.

The object glass belonging to the Alleghany observatory has been found. It was stolen some time ago; but, as yet, the police have not been able to find any clue to the thief.

Edward Lampkins has given the California State University land valued at \$50,000 for the endowment of the Agassiz professorship of Oriental language and literature.—*Ex.*

The school board of Natchez consists of four negroes and one white man. The white man can write his name but cannot read. The others sign official documents in this way, "His X mark."—*Ex.*

The Tuscaloosa (Ala.) Female College has a corps of eighteen teachers. This school is under the administration of President Larralen, and is in a flourishing condition.

Prof James Hadley, of Yale College, died on Thursday, Nov. 14. In his death, Yale lost one of her most competent instructors, and the country, one of her most finished scholars. He was most distinguished in Greek, and, is best known as the author of a grammar of that language.

The superintendent of Public Instruction in South Carolina is a negro. As there are no public schools in operation, his duties are confined to drawing his salary, which he does with great skill and punctuality. Having employed a clerk to sign his name and prepare his reports, he devotes himself exclusively to the duties of his office.—*Ex.*

The horses belonging to Oxford Female College have been the victims of the most atrocious outrage. One night their tails were shorn of all the hair by mysterious hands. The only solution that has been offered is that the girls have appropriated the missing locks, which probably now grace the fair necks in the form of chignons.

Yale College, (New Haven, Ct.)—The juniors have selected as their subject for prize debate, "Is it for the best interest of the country to encourage immigration." The debate will be arranged by Prof. Northrop, and as fifteen have already handed in their names, a close contest may be looked for.

The catalogue of Bowdoin College for 1871, shows this time-honored institution of Maine to be advancing under its new administration to a much higher plane of usefulness. The summary of students is as follows: Seniors, 36; Juniors, 37; Sophmores, 56; Freshmen, 60; Special Students, 1; Medical Department, 70; Post Graduates, 5; Grand total, 265. The Report gives 29 instructors in the different departments.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, (Hanover, N. H.)—The total number of students in this college for the present year, is 408, as given by the annual catalogue. They are divided as follows: Medical Department 51, Academical 264, Scientific 63, Agricultural 23, Engineering 7. There are 35 professors, tutors and instructors. The books in the libraries now amount to 46,000 volumes. There are forty permanent Scholarships for the benefit of indigent students.

.... Professor Agassiz has been a corresponding member of the Academy of Sciences, one of the departments of the French Institute, since 1839. He was chosen at the early age of thirty-two, a rare distinction to have been won by a man so young. Of these corresponding members there are many. But he has recently been chosen a foreign associate of the academy, of whom there are only eight. This is the highest distinction which a man of science can receive. Owen Liebig and Ehrenberg are among this select band; as were Humboldt, Faraday and Murcheson. Agassiz takes the place of the last.

.... The College Courant thinks that those who observe the "annual debauch," Thanksgiving day, should look very charitably upon those deluded beings who celebrate elections, and the fourth of July, by getting most gloriously drunk. The *Courant*, evidently, either missed his usual good dinner on that occasion, or else spake from personal experience of the days feasting. If the former, it is certainly very uncharitable to refuse a grateful people the privilege of one day's thanksgiving, for the year's blessings, simply because of his misfortune; or, if the latter, it is very illogical, to conclude that no one should keep that day, because some persons will take advantage of it, to eat and drink to excess.

Among our Exchanges.

.... *Brainard's Musical World*, is a handsome journal and beside good music it contains an abundance of entertaining reading matter. It is published by S. Brainard & Sons Cleveland O. Subscription price \$1 per. annum.

.... *The American Farmers Advocate*, published at Jackson, Tenn., is a large sixteen page monthly, containing valuable information for the farmer. It is one of the best of our agricultural exchanges, and is offered by the publishers, free with any \$2, or higher priced paper or magazine in the United States, and at only fifty cents advance with others.

