

"Fax Mentis Incendium Gloriæ."

VOL. II.

STATE UNIVERSITY, COLUMBIA MISSOURI, SEPTEMBER, 1874.

NO. 1

MISSOURI.

Queen of the West! throughout thy wide domain:
The Buffalo and Indian roam no more;
But loveliest farms rejoice in golden grain:
And cities shine where forests wayed of yore.

Though young thou hast already won a name
Proud as thy sisters' by the Atlantic seas;
Thine yet shall be the imperial diadem,
And thine the nation's great centropolis.

Heart of the Union! through thee grandly pour
The two great arteries of the nations continent;
What though no ocean breakers round thee roar,
Thy rivers are as grand an element.

Both North and South jut into thee and yield
All comforts, luxuries and mineral wealth;
Thy myriad groves from climate rigors shield,
Thy breezes waft longevity and health.

Prairie and woodland intermingled fair:
Hill, vale and plain, with rims of distant blue;
While to the South, half hid in heaven appear
The ridgy Ozarks in their dusky hue.

What can surpass thy maples leafy grove,
Where gleams the sun and lawn with higher green?
What finer apples weigh their trees up-down?
Where waves the field of corn a richer scene?

Thy scenery charms forever in the spring,
All shades of verdure and all tints of blue,
And Autumn's riches grander glories bring,
The woodland dyes, the fruits and fruits perfume.

No spots of glory consecrate thy soil,—
Such as Platæa yet thy records tell,
Or noble men, brave deeds and generous toil,
And one bright spot where Leon nobly fell.

Thy homes are hospitable, pure and blest:
Love, peace and virtue, reign supremely there;
No sordid meanness in the serpents' nest,
But outward blooms that inner life declare.

Thy sons have reached the world's triumphal arch—
Barton, and Benton, Bingham, Bates and Eads,
May greater names still mark thy future march
In worldly progress and illustrious deeds.

And though thy daughters wear not England's rose,
No less they kindle pure and warm desire:
Their loveliness like diamond lustre glows—
The German faith, with all the Spanish fire.

Thou'rt all to satisfy, save but one pest,
The curse of curses,—evil government,
Buzzards and jackals human war's bequest,
Have wrought thy ruin and thy discontent.

May demagogues grown old in tricks and sin,
Ne'er touch thy ark again, or "pull the wires;"
And may the ravenous pack that now is
Be damned forever to the stygian fires!

SIMON KERL.

Professor S. S. Hamill, A. M., so widely and favorably known in our own state, has been elected to the chair of English Literature and Oratory in the State University of Missouri, located at Columbia. He accepts the position and will begin his labors there in September. —*Alumni Journal.*

THE ABSENT ONE.

In looking over the names of the men who are to compose our faculty for the next ten months, we miss the name of one who is held near and dear by the members of the class of '75. His name, it is needless to mention, will ever be held in reverence by the members of that class for the knowledge he has inculcated into their minds and for the respect with which he treated them. Although we feel that there is a great deficiency yet existing in our minds he has loosened up the soil so that knowledge may take root, grow and bring forth an abundance of rich fruit. We feel that he has started us on the road that leads to eminence in the fields of composition, if we rightly apply our talents. His advice was always good and learned. With him as our Professor we have traveled over the literary fields of England, America, Germany, France, and Italy. It is true that we ran over these in haste; nevertheless we feel that much good has resulted to us. Who can tell but that his name will be found recorded among the great American teachers and writers by the coming generations? As a teachers of history, we believe, it would be difficult to find his equal. Being a well read man and having traveled a great deal, visiting a vast number of places where many of the great events, with which we come in contact in pursuing the study of history, have transpired; and the birth places, their halls of study, and the death places of illustrious characters—he knows and tells his classes all that it is important to know concerning them. We feel assured that all who know him will sustain us in the asserting that Prof. Hosmer is a repository of a vast amount of learning. We believe he is loved by all who know him. He is loved by his pupils for the willingness he manifested in assisting them in the accumulation of knowledge, for his goodness and kindness, and for his gentlemanly deportment towards them. But he is gone! Washington University has taken from our midst one of our most able, worthy and popular Professors. Go, Professor, whither it seemeth best! joy go with you. But we do not believe you will find a class that loves you more than the class of '75 in Missouri University. We wish you success. And wherever your feet may lead you during your future career—whether it be to England, Scotland, Germany, under the sunny skies of France or Italy, into the dreamy land of the Orient, to the green grasses of the south; or among the forests and mimic cities of the west—may God guide and preserve thee.

For the Missourian.

Some writer has said "to distinguish good poetry from bad, turn the verse into prose, and see whether the thought is natural, and the words adapted to it, or whether they are too big and sounding, or too mean and low for the sense they would convey. I am not a poet, but it seems to me that the above test would condemn much of the newspaper and college-paper poetry of these degenerate days." The principal merit of many of these contributions seems to lie in the "jingle" which they make. Would it not be well for the poetical young men of our University to apply the above test to their poetry before sending it to the Missourian for publication? S.

The *Nation* contains an extract from a letter from Mr. Bonamy Price, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Columbia, to an American friend who sent him a copy of the second speech of Senator Schurz on the currency question. He says: "I consider Carl Schurz's speech to be the ablest ever made on banking in any parliament. Its range and its solidity are wonderful. The subject all the world knows to be most intricate; and to be singularly exposed to all kinds of arbitrary but very pretentious theory. Mr. Schurz has followed the only scientific method—rigorous analysis; and the result is a body of detailed doctrine which almost throughout will bear the test of the closest examination. I conceive he has rendered a great service to his country as well as to political economy."

WHAT A "COMPOSITOR" DID.—The deadliest thing that has been done lately by the "intelligent compositor" was his attempt to give lucidity to a lecture delivered in Philadelphia by Prof. Smith. The Professor in his discourse, argued that "Filtration is sometimes assisted by the use of albumen," but the compositor got the remark into shape in this ruinous fashion: "Flirtation is sometimes arrested by the use of Aldermen!" A fighting bearing close resemblance to Prof. Smith has been hovering around that newspaper office at night lately with a solemn looking shotgun; but the compositor has gone west in search of fresh victories.

The *American Tribune* is the name of a new paper published in St. Louis, devoted to "civilization in North America." It is a paper worthy of its editor, L. U. Reavis, author of *St. Louis, the Future Great City*, and other works.

A NATIONAL UNIVERSITY.

The necessity of a great centre of education in America is becoming more apparent every year, and the subject has been brought up at every national educational convention for several years past, and the establishment of such an institution is recommended by nearly all of the prominent educators of the country. In 1869 the National Educational Association passed a resolution, under which a national committee was appointed, which was to consider how this want should be met. A permanent committee was afterwards appointed, whose duty it was to do all in their power to bring the subject to a successful issue. This committee after an exhaustive research into the merits of the question, presented a bill to congress asking, however, that no present action be taken on the subject.

The House committee on education unanimously reported it back with their approval and cordial recommendation. This bill provides that there shall be among the faculties first organized, seventeen departments, as follows: Philosophy, Social and Political Sciences, Jurisprudence, Commerce and Finance, Education, Letters, Natural History, Medicine, Agriculture, Mining and Metallurgy, Applied Chemistry, Mathematical and Physical Sciences, Topographical engineering and Mechanical engineering, Naval architecture, and Fine Arts. Senators and Representatives in Congress are to have the power of appointing students to scholarships from their districts, but no person who has not received the degree of B. A. or its equivalent will be received. The necessity for an institution which will afford opportunities for higher education in the United States is proved by the fact that a great number of our best graduates, and many of our professors are obliged to go to England or Germany in order to obtain that higher culture which they think is necessary to the proper performance of their duties. It is only in those countries where great educational centres have been established and sustained by the government, that this higher culture can be obtained. Colleges supported by individuals or by sects cannot afford to purchase apparatus that is required in such an institution, nor pay a faculty sufficient in number and attainments. No college as yet established in our country has an income sufficient to make needed improvements, though many of them have accumulated large endowments by means of private and public gifts. Yale and Harvard have been increasing their endowment funds for several generations, and they are now but little if at all superior to Michigan University which was established at a comparatively recent date, and is sustained by the state Government. Many of the best colleges of the eastern states do not pay expenses, though they receive frequent munificent contributions

from individuals, and a majority of our western sectarian schools drag out a miserable existence, being colleges only in name.

Dr. White, president of Cornell University, suggested a course which we think would be the proper one for such colleges to pursue. That is they should relinquish all pretensions to being first class schools for higher education and be intermediate schools for the purpose of preparing students for the state and national Universities. This would necessitate the raising of the standard for the admission to and graduation in those higher institutions. They would then have the opportunity to give the young that religious training which their partizans say is necessary to a proper education, and students who desire it would be able to obtain a higher culture in the various branches of philosophy than they can at present. By this means we would have a complete and harmonious educational superstructure. The common schools could send those who desire to pursue their studies further to these intermediate schools, these again could have the advantages of the state Universities, and those wishing to extend their knowledge of the sciences further, could do so in the great central National University.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

So long as power is held in esteem by the world, knowledge may be considered one of the grandest acquisitions to be obtained by man. For what is it that will confirm a nation's strength that has ever been accomplished without it? What is it that causes a country to be surrounded with a halo of greatness and the hearts of every other to swell with admiration at reading its history? It is knowledge. No height, however lofty, has ever been scaled without it; no depth, however fathomless, has ever been sounded devoid of its light; no object however distant has ever been reached except by its guidance; hence it may be said that knowledge is power. It is the material out of which all instruments are constructed adapted to the promotion of a country's prosperity. It is a rampart calculated to protect a nation against all the blows tending to subvert its power; and it is that which holds firmly upon their bases all the kingdoms and empires, states and principalities of the world; and wherever we find a people destitute of this requisite, we see them either weltering in their blood under the slaughtering hand of anarchy or groaning under the burden of foreign oppression; and ere the sinking cloud can lift its drooping wings and dispel the mist which has blinded it from the perception of its situation, it falls into the stream of destruction, there to remain with not a gleam of success to shed its lustre on it until the effective rays of knowledge enlighten its understanding, thereby opening up a way to rise from its ruinous condition. Were this Union devoid of its guidance, glowing as are her prospects in the fu-

ture, she would soon be shrouded under the mantle of darkness forever hidden from those laudable honors which characterize a nation's glory. For the want of this acquirement the Persians whose numbers were almost infinite sank and expired, serving only to ornament the triumph of their victors and to enrich the land with their blood. Such also was the fate of the Russians at Narva and the Austrians on the plain of Lissa, battles which will prove to the reader of history when ages shall have lowered many into their silent graves, the predominance of knowledge; and wherever it is the foundation upon which are built the actions of men there is firmness; there is stability; there is strength to subvert the blows of oppression; there is a bulwark invincible to the assaults of delusion; and as the golden sun sheds his influence over the silver crescent and diamond stars so there will be a country exercising its power over others throughout the land; thereby reflecting honor upon itself and shining as a beacon light for others when many generations shall have been cut down by the scythe of time. Knowledge is essential to the maintenance of man wherever he may be or under whatever government he may live. Whether across the turbulent waves of the Atlantic or in the genial clime of America; whether on the snow white hills of the north frigid or on the burning sands of the torrid. But it is essential more especially in a republican form of government, a government in which the laws are made by the people; for upon their ability of enacting laws salutary to the state hangs their success. Then let every American citizen whose ambition is the prosperity of his country, whose ambition is to make these United States as a shining constellation in the gilded west, whose ambition is to make them a monument for future ages, remember that knowledge whose cradle is a commonwealth is the friend of peace, the companion of tranquility, and a nation's power.

IMPORTANT TO MEDICAL STUDENTS.

The Trustees of the Louisville Medical college, (Louisville, Ky.) appreciating the impoverished condition of the whole country, have determined to grant a Beneficiary Scholarship to any young man, who, sufficiently educated to study medicine and of good character, is unable to pay for his education. To secure this valuable aid, application, with a full statement of facts, should be made without delay to Dr. E. S. Gaillard, Dean, Louisville, Ky.

The word "philanthropy" was first used among English authors by Lord Bacon in 1625, and Jeremy Taylor adopted it a little later. It took root slowly, and Dryden in 1690 referred to it as "that philanthropy which we have not a proper word in English to express."—*New York Herald*.

Mr. E. R. Marvin, class '73, is Local editor of the *Mexico Leader*.

MAKING HASTE SLOWLY.

Though we have made wonderful progress in this Nineteenth Century there are some things that cannot be hastened by all the ingenuity of modern invention. In some respects this is a fast age, in others it is no faster than its predecessors. It takes as long for a tree or a man to attain full stature now as it did in the days of Plato. Wisdom, like confidence, is a plant of slow growth, and though there be among us men and women of mighty promise, the gray hairs begin to silver their temples before they stand in full strength and are acknowledged guides of the people.

Every year at Commencement time any one unfamiliar with the rhetoric and declamation which gild those festive days would surely believe that soon the youths who go forth into the arena of active life must surely change the current of events; but they are for the most part swallowed up in the tide that bears us all on, and slip into temporary oblivion. Years pass on, and new names in science, in art, in literature rise above the horizon. Quietly working away in some secluded nook, these men and women of whom we have lost sight so long at last appear again, bringing with them the sheaves of thought and attainment they have been silently but diligently garnering.

Perhaps it is well that young men and young women should think the main work of life done, in some sense, when they have finished their collegiate education. Yet many an ambitious soul might be saved the reaction that often sets in when college life is over by reflecting that years of industry and laborious application after university honors are won have been found requisite in every instance to lift men far above their fellows. Webster struggled and studied and pondered long before he saw recompense in fame, position, or money, so did Franklin; so have Tyndall, and Huxley, and Spencer. One of our most eminent physicians has spent eleven years of a life numbering now three-score in studying the various parts of the human body through the microscope, while engaged in an extensive practice. There is no high attainment possible in any art or science without long years of assiduous and untiring labor. Summer suns and Winter snows by the score must go over the head of the student before he can hope to write his name beside the name of Humboldt, of Cuvier, of Hadley, of Story. Therefore, let him begin the long upward march with slow and steady step, that his strength may hold out; nay, that by the exercise of going onward it be increased; so that when he is ready for his "twelve labors" his physical and intellectual muscle be not found wanting.—*New York Tribune.*

Joaquin Miller is getting quite a reputation abroad as the talented American who is too mean to have his hair cut.—*Brooklyn Argus.*

COLLEGE AND STATE LATIN.

At the Harvard commencement dinner, Josiah Quincy related how, fifty years ago, on commencement day, in the presence of Gen. Lafayette, he had the honor and pleasure of delivering the Latin oration, and then proceeded to gossip about the incident as follows: There was one difficulty about that oration which I cannot help mentioning. Everybody, young ladies and all, understood my Latin perfectly; but it was said that Gen. Lafayette did not, owing to my pronunciation. Now, sir, I thought I knew how to pronounce Latin very well, but I find now that the gentlemen of my date would hardly pass examination with the President now. For instance, a short time ago I asked my grandson something concerning what he was studying, and he mentioned the name of a Latin author and orator that I never heard of before—one Kikero. [Loud laughter.] In order to find a little about this person, I asked him: "Now," said I, quoting what Shakspeare says concerning that old Roman, "how should you pronounce what we used to say—'Veni, vidi, vici?'" "Oh," said he, "we should 'weeny, weedy, weech.'" [Laughter.]

We congratulate the Board of Curators on their choice of a professor of English and History. Prof. S. S. Hamill is unquestionably one of the first elocutionists of the land and comes to us highly recommended by Andrew White, president of Cornell University, Tappan, ex-president of Michigan University, A. Campbell, and other prominent educators. He has taught elocution in Michigan University, Wesleyan University, Ill., and in the state Normal School at Kirksville, from which he came to take his present position.

Notwithstanding the drouth, the financial crisis and the consequent scarcity of money in this and adjoining states, the prospects are that the University will be as largely attended as on any previous year. Under the circumstances, this is as much as could be expected. The prospect of the Law and Medical departments are especially encouraging. A number of students who intend to enter those departments have already arrived, though they do not open until the 5th of October.

The Curators at their June meeting passed a resolution providing that in addition to the regular graduates of this institution, the graduates of Christian and Stephens colleges, of the state Normal schools, and of all other scientific colleges of the state, authorized by law, should be permitted to enter the Scientific departments of the University as resident graduates.

It is with unfeigned sorrow that we hear of the death of Wm. L. Fisher, who was a student at the University last session. He died at his father's residence near Bonne Femme Church, in this county on the 22nd inst., and was at the time of his death about 20 years old.

Bret Harte is said to be constantly hard-up. Such, however, is genius.—*Exchange.*

If being hard-up constitutes genius we have some spells of remarkable brilliancy.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

The members of the senior class are miserable, dejected, overworked, crammed, gorged with facts that might not be dry if they were not so numerous.

Bayard Taylor has published a new poem. Its title is 'The Prophet, A Tragedy,' and it is probably founded on the Mormon fanaticism though he does not refer to that creed.

M. Guizot the eminent statesman of France, and Author of 'A History of Civilization in Europe,' is dead. He was upwards of 88 years old at the time of his death.

Mr. Shannon C. Douglass, class '70, is a candidate for prosecuting attorney of Boone county, and B. F. Walker '73 is candidate for the same office in Morgan county.

We hope to have a better quality of paper for the next issue of the MISSOURIAN.

Mrs. James, formerly an instructor in the Normal College, was recently appointed superintendent of the public schools of Aibia, Iowa. She had several male competitors.

Miss Nannie Munsen, Class '73, N. C., is teaching in Attumwa, Iowa.

Mr. F. M. Houts, class '71, is married, and is practicing law in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Mr. J. L. Torrey, class '75, is attending the Law College of Washington University.

Silas D. Evans was married on the 24th inst. Miss Ostrander, of Columbia.

We call the attention of students to our list of advertisers, and recommend them as gentlemen worthy of their patronage.

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The University Missourian.

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J. F. BABB, Editor.
F. J. MILLER, Associate.
N. B. LAUGHLIN, Associate.
H. E. SHERMAN, Literary Editor.
O. HITT, Local Editor.
T. C. EARLY, Business Manager.

THE VALUE OF BOOKS.

There are some persons who consider books of very great value; while there are others who care less for them than for a great many trivial things with which they come in contact as they pass along the highway of life. But we have the presumption, that the greater and the more enlightened as well as the happier portion of mankind belong to the former of these two divisions. The truth when recorded in a book is visible to the sight when reading, and to the hearing when listening to the reading. Both of these senses, sight and hearing, convey this truth to the mind where they combine to strengthen our belief. But when the truth is spoken, it is visible to the sense of hearing only—it exists in the mind of the speaker where it cannot be seen. Thus by reading a sentence aloud we obtain the same idea through two very different channels. And one organ of sense generally detects the fallacy of the other.

If it were not for books to perpetuate to us the memory of Alexander, Epaminondas, the Gracchii, Marcus Aurelius, and others, their deeds would live only in the past, and their fire would burn only in the mouldering tombs of oblivion. The names of Ninevah, Janus, and all those old cities, whose gilded domes, brazen gates, and frescoed walls have gone to ruin, would never have sounded in our ears. We would know nothing of that grand old city Jerusalem and its mountains around whose peaks the lightnings flashed and peal on peal of thunder rolled—only from the lips of them who have visited it. Nothing of ancient Troy around whose walls Achilles chased mighty Hector. Nothing of old Carduel in whose streets and on whose plains flashed in the keen sunlight many a spear and battle-ax—from whose turrets floated "Cimri's Dragon," where the white horse of the Saxons was trampled in the dust, and Cimrians and Saxons were united under the sway of "crowned liberty."