.... The *Popular Science Monthly* presents in its Table of Contents a wide range of subjects, all of which are treated with marked ability. For the physician, the articles, "How the Feelings affect the Hair," "The Physiological Position of Tobacco," "Foul Air and Disease of the Heart," and "Humanity and Insanity," are invested with peculiar interest. The article of Prof. Trowbridge and "Weather Prophecies" will prove valuable additions to the scanty literature of meteorology. The ungeneralized data of Science are increased, with others, by the contributions of Lockwood, Sace and Patterson, while scientific thought in its higher manifestations is represented by the articles of Proctor and Clifford, as well as the interesting "New Theory of Volcanoes." Nor has metaphysics been neglected, but the ontologist will be charmed with the lucid *expose* of the pessimistic speculations of Hartmann. Those persons—(among them ourself,) who have long entered an inarticulate protest against the lava-theory of the destruction of Herculaneum, will be delighted to find it effectually exploded by M. Buele. Our thanks to the editor for a very succinct statement of the origin, present status, and end proposed,—of Sociological Science. The caustic irony of the notice of the "Great Problem" cannot fail to attract attention. The "Miscellany" abounds as usual, in important matter.

.... The December number of *Lippincott's Magazine* concludes the tenth volume, and is replete with attractive and interesting articles. "Searching for the Quinine Plant," an adventure in Peru, is begun in this number, and will be continued. "Oriental Sports," written by Mrs. Fannie Q. Feudge is an account of those wonderful and curious sports peculiar to Siam and other eastern countries. Both the articles are handsomely illustrated. "The Chapel of the Palms, by Chas. Warren Stoddard, is a beautifully descriptive account of two zealous and devoted young missionaries among the heathen, the saintly character of these young men makes us long to hear more of them, and their romantic life. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell contributes an article upon "Nurse and Patient," in which he argues the advantage of employing professional nurses for dangerous diseases. We were especially pleased with a bright sketchy little

article by Richard B. Elder, entitled "A day or two in South-side Virginia," in which the author shows in a very pleasant way, the present condition of that part of the South. "Landowners in England" by Reginald Wynford is both interesting and instructive. "Private Art Collections of Philadelphia" is concluded in this number.

In the story line, we have "The Strange Adventure of a Phaeton," by William Black; "Her Story," by Harriet Prescott Spofford; and "Shooting a Monogram" by Chauncy Hickox.

In poetry "Colima" by Albert S. Evens, and "Matins" by Emma Lazarus.

Altogether the *Lippincott* of December is very good. Now is the time to subscribe for the new volume.

Some months ago the Editors of the *Collegian* advertised for a half dozen poets. A few of our poetical friends came to our relief, and in every number we have had poetry, and were happy. We might have remained in this desirable state had not the *Harvard Advocate* of Nov. 8th, published the following:

"The *Collegian* of Kentucky University, is the result of the combined exertions of the five literary societies of that institution. These societies rejoice in such ponderous titles as the 'Christomathean' and the 'Cecropian,' and the character of their productions well support their claim to these resonant polysyllables." Here follows a criticism on an article entitled "Modern Rationalism," which is based upon a misprint, and then comes the source of our trouble.

"These controversialists also write poetry. For instance, *My Beau Ideal*, beginning—

'My lady is lovely, my angel is good;
For this have I worshipped, for that have I wooed
The beautiful being who came from above,
And blighted my path with the lustre of love.'

Why blighted? We suppose he looks on this proceeding of hers in the light, well expressed by a profane, though popular ditty, of *It's naughty—but it's nice*.

He goes on to tell how—

'With grace sports she limbs like the fleet-footed fawn,
Which springs o'er the hills at the shadow of dawn;
While her bearing is stately, and saintly the sheen
That gambols in glory o'er a face so serene.'

'Limbs' is we suppose, poetry for legs. We have heard admirers of the ballet tell, in their expressive slang, of a *premiere* who 'sports a pretty limb,' but we did not expect to see this expression creeping into serious poetry among 'angels' and 'saintly sheen.' Our poet's knowledge of this part of his ideal's anatomy is so accurate that we are tempted to think that the 'stately bearing,' in the third line, must be a misprint for stately *baring*,—a delicate reference to her graceful manner of displaying these fawn-like appendages. We must seriously doubt that a "saintly sheen" ever 'gambolled in glory' over any one's face. We fear the 'fawn' simile took too strong a hold of our poet's imagination; and, if it ever does so gambol in Kentucky, we strongly question the serenity of any face subjected to such antics. Farther on, we learn more about her pedal extremities; namely, that 'the tread of her feet' is 'as light as a swan's.' The swan, floating on the water, is a highly graceful and poetical bird; but any one who has observed the 'tread of his feet,' as he waddles about on land, will agree with us that a more uncomplimentary simile could hardly have been chosen. Her crowning glory, however, is a gymnastic feat which would cause the famous 'India-Rubber Woman' to turn green with envy: the offering, on her heart as an altar, from which 'the incense of prayer' is rising 'in soul-stirring lays,' of *her own body*, as a fit sacrifice.