Books which unlock the marble doors of sepulchers and bring to light and life again the heroes of centuries past; that bring before our minds Bagdad, Damascus, Cairo, Peking, and all those old burnished cities where our forefathers lived, flourished and died; from which we gather so many glowing ideas of the flower gardens, grand plains and the sunny sky of the orient.

How grand! how magnificent! books pre-

sent to the mind a panorama of exquisite workmanship of monuments of Egypt, the pyramids and obelisks, that raise their heads to the sky as if to worship nature and her God. Where is ancient Greece—her Athens, Sparta and Thebes, with "brazen gates on golden hinges turning"—her philosophers and her armies? Have they perished? No; far from it. They are emblazoned one on the pages of books; and they will live until star after star shall have disappeared from the firmament of heaven, until the sun himself shall have grown dim with age and nature sunk in years. It is in the Book of books that we see Moses as he sits on Mt. Sinai enveloped in clouds holding converse with his God; and as he writes in burning characters upon the slabs of stone the commandments which are to be obeyed by all mankind. It is in it that we see Pharaoh as he is about to be engulfed by the raging waves of the Red sea. In books we read of Roman saturnalia and Grecian bacchanalia. In them we read about the palaced cities of the south, surrounded by orange groves and palmettos—of the mountains and sylvan lakes of Switzerland—of republican Venice with all her pomp and splendor, her massive walls and marble carpeted pavements—of the south with her fields of white and green—of the north with her "mountain stores of wealth and cultivation"—of the west with her wide extended fields of "golden grain" and the incalculable wealth that ~~lays~~ ~~entombed~~ in the bosom of her mountains and forests, of her "desert solitudes, mimic cities, pinnacled cathedrals, massive fortresses counterfeited in the eternal rocks and splendid with the crimson and gold of the setting sun; of her dizzy altitudes among fog-wreathed peaks and never melting snow."

Were there no books where would be Shakspeare, Milton, Spencer, Dante, or any of those poets who have rode on the silver wave of glory in that glorious ship of imagination to the star crowned point of fame!

Some books lead us to some vast temple whose beauty and grandeur time has destroyed, amid whose ruins the swallow builds her nest and on whose granite stones the lizard suns himself—to some lovely grotto amid whose bowers the nightengale sings its notes of joy—to some beautiful lake where we catch the murmur of the silver ripples as they sparkle under the full-orbed moon—or to an enchanted forest where the music of the fairies fall so fascinating on our ears as they wreath their dance in the moon-lit air. It is in the works of the poet that we find ourselves soaring across the ethereal plains. It is the astronomer who unwinds the "eternal dances of the sky" and listens with admiration to the "music of the spheres."

While reading some books we fancy that we are in those fields of literature from which were harvested such precious sheaves as "The Ocean of Love," "The Rose-garden of Persia,"

"The Rose and the Nightingale," and "The Rose-field of Mystery." Oh how we thank thee, men of mind, for books from which we learn of the East, the cradle in which humanity was first rocked, where the lyre was strung and the muses sung together ere the "Hesperian Faunce" had its birth. The Orient, upon which some look as "a kingdom whose hills are ribbed with silver shafts, its streams bedded with golden sand, its trencched revines lined with pebbing diamonds, the edge of its strands covered with coral, the floor of its bays strewed with pearls, the breath of its meadows odorous with myrrh, its flowering trees of perennial green and bloom ever sagging with delicious fruit, cool fountains springing in every court, and entranced bubbles warbling on every spray."

Books! they are the means of civilization. From them we learn to reverence the truly beautiful and good. From them we learn to muse upon and count the golden rivers of the sky as they roll between their crimsoned banks.

Who could tell us about the battle of Marathon where Xerxes with five milion men was repulsed and beaten back by Miltiades with his little band of ten thousand? Who could tell about the battle of Hastings which decided the destiny of the English language! Or who could tell us of that grand Revolution which severed the bonds of English despotism and gave to America her freedom as we now read it from the pages of our history? What human being could tell the story of that memorable night of Aug. 24, 79 when the citizens of that ancient and renowned city of Campania Pompeii, were assembled in the amphitheatre and the smoke and cinders came pouring in upon them as if the whole Earth were on fire? Or who could tell of Warsaw on the 12th of Oct. 1794 as its streets ran encrimsoned with the blood of thirty thousand Poles?

The feelings which we experience while reading books are as varied as the number of books we read. Some throw us into ecstasies; some transfer us to the "lands of dreams" where we might desire as "a summerday mid blooms and sweets to dream [ourselves] away;" while by others we are carried back to the scenes of early childhood when we, in company with some loved companions, chased the golden winged butterfly as it flew from rose to rose.

Without books, the Church, School-house and the Press, the great elements of civilization would never have had an existence. The stream of progress—before whose mighty power trees have been uprooted, vast forests where once the buffalo and the deer ranged, transformed into prairies where fields of grain now wave, hills and mountains leveled, valleys filled up, rivers bridged with iron, pearls and corals brought from the mighty deeps, the fiery elements analyzed, the ocean cabled, man brought into closer communion with his

Maker, and nation bound to nation in one common brother-hood—would never have set out on its course but remained in the slimy and stagnant pool from whence it had its origin. The barbarous nations would have remained barbarous still. No poet, orator, statesman's historian, or phylosopher would have ridden on the wave of glory. The secrets of nature and the treasures entombed in the bowels of the Earth might have remained forever mysteries; and the harp of civilization might never have sounded on our shores, and this Western land might have remained the hunting ground of savages for ages that yet lie imbedded in the "Halls of Time." The sun, moon and stars would have shone and sparkled in the heavens without man having any knowledge of their power or office. The variously colored clouds of the sky would give him rain without his knowing anything of the how or wherefore they were formed. The earthquake and volcano would be held as formerly, in superstitious awe. The placid waters of the lake would have exhibited to his view the starry firmament without his knowledge of the principle of reflection. The soil would have brought forth the rich fruits indispensable to his existence without his being acquainted with its properties. The rose would have blossomed and breathed its fragrance upon the air in vain. The seas might have retained their pearls and their corals,

stitution would have held the nations of earth in their iron grasp since the rising of that sun which first sang creation's hymn.

But from books we read of nations, empires, principalities—of discontent and contentions in which the sorrows of "whole centuries were blended in one everlasting sigh"—of peace after peacc when "Ruth came with joy—and in that happy hour, Hate dropped the steel—and Love alone had power." Of attractive characters; of Godfry of Bouillon, as his tents bedecked the plains before the gates of the barbarians where "day wans, night comes, the star succeeds the sun," again and again before he gains those sacred portals; of Sweno and his sword; of fair Armida and Rinaldo; of the sovereign lady of the deep; of Clorinda and Erminia; and of Romeo and Juliet as they sat among the ivy-mantled groves of Venice. It gives great pleasure to the mind to delve in the deep reveries of thought that are occasioned after the reading of some of our great poems.

In the words of Channing:—"God be thanked for books; They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levelers. They give to all who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am. No matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my

obscure dwelling * * * if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakespeare to open to me the world's of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Dr. N. L. Rice has resigned the Presidency of Westminster college, Fulton, and will be succeeded by Dr. Fisher.

Prof. Hartt, of Cornell, has gone to South America on an exploring expedition.

The authorities of Bowdoin have dispensed with military drill on account of last years "unpleasantness."

A farmer out in Kansas solemnly avers that a grasshopper got on his gate-post and called out to him, "William Bryant what in the thunder did you do with the rest of that cold meat."

John is a wag. A poor Frenchman being seized with an inqonquerable desire to learn English, John wrote him the present tense of the verb "to go." The Frenchman spent all his spare time to learn it, then went to another friend and complained of the extreme irregularity of the verb "to go." In proof thereof he produced the present tense of "to go" as John had written it. It read:

<i>Singular.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
I go.	We lay tracks.
Thou startest.	You cut sticks.
He departs.	They absquatulate or skedaddle.

Vassar Miscellany.

THE MINING SCHOOL.

The supreme court of the state has decided that the bonds, issued by the county court of Phelps county, in order to secure the location of the Mining school at Rolla, are invalid. These bonds were issued by the court without first submitting the question to the people of the county. Those who held the bonds to be valid contended that the clause of the constitution providing that a gift to any corporation should be submitted to the people before the credit of the county was pledged; did not affect the present case, because Board of Curators was not the kind of corporation there spoken of; but a *public* corporation. The supreme court held that such a reason was not sufficient, that a contract between a county and any corporation, whether it be public or private, educational or otherwise must first be ratified by the people. The question will, we suppose be again submitted to the mineral counties of southeast Missouri that can contest for the location of the school. Previous to this decision the committee appointed by the Curators had purchased the Rolla Public school building, the permanency of the bargain to depend on the decision of the bond case by the supreme court.

THE INTER-COLLEGIATE REGATTA.

The interest in the college boat races seems to increase rather than diminish, notwithstanding the opposition of the many eminent educators in this country and England. The regatta of '74, which came off at Saratogo, on the 17th of July, was reported at length in the principal newspapers of the Union, and pictures of the winning crew were given in *Harpers' Weekly* and *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*. The contending crews were from Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Williams, Dartmouth, Trinity, Cornell, Princeton and Wesleyan. The race was postponed on the two preceeding days on account of rough water, and in consequence of these disappointments the attendance was comparatively small. The excitement was intense during the race. At the end of the second mile Yale was ahead, but at this juncture a collision with Harvard so disabled their boat that they were obliged to fall behind. Columbia then shot ahead and remained there until the end of the race. The crews came in in the following order: Columbia, Wesleyan, Harvard, Williams, Cornell, Dartmouth, Princeton, Trinity and Yale. The feeling between Yale and Harvard is very bitter. Captain Cook of the Yale crew challenged Harvard for another race on the ground of supposed intentional foul play. The successful crews were very jubilant, and were highly commended by the heads of their institutions.

A writer in *Scribners Monthly* for July says of our University:

The State University is located at Columbia, and has been characterized by a remarkable growth since the war. During the struggle its buildings were occupied by United States troops and its sessions were entirely broken up; the library was dispersed, the warrants of the institution were afloat at a discount, and various prejudices had nearly ruined it. At last Rev. Dr. Daniel Read took the presidency; and the reorganized University comprises a Normal college, an agricultural and mechanical college, opened in 1870, law and medical schools, and a department of chemistry, and now has attached to it a "School of Mines and metallurgy" established at Rolla, in southeastern Missouri. Into this mining school students will flock from all directions, and turn their attention towards a scientific development of the mineral resources of the State. Women have finally been admitted to the University, and at the commencement of 1872 a young lady was advanced to the baccalaureate grade in science.

A. S. Barnes & Co., are soon to issue a school journal, called the *National Teachers Monthly*, to be conducted by J. Mahoney, editor of the *Chicago Teacher*. Its contributors will be selected from the best professional talent in the Union. Price 75 cts. per year.

The University Missourian.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

Subscription to the MISSOURIAN \$1 00 per year.

PERSONALS.

Dr. R. D. Shannon, class of '62, of Buchanan county, is the Democratic candidate for State Superintendent of Public schools, and will no doubt, be elected.

Simon Kerl, class of '53, author of Kerl's Grammars, Poems, and other works, favors us with a contribution which will be found in another column. His grammars are extensively used in the United States, and are among the best in existence. He resides near Jefferson City.

John M. Gordon, class of '48 is the Democratic candidate for county Attorney of Audrain.

W. R. Rothwell, class of '54, is president, pro tem. of William Jewell college, Liberty, Mo.

Henry N. Ess, '63, of Kansas City is to deliver the address before the alumni next June.

T. J. Lowry, '70, is engaged in the United States coast survey, in Texas.

Hon. Warwick Hough, of Kansas City, the Democratic candidate for the long term in the Supreme Court of this State, graduated at the University in the year 1854.

Clark Claycroft '70, J. H. Dryden and Randall Dryden, '73, have established a law firm in St. Louis. The last mentioned was married to Miss Gennie Coleman, of Columbia, on the 17th of the present month.

Royse, class of '74 was in town a few days since attending the fair. He intends to spend this year in visiting fairs and in similar recreations, and come to the law school in '75.

The fates seem to be against moonlight picnics. The young people of Columbia have attempted three this summer, and each time they broke up in a thunder-storm; and it hasn't been a good summer for thunder-storms either.

A NEW BOOK STORE.

Opposite the postoffice. We keep everything wanted by the students in the book and stationery line. Will furnish promptly any book published at publishers prices. We wish to call the attention of the students to the following books for sale by us. "The Students' Manual," "Index Rerum," "Books and Reading," "Rogers' Thesaurus of English words." Call and examine these books. **SPRING & KIRTLY.**

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Merchant tailor, Broadway, Columbia, Mo., dealer in Foreign and Domestic Cassimeres, Doeskins, Cloths, Beavers, Velvets and Vestings always on hand. Style and fit guaranteed. Jeans, Furnishing goods, Shirts, Gloves, etc., etc., etc.

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Books and stationery at Gilman & Dorsey's, cheap for cash.

First-class students buy Cohosh and Tar for coughs and colds.

Call at Gilman & Dorseys and supply yourselves with all necessaries.

Last Sunday, as Stephens college were on their way to Sabbath school, a new student was heard to exclaim; "Oh for the hands of Gyges that I might carry away those beautiful damsels all."

If that military chap continues to bring that cigar-box to the chapel exercises, he may expect to have Dr. Read after him with a broom stick.

A student who had just begun the study of algebra, when he came to the word co-efficient said, what does this word go-a-fishing mean, any how in this book.

Gentry, law class of '74, is "high justice" of Columbia township.

Our German friend Louis, of the tribe of H., says he intends seeing Pres. Dulin concerning one of his daughters. We suppose that Louis has already made arrangements with her.

We presume that Curtwright will return, as we have seen his gaiters which occupy the door of the "Big Boot."

A certain "sub prep." of last session says, that he has not determined positively whether he will graduate classical agricultural or scientific.

Uncle Phil, has hitherto been pensive; but since he has learned that his Iowa girl will return, he wears a smile upon his face that is irresistible.

Lake St. Mary has been enlarged, and we would advise that agent of historical charts to be a little careful hereafter how he makes false reports concerning the honesty of students while being examined.

One of the old students says, if Prof. Ficklin's algebra is as hard to handle as he is, he wants nothing to do with it. For if he does, he will have to "cave" every day.

Some of our "dead beats" wonder if the Dr. will say anything more about their entering the "senate" as the saloons have been closed.

The Hudson Mansion which has formerly been occupied by the young gentlemen of the University, has been appropriated to the young ladies with the Hays family to superintend. We advise them to keep a full supply of provisions on hand, as it has been experienced by the young men that the appetite is extraordinarily good in those regions; moreover, to reserve several parlors; for, they doubtless will have many visitors.

Can it be explained why so many boys were at the Methodist church last Sunday who usually attend the Christian. It could not have been the college girl that induced them to go, oh no!

We have a new "Capt. Jack" this session minus the plume, but we assure the reader that the skirt of his coat compensates for all deficiencies.

Boys take care how you drive your buggies, across the pavements, if you do not wish to pay for it; for when the town authorities can manage as weighty a man as our honorable President, it will do for us to be circumspect.

Sir Walter Bombshell has been elected Superintendent of the orphan home, in this town. We hope that Sir Walter's labor may prove a success and a blessing to humanity.

A resident graduate, while visiting a friend, and conversing on the subject of Geology, saw a piece of soap, innocently enquired, "What kind of rock is that?"

Wagner's Miscellany—Students and others wishing to subscribe for this book of "phunny" personalities, and various other matters, will please give us their names before the first of Oct. Only 20 names will complete the list of 450, the desired number. Come soon or you will be too late. **LESLIE WAGNER.**

A subordinate sub prep while examining the books of a sophomore when he came to Milton's Paradise Lost, said, "See here give me this book," but when he viewed its contents he exclaimed, "Oh, this is a hymnist, by 'jabers,' give us a 'doxolager!'"

"Roan," who did not pass in mathematics last session, has determined to take no less than ten this. We glory in his spunk.

Young ladies have not only a great influence over young men, but also over those whose denuded pates command respect; for our venerable President admits that he cannot deliver a lecture without their presence.

Our friend Booth, not the assassinator of Lincoln, who has studied Latin only ten months, says that he can "decline memnsa" now without making a single mistake. What a wonderful progress!

Prof. Hamil desires to know if our seniors intend to write their own orations. Seniors what say you?

There are quite a number of young ladies now in attendance at the University. Boys brighten your intellects. Some of you may think they will do to tie too; but allow us to inform you that they will not do to contend with as the seniors of '74 will testify.

Since Vallandigham has been studying mental philosophy, he says, when he learns his lessons, he feels it in his big toe.

One of our Juniors is greatly distressed in regard to his cognomen, as his instructor in the proper pronunciation of words persists in calling him *Ca—Ca—Cas—Cast* * * *.

If any students are homesick and desire to know the cause, we refer them to Dr. Read for information. Senior B. has procured for himself a clock, and thinks that he will soon be prepared for housekeeping.

As a "fresh fish," was about to board the train for Columbia, he desired to know whether he should have his trunk put on the baggage car or freight train. That student will certainly go sniping.

A sophomore, brother to Captain Jack, who was asking for information with regard to Dr. Norwood's department, desired to know if he lectured on Pnew-matics, Hy-dros-ta-tics, and all those other kind of "ties."

We learn that there is an abundance of grapes in the agricultural vineyard. Prof. S. keep out your sentinels, or you may be relieved of the trouble of making wine this fall, as there are quite a number of portable presses in this vicinity designed for that special purpose.

A new student laid himself down upon the portico of the University a few days since to enjoy a nap, but ah! our President knew a thing or two, and that youth did not; and the consequences of it was the boy didn't sleep.

Who would have thought that the music of our choir was so efficacious as to cause students to gaze in that directing and to open their mouths not less than four inches?

The students are almost exhausted waiting for the announcement that they are the most intelligent looking young gentlemen that ever attended a University; and to expedite matters, they desire us to throw out a few innuendoes on that point.

One of our seniors a few days since was fully convinced that he was larger than all the Universe; while another, although a classical one, was made to believe that he knew nothing at all. Who could have thought, even for a moment, that they were so credulous?

President Read says the prospects for a full attendance at the University this season, are as flattering as they were last. There have been, up to the present, about three hundred matriculations.

The military, this session, is as the crops, a failure. We do not know whether it is caused by the drouth or chintz bugs.

The Mammoth Dry Goods House of Samuel and Strawn is justly called the students' store. Boys you can find here everything needed in the way of wearing apparel, and all the requisites necessary for fitting up your rooms. Our ready made clothing department is most complete and was selected with a view to supply your wants. Come and see us students and we will furnish you goods just as your own merchants at your respective homes would. **SAMUEL & STRAWN.**

Sep. '74. (10 m.)

A certain student thinks it is so strange that he cannot sit down and write four or five pages of lies to his dulcinea, as he can tell them for a day at a time.

The superintendent at Christian church, last Sabbath, asked the Sunday school what man first ate of the forbidden fruit? One answered that it was Eye who did it. Yes, said the superintendent, Eye was the man.

Bro. D. says he does not intend to visit the C. college this session. It cannot be because she is not there, of course not.

The pump of our mineral spring is broken; and to secure the health of students and faculty it would doubtless be advisable for the Curators to have it repaired.

STAMPEDE.

On Friday night quite a number of boys stole their way into the Agricultural Vineyard, and were hastily ushering the grapes into new abodes when the cry was heard, "they come! to flight! to flight!" and away they went pell-mell over the plowed ground each one thinking only of the safety of himself, when one failing to keep this centre of gravity supported measured his length upon the ground, raised his pedal extremities toward heaven, and was heard to exclaim: "O Richard, Richard had you dissuaded me with half the zeal you persuaded me, I would not have thus been left naked to my pursuers! but farewell a long farewell to all my greatness!"

Prof. Tyndall recently delivered a lecture before the British Association, of which he is president, in which he plainly advocates materialism. He favors Darwin's evolution theory though he delivers himself cautiously on this subject. He asserts that the time has come when religious fanatics can no longer hinder scientific men in their search after truth. He reminds us of Saxe's blind men examining the elephant. He seems to resolve the mental and spiritual worlds into the mere results of the organization and evolutions of matter, going to the opposite extreme from the Nominalists who began their investigations at the other, or spiritual end of creation.

THE FIRST MANAGER AND AUTHOR OF DIXIE.
—"Who was the first regular manager?"

"It was Joe Sweeny, of Lynchburg, Va. He first brought the banjo, speaking of that, into notoriety in 1836, '37, '38, and '39, travelling about with circuses. His success was nearly equal to T. D. Rice's. During the winter season he played star engagements throughout the United States, singing the songs of 'Johnny Booker,' 'Whar did you come from,' 'Who's dat nigger dar a-peeping,' etc. Before the regular band, he went to England, Ireland and Scotland, singing with much success. After organizing a compady of his own he died in Washington, in 1856 or '57." And who, in order comes next two Sweeny.

"Well, I must mention the great author of 'I wish I was in Dixie.' President Lincoln wished to have that proclaimed as a national song. He said once, If they (the South) steal the country don't let them steal that song. Emmett has furnished minstrel troupes with many of their songs, and nearly all their popular walk-arounds, such as 'Ain't I glad,' 'Come out of de Wilderness,' &c., Artemus Ward wrote one popular song: 'Hand down the Trumpet.' He got the points from a camp-meeting in Ohio.—*Washington Republican—Interview with S. S. Sanford.*

We do not meddle with politics; but we are always pleased to see such an earnest, active and efficient friend of education as Charles H. Hardin put forward as a candidate for office.

HOW EQUAL.

If in this age of living with enlarged ideas, the milk of human kindness, fine spun theories, and humbugs, there is any one doctrine more popular than another, it is perhaps, not too much to say that that doctrine is 'all men are free and equal.' Yes, we are told that one man is as good as another—if not a little better. This idea is particularly prevalent in these "more or less United States;"—here however, it is exclusive of Indians not taxed.

Some years ago, the great Anglo American people woke up one fine morning, and found Sambo, a man and brother: Dinah a lady of rare accomplishments only needing the sun of freedom to make her shine with resplendent lustre—in fact, a rose not born to blush unseen, nor waste her sweetness on the kitchen air. But up to this writing there has been no equality salvation preached to the "Indians not taxed." On the contrary since Capt. Jack with his handful of warriors kept the U. S. government at bay for weeks and weeks, the best government the world ever saw; has been preaching such sermons to the poor Lo's as will pretty soon put most of them into the possession of such freedom as the world of spirits will afford. But a truce to this.

A year or two ago, the men in Mo., and in many other states, were gravely informed that women were their equals except in voting and riding horseback, (albeit in this latter particular Doc. Mrs. Mary Walker demonstrated her equality to the entire satisfaction of the Confederate soldiers by whom she was captured during the late "onpleasantness") and the male part of the class of '74 had the pleasure of bearing witness that a woman was superior in mental attainments to any of them.

Notwithstanding all that has been said and written on this subject, it seems to me that evidences are of daily occurrence to prove quite the contrary of this very delightful idea of the men of advanced ideas so called. In the colleges of the country some young men are allowed to pass to higher grades, notwithstanding their average standing was below that which the laws of the institutions require. Other young men are required to take the same studies over and over again, until they do attain the legal average. Then, certainly the faculties of such colleges don't seem to appreciate this equality of all men. It is useless for the students upon whom the law of the institution is enforced to appeal to precedents which will sanction their advancement without the review. They had as well sing psalms to a dead horse and expect to get him to shout. Those to whom the favors are shown are almost invariably young men of wealth; and that will have its weight as long as there is human nature in man. Let moralists exhaust their vocabularies, editors write leading articles and old women both male and female (for there are as many of one sort as the other) prate in their chimney corners till their heads swim and their hair falls out

by the roots, to prove the contrary, but the fact will still stand, to-wit: There always has been, is now, and ever will be, a great deal of *dollar and cent respectability in the world*. A young man possessing the pecuniary and associational qualifications, with a moderate amount of genius and attainments will be very apt to be graduated after attending college a certain number of years, while another equally proficient but less favorably circumstanced, if graduated at all, it would be as by fire.

But perhaps it is not too much to say that greater proficiency in the curriculum of studies should be required of some than of others. There is much to be learned besides what is in the school books. The talents, genius and general culture of some may to a great extent compensate for the deficiency in class books. While others with less natural gifts and general culture need the legal proficiency to make them equal to their more gifted neighbors. An example of the former class here mentioned is well known to the writer. The faculty of a noted New England University graduated a young man who had attended there a certain number of years, and was a brilliant fellow, well connected &c. Though these were his strongest claims for a sheepskin. On his final examination in mathematics, he was asked what was Prop. XI., B. IV., of Davies Legendre. He stretched his eyes in astonishment, and replied "Why professor, the angels in heaven don't know that!" For many years that man has been making a good living by his genius, cheek, and practicing law.

That men are not equal before the law, in fact—though they are in theory—is patent to all. For instance the difficulty in convicting men of means and standing, of offenses of which they have been guilty, aye more, what would be an unpardonable offense in some before the social law, would in others be only a slight irregularity, or forsooth, a *freak of genius*. Shakspeare realized this principle of irregularity when he put these words into the mouth of Casca:

"O, he sits high in all the people's hearts.

And that which would appear offense in us,
His countenance like richest alchemy,

Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

After the period of helpless infancy there is, perhaps, not a period in the history of individuals when this boasted equality is anything more than a fine spun theory.. A. H.

* A noted "Nation's Ward of Columbia."

Dr. Read delivered, on Saturday morning in the chapel of the University, a lecture on the life of students, a subject, no doubt with which he is well acquainted as he has been an instructor of youth for about fifty years. It was highly appreciated by all, and it inspired many students with high aspirations.

A certain student who is boarding in 'Jintown,' says all that keeps him there is an occasional glimpse of the Baptist college.

A "DEAD-BEAT."

A college "dead-beat" is a well known personage of all Universities. He is a peculiar kind of biped whose phiz speaks volumes for the good things he has swallowed, and the jolly times he has seen. Every year he dashes into our midst, with graceful recklessness, indicating that he has come to our institution that we may have the honor of a gentleman among us; and that our belles may not be without some graceful form on which to repose the weary lovesick eye. After finding "a good boarding place" he goes "to enter," striding up to the University with an air of abandonment that convinces any one he intends to pick the building up by the top knot, and walked off with it as a bird cage with president and professors for canaries. Next we may find him in a book store, buying books with greenbacks that have been rammed into a concentrated gun-wad, showing to bystanders by his careless use of the much oppressed bills that he has plenty of them, and doesn't care a fig who knows it. He buys a stock of good cigars, and, with face heavenward, proceeds homeward like a sportsman shooting at the sky for practice. At his boarding place his books fall upon the table, he falls into a chair, a new cigar into his mouth, his feet on some place higher than his head, his head on the top of his chair, and he begins a course of absorption by which he desires to graduate with honors crowding thick upon him, followed by showers of bouquets from the ladies. If he ever graduates, he never gets the honors, but generally gets the bouquets. During the session he picks up all the good advice against becoming a mere book worm, thinks out door exercise the best remedy for his sinking constitution, dresses in the latest style, even to the extreme of the little end of fashion's last extremity, stands on a thickly crowded and much passed corner of the street, bows, tips his hat, and smiles when the ladies pass, chews and smokes the "best," goes to mites, festivals, billiard saloons at night, assumes all the winking and charming attitudes possible, and supplements them next day by series of brilliant flunks. In the spring time, especially, when languor creeps over the pre-severing soul, and toward the close of days on which our hero causes a great shaking among the dry bones of the vallies of mathematics, languages, and chemistry; he sometimes takes a little for the stomach's sake, hires a buggy, changes the livery stable with the cost, forms a mutual admiration society with some Columbia fair, and they both go sailing round town, chattering and laughing, cooing and wooing, until they thoroughly astonished the natives. With perfume, Cigars, fine clothes, and some money; with, ogles, smiles, bows, tips, and a tongue loaded with silly little nothings to say, he moves gayly and flourishes in the circle of pleasure; while the hard student, the old and the youth of college is

in his little room among his books. Such a specimen of floating humanity as the college. "dead beat" does not as a general rule float long about Missouri University, but he passes to other fields of action where the scintillations of his wit may startle and benefit other admiring circles. W.

PROF. FICKLIN'S ALGEBRA.

All of those who have attended the University, and known Prof. Ficklin, have waited with some impatience for the completion of his Algebra. This work is what it professes to be; "A complete Algebra." The author has tried to dispense with the necessity of having an elementary and a higher Algebra by making the advance from one subject to another easy and regular, and the explanations of the more difficult parts as lucid as possible. He does not use negative quantities, except in such a manner that they may be easily understood by one acquainted with arithmetic, until he fully and clearly explains the nature of and differences between positive and negative quantities. The book possesses this merit throughout—only one difficulty is presented at a time, and every subject is treated under its appropriate head. For instance, we do not have equations of the third, fourth and fifth degree classed with quadratic equations, but these are treated of in a chapter on higher equations, immediately following that on quadratic equations. In the discussion of the general theory of equations the notation employed in calculus $f(x)$ —&c., is used instead of that used generally in algebraic treatises.

Another merit of this Algebra is, that the definitions and demonstrations are as concise as it is possible to make them without sacrificing clearness. Sturm's theorem is demonstrated on two pages better than it is usually done on four or five, because the complications that make this theorem so difficult are in some degree, avoided. There are some chapters that may be omitted by those who desire to take an elementary course in Algebra, and those are pointed out by the author in his suggestions to teachers.

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Sept. '74-ly.

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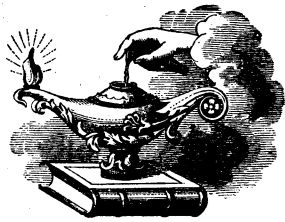
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VOL. IV.

STATE UNIVERSITY, COLUMBIA MISSOURI, OCTOBER, 1874.

NO. 2

A COLLEGE GARDEN REVERIE.

SELECTED.

Yonder—a stone-throw from this seat of mine—
The gray old college rises through its leaves,
Bright with the arrow glinting summer-shine,
Sweet with birds' fluting 'neath the shadowed eaves.

How fair, familiar, and unaltered still,
That glimpse of roof that sunlit gable end!
Those gay flowers, gemming that deep window sill:
That ivied archway, and that cloister bend!

There slopes the lawn away beneath its trees;
There peep again the college walls beyond.
There, as of old, in white majestic ease,
The swans move, oaring up the lilled pond.

The graybeard gardener, with his swinging scythe—
Lo! how he shakes! He is too old to mow.
It seems but yesterday I saw him blithe
And young. Ah, well! we all must older grow.

It seems but yesterday that here we walked
And sat and smoked, my own best friend and I.
Gay, happy-hearted lads, and fondly talked,
And planned our futures and our honors high.

How both would win a fellowship; and he
Should plead and question, wearing wig and gown,
And I should don the sober suit, and be—
Quickly of course—a shining light in town.

Then came one gold-green June, that somewhat hid
Our wig-and-mitre-dreams, and made them nought,
How fleet and fair the sweet flower season slid!
How of the present was our only thought!

How the old place was changed, and sudden made
Vocal with merry maiden voices sweet!
Bright with gay gleams shot down the happy shade.
Flashed through by rare white hands and fairy feet.

And one there was who drew us to one spot
And made us meet—no more in friendship fair,
In love of her, our own love was forgot;
And where she was, there we two always were.

So hate rose up between my friend and me.
Poor pretty girl! She could not love us both.
“Ugh! win your mitre and your wife!” sneered he.
I gibed, and called “Judge,” and made him wroth.

* * * * *
O friendship, fled like this fleeting shade!
O this way planned, O that way acted life!
He lives and grinds in Oxford; I in trade.
He won his fellowship, and I, the wife.

'77 thinking that in union there is strength have formed a class organization, Such a departure from the old established order of things is perhaps timely. There used to be a few years since a Freshman organization known as the Theta Kaps. But after a lingering life of a few years it gave up the ghost. Maybe the members of '78 will revive it. '76 do not appear to be very favorable towards the movement, and as yet have taken no action in the matter. The Sophomores at a recent meeting had an election of class officers which resulted as follows: President, T. M. Humphrey; Vice President, A. C. McChesney; Secretary, George Steffens; Treasurer, A. E. Douglass; Doorkeeper, J. J. Collins.

Custom requires a new editor to say something. In deference to custom, we shall say something, but beg leave to say that something just as we editorially want to say it, and in plain terms.

This sheet is primarily for the students and their interests. It is to be, above all else, an exponent true as we can make it, of their wishes, views, taste and culture. If any feel like saying we claim what we are not, let them come up and state what their wishes and views are. Thereby they ease themselves and do us a favor. Our columns are open to students for the discussion of any question of interest. Here state your grievances, here chronicle your joys, here make known your hopes. If you want improvement in faculty, campus, library, society, anything pertaining to the University, be not afraid to say so, but be sure and give reasons for your belief. This sheet is also for the alumni. If true alumni, some of their interests centre around their alma mater. These interests are ours too. For information and encouragement we look in part to them. They are surrounded by life's realities, we by its idealities. They speaking from experience can impress upon us living truths. We can perhaps, recall to them many pleasing recollections of college days.

As our new Prof. in Rhetoric has criticised about everything there is in, around, about and pertaining to the University, except the MISSOURIAN, we feel very much slighted. We had even thought he would have paid his respects to us in common with the other members of the faculty. But alas we waited his coming in vain. His admiration for the Seniors is unbounded. Of course he don't tell them so in so many words, but then hints enough. How delightful to have jerked at you the words “Mr. C. you haven't any voice at all!” The Juniors are tickled nigh unto death on being told how much style a senior will put on—varying indirectly as the occasion. But you know the Juniors have fallen from grace, since their refusing to take the move in bringing about an inter-college contest in this state. As for Sophs and Fresh they can hardly be expected to bring forth lions, so everybody is on the lookout for a hybrid, leo-rabbit or rabbi-lion, they don't know exactly which. From the preparatory a good sized rabbit will be considered extraordinary, and will entitle the owner to promotion.

The chalybeate spring in our campus has attracted considerable attention during the past summer. On its being thrown open to the public many availed themselves of the privilege. During the hot summer months a few could even be found as early as five o'clock in the morning wending their way towards the pavillion. They gradually increased in number untill about seven, when quite a crowd could be seen. During the heat of the day only a few straggles hove in sight. Towards evening there were quite a number, and by sunset the great rush would have set in. It seemed as if the whole town had turned out for an evening stroll. And as scores of couples promenaded up and down the gravel walks, or seated in groups around the trunk of a spreading oak engaged in low conversation, we thought how picturesque, how beautiful the scene. But now as chilly weather has come, the spring is less frequented. The number of regular partakers of chalybeate is rapidly diminishing. We noticed on our last visit to it, that through carelessness or oversight several small inconveniences had been suffered to make their appearance unmolested. The lower part or spring proper is now thoroughly dry and water can only be obtained at the pump. But this through a failure of the valve to act properly can never be used unless it is primed before hand, which often puts one to some trouble to effect. In addition we miss the cups which used to be attached by a chain to the pump itself. We have always and still have a standing objection to a pump used in a mineral spring. That objection being the fact that the outside of the pump is soon covered with a coating of a very rusty, dirty looking substance, offensive to the eye. In spite of every care there is a certain splashing or pouring of water around, causing generally the formation of a mud puddle.

Besides we have our thoughts as to whether the using of a pump in connection with a mineral spring is not a perversion of good taste. And we hazard the conjecture that to the great majority of people a drink from the pump will not taste near so good, nor have half the desired effect, as one dipped directly up from the spring itself. Nearly every body we have conversed with on the subject, has remarked what a peculiar taste the water has since the putting in of the pump. You may call this fancy if you choose, but people will have their own ideas about things.

OUR PRESENT LIBRARY.

It may seem presumptuous for us to take upon ourselves the office of criticising the actions of our wise and much honored board, yet why should any one shrink from what he thinks his duty?

The members of the board will find, by questioning the students about the University Library, as it is now conducted, that they are receiving scarcely any benefit from it, the statements of our honored President to the contrary, notwithstanding.

We, as private individuals have received scarcely any advantages at all from the Library for nearly two years. We think that this is the experience of almost every student that has been here under the present rules and regulations.

We look back upon those happy days when we could sit in our rooms and read the pleasant stories of Hawthorne and Washington Irving, and many other of those most fascinating story tellers of whose works we have a fine selection; but sadly to be regretted, they scarcely ever are now removed from their shelves.

We know it is very fine to have a large reading room and Library combined, and many students sitting around perusing books, if we could have it so; but all good students know that their room is the proper place for them, and hence our library goes empty; it makes no big display, the students lose the literary knowledge which they should by all means have, and the University gains no dignity. Now we have no objection to the reading room. We think it is a good thing, but we do not believe in having all reading-room and no reading. We can remember when we could hear groups of students telling the stories of "Sleepy Hollow," "Don Quixote's Battle with the Wind-Mill," and many others which we do not hear now. We do not wish to say a word against the amount of money paid as an entrance fee, yet we are compelled to acknowledge that if the student was permitted to take his ten dollars and buy books with it, that he could buy more books than he will read in the Library under its present regulations. And we object to our present Library on another ground. There are some students boarding so far away from the University building that by the time they would walk to the Reading-room their time for reading is gone. Now it is right to make these young ladies and young gentlemen pay for what they do not get? We think not, and we think it is our duty to let our honored Curators know how we feel on this subject, not thinking once that they intend to be unjust with us.

We feel that something must be done, and we think our worthy board can see what is best; but we shall take the liberty to suggest that they re-model the laws of the library so we can take the histories and books of fiction to our rooms.

DR. SCHLIEMANN'S DISCOVERIES.

As long as Europe has been moved by the spirit of civilization, ever since the arts and sciences were cultivated, The Iliad of Homer has been considered as one of the richest productions of man.

Indeed it may well be considered so, for there has probably never been a piece composed which is so intermingled with the beautiful and sublime, the pleasing and the instructive as the great epic of the father of poetry. The subject of the great poem, we believe, used to be considered by the majority of scholars so fabulous, and it was principally studied to form an acquaintance with the Homeric style, for the sake of versification, and to learn the nature and character of the Grecian pre historic age. For it is supposed that the productions of Homer were written about 900 B. C., consequently some centuries before the time of authentic history.

We believe, however, that the doubt of the existence of Troy and the famous Trojan war, which have been so effectually described by the poetic historian, has been fully removed by the late discoveries of Dr. Schliemann.