We do not think, from this picture, she is exactly our ideal; but she certainly must be a very remarkable woman."

We are discouraged. Poets are scarce in this age, and seem to be especially so hereabout. Had they torn the laurels from the brow of any but our "*beau ideal*" poet we could have endured it better. We hope that our critic is appeased. Wanted, another poet. One not in love preferred.

.... In the November number of *Littell's Living Age*, we

have an unusual number of articles upon the great Science vs. Theology question. First, on the subject of "Prayer," there is a paper from Prof. Tyndall, another from his anonymous friend, and a third from Prest. McCosh. "The higher Ministry of Nature," from *London Quarterly Review*: "On Mind and Will in Nature" by Dr. W. B. Carpenter. F. R. S. from *Contemporary Review*: and "The Chasm between Theology and Physical Studies," from the *Spectator*. These articles will be read with the greatest interest, containing as they do, the opinions of some of the greatest minds upon both sides of the controversy.

Among the scientific essays, we find, "A New Theory of Volcanoes," from the *Spectator*: "Natural Alchemy," *Pall Mall Gazette*: "The Generation of Electricity by a Current of Water:" &c.

Miscellaneous subjects, "English Translations of Goethe's Faust," *Frazer's Magazine*: "Madam Gerder's Husband," *Temple Bar*: "A Pilgrimage to Port Royal," *Frazer's Magazine*: "Miss Cobbe's Essays," and "Condition of Italy," *Spectator*. "Origin and Growth of Romanesque Architecture," *Fortnightly Review*: "Origin of Shakspeare's Tempest," *Corn Hill Magazine*: "New England Puritan Literature," *London Quarterly*: "The Special Beauty conferred by Imperfection and Decay," *Contemporary Review*: "San Juan. Khiva, and San Juan Case," *Economist*: "East Europe," *McMillan's Magazine*: "Gardening," *Corn Hill Magazine*: "Geo. Elliot's Moral Anatomy," *Spectator*: "The Colonies and the Geneva Award," *Pall Mall Gazette*: "Gambetta and the Conservatives," *Economist*: "France and the Emperors:" "An Hour with Some Old Folk:" "whew! we are tired out and have not given any thing like a list of the good things contained in the four December numbers. We must not forget to state that under the head of romance, we have "The Burgomaster's Family," translated from the Dutch, and an excellent story: "Off the Skelligs," by Jean Ingelow; and the great story, "The Strange Adventure of a Phaeton," by William Black.

It will be seen by the above partial table of contents that *Littell's Living Age* gives its readers the very best selection of European current literature. It stands alone in its character of an Eclectic Magazine, and is very cheap at \$8 per. annum, for over 3,000 double column pages.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

"Visiting the Old Home-place," gives us a description of the improvements made in the "Old Home-place," and the reflections these innovations arouse. But as it would fail to interest our readers in general, who most probably have often read articles of like character, we are compelled to omit it.

"Only a Teacher," contains some good thoughts worthier of a better "dress." The article is well conceived, but carelessly written. Rewrite and furnish us MS better prepared; send real name also, as it is contrary to our rule to publish anonymous contributions. The name is only for our own use, and if desired, will be kept from our columns.

"The Preaching of Jesus," in rhyme, is faulty in this respect, that it is not poetry, however good the theology may be.

"Is it Love," would do excellently well to hand to your sweet-heart, because she could untie the Gordian knot of difficulties; but it is too hastily written, and hence too open to criticism.

THE WORDS WE USE.

It has been calculated that our language, including the nomenclature of the arts and sciences, contains 100,000 words; yet of this immense number it is surprising how few are in common use. To the great majority, even of educated men, three-fourths of these words are as unfamiliar as Greek or Hebrew. Strike from the lexicon all the words that are nearly obsolete—all the words of special arts or professions—all the words confined in their usage to particular localities—all the words which even the educated speaker uses in only homeopathic doses—and it is astonishing into what a Lilliputian volume your Brobdignagian Webster or Walker will have shrunk. It has been calculated that a child uses only about one hundred

words; and unless he belong to the educated classes, he will never employ more than three or four hundred.

A distinguished scholar estimates that few speakers or writers use as many as ten thousand words; ordinary persons of fair intelligence, not over four thousand. Even the great orator who is able to bring into the field, in the war of words, half the vast array of light and heavy troops which the vocabulary affords, yet contents himself with a far less imposing display of verbal force. Even al-mknowing Milton, whose wealth seems amazing, and whom Dr. Johnson charges with using "a Babylonian dialect," uses only eight thousand, and Shakspeare himself, "the myriad minded," only fifteen thousand. These facts show that the difficulty of mastering the vocabulary of a new tongue is greatly overrated; and they show, too, how absurd is the boast of every new dictionary-maker that his vocabulary contains so many thousand words more than those of his predecessors—*Ex.*

THE SNOW WHITE PLUME.

The following lines were suggested by seeing a certain young lady wearing a long white Ostrich plume in her hat.

"Press where you see my white plume shine amongst the din
of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day, the Helmet of Navarre."

In many a tale of olden time,
In many a minstrel's lay,
We read of many a chieftain brave,
Of many a bloody fray.

We read of the snow white plume that drooped
O'er the crest of brave Maurat,
And waved on high, the oriflamme,
In the helmet of Navarre.

Wherever the battle fiercest raged
Were those white plumes dancing free,
As they led their "braves" on the glorious path
To honor and victory.

But I know of another snow-white plume,
In our degenerate day:
In the path alone of worth and truth,
That beacon lights the way.

It droops not over the stern knit brow
Of Chieftain or Warrior bold,
But a soft bright hazel eye gleams forth
'Neath its gently waving fold.

It is not bound to a helmet fast,
As mail-clad warriors wear,
But it glistens a wreath of snowy hue,
O'er the brow of a maiden fair.

'Neath it the seal of a cultured mind
Is stamped on that brow of pearl,
And lifted aloft by the gentle breeze,
Waves many a raven curl.

Her soft eye beams with a holy light,
From a soul that's free from guile,
And a world of witching power is seen
In her gentle, winning smile.

Indeed all virtues cluster around
That lithe and graceful form,
As his horsemen gathered around Murat,
'Midst the dark'ning battle storm.

Then to wander thro' the realms of light,
To shun the wicked's doom,
As those warriors grim in the olden time,
We must follow the snow-white plume.

(PERKLEAN OWL.)

Selections.

PROGRESS IN METEOROLOGY.

The Signal Service Bureau, Its Work, and its Victories.

[Washington Correspondence of the New York Tribune.]

Barely two years have passed since the Signal Service bureau of the War department, which had done such excellent service during the rebellion, turned its attention to meteorology, and began to collect and furnish to the public its "Weather Reports." People read them, at first, out of mere curiosity. It was a new thing to find in the morning newspaper, at the breakfast table, accurate reports of the state of the weather a few hours before in every important city in the Union, but few supposed they would ever prove of any practical value, except, perhaps, to science. A few months later, after telegraphic reports had been carefully studied in the Signal bureau, and a law had been discovered which seemed to govern the movement of storms across the continent, or over portions of it, the first "Probabilities" was sent out, not without some misgivings on the part of the Chief Signal Officer, as much in regard to its popular reception as to the fulfillment of its predictions. These "Probabilities" were for a time, a mystery to readers; and it was supposed they were founded on guesses; but those who studied them with care were forced to admit that "Old Probabilities" guessed with wonderful accuracy. The whole secret was soon out; for the Signal Bureau has, from the first, taken the public into its confidence. The system of charts it had introduced; the laws it had discovered; the manner in which predictions were made, were all explained at length in the newspapers and magazines, and everybody who took the pains to read obtained at least a general knowledge of the working of the bureau. More recently the labors of the bureau have been extended. Warning signals are now displayed at all the principal sea and lake ports when dangerous storms are approaching; freshets and low water in the great rivers are reported; and last of all, the approach of frost was predicted in the Mississippi valley and eastern portion of the United States at the opening of the present winter, and the law governing great changes in temperature discovered.