The discoveries have not only settled the controversy concerning the authenticity of Homer's writings; but they have thrown a light upon a subject concerning which scholars were somewhat reluctant to express their opinions, viz: What was the language of the ancient Trojans? Prof. H. Gamperz of Vienna, has deciphered already about ten of the old Trojan engravings, which were found by Dr. Schliemann among the ruins of Troy. These engravings are all composed of very old Cyprian characters, but contain nothing but pure Greek words; hence it may well be inferred that the Greek language was the language of the Trojan. The engravings were found at the depth of from 23 to 33 feet; from this, it is supposed, that the time of their preparation must be about 2,000 or 1800 B. C., hence about 1,000 years before the time of Homer. But the general presumption is that the story of Troy was kept fresh in the memory of the Grecians by tradition until it was immortalized by the literary works of Homer. This presumption is highly probable for surely no one will doubt that the story of Washington would remain fresh, for centuries, in the memory of Americans, without the aid of history. The work salour of Dr. Schliemann has been crowned with success. He has immortalized his name by giving the key to many a mystery contained in the old Grecian.

Museums of Asia, Europe and America are decorated by relics of antiquity, discovered by his genius and persevering spirit.

The celebrated author of books for travelers, John Murray of London, is now translating the works of Dr. Schliemann into the English language. We hope that as soon as it is published, that it will be procured for our library for it undoubtedly will be of great value to both teachers and pupils.

TRAGIC ACTORS.

As every age and every country have their warriors, statesman, and orators, so they have their actors, both of tragedy and comedy. Of these, it may be presumed that it is more difficult to act a tragedy than a comedy, and it does not require a writer of tragedy to be an actor of tragedy; nor is it necessary that a person should be a writer of comedy in order that he may be an actor of that species of writing. For Shakespear, whom we may mention as one of the greatest writers of either of these styles of composition, although he spent night after night in the Globe Theatre, in endeavoring to represent certain characters in plays, never attained to that glory which some actors have. Jonson and Massinger had conceived and penned many a noble and sublime character; but never could they act them as some of those renowned actors who preceeded or succeeded them. And many others who had drawn golden wires never succeeded as actors.

A good actor will assume the position of the character he is representing and act as though he were the person for whom the character was drawn. He will if necessary, roll his eyes in their sockets, pale in astonishment or surprise, redden when expressing indignation, hatred, scream like a demon and dark fiery glances. Such was Montflowry, the greatest French tragedian of his age. It was he who sincerely wished, that there had never been a tragedy. He died from the violent efforts he made in representing one of the characters in the Andromade of Racine. Baron, the French Garrick, is another of those actors who attained great distinction on the Parisian stage.

It was he who said: "Rules may teach us not to raise the arms above the head; but if passion carries them, it will be well done; passion knows more than art." We are told that Mondory acted so well the character of Herod in the Mariamne of Tristan that the auditors left the theatre "sorrowful and thoughtful." It cost him his life. And Betterton when representing the character of Hamlet looked sadly when by the horror and amazement at the appearance of the spectre, he immediately turned white. And so grandly was it represented that the spectators trembled as if they actually saw the ghost. But these are not all; there was Palmer, Bond, and Le Kain; all of whom attained the highest distinction on the Erench stage. Palmer and Bond died while acting certain characters. Le Kaine retired from the stage, congratulated by his countrymen and laden with laurels.

We are sorry to learn that some of our students have been accused of disturbing the quiet of one of our most respected female colleges by ringing the chapel bell. Boys don't do so any more for the bad opinions of the ladies is more to be avoided, than the flattery of the men.

DETMOLD.

To all the students of last year the subject "of the study of words" was fairly and successfully presented in one or two lectures, by the very able Prof. Hosmer. To our knowledge there were never delivered in the course of last year's lectures, more interesting and at the same time more instructive lectures than those referred to above. There is undoubtedly a vast amount of historical knowledge stored up in proper names, and often when great deeds and actions have past the memory of man the analysis of names unfolds curiosities and teaches lessons of morality. The one which we propose to give a slight touch, is one of great interest. Detmold the capital of the little principality Lippe-Detmold is said to have received its name after an expression used by Hermann the Great. The student of history will remember how the Teutonic tribes were suppressed, about the time of Christ by the Roman. But that the spirit of the Teutons was to noble as to submit to the will of foreigners and that in consequence of their insulted dignity they were continually revolting against their oppressors and that finally, about 9 A. D. they recovered their liberty under their famous leader Arminius or Hermann. The first decisive battle which was fought in favor of the Teutons took place in the Teutoburg forest, which extended then over the ground whereupon stands now the town of Detmold. The story states, that, because the Germans had been overcome in all the attempts they had undertaken in the recovery of their freedom when Hermann saw that the lines of his enemies were broken, he, full of joy, to have exclaimed, to some standing near him "Det mol hav we se shlayen!" *i. e.* This time have we beaten them. The name of the town is derived from the first two words of the exclamation "det" this and "mol" time hence it means this time. Now this fact is not only curious and interesting but it is instructive for it may well be inferred, that if it is true that Detmold stands as a monument of some great achievement, as a remembrance of the establishment of modern languages; the former may equally be true of thousand of other names.

We are sorry that we are obliged to censure the actions which were committed by some of our students some weeks past at the Friday rhetorical exercises, viz: stamping of feet. In the censure of such actions some men go so far as to say that the actors are not well bred at home. Now we do not propose to say that, for we know that sometimes the best bred young men, when away from home, and in lively company, do some things which are contrary to that which their parents taught them, and contrary to their own principles, if they reflect on the subject. Gentlemen, let us maintain a dignity which is due and becoming to students of the University. Let us not be unpleasant to our visitors and our Faculty.

TILLY.

It has been remarked that pages of history are stained with blots the most heinous in character that the very thought of such action is almost sufficient to check the circulation of blood. But, surely, if the thought of action is capable of producing such sensation, how much more must the feeling be effected by the thought that a human being is able to act as an agent in the fulfillment of bloody crimes. One of the many monsters in form of humanity who has undoubtedly attained a pre-eminence on the records of heaven-crying deeds is John, Count of Tilly. This individual was born at the Chateau of Tilly in Brabant. He was educated in all the fenetic religious horrors, which were especially predominant in his country at that time. He was initiated into the art of war under Duke of Alba, the despotic instrument of the gloomy character Philip II, of Spain. And when the torrent of destruction overflowed as a mighty stream the lovely dales, the peaceful abodes of nearly all civilized Europe, Tilly in order to complete devastation, was appointed the leader of the Imperial forces in the immortal "Thirty years' war." In this position, success upon success follow the genius of his mind. His weapon bid defiance the heroism of times past by. His head is decorated with laurels as green as grass, standing near the trickling brook, which sends its refreshing moisture to the herb, that it scorns the torturing rays of the mid-day's sun.

But ah! his course of renown is run, his lustre of glory fades away at Magdeburg. It was the 10th of May, 1631 when he took by storm that city. A place where were concentrated the industrial powers of the Empire. It was the great fountain from whence were dispersed European arts, and sciences into all the corners of the civilized world. I was taken by those whose bosom swelled with a diabolic enthusiasm for all the horrors which were to follow. The scene when the victors entered was most tragic. Men who were fulfilling faithfully their duties were executed like criminals; women, who had been examples of virtue were, without regard, hurled into the fire. The supplicating little hands, which were stretched forth in beseech of mercy were severed from the body by the sword of the cruel and blood-thirsty soldier. All humanity, all feeling seemed to have fled the heart of man, and to complete destruction the consuming element was sent forth, and the once so great and prosperous city was changed into a sea of fire. There where once arose the solemn prayers of thankful hearts, arose now the gloomy pillar of smoke. It lifted itself up in majestic horror for the judgment of a Tilly's command.

"Since," writes Tilly to his sovereign, "the capture of Troy and the destruction of Jerusalem such a victory as this has never been seen. No, never! It will stand to immortalize his

name to everlasting disgrace. It has established him a reputation which will not pass away as long as there is one heart to beat. Such a victory won by a christian man, by a christian army, for a christian cause! Well might a Saladin in years gone by, call upon him, "O, Tilly, Tilly, where is thy love, where thy generosity? where they unreviled principles? Must thou thus establish thy belief?"

Four months after this catastrophe the gloomy clouds of war gathered on the southern horizon. It was on the plains of Breitenfeld, where the mighty armies of the north, headed by a leader who was never known to waver in civil strife or lose a foot of battle ground. In front of such opponents was the hero of the South to re-engage his glittering star of renown and seal his valor with the blood of man. But why? the one who used to swing his steed in the havoc of battle with such ease; whose looks and expressions were dignified and commanding, he is confused, he is discouraged. Ah! that terrible picture, which he had drawn with his own hands, after that renowned victory, fights against him; deprives him of the presence of mind. It opposes him as Alpine rocks, immovable. He can not press forward and for the first time his stern columns begin to waver. The victor of thirty-six battles is conquered by the work of his genius. The delight of his heart has dishonored him. He, who might have been a model of morality, the defender and deliverer of his country, and hero to his maker, has become a scorn. Yea a warning for those being and those to come.

We take pleasure in chronicling any thing like an advance in the University. Such an advance was made last year when a course of lectures to be given before the whole body of students, assembled in the chapel, every Saturday morning, was put in successful operation. A further advance has been made this year by the University choir opening these Saturday morning lectures with appropriate music. The choir manifests, to say the least, an obliging disposition and a public spirit, both truly commendable. In behalf of our fellow students we tender to the members of the choir our thanks for past treats, hoping that still more musical entertainments will be served up for us in the future. We understand a class in music has been organized. All lovers of music should give to any such undertaking their cordial approval and support.

We take pleasure in announcing that we were much gratified last Saturday morning by a lecture from our worthy and respected President. His subject was "The Virtue and Accomplishments of Mrs. Blannerhasset," and we think the young gentlemen, as well as young ladies, to whom the lecture was more especially addressed, derived many good examples of conduct by which to form their future life.

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D. M. WILSON, '75. - - - Editor-in-Chief.
C. L. BUCKMASTER, '75, } Associates.
L. HOFFMAN, '76, }
H. E. SHERMAN, '76.....Literary Editor.
ORLANDO HITT, '76.....Local Editor.
T. C. EARLY, '75.....Business Manager.

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PERSONALS.

'73—Jerome Moore of the class of '73 who attended the Law School last year is now reading law in Altoona, Kansas, Ind expects to remove this winter to Fort Scott, where he will put out his shingle.

'73—S. C. Rogers, also of '73 and who was one of '74 junior law class is principal of the High School, Kingston, Caldwell county.

'75—B. G. Thurman, formerly of '75 is now practicing law in Greenfield, Dade county.

'74—K. M. Lear, formerly of '74, has become a Grauger and is now farming it in Western Illinois.

'75—J. L. Torrey, formerly of '75 is doing a thriving notary business in St. Louis.

'73—A. P. Barton, class of '73 was married on the 22d inst., to Miss Josie Wiggington, class '73, Stephens College.

'75—D. B. Seibert, formerly of '75, now flourishes in Shawneetown, Cape Girardeau Co.

'76—B. T. Napier, formerly of '76 is teaching school in Black Hawk, Col., 30 miles northwest of Denver,

'75—"Pat" Orr, who was formerly a member of '75, will return next semester with the expectation of entering the junior class.

'76—We hear with pleasure that Sat. Rowden of junior exhibition fame is a candidate for county clerk of Maries county.

'76—Warren Nix, formerly of '75 is roaming at large over the western part of Texas. His many friends often wish he was back, they would like to compare notes as to fishing parties, skiffs tolling hogs, pruning vineyards, &c., &c.

'76—A. H. Wear who was our first prize declaimer for 1873, we learn has been lecturing to the great unwashed of Cooper on temperance.

'75—G. N. Chase, formerly of '75 is now at West Point.

'74—J. T. Ridgeway, our salutatorian of last year has charge of the Brookfield Public Schools.

'74—Miss Julia F. Ripley, the valedictorian of her class has been offered and has accepted a position in Mary's Institute, St. Louis.

'76—J. F. Berry is teaching in Pettis county,

Our campus presents a somewhat nondescript desolate appearance since autumn has set in. Here as well as elsewhere the effects of the drought can be seen at every step. The grass has lost all trace of its bright green color and has become a dirty brown yellow. St. Mary's has almost given up the ghost in her frantic but fruitless attempt to embrace an infinite number of infinitesimal insects all the way from a common sized frog up to a well developed mosquito.

The suspension bridge thrown across the mouth of McMurray's Branch, stands out in bold relief, and spands in its solitary grandeur nothing save a concave mass of dry cracked earth, once buried under water. As we convolve along our beautifully curved *via cuatorum*, we cognize the dead branches of those slim slick slender saplings, placed along its anterior and superior border so carefully this spring under the suppositions hypothesis that in the course of time they would gradually develop into those stately denizens of the primeval forest denominated elms. But alas! they were and are not. We trust the board will not be brow-beaten in any such way, but will resist to the bitter end giving at least one more trial the coming spring. In the meantime let them not forget to sprinkle some more cinder over the different campus walks. With a little improvement directed the right way a great change can be effected for the better. Proceed then gentlemen and illustrate the saying that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump.

The Seniors are overtaxed so they affirm and the facts in the case warrant their saying so. Five studies with daily recitations in each, is a good deal too much for any one to manage. Owing to this press of duties three of our number, all of '75, handed in their resignations. The proper appointments were at once made, and though we lost three, yet we have gained three and are numerically the same. It is with reluctance that we attempt to fill the places of our predecessors. They were all more or less acquainted with the workings of a college paper, having experience in this respect. We rest assured the paper would have prospered in their hands. We invoke the shades of their departed, ex-editorial spirits to our aid! With that aid and what little of the editor there is in us, we trust to succeed in making the *Missourian* what it should be.

What an age of progress this 19th century is! Several times during the past week have we called our thoughts in, and said every time how true the fact. We are a good deal like the avalanche, we are moving, there is not the least doubt about that, but where are we going to land? Its too much for us. We can't answer it. All we can do is to shut our eyes and set our teeth and go blindly on. Maybe this is not the part of wise men. But can't you see the point? We are after motion, god-like motion, and don't care a snap of your finger for wisdom.

THE MACBETH OF SHAKSPEARE.

Shakespeare, it is admitted, is the greatest dramatic poet any century ever produced. He has written many tragedies that favorably compare with the best of authors. Such, for instance, are Hamlet, King Lear, and Macbeth. As to the superiority of these there has been, and is, a difference of opinion. However this may be, Mebeth is the subject to be treated. And some great critic has said that Macbeth is the finest that has ever been written since the time of the Ermenides

In this play there are parts which are more attractive than others. From the time that the witches hail him Thane of Cawdor the mind of Macbeth begins to change.

But when Rosse and Angus hail him by the same title greater and more cruel thoughts come into his mind; and he sets his brain to work in order to discover some means by which the great problem may be solved. He writes a letter to his wife, disclosing to her what has transpired. His imagination becomes excited. It is dazed by the visions that have been set before it. The first for power has taken possession of his mind; and he sees himself as he is reflected in the mirror of time waving the sceptre. He begins to plot. While he is fluctuating his wife appears, and urges him onward. She has completed her object and Macbeth is more determined than ever. He is led to believe, that by smearing with blood the sleeping two, and by using their daggers, they will be suspected as the perpetrators. Lady Macbeth has touched the cord that is to sound the death knell of poor Duncan. He sets out on his mission. His heated imagination soars to its topmost pitch. The bloody dagger plays before his vision. It leads him towards the couch of the innocent sleeper. On he comes, closer and closer. The darkness hears not his footsteps. He, unheard, has gained the thresh-hold—the blow is given, and the soul is transported from sweet slumber into the heaven of eternity. The owl shrieks; the bellman sounds the stern good night; and a voice cries, "sleep no more, Macbeth doth murder sleep," and again it cries, "Sleep no more." It was the voice of conscience crying to him and telling him of his treacherous deed. The whole man is changed. He once could spurn at death; but now almost every object seems suspicious, and he endeavors to remove them. His noble and manly qualities have been changed into terrors. He employs treachery in order to put an end to the life of one of his truest friends, Banquo. He kill's Macduff's family. What a picture this tragedy presents to the mind of the reader! We see a great combat between virtue and the desire of power.

The murder of Duncan, the dagger which hovers before the eyes of Macbeth, the vision of Banquo at the feast, and the madness of Lady Macbeth are scenes that stand alone in the history of tragic literature.

POPULAR APPLAUSE.

The reader of history meets often with striking instances where popular applause is misplaced. Probably one of the most remarkable instances of this kind is the one concerning the Duke Marlborough and Sir George Rooke, who were both commanders of the English forces under Queen Anne.

The Duke of Marlborough was appointed generalissimo of the allied forces and was fighting, on the continent, against the French and for what end? He fought for England's mere name. He spent the wealth of his country in order that those governing might satiate their desires. But let us note, although his labor was of but little avail to Britain, yet when the news of his victories arrived, it was received by the populous with a stormy applause, the houses of parliament voted cheerfully a vote of thanks to him, whom they called the defender of their honor. On the other hand Sir George Rooke, during the time of Marlborough's career, won by utmost bravery, for England, the strongest fort in the world, which was of the greatest interest for British trade. What is his reward? When the news of this conquest was brought to England it was for some time in debate whether this deed was worthy thanking the admiral for. Finally it is concluded that that act is unworthy of public gratitude. Here are two individuals. The one honored by the populous for ignoble deeds; the other disregarded for most worthy actions. The one during his time extolled and praised and now almost forgotten; the other during his day little regarded, is now thought of as one of the founders of England's greatness. Now if it is true that in political life popular applause is often misplaced, and if the saying of our worthy President is true, that "the University in itself is a little world," may not our students learn a great lesson from the above historical fact?

Students sometimes leave home being urged with a great desire of doing good at the University. But when they reach Columbia they find that their way is not everybody's way. And when they endeavor to satisfy the desire of their heart, their procedure appears odd or entirely wrong, and instead of being honored for at least their good intention, they are scorned by their fellow students, and sometimes even by the citizens of the town, and the consequence is that they leave their good motives. Now we wish to say to such students; see that your work is just and good. If you are convinced of that, then push forward, don't stop to think what the rest of the students, the girls, or the town folks have to say about it; but work on and be assured that the glorious reward of good actions will, at least follow you, as they did Sir George Rooke, in coming days.

Subscribe for the MISSOURIAN.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The nineteenth century is an age of contest. The poetry that met with such glowing success in the last generation is rapidly passing away. A score of literary men illumine the eastern world. In England, McCauley and Hallam in history; Thackeray in Miscellanies, and Tennyson in Poetry. The patriotic songs of Beranger ring through the delightful forests and gardens of France. The beauties of Lamartine are put forth in his Meditations, and Moralities; and Chateaubriand dazzles the eyes of his countrymen by the beauty of his verse. Rousseau, Voltaire and Condillac, have passed away; and Moliere had long since painted in his comedies, the real pictures of the follies of his age. The dramas of Corneille and Racine have been represented for a century on the French stage. It is the age when monuments of art and literature in Italy are seized by Napoleon and carried to France; and the eloquence of Bossuet ceases to vibrate. The literature of Germany reaches it zenith and the music of Goethe and Schiller enraptures and animates their readers. Augustus and Frederick Schlegel, Hegel, and Alex. Von Humboldt take their positions on the stage of action. It is the age when Alfieri passes from the Italian stage, and the songs of Berchet the Italian Beranger, echo through the land. France is enveloped in the black clouds of skepticism, and is yielding gradually to the ascendancy of Germany. The revolution is terminated on the ensanguined plains of Waterloo. In America, Webster has arisen to hold entranced thousands of his fellow citizens by his eloquence; Ramsey and Bancroft to chronicle the achievements of Americans; Prescott that great and popular writer and the grandson of Wm. Prescott who commanded the Americans at the battle of Bunker Hill; Irvin and Hawthorne to immortalize the fields of American romance; Longfellow to give to us that excellent rural production Evangeline; and Bryant, his Fountain Hymn to Death.