The Signal Service bureau, popularly known as the "Weather Office," has, during the short time that it has made meteorology its chief study, gained two great victories. It has won the confidence of the people in its predictions, and it has gained the respect of scientific men for the service it has rendered to science. All over the United States, wherever there is a telegraph station and a daily newspaper, a summary is printed of the weather for the last twenty-four hours, and the "probabilities" for the coming day or night. These predictions, of which sixty-nine per cent were verified last year, have, in seventy-seven cases in a hundred, this year, proved correct, and mariners and farmers, and all other classes of men whose business is affected by the weather, have guided their movements largely by them. A single illustration will show the practical value to commerce of these reports. The observer at Buffalo gave it to the board of trade as his opinion, in the afternoon before the severe gale on the lakes, early in October, that it would be unsafe for vessels to go out on Lake Erie that night. Early in the evening orders came from Washington to display danger signals. Twenty-three vessels and barges, ready to sail, stayed in port, and escaped the disaster which would surely have overtaken some of them. The public confidence in the accuracy of the predictions of the bureau is equally great at all the lake ports as well as along the Atlantic coast and on the gulf.

It is, perhaps, too early to measure the value of the scientific discoveries made by the Signal Service bureau. It has been predicted that General Myer and his able corps of assistants will yet map out the currents of the air, and lay down the laws that govern their movements with as much precision as Lieutenant Maury has made charts of the ocean current; and a triumph like this would be more wonderful than the progress which has been made in the two years that have just passed. The weather bureau has not attained its present success and popularity without surmounting great obstacles. Insufficient appropriations hampered it for the first year and limited the field

of its operations. An unfortunate misunderstanding with the Western Union Telegraph company threatened to cause a suspension of its operations last summer, and for several months stopped the reports from many important stations. The merits of this controversy, which caused a transfer of the telegraphic business of the bureau to a rival company, will probably be settled by Congress during the coming session. Besides all this, young men with no knowledge of their duties have had to be instructed in meteorology and taught to make correct observations. It is to be hoped that Congress will deal generously with this bureau when appropriating money for its support. The amount of work performed during the last two years proves the most rigid economy in its expenditures, and the country could now ill afford to have it crippled by mistaken parsimony.

THE LOOKS OF LITERARY WOMEN.

Very intellectual women are seldom beautiful; their features, and particularly their foreheads, are more or less masculine. But there are exceptions to all rules, and Miss Landon was an exception to this one. She was exceedingly feminine and pretty. Mrs. Stanton, likewise, is a handsome woman, but Miss Anthony and Mrs. Livermore are both plain. Maria and Jane Porter were women of high brows and irregular features; as was also Miss Sedgwick. Anna Dickinson has a strong masculine face; Kate Field has a good looking, though by no means a pretty one, and Mrs. Stowe is thought positive homely. Alice and Phoebe Cary were plain in features, though their sweetness of disposition added greatly to their personal appearance. Margaret Fuller had a splendid head, but her features were irregular, and she was anything but handsome; though sometimes in the glow of conversation she appeared almost radiant. Charlotte Bronte had wonderfully beautiful dark brown eyes, and a perfectly shaped head. She was small to diminutiveness, and was as simple in her manner as a child. Julia Ward Howe is a fine-looking woman, wearing an aspect of grace and refinement, and great force of character in her face and carriage. Olive Logan is by no means handsome in person, though gay and attractive in conversation. Laura Holloway resembles Charlotte Bronte both in personal appearance and in the sad experience of her young life. Neither Mary Booth nor Marion Harland can lay claim to handsome faces, though they are splendid specimens of cultured women, while Mary Clemmer Ames is just as pleasing in features as her writings are graceful and popular.—*Ex.*

INSANITY IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

The middle ages were a period of upheaval, when everything was swallowed up in the bottomless abyss of scholasticism and demonology, and medicine became a routine of superstitious practices. Such and such a plant was considered beneficial, if gathered at the new moon; but deadly poison, if at the moon's wane. Science, art, and literature, went down in the storm, and wars, battles, pestilence, and famine, were the order of the day. As God was invoked in vain, men turned to Satan. The belief in the devil was universal, and the world became a hell. Now both science and experience show that the prevailing notions of a given period are very rapidly taken up by the insane, and by them distorted into grotesque shapes, with a uniformity resembling the symptoms of epidemic disorders. This phenomenon is of daily occurrence. Thus accordingly as France is ruled by a king, an emperor, or a president, those insane persons who imagine themselves to be somebody, claim the rank of president, emperor, or king, as the case may be. Just now, respectable women patients at Salpêtrière, St. Anne, Vacluse, and Ville-Evard asylums, solemnly assure the physicians in charge that they are *petroleuses*; while men of unquestionable patriotism will tell you that they guided the Prussians up the heights of Sedan. The phenomenon, therefore, of diabolic possession in the middle ages is perfectly natural. The calamities attendant on continual wars had so enervated the people, that they were fit subjects for all manner of mental disorder; and this, taking form from the prevailing ideas of the times, found expression in demoniacal possession.

During the middle ages the devil was everywhere—*ubique demon*. There was one religious sect whose adepts were ever spitting, hawing, and blowing the nose, with a view to expel the devils they had swallowed. A trace of this still remains in some localities, where one who sneezes is saluted with "God bless you!" Such beliefs were universal. Thus a certain prior of a convent had around him constantly a guard of two hundred men, who hewed the air with their swords, so as to cut to pieces the demons who were assailing him. Demons were even cited to appear before ecclesiastical tribunals. A curious and a pitiful epoch, when the possessed and their exorcists were madmen alike!

This view of insanity was favored by the philosophical, or rather the theological ideas of the time. According to these, man was of a two-fold nature. On the one hand was the flesh, mere matter; on the other, the soul, a direct emanation from Deity, passing through this vale of tears, on its way to the ineffable glory of heaven. The body is but the soul's dwelling-place—a temple or a den, accordingly as its invisible inhabitant is the servant of God or of Satan. Therefore, when the soul is diseased, the treatment must regard the soul alone, which is governed by laws of its own, and is merely in juxtaposition with the body for a moment. No doubt the ideal of purity thus held up was sublime; yet the result of it was the upsetting of the body's equilibrium; and this reacted on the mind. But this theory led to still more serious consequences; for it was admitted into science, and checked the progress of the medical art. When in 1828, Broussais attacked it, he was accused of blasphemy, and of "sapping the foundations" of society. Now, however, we know that the faculties of the mind are not independent of the conditions of the body. Take a slight dose of sulphate of quinine, and you lose, for the time being, the faculty of recollection; swallow a little hashish, and you are transiently insane.—Du CAMP, in *Popular Science Monthly* for December.

ANCIENT ETHICS.

Confucius and Menu, the great teachers of the four hundred millions of people inhabiting China, were among the first to proclaim that all men were equal in political rights. And they were the first to announce that the object of government was the welfare of the governed, and not the advantage of the ruler.

Confucius gave nine rules for good government: Self-culture; love of parents and relatives; respect for chief functionaries; good relations with subordinate officials; fatherly love of the people; encouragement of science and art; welcome to strangers; and "chow," or reciprocity. And when asked the meaning of the word "chow," Confucius replied, "That one word is enough to guide the human life. The meaning is, what we wish should not be done to us, let us not do to others." This golden rule of the Chinese was uttered 2,300 years ago.

The laws of Menu insist on speaking the truth, shunning agreeable falsehood, and are remarkable for the relation they recognize as existing between a sound mind and a sound body, and the compassion they taught for the lower animals.

Buddhism, which comprises more members than all churches put together, devoted its work to man, and speaks of eight degrees which lead to perfection: Right belief; right judgment; right utterance, or truth in all we say or do; right motives; right occupation; right obedience to duty; right recollection of past conduct; and right meditation. And the five commandments of its creed were: Do not kill; do not steal; do not commit adultery; do not lie; and do not be drunken.—*Ex.*

SOPH VS. FRESH—THE FIGHT OF THE CLASSES AT YALE.

We extract the following from an account of the last battle between the rival classes: There was in the front rank of the freshmen a lame man, but of immense chest and shoulders, and as plucky as you please. It is said that during one of the rushes, when a soph was tugging at his head and shoulders in a vain attempt to "drag him out" of the ranks, he said, "Please let me hang on; I've only got one leg to stand on!" The sophomores had formed themselves according to a plan pre-

viously drawn up, and numbered about ninety, their strength lying in their superior skill and experience. And now these bodies move slowly across the field directly towards each other. Nearer and nearer yet they drew, each side surrounded by admiring friends who cheered them on. The sophs and fresh have ceased their "mark-time" shouts, as every breath is to be needed in another moment. And now but a few feet are left between the two swaying masses of solid humanity—

Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm.

One foot is all that remains of the space between, when, as by some sudden impulse, both parties leap together, and each struggles to back down the other. For a moment the result is doubtful, but not for long. Slowly and surely the freshmen are gaining ground, and the sophomores are forced to back step by step; but now organization gives place to disorder, and the wildest confusion ensues. What was a moment ago an orderly rank of marchers, become a howling, hatless, dusty, struggling mob. Fragments of clothing bedeck the sward, and there are many coats without backs, and no less backs without coats. And a shout now arises, "Make a ring! Make a ring!" and in the midst of the yelling, tugging confusion, a space is made around a couple who are wrestling. Of course they are soph and fresh, but before they can exhibit their skill the crowd surges upon them and they are separated. Cheers from '76 now burst from one hundred throats, and each party retires to its former place, eager to renew the fray.