England is contending for supremacy. Her writings of the last century, are marked by the feelings and passions in which they are written; but this generation is characterized by its political, philosophical and scientific works. Volumes after Volumes are put through the press. As yet England had no great reviews. Books are becoming monotonous. And now periodicals are beginning to be circulated throughout the land. The Times, the Edinburgh Review, the Quarterly Review, and other Magazines take their rise. In these are published essays, political and philosophical, the proceedings of the government, the conditions of society, discoveries, progress of commerce, &c. In all of these prose is the predominant element. In the Magazines and Papers are published essays which have been collected and published in book form. In the midst of this progress in letters flourished as one of the

noblest writers of prose literature of the nineteenth century, Thomas De Quincy; who wrote many articles for the periodicals of the day. In all, it may be said, that the nineteenth century is an age of progress and learning.

IMPRESSIONS.

We are judged by our actions, not by our motives. To advocate the sending of the gospel to the Pagan while our neighbor is groping in moral darkness, makes one an excellent theorizer but a poor exemplar.

Impressions act as levers on public opinion or may be likened to a wedge which cleaves the tough oaken heart of popularity. To make a favorable impression is to hit the nail fairly and squarely; to make several, is to drive it in to the head; to follow this by seemingly conduct is to clinch it on the other side.

Some men impress us like the Alps. We admire their purity and stateliness, while we stand and shiver in an atmosphere rarified and icy. Others may be compared to a deep flowing river; they have volume and strength; they move irresistibly onward; but despite this surface beauty there is a sweeping under-current that draws many unsuspecting ones under.

A few may be likened to the sun; their coming starts everything into new life and all feel the genial influence of their warming rays. First impressions last the longest, are the most vivid. They form a chain of consecutive links to which are attached many of our actions. They are the motive principle.

Impressions vary as the scenes or persons who present them. Though apparently objective they are eminently subjective. Of seemingly little consequence they often loom up into stately magnitude.

Whoever doubts our increase in numbers let him read this and say no more. It seems that '76 has swelled to such an enormous size, that they cannot all appear on Junior Exhibition. Who then and how many are to come on, and who is to make the choice? Will they be graded, elected, selected, or in what way will the choice be made? The Juniors would like to know something definite as to their future. If they are going to be run, they want to be run right. But if old things are to be made new, if time-honored customs are to be swept away and our tenderest associations broken, are the prizes to go overboard also? '75 say they don't feel inclined to give any prize this year under the proposed change, and '77 and '78 seem to be of the same opinion. If the change is really to take place, there ought to be provision made surely for other prizes. For to have an exhibition minus a second prize, scene is to have daylight without any sun.

The University Missourian.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

The Mammoth Dry Goods House of Samuel and Strawn is justly called the students' store. Boys you can find here everything needed in the way of wearing apparel, and all the requisites necessary for fitting up your rooms. Our ready made clothing department is most complete and was selected with a view to supply your wants. Come and see us students and we will furnish you goods just as your own merchants at your respective homes would.

SAMUEL & STRAWN.

Sep. 74, (10 m.)

A NEW BOOK STORE.

Opposite the postoffice. We keep everything wanted by the students in the book and stationery line. Will furnish promptly any book published at publishers prices. We wish to call the attention of the students to the following books for sale by us. "The Students-Manual," "Index Rerum," "Books and Reading," "Rogers Thesaurus of English words." Call and examine these books.

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H. B. LONSDALE,

Merchant tailor, Broadway, Columbia, Mo., dealer in Foreign and Domestic Cassimeres, Doeskins, Cloths Beavers, Velvets and Vestings always on hand. Style and fit guaranteed. Jeans, Furnishing goods, Shirts, Gloves, etc., etc., etc.

O. K. BARBER SHOP.

George Richardson, proprietor, opposite "Gem Cigar Store," Columbia. Shaving, shampooing, etc., done in the neatest manner. Terms always reasonable. Call and see him.

[1 yr.]

The Prof. of Applied Chemistry recently asked a senior what he called milk that was coagulated. After reflecting for some time the happy idea struck him and he exclaimed, "O, buttermilk."

Joe & Vic Barth, of the Star Clothing House, respectfully call the attention of everybody to the full line of clothing for men, boys and children. Suits of all styles and grades. The best lot of paper and linen collars that can be found anywhere. Also of hats and caps, boots and shoes, &c. Give them a call and they will treat you like a gentleman. Special inducement in overcoats.

Books and stationery at Gilmon & Dorsey's cheap for cash.

First class students buy Cahosh & Tar for coughs and colds.

Call at Gilman & Dorsey's and supply yourselves with all necessaries.

We regret to announce to our readers the resignation, from our corps, of Messrs. J. F. Babb, N. B. Laughlin and F. J. Miller who have rendered able and faithful service in the interest of our paper. In consequence of their college duties, they could not remain with us longer. We hope their loss will be compensated, in some degree by Messrs. D. M. Wilson, L. Hoffman of the Union Literary and C. L. Buckmaster of the Athenæan society, whom we cordially welcome to our staff.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

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(1y.)

THE LEE MEMORIAL MONUMENT.

The latest news from the Lee Memorial Association is that Prof. Edward V. Valentine, the sculptor, has procured from Vermont a block of pure white marble, from which he is now fashioning a recumbent figure of Gen. Lee, to be placed on the grand monument that is now being erected at his tomb, at the Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va. The figure represents Gen. Lee reposing in an easy position upon a couch, his head and shoulders slightly raised above the body, his left arm outstretched by the side of his sword, his right arm laid across his breast. He wears full Confederate uniform, including boots and gauntlets, and a light drapery covers nearly the whole form. The appearance is natural and graceful, indicating peaceful slumber rather than death.

The monument, when surmounted with such a fine work of art, will be a lasting memorial to one of Virginia's noblest sons and patriots. The members of this association are gentlemen well and favorably known by the entire community, who will see that nothing is left undone that will add to the beauty and finish of this great work. We are advised by the Secretary, Mr. Charles A. Davidson, of Lexington, Va., that not sufficient funds have yet been subscribed to fully complete the monument. In order to further this object they have issued a *life-size* steel engraved portrait of Gen. Lee, to be sold only by subscription through authorized agents; the proceeds of such sales to be applied toward the completion of the work. They and we feel that this is an opportunity for all not only to procure a superb life-like portrait of the great General at a very reasonable price, but also enables every person to aid in the erection of a lasting monument to his memory. Each subscriber will receive a certificate, signed by the Secretary and Chairman of the Lee Memorial Association.

We commend this valuable portrait to the public, and predict for it an immense sale. Some energetic person should secure the agency in this section to assist in this noble work. W. W. Bostwick & Co., Nos. 177 and 179 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, O., have been appointed General Managers of all Agencies in the United States. All communications addressed to the above firm for circulars, certificates and terms to agents will receive their immediate attention.

Certain Freshman is so overcome by love that he sees the "ideal" of his affections in his dreams and a few nights since was heard somniloquizing thus: "O Sally, Sally, thou sweet little angel, how I would like to gather thee under my wings and forever call thee mine;" but when informed by his room-mate of what he had been saying, he said, I tell you Emmett, I love her, I love her, and I just can't help it!!

Politics seems to be the favorite topic for discussion in the University at present. It first enters the ranks of the senior class, and by the law of imitation, is soon pervading those of the subpreps, in which region a terrible explosion soon follows; as, *e. g.*, while a couple of subpreps were arguing this important subject, the negro question came up. Now, says one, "Where did the negro have his origin?" Well, says the other, "from Ham," "Why no, you fool you, says S—, it was when Cane and Abel had a *fuss*."

NOTICE.—W. W. Grundy offers a liberal reward for a slipper which he lost in one of his frights from the Agricultural vineyard, several nights since.

NOTICE.—Any person sending us the names of five subscribers to the MISSOURIAN shall be entitled to a copy FREE. Back numbers can be supplied.

ATTENTION, STUDENTS!

You can buy more Stationery for less money of Moss & Prewitt than any other house in town. We sell real good, smooth note paper at 10cts per quire. Envelopes at 5cts per bunch. Ink 5cts per bottle. Pencils 20cts per dozen. Blank books and all other kinds of Stationery at the same low rates. We also offer you Shirts, Underwear, Cravats, Collars, &c., &c., &c., at less prices than other houses. Come and see before you buy.

While the Professor of English a few days since was instructing the seniors concerning elocution he asked one of them to make a bow. The senior as was requested, walked upon the rostrum and made his bow; but, as he saw that it did not at all please the Professor, he said, as if in the greatest distress, "O, Professor if I were on the stage and desired to put on considerable style I would come at it this way," and down went his head, with his spinal column as straight as a gun barrel until he formed an angle of about sixty degrees; but as this attempt displeased the Professor more than the former the poor fellow despaired and left the rostrum with a broken heart.

It has been said of one of our juniors that while speaking he has the hands of a monkey, the mouth of a bullfrog and the voice of a ghost.

Dr. Read had in his possession, a few mornings since, a letter from the girl some student left behind him. We do not say that it was a billet-doux, but it must have been very cheering, for the thoughts of which seemed to remind the Dr. of old times.

It has been said that the Christian College girls went to the flour mill in town, a short time since, for no other purpose than to procure whitening; and that they were so pleased with the quality of it, that every one bought a sack, thinking that would be sufficient to last her through the session; "but we do not believe a word of it."

A junior who begins to feel his importance somewhat, says that he is not able to stand under a plug hat yet, but a paper cigar becomes his mouth admirably well. He desires us to keep silent about this remark as he would not have mammy and daddy to hear of it for all the honors a stogy could bestow upon him.

Prof. S. S. Hamill delivered an oration in the University Chapel, Friday, 9th of this month, and from the applause that he received at its conclusion, we presume that it was highly appreciated by all. His subject was Haron Burr. After delineating his character from his infancy to his death, he forcibly impressed upon the minds of his auditors the great lesson to be learned therefrom.

A young gentleman of the legal department says that he did not have but one case of any importance in law, during all vacation, and that was when he had a difficulty with his dulcinea; and in this *suit*, although he quoted Blackstone for a whole day, the verdict was rendered against him.

A couple of boys who were caught in the vineyard the other night, say that they do not care for that, but the idea of loosing their bucket of grapes will distress them to the last day of their lives.

A young gentlemen, who is commonly known by the appellation of Black Stone, says that he could not avoid casting sheep's eyes towards the gallery if Dr. Read himself was sitting up there

FRAUD PECULIAR TO AMERICANS.

The subject before us in one of great interest to that class of Americans, who are animated by a moral spirit and who sincerely wish the progress and prosperity of their country. It is worth consideration to such Americans as are not vain boasters of liberty and of the good moral influence which a Democratic Government has over its subjects. The question arises, Is the proposition, "Fraud peculiar to American,s" true? If true then it is high time that Americans arise as a nation and purge themselves from this cancerous disease or their fame and glory will soon pass away and their history will only stand as a lesson of warning for future generations. But it has been proved theoretically time and again, that a people free in thinking, free in political action, high in mental culture are incapable of acting morally below those who are either in part or wholly deprived of the above mentioned advantages. Now we presume that no one who is acquainted with American customs and manners, who knows the educational enthusiasm which is thrilling every heart under our noble star-spangled banner, will have the audacity to claim in spite of the above referred to established theory, that Americans are especially subject to fraud. But say the accusers, perhaps not in these words, but at least in action, "that theory is perhaps only an imagination. It is perhaps only established as many theories, in the ideal, not in the real world. That is, it is a mere hypothetic manufacture of the brain; at any rate we do not care for your theory. We have stern facts to sustain our accusation. Where in Europe can you cite us to Tweedism, railroad robbery, Jay Cooke & Co', bankruptcy, &c?" We answer to these charges that they are bad, and that we are hardly able to realize how it was possible that such outrages could take place in the land of liberty.

But we wish also to say to the accusers that they are apt to fall into the same error as the Pharisee who went into the Temple to pray. He could see all his good deeds well developed but disremembered that he was also guilty of errors. The worthy European recollect Tweedism, American robbery and bankruptcy etc., but has no remembrance of the action of a South Sea company, a fraud which has no equal in the annals of America, at least we know of no fraud that ever happened on this continent that involved the common ruin of thousands of families. The "Charitable Corporation of 1731 must have entirely escaped their memory. They know nothing of the Munich bankruptcy which happened a few years ago. Well, we think we are not ahead of Europe in fraud. Americans, let us prove this fact to the European, both theoretically and practically.

Subscribe for the MISSOURIAN, only \$1.00 per year in advance.

Last Saturday night at 10:30, P. M., the Seniors met Prof. Ficklin at the observatory to witness the eclipse of the moon. The time was set early so that there should be no need of hurrying to get there in time. At least a quarter of an hour before the time for the eclipse to begin, the class were on hand. The night was exceedingly fine; not a cloud could be seen to interfere with any observations, and strange to say, the temperature was just right; not too cold, or too warm. During the few minutes before the eclipse the Professor—being somewhat socially inclined—began a conversation with the members of the class on certain topics. For instance: He asked one promising youth if he had ever been in the earth's shadow before, but the young man was so overwhelmed with the immensity of the thought, that he was struck dumb, and uttered not a word. The Professor smiled. Thereupon the Professor propounded to another senior the following question: "What side of the moon will enter the eclipse first?" After deep study the young man remarked, he wasn't quite certain, but he thought it must be the out-side. This time the class smiled. But soon this pleasantry was exchanged for work. Owing to the moon culminating so near the zenith, the eye-piece of the telescope was brought within some eight inches of the floor. Consequently to arrive at anything like a good view there must be a considerable bending of back and neck. This slight inconvenience was readily submitted to, for a look amply repaid all discomfort. After the class had satisfied their curiosity they turned their attention to the discovery of the lost Pleiad. But their astonishment was somewhat great to find that in losing one they had found many, for instead of one they saw a small host.

About 12½ o'clock they closed their observations. All went away well pleased, and in future years shall look back upon the night of October 25th, with many feelings of pleasure.

We think the recent fire in Columbia will be the means of accomplishing much good. Rumors have been afloat as to the ordering of engines and the forming of a Hook and Ladder Company. Our board seem to have grown more prudent and are providing a remedy in case of fire. They now have hands hard at work excavating earth on the south West side of St. Marys, so as to bring the water sufficiently near to the building to utilize it. By means of suitable apparatus in possession of the University, water can be thrown from this point all over the building. So in case that fire does break out there will be the means right at hand for checking its progress at once. This is certainly a move in the right direction. The Board deserve credit for their act, as also does our president who, with his accustomed energy, is pushing the work along so as to have it finished before a rain.

SO HAS IT EVER BEEN.

Our absent friends. We miss them. Last year they were here with us. On going to the chapel or our recitation rooms we could not fail to see their friendly faces lit up with a smile of welcome. But now as we turn to the vacant seats what a host of memories rush upon us. How well do we recollect when W. was tied up by a wife to his seat and could not rise to recite. Poor fellow, he is now teaching a back wood's school for \$40 a month. Over on the other side sat B., a big burly brusque kind of fellow and yet just as kind hearted as he could be. However difficult the lesson might be B., was sure to have it. Right behind him sat R., the witty fellow. He used to puzzle the professor once and then be puzzled ever so many times himself. And then there was N., can we ever forget him? We have sat for half hours at a time while he stood and strived to instill into us some of his whole-souled energy and life. How impulsive he was. So taken up by a recital of your joys and sorrows. How his eyes flashed and his fist clenched when you told of some wrong that had been done, and yet how generous to your fault. His was truly a sympathetic nature. Yes! so it has been willed, you make a friend just to lose him. You think how unsupportable existence will be without him and yet in six months or less you can scarcely recal his name, for others now fill his place. Still something now and then will recall him, bring the man life-size before you, and you pass in reverie perhaps a half an hour delightfully.

This issue finds us under full headway. We are now a whole University. On the fifth of this month our medical and law departments opened not perhaps, looking from one stand-point, under very favorable circumstances, and yet for many good and valid reasons affording us just grounds for congratulation. Though the number of professional students is not large, yet it must be borne in mind that founding of both these departments is of recent date. Besides we labor under many disadvantages, and this year has increased the burden. Again we have a reputation to form, a fame to build up. We think the right material is going through the mill now. Our professors are engaged heart and soul in the good cause, and are doing all they can to build up their departments. Let the people recollect that Rome was not built in a day, and the falling of water wears a hole in the solid granite.

WELLS & MARKS!
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Students will serve their interests by examining their stock and prices before buying elsewhere.

While it is inconsistent with our rules to admit anything into our columns of a political character, we cannot omit a reference to the political meeting held in the court house on Friday evening, Oct. 16th, in which the Hon. Carl Schurz of the U. S. Senate, and Maj. Wm. Gentry, "the Peoples' nominee for Governor," addressed the citizens of Columbia and Boone county.

Mr. Schurz's arrival, on the morning train, was awaited with anxious solicitude, but in consequence of delay, he did not reach Columbia until 4 p. m.

As early as 7 p. m., the court house was so densely crowded with students and citizens to listen to one of America's most distinguished orators and statesmen, that it was almost impossible for the speakers to get to the stand.

Maj. Gentry having been introduced addressed the audience in a plain, practical speech relating mainly to the agricultural and mechanical interests of the state. Next followed the Hon. Carl Schurz in whom centered mainly the interests of the evening, especially with students. Mr. Schurz entertained the audience for nearly two hours in the most elegant and pleasing manner.

Although a foreigner, Mr. Schurz is recognized as one of the ablest statesmen and orators in our country.

While his style of delivery is attractive, free and easy, he uses our language with the most accuracy and with greatest facility. Through his entire speech we were unable to discern the use of a single superfluous word or indistinct articulation. The strength and beauty of every sentence so perfectly connected and so elegantly arranged, give evidence of a thorough mastery of the English language.

This high degree of perfection in the use of English, seen so frequently in the speeches of Mr. Schurz in our political papers, is unequalled by many of our native citizens of the highest culture.

To our American student his style of oratory is a model worthy of imitation.

According to the new system the Seniors are required to write orations monthly. The faculty, not content with requiring of them five studies, seem rather disposed to make the burden greater. Last year only four orations were required, and yet '74 grumbled about, hard work. As one Senior orates every Friday before the whole body of students, each man of '75 cannot possibly speak over four orations during the year. We then can hardly see the force or use in making '75 write six orations which cannot be spoken, and in all probability will never be memorized. To use a somewhat hackneyed phrase it is requiring them to bring forth lions in rabbit time. And '75 say they cannot bring their minds to decide whether the capacity for doing this is innate, subjective or connate objective. We cannot decide it either.

We have 40 young ladies enrolled. As they are on the ground the question comes up, like it did to the man who drew the elephant, what are we going to do with them? Our president says it is all right to have a "girl" at home, but it is all wrong to have one here. We demur. We think he is right wrong. Still that does not help us any. Will the following? Shall these young ladies have a place on the *Missourian* this year? We are told these young ladies desire one representative at least. And they argue in this way: We constitute one eighth of the entire body of students, as we are an important item, as the paper is the students organ—as we are represented in the faculty; *ergo* we ought to be represented on the editorial staff. If you are University students young ladies, and are here because you have better advantages offered you than elsewhere, having put your hands to the plow, give mixed education a thorough sub-soiling. If you deem it one of your rights, demand it. Let your watch word be "*vive!*" editrice."

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Academic Department opens on

MONDAY SEPTEMBER, 21st, 1874

Second Sempster opens on

MONDAY FEBRUARY 8th, 1875.

And closes on the 23rd of June, 1875.

LAW AND MEDICAL SCHOOLS OPEN ON

MONDAY, OCTOBER 5th, 1874.