MR. PITT IN A FROLIC.—Great men need to unbend and have a good frolic, as well as other people. The younger William Pitt was noted for dignity of person and for power of overawing associates. But he could play as well as rule.

One day he was in a high frolic with Lady Hester Stanhope, James Stanhope and William Napier. They were struggling to hold him down and blacken his face with a burnt cork, when a servant announced that Lords Castlereagh and Liverpool, two of his associates in the Cabinet, had called on business. He said, coolly, "Let them wait in the outer room," and went on with the sport. But finding himself overmatched, he said, "Stop, this won't do; I could easily beat you all, but we must not keep these grandees waiting any longer."

His associates washed his face, hid the basin behind the sofa, and the grandees were ushered in. The manner of Mr. Pitt suddenly changed. His tall, ungainly, bony figure seemed to grow up to the ceiling, his head thrown back; his eyes fixed immovably in one position, as if gazing into the heavens, and totally regardless of the two bending figures before him. He was cold and haughty; they, humble and suppliant. In a few minutes Mr. Pitt bowed them out, and then, turning round with a hearty laugh, caught up the cushion and commenced the battle again.—*Ex.*

PROOF-READING.—Few persons outside of printing offices know the importance of "proof-reading"—that is, the careful revision of the type after it is set up, for the purpose of removing wrong letters, etc. For instance, a miserably scrawled marriage notice is handed in, which ought to read as follows: "Married—August 1, A. Conkey, attorney-at-law, to Euphemia Wiggins."

"Love is the union of two hearts that beat in softest melody; Time with its ravages imparts no bitter fusion to its ecstasy."

The notice is handed to the compositor or type-setter, whose rapid fingers fly among the type boxes for a brief space. A "proof," or first print, is then taken of the type, and the proof-reader has the following version before him: "Married—April 1, A. Donkey, eternally at law, to Euphonia Piggins."

"Love is an onion with two heads that beat in softest melody; Time with its cabbages imparts no better food to an extra dray."

The proof is then handed back to the compositor to be corrected. "D" is taken out of Conkey's name, and a C inserted; "eternally" is altered to attorney, and so on until the whole paragraph is in proper shape for the public eye.

VIOLENT TREMORS CAUSED BY TOBACCO.—The trembling, which is one of the usual symptoms of acute, is also a common result of chronic, nicotism. A very distinguished Parisian physician had hands which shook so much that he could not

write. Whenever he remained without tobacco for any length of time, these tremblings disappeared. Another case mentioned by Blatin is noteworthy. A man of forty-five years consulted him respecting violent and numerous attacks of vertigo. When he felt one of them approaching, he was obliged to lie down wherever he might be, in order to avoid falling. In the country, where he had plenty of exercise, they were less frequent than in the town, where his occupation was sedentary. Cessation from tobacco and a tonic regimen quickly restored him.

A physician of fifty-two was afflicted with similar disagreeable symptoms, and was also cured by abstinence. Habit had become so strong that he could not resist at times the temptation to slight indulgence. Finding that these returns to tobacco were immediately followed by his old painful attacks, he renounced it forever.—*Ex.*

A NOBLE YOUTH WHO COULDN'T DRINK WINE.—There was a noble youth who, on being urged to take wine at the table of a famous statesman in Washington, had the moral courage to refuse. He was a poor young man, just beginning the struggle of life. He brought letters to the great statesman, who kindly invited him home to dinner.

"Not take a glass of wine?" said the great statesman, in wonderment and surprise.

"Not one simple glass of wine?" echoed the statesman's beautiful and fascinating wife, as she arose, glass in hand, and, with a grace that would have charmed an anchorite, endeavored to press it upon him.

"No," said the heroic youth, resolutely, gently repelling the proffered glass.

What a picture of moral grandeur was that? A poor, friendless youth refusing wine at the table of a wealthy and famous statesman, even though proffered by the fair hands of a beautiful lady.

"No," said the noble young man, and his voice trembled a little and his cheek flushed. "I never drink wine, but—(here he straightened himself up and his words grew firmer)—if you've got a little good old rye whisky, I don't mind trying a snifter!"—*Cincinnati Times*

Miscellaneous.