The Law session closes on the 26th of March '75.

All departments of the University open to professional students. The University Library and Law Library both have a large number of books, carefully selected.

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Sep. '74-ly.

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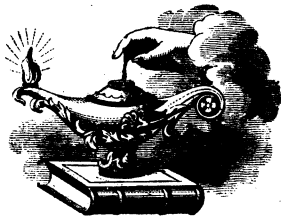
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"Fax Mentis Incendium Gloriae."

VOL. IV.

STATE UNIVERSITY, COLUMBIA MISSOURI, NOVEMBER, 1874.

NO. 3

AN EVENING STROLL.

The sun had sunk beneath the western sky;
 All nature lay at rest. The moon half hid from view
 Shed but a feeble light, as out there sallied
 For a midnight stroll two grave and reverend seniors;
 Gentlemen of high repute were they. Oft' had they rushed
 Examinations many had they passed. In college halls
 Loud had their voices rung for equity and peace,
 Oft' were their names upon the lips of damsels fair,
 As they true lover's knots did tie with lovesick swain,
 Upon the bluffs of Hinkston.

And as they wandered forth they talked in
 Accents low and soft of what had just transpired,
 And what soon would, if they their project fully could
 effect;

They spoke of presidential chairs and legislative halls,
 And in their heated fancy cunningly portrayed
 The royal road to learning and to fame.
 How many leagues of old Hispania's soil
 Would have encircled round a castle in the air,
 Becomes us not to say. For ere by calculation vast
 We could have summed up one half the moiety,
 One to the other said, "What's that?" In fright
 They both recoil; grim terror seizes on their limbs;
 Their lips convulsive move, they clasp each other's hand,
 When one unto the other, "What's what? My peering
 Eyeballs nothing see save a most horrid darkness.
 This is no place to stand in idle controversy;
 Come, let us hence, grim spectres maybe haunt this ground,
 What pranks they play at night we may not live to tell.
 Come! Come! I do intreat you. Show yourself a man.

To whom the other makes reply: "So! Not see it? Look
 again!

Why there it stands. It's white. Upon my soul its black!
 Ah! there it goes: Let's after. Perchance the clearing of
 This mystery, may cause unnumbered millions
 At the bare mention of our names, to shout their hallelu-
 jahs.

On! On! We must advance! Come on?
 His call was not in vain. Slowly they both advance
 With beating hearts, but grave determination,
 With full intent to solve the mysterious problem.
 One finds a rock, the other lifts a heavy stick,
 And thus with dreadful front they onward move.
 There stands the monster, horrid in his mystery,
 His form expands to heaven. They backward shrink;
 When lo! He moves! He starts! In hot pursuit they
 follow,

Until they pen him in a corner of the yard,
 When, Shades of Goose-Creek! The moon just passing
 From behind a cloud, a brighter lustre shed,
 Disclosing to their half benighted hearts
 A level spot of ground, upon which stood
 Grazing with perfect happiness and peace,
 Upon some tufts of grass, no spectre grim,
 No monster fearful formed. No, nothing save—a calf!

BIBLE CLASS.

Since our last issue we have gleaned the following facts which we take pleasure in putting before our Sabbath-keeping students. At the request of numerous parties Dr. Leonard has consented to take charge of a Bible-Class every Sunday afternoon. The place of meeting is the Doctor's recitation room in the University building and the time 2 p. m. We trust our students will avail themselves of this privilege. To have the opportunity offered us of hearing an exposition of any part of the Holy Scriptures by such a learned scholar, deep thinker, and cultivated gentleman as Dr. Leonard is a rare treat indeed.

CONCERNING SUNDRY IRREGULARITIES.

STATE UNIVERSITY, Columbia, Mo. Nov. '74.
 Messrs. Editors—Through the columns of your paper, the MISSOURIAN, I desire to call the attention of the well-wishes of the University, to various acts *condemned* by the faculty during the past month.

Of late many acts that are *mean* and *low* have been perpetrated in our University and in the town of Columbia which have been charged upon students, and these acts have been condemned *in words* by the faculty and the students as a body. Yet all to no purpose. It would seem from what we often hear that there is not a student in our number who could be guilty of such acts, and this for three reasons. First, the students are all gentlemen. Second, if it were possible some of the students were not gentlemen, but *vandals* and *night-provellers*, the body of students would compel such persons to leave our midst, as unworthy to bear the name of student. Third, when such as the last mentioned students should be discovered, the faculty would expel them from the University as they would a thief or incendiary. Now many students have believed these things would be done to such offenders when discovered, but at last we have been awakened from the sweet hallucination, it is only a dream, and we now realize there is a flaw somewhere, either in faculty or students. The flaw can be found by examining the actions of the students and faculty during the last month. A few weeks since, certain acts were perpetrated by students, and before the faculty took action in the matter, we were made to believe the perpetrators of these acts, when discovered, would have to leave. The students in accordance with this belief met and passed resolutions condemning the acts and pledging themselves to notify the proper authorities of the perpetrators if found to be of their number. These resolutions were just, and many voted for them believing them necessary, and that we would be assisted by our instructors in ridding the University of such students as would be a disgrace to us; but in a few days after this we were informed from the chapel stand the young man had been tried, confessed his guilt, and owing to his character here and elsewhere was unanimously acquitted. We were surprised, and many indignant. If he *was guilty*, justice to the students and the reputation of the University demanded his expulsion, but on his

promise to reform he was permitted to remain and for what purpose? To leaven the body of students and thus bring all to the same level as himself? It does seem so, for scarcely a week had passed until we could see the leaven had been at work, and some valuable maps which hung in the chapel were destroyed. We are sorry these were private property, but are not sorry the deed was done. Students did it, and we are glad it was done by students, not that we believe such acts justifiable, or that students have the right to do such things, but we are in hopes it will do all concerned in the welfare of the University, good.

Again on Sunday evening the—, that noble body of students, who only a few weeks since would have formed a batallion around the ladies of the female colleges, endeavored to cut them off from their President by falling into line between the President and ladies. This was disgraceful and students must bear it all, and why? Simply because our faculty cannot, after their late action with regard to one offender, do justice to all and condemn *by acts* and not *in words* any other student during the year. Disorderly students are safe from condemnation, but we are not free from disgrace.

Students, are you willing to suffer these insults, these disgraceful deeds, to be done by those of our number? But you *must suffer them* and *bear the disgrace* until those in authority are willing to assist us in removing it, by removing the offenders from us. Other institutions are willing to protect their students and the reputation of themselves from insult and disgrace. Why can we not be placed on a equality with others? Can we afford to go back while others are advancing? Will the faculty, those we have honored and respected, suffer us longer to bear disgrace which they can remove from us? We have been advised to use *force* in expelling those of our number who are a disgrace to us, but can we, as law abiding students, proceed to use force when those who have the power and the right to do this refuse to do it themselves? Let those *who* have thus advised us lead on and no *true* student will fear to follow: but when our leaders care not to engage in this kind of work how can it be expected of us to take such a responsibility upon ourselves when we have not the right?

Trusting our cause to our instructors and hoping soon to see justice done us as students. I remain,

Respectfully,

A STUDENT.

AN ORIGINAL ESSAY ON CATS.

The cat is no fool and belongs to the genera *felis catties*. From this *felis catties* has sprung the domesticated or common house cat. The cat of the nineteenth century is an animal with four legs, one tail and no wool. Cats of the feminine gender, big, little, old and young, are invariably called pussy cats. Cats of the masculine gender of all colors and shapes are called Thomas cats. I looked through three dictionaries but failed to find out what the sir names of cats are. I do not believe that Champlany himself knows. There are no cats of the neuter gender, at least I have never seen one. The mean length of an average cat from one end of its nose to the other end of its tail is about somewhat variable. Its mean height from the bottom of the soles of its feet to the tips of its shoulders depends altogether on its size; while its circumference depends more on its shape. There is a great variety of cats. They may be divided into two great classes: the tame cat and the wild cat. The wild cat is large, ferocious and strong, not for old butter or a crobar, but for a wild cat. Some of these wild cats are so wild that you can not put your hand on them. The wild cat is extremely particular about having a gun pointed toward his cranium or other personal property.

The wild cat follows a mercantile pursuit, and works altogether on a system of credit, yet he generally carries on a thriving business in pigs, poultry and lambs.

The most important species of the cat are the common house-cat and the cat-o-nine-tails. There are no kittens of nine-tails.

Cats sometimes fight, and when they do you generally know it. Cats also have a fashion of going to neighbors and getting into difficulties with other cats and when they do you generally know it too. In cats the sap is always up and their bark will peel at all seasons of the year.

Cats are extremely addicted to catching mice and you can no more break one from catching mice than you can keep a pig from squealing if you catch it by the tail.

The utter hopelessness of attempting to break cats from catching mice, is shown by the following: There once lived a certain genius in ancient times who tried to break a cat from catching mice.

He made an iron mouse that worked at every joint, by means of strings. These strings were small, but strong. He next caught a living mouse, pulled off his hide and clothed his iron mouse. Then he sat him on the ground and hid himself from view. He then began to pull the strings and the mouse began to switch his tail and jump. The iron toe soon pinched holes through the soles of his little boots; but still he pulled the strings. Just then pussy came along, and immediately crouched and gave a spring, but became entangled in the strings, so that every

time the cat gave a jump she jerked the strings, and then of course the mouse gave a jump; and then the cat and then mouse; and thus the cat and mouse have kept on jumping down through the ages. P. H.

FAULT FINDING.

To one who is satisfied with a fair spirit of criticism, we cannot but say God speed. Everybody needs to be criticised in order that there may be improvement, though every one is aware there is a time and place for criticism. When this spirit verges into hypercriticism then it is full time for us to stop and enquire if the spirit is not wrong *per se*. What plea can any one give for being critical beyond use or reason.

Think of it—critical beyond use or reason! And yet that is just what hypercritical means. Can any one then knowingly be a hypercritic? Yet, such men can be found! Is it not strange? But from criticism to hypercriticism does not end the road. There is a continuation. Here is found in all his glory the true fault-finder—never satisfied unless he can pick a flaw—never content unless he can make some one the butt of his laughter, the sport of his ridicule. Think you he presents a very inviting phase of humanity? Would you like to be called an habitual fault-finder? Why no! What incentive can a student have when he is morally certain that do his best—whatever that best may be—he is sure to be found fault with? It is one of the greatest dampers in the world for a young man full of hope and expectation to be always met with a frown or shake of the head. But perhaps under certain conditions he could stand up under the heavy blows of a fault-finder. But when he knows in addition to private criticisms and fault-finding that his production is to be paraded before a whole body of young men—not only young men but young ladies—picked to pieces and held up in as ridiculous a light as possible; then every incentive to manly, persistent action is taken away.

The student to say the least dreads to hand in anything to such a man, knowing that certain duties are binding on him as a student he lets his fears and wounded feelings go by the board. Finally he reaches this, do my best, do just a little, do nothing comparatively—it is all the same. So there is no use in my trying and I wont. What results follow you can readily imagine. And are we to suppose that the fault-finder has not sense enough to know that his actions will be continually misrepresented; that he will be also severely criticised; that he will become unpopular and deservedly so; that all his labor will be swallowed up by his want of judgement and reflection. If he has sense enough to see that these results will flow from such a course of action, why does he act the way he does?

Why was Ruth very rude to Boaz? Because she pulled his ears and trod on his corn.

OUR FAIR COUSIN VS. FRENCH.

One of our fair cousins, also a student, has under some unaccountable impulse written, and forwarded to us the following.

Oh! that everlastingly, abominable, mean old French lesson. Here it is eleven o'clock, most the wee sma' hours, and I have not so much as looked at it. I wish, upon my soul, I do, that I had never seen a French book. They say mathematics is awful hard for a girl to learn, but I guess they wouldn't say so, if they were in my place a while. I do think my teacher gives me the longest and hardest lessons in the world and then if I don't know every word of it, she will frown and knit her brows and scowl and look cross-eyed, and bite her lips, and give herself a switch, and cut me off just as short as she can. Oh! she is so hateful. I think that French woman you told me about in Dombey and Son is a perfect angel in comparison with my teacher. She is a great, tall, thin, gaunt-looking, dried-up specimen of humanity, with eyes half popped out of her head, and great sunken cheeks. Oh! she's an angel. I just get so mad sometimes while I am reciting that I can scarcely control myself. And then these irregular verbs. Why she just takes a perfect delight in dosing me with them until I am nigh nauseated. But my dear cousin, what think you, she is an advocate of woman suffrage! She is forever talking about woman's true sphere, her mission, her trampled rights, her tyrant masters, her—bah! she makes me sick. And it was but a week ago she informed me she was in favor of a National University! National fiddlesticks! Phew! Why you must be crazy my dear woman. What ever put that into your head?

They tell me she is going to get married! Great scotts! My stars! What? Such a thing as she enamour a love sick swain! God pity the unfortunate man! If he don't lead a dogs life of it the poles will have to change. Won't she make a caressing wife? Even now I pull aside the thick veil which conceals the future, and behold! a family group. It is conjugal love, domestic felicity, chairs and table upset, all in due disorder and at one end in a tándrum, a perfect whirlwind of passion, her breast heaving, her eyes fairly snapping, crouches my former teacher with her hands locked in her husband's hair, screaming at the top of her lungs. But charity draws over such a life the mantle of obscurity. May your dreams be none the less sweet for what I have written. Good-by.

Prof. Seelye, of Amherst College, has just been elected to Congress. He accepted the nomination with much reluctance. It is said that his election cost him just one three-cent postage stamp. He is now named as a candidate for the U. S. Senate from Massachusetts.

President Anderson, of Brown University is named for U. S. Senator from Rhode Island. John Quincy Adams and Edward Everett were once College Professors in Harvard.

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ANNIVERSARY OF HICKMAN INSTITUTE.

During our connection with the University, it has been our good fortune to attend several Anniversary Exercises of the Hickman Institute, but never before have we been in a position which afforded opportunity for a public expression of the pleasure received. It of course is expected that the MISSOURIAN, a paper published by a college of students who entertain the highest regard for the welfare of our fair sister institutions, should give some comment upon their public exercises. And while it is deserving this time, if ever before that this duty should be fulfilled, we regret that our space will not admit of the lengthy comment we would like the privilege to give. For, we say candidly, and in no spirit of vain praise, so far as our own observation has been, the Hickman Institute, has never done itself and its mother college greater credit, than was won by the exercises prevented to the public on Friday the 13th inst.

The fore part of the programme was composed principally of music; and the fact that there has been, in Stephens College a wonderful, (and in truth more wonderful than could have been supposed there was room for,) improvement in the fine arts of music, was forcible and very creditably demonstrated on this occasion. The pieces presented were of that higher class of music which tends to elevate and educate the mind of the hearer as well as entertain and amuse. It affords us gratification to observe this fact, for if music is to be a prominent feature in a woman's education, no one will say that it should not be of the highest order, and in accordance with the conceptions of the higher sensibilities of the sex. The performers on this evening did themselves very great honor and the MISSOURIAN most sincerely extends its hand of congratulation.

The prominent feature of the evening was the annual address by Prof. S. S. Hamill, Professor of English Literature in the University, and was on the subject of "Elocution, its aims and advantages." It would hardly be possible to say too much in compliment of the Professor's eminent success in fulfilling the duty imposed upon him and none who heard him, will doubt the Statesman's words in speaking of the address, and of his position as Professor of Elocution in the University. "He proved himself to be the right man in the right place."

There were some two or three literary treats presented by the young ladies of the society, which served a pleasing purpose in being thrown in as thought flowers and ornaments of the evening. Success to Hickman Institute.

The following was the programme of exercises:

PROGRAMME
PRAYER.

Music—"Oh, my Native Land is Fair," Fr. Abt., Hickman Choir.
Address by the President, Miss Belle Garnett.

Music—"La Baladine Caprice," Lysberg, Miss Mattie Dudley.
Music—"Grand Etude Galope," Quidant, Misses A. Siebert, S. Schafer, M. Dudley and A. Kinney.
Dahr June, a Legend, Miss Sallie Matthews.
Music—"The Hunters," Vocal Duet, Fr. Abt. Miss Belle Hall and Miss Sylvia Schafer.
Music—"Tandhauser Grand March," R. Wagner; Misses Siebert, Dudley, Schafer and Kinney.
The Rusted Knight, an original poem, Miss Kate Baldwin.
Music—"The Swallow's Farewell," Vocal Duet, Kucken, Miss E. Hood and Miss A. Kinney.
The ANNUAL ADDRESS BY PROF. S. S. HAMILL.
Music—"Belle de Nuit," J. Asher; Miss A. E. Siebert.
Music—"The Beautiful Waltz," Jul. Juch; Hickman Choir.
Benediction.

STATE COLLEGIATE ASSOCIATION.

Not long since a letter was received from the Secretary of the North Western Inter-State Collegiate Association requesting the University to take some action as regards organizing a State Association. Previous to the arrival of this letter the subject had been brought before the several college classes by the Professor of English Literature but had met with rather a cold reception. The arrival of the letter gave the matter a new impulse, the question of forming a State organization began to be canvassed, an interest was aroused, and it was decided finally to act.

On Friday the 13th the Senior class met in Prof. Hamill's room at 10 a. m. After having the case forcibly but elegantly put to them by the Professor they authorized the class president to appoint a committee to draft resolutions pertaining to the subject and lay them before the students the next morning for their approval or rejection.

There was a meeting held the next morning, the Secretary's report of which will be found below. It is thought best to intrust the organization of the State Association to delegates chosen by the various colleges, who shall meet during the holidays, at some central point. The following institutions in addition to the University are expected to enter this Association: Washington University, Westminster, William Jewell and Central. It is hoped that the project will succeed. There is every assurance that ere long there will be held somewhere in Missouri a contest in orations between the different colleges within her boundaries. Then a new era will have dawned. If nothing else a better knowledge of ourselves and each other will ensue. This in itself is much to gain. Let there be a band of union and brotherly love encircling the different institutions of the State. Let the students form acquaintances, cherish kindly feelings, let a spirit of gentlemanly rivalry spring up; let the watchword be—Advance—and ere long the day will come when Missouri shall be proud of her institutions, and shall look to them for those who are to manage the affairs of the great State of Missouri.

Below is the Secretary's report:

UNIVERSITY CHAPEL, Nov. 14, '74. — According to previous notice the students of the University assembled immediately after the Saturday morning lecture in the chapel for the purpose of taking action in regard to the organiza-

tion of a State Association. The house having been called to order by N. B. Laughlin, C. L. Buckmaster was unanimously chosen to preside. D. M. Wilson was appointed secretary. At the request of several persons, H. E. Sherman stated the object of the meeting. The secretary then read the following

REPORT OF COMMITTEE:

The undersigned, a committee appointed by the chairman of the senior class to draft resolutions embodying the wishes of the students of Missouri State University as regards the organization of a State Collegiate Association, beg leave to offer the following report:

WHEREAS, In accordance with a resolution passed at the last meeting of the North Western Inter-State Collegiate Association an invitation has been extended to the colleges of Missouri to form a state association and send a representative to the next meeting of said association to be held at Indianapolis, Feb. 4., 1875.

Be it resolved by the students of Missouri State University,

- 1st. That we accept the invitation.
- 2d. That steps be immediately taken towards organizing a state association.
- 3d. That we extend a cordial invitation to the several colleges in this state to co-operate with us.
- 4th. That during the holidays a meeting of delegates from these several colleges be held for deciding on a state constitution, the founding of prizes, and the time and place for holding the first annual Inter-Collegiate State contest.
- 5th. That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the Secretary of the North Western Inter-State Collegiate Association, the several colleges of the state, and be handed to the University and City papers for publication.

D. M. WILSON, Cha'm.,
N. B. LAUGHLIN,
H. E. SHERMAN, } Committee.

After a short discussion in which some very appropriate remarks were made by A. W. Chamberlain, the resolutions were unanimously adopted and the secretary instructed to inform the several colleges of the state, of the action taken by the State University and request their aid and co-operation in completing the organization.

The meeting then adjourned.

C. L. BUCKMASTER, Pres.

D. M. WILSON, Sec.

WAITING ROOM FOR YOUNG LADIES.

This room ordered by the Board of Curators to be fitted up and furnished for the use of the lady students of the University is nearly completed. It is in its arrangement and appointment one of the most elegant and commodious rooms belonging to the institution. We tender our congratulations to the ladies on this accession to their comfort and means of improvement.

We modestly venture the suggestion that the ladies of Columbia celebrate the event of its inauguration and occupancy by a nice little occasion, at which the corps editorial of the MISSOURIAN be specially invited to attend, both on account of their good looks and their gallantry.

We understand that the opening of the room in its accommodation has a significance beyond our lady students, and is intended as a waiting room or parlor for citizens or stranger ladies visiting the University. The inauguration of this much needed room is to be regarded as proof that our Curators open the University in the amplest manner to the women of the state; both for education and inspection.

The University Missourian.

Published on the fourth Friday of each month throughout the collegiate year, for the Students of the University, at the Statesman Office, Columbia, Mo.

COLUMBIA, MISSOURI, NOVEMBER, 1874.

EDITORS:

D. M. WILSON, '75. - - - Editor-in-Chief.
C. L. BUCKMASTER, '75, } Associates.
L. HOFFMAN, '76, }
H. E. SHERMAN, '76.....Literary Editor.
H. B. BABB, '76.....Local Editor.
T. C. EARLY, '75.....Business Manager.

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NO anonymous communications will be published.

AN APOLOGY.

For the third time this year we make our appearance before the public. We trust this number will be an advance on the last. The fact is our November number had not a few difficulties to contend with. There was an almost overwhelming press of college duties, and as a natural sequence one or two hastily written articles found their way into the paper. The editors also labored under a want of experience and knowledge in editorial matters. Owing to the late date at which many articles were handed in, there was a rush on going to press, and a general scattering of articles ensued. To crown all we had an inexperienced and bungling proof reader. In spite of these hinderances we felt encouraged enough to come before the public again. Let no one expect to see perfection reached in this issue—perhaps it may never be seen. But let him expect an improvement on each preceding number, and his expectation shall be realized. As to this the corps is a unit.

THE TOWN.

There has come to our ears off and on, complaints made by the town against the students. As in the past nothing bad can be done, but it is traced, at least attributed to us. Probably no amount of denying would clear us in the eyes of some, and to such we say nothing. But to our friends and all candid men we say that the students are not such a wild set of scamps after all; that they do nothing like what they are charged with doing, and that those guilty of such offenses constitute a minority, a very small minority of the students. We like a good joke as well as anybody, and see no special harm in taking a hearty laugh over some well-laid and well-executed trick. But the students do not countenance any mean act, and are not slow to show their disapprobation of the same.

A RESTATEMENT.

On the eighth page of our last issue appeared an article, asking the young ladies if they were not ready to move a petition of rights and demand a position on the MISSOURIAN. We intended to put this article in a more conspicuous place, but through some misunderstanding our intention was not made good. Lest any should receive a wrong impression and think we thought the matter of little import—we wish to say this.

Our being here implies, first—Belief in mixed-education; and second—The intellectual equality of the two sexes. They are both on an equal footing. All attending the University go under the common name of students. You must admit so much.

Then let us proceed. The MISSOURIAN is published for the students of the University—boys and girls alike—but is edited by a corps every one of them a man. The MISSOURIAN represents the students—ah! does it? How? Through its columns? Through its editors? Yes and no. It does and it does not. Should it represent *in full* the students? Is not its ultimate end the furthering of their best interest? If so, what is the conclusion?

But it may be said you are thrusting an honor unwarranted and unwished for upon these young ladies. We answer: Every great man has had honor thrust upon him, and has richly deserved that honor. Do you mean to say that the young ladies do not deserve the honor? As to its being unwarranted the very facts themselves prove the statement false. As to this honor being unwished for, we deny it. It is wished for and we can prove it. For if such were not the case our young lady students have no pride, no ambition, no love for home institutions, have not cast in their lot with us, are not deserving of the name of students. But we have other and stronger proofs. Remember young ladies where there's a will there's a way; remember young gentlemen procrastination is the thief of time. Act, act in the living present.

THE LIBRARY.

We again call attention of our Faculty to the present management of the Library under the present state of affairs there is a wide-spread dissatisfaction. There is a general desire among the students to have the old system—a circulating library. We believe the Faculty also do not like the new system. As the students each pay annually ten dollars for the support of the library we think they are entitled to a hearing. In the past their complaints have not been listened to. And now, gentlemen, all we ask of you is to treat us fairly, and grant all reasonable demands. If this is not a reasonable one tell us so, but tell us why. Above all do not say the matter rests in the Board's hands. You give us the shirk there; for if you in the name of the students ask for a change, we cannot but think that change will be granted.

THE CLASSICS.

We are glad to chronicle a new departure on last year with regard to the departments of Greek and Latin. Dr. Leonard's classes are growing quite respectable in size, and a new interest is being felt in the study of Greek. To bring about the reaction just setting in, so ardently desired by all true lovers of the classics, the Doctor has bent all his energies, used all honorable means, and now begins to see the first fruits of his labors.

We trust the Doctor may soon see his highest hopes realized.

Prof. Twining's department also is filling up rapidly and has made a step in advance of last year. To our students generally we say, study the classics. If you are to be ministers, lawyers, doctors, to rise to any eminence in your profession, the classics are a *sine qua non*. And to the man of science, the real scientific man, we consider a good classical foundation on which to place his scientific knowledge equally important. To the man of letters, the cultivated gentleman, the importance of classical training is only the more necessary.

WHERE SHALL WE GO?

It frequently happens that a student has his studies so arranged that in the morning there intervenes an hour or two between his recitations. If he boards any distance from the University, as many of our students do, it is almost out of the question for him to go to his room. Where then shall he go? Our President has repeatedly told us to go to the room in which our next recitation was to be. If this is the law—and what our President says officially in the chapel ought to be considered law—it is a very poor one, inasmuch as you can do next to no studying in a room where a class is reciting. If it is a lower class you can't learn anything new, for you are, or ought to be master of all you have gone over. If they are advanced you are not capable of understanding what they are talking about. But besides not being able to study, nor to receive any benefit from giving attention to the recitation, you are by some professors told your company is not desired. In plain terms they don't want any person in the room, except the members of the particular class reciting. Now we don't like to thrust ourselves upon anybody, nor do we like to stay where we are not wanted, and yet what else can we do?

CHANGE OF CORPS.

Owing to the late severe illness and present poor health, our local editor has deemed it best to tender his resignation. We are sorry to part with our late associate, for he was well fitted for his position and a genial fellow withal. His position is now filled by one whom we welcome to our number, of whom we think much, and from whom we look for many a spicy local in future issues.

SENIORS.

We accidently saw a senior smile the other day. We were almost knocked into a cocked hat but preserved presence of mind enough to ask him what was ailing him, "O," said he "Prof. Hamill has excused us from Elocution—says he can't make anything out of them seniors." The next day another senior smiled, and on being asked the reason, said that he had put by his mineralogy on the shelf for a month at least. And lo! a third senior smiled, and remarked he had to recite Anatomy after this only on Tuesdays and Thursdays. And now all the seniors smile. Happy fellows! They can look back upon a month's hard study, and then look forward to the next, with a lighter heart.

We are authorized by the seniors to tender their heart-felt thanks and never-dying recollections of gratitude to a generous faculty for lightening their heavy burden.

SOLITUDE.

There is a sweet awe in the sound of that word solitude. For it is there where we spend some of our most sorrowful moments. We have also spent there some of our happiest moments. It is there where we delight to muse upon the beauties that surround us. There we calculate the worth of human greatness; sound the question concerning the importance of man, and stand aghast, as we behold our littleness. We study the works of the Infinite as they stretch as far as vision extends—the earth, sky, sun, moon and stars as they are arranged in their beauty by Him who made them. We study the life of some noble character who has lived in peace and happiness, who has done good and faithful service to his fellow men, who has walked in the ways of truthfulness and honesty, in order that we may profit thereby and learn how we, too, may benefit our fellow men and walk in the ways that are pointed out to us.

We study to understand that monster, Time, by whose rapid beats thrones totter and fall, persons are brought into live to the honor or disgrace of humanity, and we hear the knell of some departed one. What feelings of awful grandeur are awakened in our souls as those soft, mellow tones are borne away on the air. Then we begin to think of a future, when father, mother, brother, sister and friends, will meet around that throne upon which sits the King of Kings and Judge of Judges, and by whom justice will be administered without any partiality or prejudice. What a grand thing it is to contemplate such a thought when in your silent chamber. We hear the moaning of the winds as they sweep past, the thunder as it rolls away into the distance, growing fainter and fainter; we see the sheeted lightnings as they dart through the windows; and as we look out into the deep darkness that has thrown its mantle over the face of nature, a grand question concerning the Infinite comes rushing into our minds. In a

deep silence we contemplate the "immensity of space," the watery deeps as their surfaces are serene and glassy or agitated by the raging storm—we wonder how the worlds revolve in their orbits around each other and around the sun; at the volcano as it belches forth from the bowels of the earth its fiery elements; at the mountains as their peaks pierce the clouds; of the prairies as they are strewn with the waving grass; of the deep forest with its mighty oak; of those glittering gems that are brought from their tombs in the earth and sea. And once more that awful question concerning the Infinite comes heavily on our minds.

There is grandeur in these thoughts. But remove us from our retired home into the circle of busy life, into the circle of the gay, into the ball-room where youth and beauty are appareled in their richest habiliments and this grandeur sinks into utter insignificance.

It is in solitude where we reflect on our own past course in life and repent our evil deeds. We think of some dear friend or companion with whom we walked the innocent paths of childhood, with whom we sorrowed and rejoiced, with whom we plucked the ripe grapes or blooming flowers, or of some beloved one whom the cold grave now incloses.

It is in the solitary grove or room where the productions of genius burst out into their greatest refulgence. We are told that the advocates for solitude have always prevailed over those for society. It is here where those beautiful thoughts that would repel the dull drollery of triflers can be brought to the mind, and clothed in the beauties of words and language. It was here where some of the greatest geniuses of France and other countries have written works that will cause their names to be reverberated down the ages. Voltaire passed five years of his life in retirement. Montesquieu was ridiculed by the friends whom he left. Descartes spent two years in a sequestered corner of Fashionable Paris and there applied himself to diligent study. Harrington withdrawing from the elite of Paris, was considered a lunatic by his invidious friends. Adam Smith and others have passed some of their most profitable years, both to mankind and to themselves in some lonely cot or castle.

Almost all who have withdrawn to taste the sweets of solitude have been either ridiculed or considered lunatics by those who sought merriment and pleasure in the wine cup or the circle of glittering fashion where are displayed in richest profusion, diamonds, pearls and purples. These pleasure seekers may preach society, may set forth the bitter woes of solitude; but give us that solitude where we can not hear their sermons and the clink of their wine glasses, and, we think, we will spend better and more profitable lives. There is too much intercourse between man and man, as it is now carried on; too much

popularity; too much amusement in this generation. These are very good if they are of the right type. But of such as now prevails through our country, let us have less; then you may surmise that our age will be benefited and more of the right kind of culture be infused into the minds of American youths,

POETRY.

Boerne has called "Poesy the consoler of suffering humanity," and we fully agree with him, for where is at present a case of suffering, may it be of the most strange nature, that cannot be covered by a nice, sweet, consoling piece of the great modern sphere of poetry.

Is there an individual whose afflictions are partaking a warlike nature. Let him read and study some of Homer's and Scott's poetical works and he will witness relief; are they of an amorous character, let him read Longfellow's "Evangeline" or Goethe's "Hermann and Dorathea" and he will have for his wounded heart, balsam in abundance. He will find sweet nectarian essence destined to console man's heart. For it is a well known fact, that it is a consolation without parallel, for any man to know that some one has preceded him in his department or condition. If there is any one who has experienced a failure in his hopes and expectations, let him carefully consult an "Epoch Arden" or a "Faust," and see how in former days men have been destined to their fate. Let them learn. How many young men are there at present who nourish their fancy by shining and delightful pictures of their future life. There are perhaps many in the circle of our readers who have drawn an ideal picture in their imagination, which exhibits all the beautiful tints and colors of the happiness of their glorious hereafter. They have perhaps come to the conclusion that as soon as they have finished their collegiate course, they will be able to measure the immensurable depth of philological art, to grasp the profound laws which govern the different branches of sciences. In short they imagine that they will be men or women in the fullest meaning of the word; that they will be wise; that they will be honored by the world; indeed, that their names will be written upon the banner whereupon are written the names of a Humboldt, Milton, Webster and men renowned for their wisdom.

Let such individuals be exceedingly careful; let them not follow the example of a "Faust" and exclaim with him: "I have studied arts and sciences, medicine and jurisprudence and am entirely ignorant, even of that, which is terrestrial. Let them not be driven into despair and form like him a compact and an everlasting hand with the adversary of man. Let every man; who is suffering, no matter what kind of suffering it may be, and likewise those who are not yet suffering so that they may be prepared, when affliction comes let them read and consult poetry and they will find in it a true consoler for suffering humanity.

The University Missourian.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

The Mammoth Dry Goods House of Samuel and Strawn is justly called the students' store. Boys you can find here everything needed in the way of wearing apparel, and all the requisites necessary for fitting up your rooms. Our ready made clothing department is most complete and was selected with a view to supply your wants. Come and see us students and we will furnish you goods just as your own merchants at your respective homes would.

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Sep. '74, (10 m.)

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[lyr.]

Are we to have Faculty meetings daily?

The French sophs. have finished *Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pavee*. They don't object to the romance part at all, but wonder if there is more than one Marguerite in the world.

The seniors have commenced the study of International Law.

Must we all stand up during prayers?

Mirabile Dictu.—Our President has made two confessions lately. First—that a certain Freshman has really more sense than he thought he had; and second—that he actually did learn something from a late Saturday morning lecture.

It was in the French class, and our irrepresible soph. had the floor. He was translating and did it feelingly, flowingly, fluently, until he tackled "Elle se leve," and he translated it—she raises herself, then he sat down.

SCENE—ALGEBRA CLASS.—Freshy (of a logical turn of mind) Now professor ξ is equal to 2; you'll admit that will you not?

Freshy—And you will also admit that ξ is equal to 3? (The professor nods assent.) Now sir, since 2 is equal to ξ , and 3 is equal to ξ then 2 and three are equal to the same thing. But things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other, hence 2 is equal to 3. (The professor smiles and the class howls.)

It is said that a certain student was so childlike and bland that up to the time of his arrival at the University he did not know what a pistol was. But after hearing Senator Schurz's speech he became so alarmed that he straightway bought two. Stephens College campus and the University chapel are his usual places for practicing.

Open sessions will soon be in order.

SCENE—THE ANATOMY CLASS.—Prof. Mr. W.—what do you call the line running obliquely downward and inward from the tubercle of the Femur?

Medic. (Without the least hesitancy). The spiritual line, I believe Doctor.

A member of the Astronomy class being asked what *in transitu* meant, replied he thought it referred to the time when the sun crossed the meridian.

Gilman & Dorsey's advertisement says they manufacture 888 liver pills for relief of a *deceased* liver! Surely the time of miracles has returned.

Fresh (to senior.) Say, you senior, what precedes the will?

Senior. (Looking perplexed.) I don't know as I can tell you. Fresh. (triumphantly) Why intellect and sensibility!

Our business manager stumbled not long since upon a Prep. who really, upon his word, did not know the students of the University published a paper. Now no professor would be so much behind the time. Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise!

But talking of professors and how they grind the students with many recitations and long lessons it might be well to state that one of our professors has been so busy that up to this late day he has not had time to even look at a copy of the Missourian. He must for a surety see hard times.

One of our seniors is very much discommoded by his modesty. This fellow, we are sorry to acknowledge, is so modest that he cannot take his evening walk because some of the Normal beauties use the walk at the same time. Instead of taking his walks in the evening, the poor fellow gets up before day and takes his walk in the morning. We don't want you ladies to choose another walk on his account because we room with him and we should be very sorry indeed to miss your smiling faces which add so much cheerfulness to our already pleasant evenings. We say let him continue his morning walks for we honestly believe they will do him more good.

Students will appreciate the change in our rhetorical exercises which has been effected by the Professor of English. Hereafter we will have them only once a month; and instead of requiring our attendance Friday afternoon, they will take the place of a Saturday morning lecture.

A friend said to us while passing Ripley's corner: We ought to have a block walk through this nude. Now, in order to make such an improvement in this remote vicinity, we think the town authorities will have to lay their heads together.

QUERY—How many buttons ought one man to have sewn on his pants? Will the Faculty please answer?

NOTICE.—Any person sending us the names of five subscribers to the MISSOURIAN shall be entitled to a copy FREE. Back numbers can be supplied.

Since so many students have been sick, lemons have advanced in prices, if we are allowed to judge from the fact one of the students (Va), paid eighty cents for the prospect of securing one and then failed, even after having his hair trimmed and shampooed.

Columbia is indebted to Rev. H. M. Pogson, for a most interesting series of lectures, which he delivered on the invitation of the Lodge of Good Templars. He began on Sunday, Nov. 15th, and lectured every evening thereafter until Friday the 20th. We have seldom had the pleasure of listening to such an entertaining speaker. Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, the churches where he lectured were crowded every night, and he was heard with undiminished interest throughout. His intense earnestness of manner, fluency in the use of language, and clear presentation of his subject cannot fail to keep the attention of any audience. On Friday afternoon he delivered a very appropriate address to the students in the University chapel, at their request, and many were induced to unite with the Good Templars on Friday and Saturday nights.

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The Prof. of Applied Chemistry recently asked a senior what he called milk that was coagulated. After reflecting for some time, the happy idea struck him and he exclaimed, "O, butter-milk."

Joe & Vic Barth, of the Star Clothing House, respectfully call the attention of everybody to the full line of clothing for men, boys and children. Suits of all styles and grades. The best lot of paper and linen collars that can be found anywhere. Also of hats and caps, boots and shoes, &c. Give them a call and they will treat you like a gentleman. Special inducement in overcoats.

Books and stationery at Gilman & Dorsey's cheap for cash.

First class students buy Cahosh & Tar for coughs and colds.

Call at Gilman & Dorsey's and supply yourselves with all necessaries.

In a neighboring public school, the preceptor asked his class in Natural Philosophy to mention the transparent substances. After the list had been repeated, an urechin of seeming intelligence arose in another part of the room and said, "O, yes sir. I know an other one still—a hole."

Property of Hydrogen. It is the most combustible body except when Dr. Norwood wants to make an experiment with this element. Then it is not combustible.

The young lady who threw a kiss at our editor-in-chief from a college window had no idea of effect it would have on him. He has since turned out a moustache, which, however is, as yet, scarcely visible to the naked eye.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

Yale College has within a few years received benefactions to more than \$900,000 for building purposes alone.

Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., has received \$100,000 in the way of gifts for the chapel, \$50,000 for the aid of students, and \$50,000 for the scientific building.