... When is a young lady like a whale? When she's pouting.

... Why is a man searching for the philosopher's stone like Neptune? Because he is a sea-king what never did exist.

... The difference between a sick girl and a brick bat, is the difference between a missile and a miss ill.

... A sarcastic lady says the only thing which keeps Lent is her best silk umbrella.

... A New York saloon keeper advertises for "a boy to open oysters about fifteen years old."

... "Have you heard my last speech?" asked a political haranguer of a wit. "I sincerely hope so," was the reply.

... A man out West is so bow-legged that his tailor is obliged to use a circular saw in cutting out his pantaloons.

... "Woman is a delusion, madam!" exclaimed a crusty old bachelor to a witty young lady. "And man is always hugging some delusion or other," was the quick retort.

... He came down town for his morning nip, he raised the glass, he heaved a sigh, and then between each ardent sip he cried, "Oh, how is that for rye."

... "Was the Roman matron, whose sons were jewels, a mother of pearls?" "No, my child; the Gracchi were Corneli-ans!"

... Mrs. Partington, reading of the strike of the wire-

drawers, remarked, "Ah, me, what new fangled things won't they wear next!"

... An Irish school-master recently informed his pupils that the feminine gender should always be applied to all ships and vessels afloat, except mail steamers and men-of-war.

... A German lately married says: "Id vas youst so easy as a needle could walk out mit a camel's eye as to get der behindt vord mit a voomans."

... A grocer is willing to admit that honest tea is the best policy, but when it comes to coffee, he doesn't believe in running the thing into the ground.

... A fond husband boasted to a friend: "Tom, the old woman came near calling me honey last night." "Did she, Bill? What did she say?" "She said: 'Well, old Beeswax, come to supper.'"

... A New York gentleman offered two thousand francs for the privilege of making the last ascent of the Column Vendome, before its fall. The Commune refused the offer.

... Two undertakers meeting the other day, one of them remarked on the vast increase of mortality. "Well," replied the other, "you're luckier than I, for I have not buried a living soul for more than three weeks."

... As a good-tempered gentleman, with a very long nose, was one day walking down a narrow street, two or three very quizzical ladies with very ill grace, paused in their way, and looked steadfastly at the gentleman's nose; when he good humoredly placed his finger on its tip and pressed it on one side, and laughingly said, "Now ladies you have room to pass."

... The artistic reporter fees items in orange stands, and paragraphs in everything. The embryo banker in the Sunday School books attracts the attention of a generous patron by stooping to pick up a pin. But the reporter whose nature is permeated by a sense of the responsibilities of his calling, sees a banana peel on the church steps, and tarries patiently by it till the congregation comes out.

... Bill Arp closes his salutatory upon taking charge of the Rome (Ga.) Commercial in this way: "We are going to run a very peaceful machine—very peaceful. The great intrusts of our country—commerce and trade, pig iron and pork, cotton and corn, the Fair and the fair sex, aksidents, buglaries, sircusses, and a little slander thrown in occasionally as season-in. Gentel readar, dost thou love slander and skandal, and duels and snake bites, and sich like? Dost thou sometimes glory in human misery? If yea, we will feed you on some sweet morsels. Art thou sick, or deceased, or hipshotten, or bellowsed, or colicky? Look over our patent medicines, and pay your money and take your choice. We intend to caper and cater for the publik. The publik is a menagery, and the different beasts must be fed on different food. Our Bill of fare is before you. If you like it, board with us, and pay as you go, and when you get tired, quit."

... A New York Mail letter tells how a Chinaman learned to smoke a cigar. As the puffs curled out from his lips his face was wreathed in smoke and smiles. He took it out and in silvery accents said: "Him good." Here a pause and more puffs of smoke. "Him heap good." Another pause and the puffs more rapid. "Him bully heap good." Yet another pause and he put one hand up to the cigar. "Him berry bully heap good." Here both hands went up and the silence was broken by—"Him big berry bully heap good." And then a change came over the spirit of his dream as his face changed from pie-crust to dust and ashes, and things assumed a tinged no longer celestial but cerulean, until, with a gesture indescribable in its expressiveness, he slowly enunciated: "Him muchee, muchee, big berry bully heap good, but me no berry well here." Here he took off his washing basin, assumed an attitude indicative of digestive disagreement, and—let history draw a veil over what followed.