Princeton College has received gifts amounting to a million one hundred thousand dollars since the accession of Dr. McCosh to the Presidency of the institution, done six years since.

At the recent convocation of College Presidents, a strong protest was made against the taxation of college property in Massachusetts. President Elliott of Harvard said that the proposed law would cost Harvard \$60,000 a year and President Chadbourne of Williams said that if the law was passed, two professors would have to be dropped from that institution.

The convocation resolved that boat racing was bad for the students engaged in the racing, but good for the colleges. We do not understand.

On the subject of optional studies, it was agreed that after the sophomore year, the courses should be optional. President Eliot said that in the universities no other country except our own were students confined to the same fixed courses of study.

The Chicago University has resolved to raise the sum of \$50,000, the income of which shall be devoted to the support of poor and worthy students. The late Senator Doolittle and Trumbull are named as trustees of the fund.

About a year since, Dr. Read of our University prepared and had printed a stirring appeal to "The Liberal Minded" of our State in behalf of the establishment of \$100 scholarships, to aid young men and women needing aid, in our University. The financial crisis occurring immediately after, prevented the pressing of the enterprise. Was any more beneficent enterprise ever proposed in our state? How many of our best students, struggling and toiling for education would be helped forward by this small benefaction? It is to be hoped the idea will not be dropped.

Some three hundred students of Michigan University, two or three weeks since, honored (?) themselves by parading the streets of Ann Arbor threatening the police, calling up the President, and doing other acts of high intellectual prowess. What would our Faculty and townmen think of such performances on the part of our University students. A half dozen doubtless could be selected who would delight to engage in such pranks.

Advertise in the MISSOURIAN.

A STUDENT SOLILOQUY.

Here it is Monday morning, almost time for the first bell! What shall I do? Just my luck. Had extra time and short lessons, and of course do not know the least thing about them. I wonder if anybody ever did know his lessons on Monday? But then I do hate to make a flunk outright. I'll look over them anyway. No! its no use I'll only get a smattering of them and will make a complete ass of myself as—did the other day. Didn't he cut a swell for a while. He used to be a high flyer, he did but now since hard study has set in he has become a regular dead-beat. Oh, Ge! why I've got my shoes to black yet and my coat to dust and my hair to brush. My lands! am I all thumbs this morning? Confound that old neck-tie. There it goes! The old thing never was any account anyhow. Where's my note-book? I left it on the table but its not there now. Where is it? Oh! I bet a half dollor Cubs got it. Yes! and if he has I'll break my old slate over his head when he gets back. And my hat—its gone too. I do think these fellows in the next room are a little the meanest I've struck yet. Never mind I'll pay them back. Why here the old plug is, stuck behind the trunk just where I threw it. Where did I put my gloves? Well upon my word, if I didn't leave them over at Philips. And they'll stay there too, you bet they will. And my Algebra—well! I do believe I'm the most forgetful creature that ever lived. Whew! There it goes. I wonder if old Doc. will pray this morning? Hope to gracious he won't. Well, I believe I'm all ready now—but I don't know, just as like as not I've forgotten something. Bet I'll get the little I do know scared out of me by the time I'm called on. Never mind I'll risk it this time!

A RETURN OF THANKS.

It is sometimes said that such a tender and lovely heart as that of Florence Nightingale is no longer beating to console and nurse afflicted humanity upon our terrestrial globe. But stop, is not that a mistake. If it is not a mistake it is the next thing to it. When it was known that some of our students, away from the observation of mother's eyes, had taken sick, ladies of town came, as once Miss Florence hurried to the battle field to offer her assistance to the poor soldier, who was deprived of mother's tender care, to fill the place of a mother, and they did fill it. We have wondered to see them so faithfully fulfil the requirements of true humanity. At least one-half of the credit as the young men are recovering, is due to the kind treatment of their lady friends. Therefore in the name of our students and especially in the name of the members of the U. B. C., we desire to express our thankfulness and regards to such ladies who have not hesitated to offer an assisting hand to our sick fellow-students.

Anythingtofillthiscolumn.

LORD RECTOR OF GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.

This is an honorary officer elected every second year by the Professors and students of the University. The only function which his Lordship performs is to deliver an inaugural address in the Common Hall, and the only emolument the honor of a Rector, and perhaps we should add, as a further honor and duty, to wear at the inauguration a very ancient and shabby gown decorated with faded gold lace, upon the putting on of which Sir Robert Peel declared he felt more honored than in assuming the robes of Prime Minister.

The election is made upon political grounds and is conducted with such zeal and bitterness that the first fortnight of the session is wholly taken up with the canvass. All the arts of other contested elections are brought into play, often attended with scenes of violence. Meetings, squibs, placards, the fist and the cudgel are a common resort. On the day of the election, the hall is darkened with clouds of peas, of which missiles the Professors come in for a plentiful share. These dignataries always behave themselves with much good humor; when the saturnalia are over, order is at once restored and all parties go to work.

Among the Lord Rectors of recent time are Lord Jeffery, Sir James Mackintosh, Lord Brougham, Campbell, the poet who beat Sir Walter Scott, Sir Robert Peel, Derby, Macauley, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. In 1788 Burke was elected, and as is well known broke down in his inaugural address and was obliged to stop.

The election of Lord Rector which has just taken place attracted unusual attention in America from the fact, that for the first time, an American has been brought forward as a candidate, Ralph Waldo Emerson, on the side of the Liberals. On the side of the Conservatives, Disraeli was the candidate, and successful by a vote of 700 to 500. The dignified and scholarly arguments were, on the side of the Conservatives—Emerson is a foreigner; on that of the Liberals, the Professors are using influence for Disraeli. Emerson certainly made a capital race.

According to an Auburn paper, they are going to put up in that city an addition to their seminary, "to accommodate eighty students 200 feet long."

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GREAT MEN WILL SOMETIMES DIFFER.

Great men will also sometimes differ; this is a consoling clause to the wandering souls of humanity, when they wander through the dreary desert of life. The students of this year's logic class have made use of this argument when they differed from their Professor whether the conclusion which was drawn from two premises was valid or not. Well, they were heard to exclaim after a lively discussion 'great men sometimes differ.' When we heard the students of logic make use of this explanation, we called to our mind the language of the Dutch poet when he heard of the death of his mother "Oh, that's all they know about that." But we are compelled to say that a recent occurrence has convinced us of the fact that this saying of our young logicians is correct. When the sickness, which is yet raging in the U. B. C., broke out, the great men of Columbia came and gave their opinions of the cause of the misfortune of our fellow students. Some thought that it was the water, the young men of that club had used, others said it was the meat they had used. For said they, it is impossible to eat such meat and remain healthy. But we are informed that "the others" use meat from the same shop. We know a fact that whenever a question is raised in the House of Lords, the House of Commons also likes to be heard. Therefore, grant us the liberty to express our views, lest the old U. B. C., the supporter of many energetic and worthy students, may be misrepresented.

The water which was pronounced impure was found, by a test in our laboratory, to be the purest. The meat used in the club was, if the meat man spoke the truth, never over two days old. The affairs of the club were conducted as they had been in previous years, when the health of the club members was excellent, and as the affairs are conducted in the other clubs where the health is good.

What, then, is the cause? Our opinion is that God knows, but that we, as well as the great men of Columbia, are ignorant of the cause.

A STUDENTS RESORT.

Not many days since a friend was talking to us of their being no place of resort for students. "Why," said he, "If you go up town you have to sit down on a goods-box or stand around on the corners of the street and have people point you out as a 'dead beat' or a loafer. There is no public place of resort, no town library or reading room, and at the University it's no better. They do pretend to have a University Reading Room I know, but you can scarcely speak above a whisper, ere the librarian flies across the room and sticks a copy of the rules and regulations right under your nose. Why ain't their some resort for students?" and our friends refrain

has been ringing in our ears ever since. It has rung there to some purpose. It has given birth. this article, to be followed by others, unless something is done speedily by the proper authorities. Formerly it was a custom to invite students into the MISSOURIAN's sanctum. But the invitation is not extended this year, and for a very good reason. Will the proper authorities do something? If so let them be in earnest, and act promptly.

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Second Sempster opens on

MONDAY FEBRUARY 8th, 1875.

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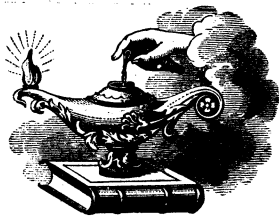
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VOL. IV.

STATE UNIVERSITY, COLUMBIA MISSOURI, DECEMBER, 1874.

NO. 4

THE GRACES.

Three sisters fair the graces were,
Sprung, says mythology,
From Zeus the mighty and Aphrodite,
Bright goddess of the sea.

From form and face there beamed a grace,
As light beams from the sun;
And in that sheen mortals were seen
With graces from them won.

What lab'ring thought, so strangely wrought
In Greece's childish brain,
Th' inspired pen has given to man
In letters large and plain.

Faith, Hope and Love sprung from above,
Three children of the skies,
Of heavenly birth, they dwell on earth,
And thither bid us rise.

Faith lights the eye, which bringeth nigh
The spirit-world of truth;
Where beauty dwells, and rapture swells
Breath of immortal youth.

To reach that goal, Hope wings the soul
To mount the darksome way;
To gain the shore, where night no more
Breaks the eternal day.

When touched the lyre of Heaven's choir,
Love loudest, sweetest sings;
A seraph bright, how rapt the sight!
With Faith and Hope her wings.

As over all, the golden ball
On high cathedral tower,
Still gleameth bright in day's last light,
When shades of evening lower;

So Love shall shine with grace divine,
When other graces cease—
When Faith shall see, and Hope shall be
The synonyme of bliss.

HUDSON MANSION.

How many jolly good fellows will look back upon the time they spent at Hudson Mansion with pleasant and grateful recollections.

Shortly after reaching home we were informed that the Mansion should be our home no more. It was with sadness and almost grief we read this news, and we thought how seldom we think of pleasant places and happy homes, until we lose them. Then we begin to realize the pleasure lost, then we know their value. But as we are to lose for the benefit of Missouri's most precious jewels, we shall stand the loss most cheerfully.

We give up our Columbia home with pleasure, because we think it our duty; but we shall never forget the many happy hours, we have spent there.

We shall never forget the many so closely contested games, which those reverential maples have witnessed beneath their shade, while waving their graceful bows over us; and when the ground was brown and bare and the oaks, the maples, and the hickories

had "shaken down their green glories to battle with the winter's storms", and Christmas holidays had come bringing joy to many hearts; then we saw our companions safe upon their journey to the girls they left behind, and returned to our mansion home to make time pass as joyous as we could. We wrote letters to our parents telling them that time was so precious that we could not spare the holidays to visit them, for we should have to use them in reading; but we wrote to our girls that we anticipated a jolly time.

After supper, as our number was small, we would gather in one room, and while one more innocent than all the rest would keep a good fire, the others would participate in a few chapters of those ancient books that always bring relief to home-sick boys and love-sick girls.

And there was the waltz which we came near forgetting. We would have one whenever W— was so kind as to play it upon his violin. Poor fellow, he is not with us this year. We hear that he is teaching the young ideas how to shoot. We wonder if he teaches any of them how to shoot the jack up from the bottom of the deck.

Well boys, we have made those old halls echo and re-echo with our stamping, kicking, hallooing and laughing; until every one that lived near us said with a downcast countenance, as if they envied our pleasure; boys will be boys.

Now gentle young ladies you may use your soothing effects with all your power, still we do not believe you can heal all the rents and bruises the mansion has received at our hands; but she will carry them

To remember the days of yore,
For she shall see the like no more.

"CANINE SNYDOR."

During the reign of some well known officer, in the present century, before the panic and drouth, when the earth was covered with snow, and the frozen drops of rain clung tenaciously with ten thousand glittering gems in the soft golden sun beams; it was during this auspicious time that "Canine Snyder" was brought upon the stage of action. His birth place was in some remote rural district. In his early life he displayed a taste for hunting, and it is said that he made a success in the chase and succeeded in "treeing his rabbit" on all occasions. As he grew older, his habits became more settled and his attention was called to literary pursuits. At an early

age he applied for admission to the "Sub-prep" elocution class, but was rejected by the professor of that department, on account of his inability to write an oration. This, of course, was a sudden check upon his high aspirations which he had so long cherished. From that day this energetic "Canine" bent himself to study.

Having diligently applied himself for some time, he made application a second time and was admitted, because of the high esteem that the faculty had for his ancestors. His acceptance was mostly due to the influence and untiring energy of the president. In a short time, he succeeded with high honors in college—i. e. in coming in at one door and going out at the other.

Then he entered the law class in which he distinguished himself in a similar manner, to the astonishment of professors and classmates. Having practiced his chosen profession, any how, for sometime with his college-like success, he tried to "get up" an insurrection among his fellow "Canine" but failed. At this critical moment he began to descend from his lofty height "the ladder of fame."

Since all great men have enemies, our hero was not exempted. After some difficulty and hasty remarks between himself and his most intimate friend, a challenge was proposed by Snyder and accepted by his friend. When the hour had arrived for the execution of this "ignoble deed," Snyder stood up like a hero, gained the victory, bore off the laurel wreath, and incurred the everlasting displeasure of the faculty. He now deemed it necessary to set sail immediately to a foreign, "sea port"—and foreign indeed, to him, for he remained there for a short time, and starved nearly to death. He returned, under disguise, by the assistance of a friend. But when he reached his native land, the ire of his enemies had subsided, and they would not disturb him on account of his old age. From this time he lived in poverty, though in peace with all mankind.

When the sun attained his daily meridian height, this aged figure might be seen walking slowly up and down the classic shores of Lake St. Mary, shading his eyes with his "mud hook" and glancing far out on those transparent waters, looking for something he knew not what—waiting for his "ship to come in".

Thus it was that one of the most remarkable Canines passed away, perhaps to sink into oblivion.

F. R. A.

THE CONVENTION AT FULTON.

The delegates from the State University, Washington University, Central College, William Jewell and Westminster Colleges, assembled in the Philological Hall in the college at Fulton on the night of December 19. Mr. H. E. Sherman was called to the chair, and Mr. J. N. Tate was appointed secretary. On motion a committee consisting of Messrs. L. Hoffmann, J. C. Armstrong and W. F. Kerdolff, was appointed to frame a constitution.

After a recess of about two hours the house was called to order and the report of the committee received. The house then proceeded to consider the report, article by article, and adopted the following constitution:

PREAMBLE.

We, the students of the several colleges of the State of Missouri, in order to promote a friendly intercourse, advance the literary culture and provide for the holding of an annual contest in oratory, do hereby form ourselves into a body corporate and adopt for our government the following

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.

This organization shall be known as the Missouri Collegiate Association, and shall consist of the Missouri State University, Washington University, Central College, William Jewell College, Westminster College, and such other colleges as may be admitted by a two-thirds vote of the delegates at any meeting.

ARTICLE II.

An annual convention shall be held at three (3) o'clock, p. m., on the day and at the place specified for the contest.

ARTICLE III.

Section 1. In convention each institution shall be entitled to one delegate.

Sec. 2. Each institution shall be represented at the annual contest by one contesting orator.

Sec. 3. No student shall be admitted as a contesting orator who is not an under-graduate.

ARTICLE IV.

The officers of this association shall be a President, two Vice-Presidents, Secretary, and Treasurer, who shall constitute the executive committee; and shall be chosen by ballot at each annual convention.

ARTICLE V.

Sec. 1. The President shall preside at all meetings, and shall call special meetings at the written request of a majority of the colleges; giving at least fifteen (15) days notice to each college.

Sec. 2. Either of the Vice-Presidents shall act as President in case of the latter's absence, resignation or inability to serve.

Sec. 3. The Secretary shall record the proceedings of all meetings and contests, carry on all necessary correspondence, and file a copy of each oration delivered.

Sec. 4. The Treasurer shall give bond to the amount of five hundred dollars (\$500), shall pay all orders signed by the President and Secretary; and shall make written report of the condition of the treasury at each annual meeting, or when required to do so by the association.

ARTICLE VI.

The arrangement for each contest shall be made by the Executive Committee, assisted by the institution where the contest is to be held.

ARTICLE VII.

The association shall pay all necessary expenses incurred by its officers, delegates, judges and contestants.

ARTICLE VIII.

The executive committee shall select for each year's contest three judges who are in nowise connected with the institutions, and shall notify each institution of such selection at least sixty days before the contest.

ARTICLE IX.

Upon a sufficient reason or reasons for objection of any one institution, any or all of these judges shall be removed; but no institution shall be entitled to more than two such objections, and all such objections must be made at least twenty days before the contest.

ARTICLE X.

The judges shall decide on the thought, composition, and delivery of each oration, and shall announce the orations possessing the highest and next highest merits.

ARTICLE XI.

No oration shall exceed fifteen (15) minutes in delivery.

ARTICLE XII.

The first prize shall be the first choice, and the second prize the second choice in representing the state in the inter-state contest.

ARTICLE XIII.

Any college of this association failing to send a representative to any annual contest without furnishing a satisfactory excuse shall be excluded from the association. The validity of this excuse to be decided by the executive committee and each institution is to be notified of such decision at least ninety days before the next contest.

ARTICLE XIV.

The money necessary to meet the expenses of this association shall be raised by charging an admittance fee to the oratorical contest. Should there be any deficit it shall be made up by an equal tax upon the colleges.

ARTICLE XV.

This constitution shall be subject to amendment by a vote of three-fourths of the number of delegates at any annual meeting.

The house then proceeded to the election of officers, which resulted as follows: President, H. E. Sherman of the State University; first Vice-President, J. C. Armstrong, of William Jewell; second Vice-President, W. F. Kerdolff, Jr., of Central College; Secretary, J. N. Tate, of Westminster; Treasurer, E. A. Engler, of Washington University.

On motion it was decided to have the first contest on the third Friday night of March next; and that the contest be held in Columbia. Messrs. Sherman and Tate were requested to attend to the duties of obtaining a charter. It was suggested that the constitution be published in the different college and the leading state and county papers.

Our delegates left here on the Monday morning train. At Centralia they were so fortunate as to meet with three of the Westminster boys. At Mexico they were joined by the delegates from William Jewell and Washington University. On reaching Fulton they were met at the depot by a delegation, who, after receiving them formally, took them in a bus to places already provided for them. Tuesday morning came, but the delegates from Central had not arrived, and did not until the four o'clock train. Some little time was spent in offering congratulations and making acquaintances and the delegates did not formally meet until after supper. The

convention lasted till the wee sma' hours. The delegates were: Westminster, J. N. Tate and G. W. Walthall; Central, W. F. Kerdolff, Jr., and M. M. Hawkins; William Jewell, J. C. Armstrong; Washington University, E. A. Engler; and State University, L. Hoffman and H. E. Sherman. A meeting was held the next morning and the minutes of the preceding meeting approved. The delegates then left on the morning train. Our delegates desire to return their thanks for the kind manner in which they were treated by the Westminster boys, and to express their appreciation of the hospitalities tendered them by Mr. and Mrs. Curd. Also for the attentions shown them by Messrs. Munson and Dobyns.

PERSONALS.

'54—Hon. Warwick Hough of '54, a prominent lawyer of Kansas City, has been elected one of our Supreme Justices.

'60—Hon. R. D. Shannon, who delivered the Alumni Address last June is Superintendent elect of Public Instruction for the State.

'72—T. A. Johnston, Valedictorian of '72, is fast building up a reputation as a teacher. He is now connected with Kemper's Family School, Boonville.

'73—Jas. Cooney, formerly of '73 and for the past year Principal of the Sturgeon High School, was married to Miss Lillie Orme on the 29th.

'73—Lorin Staley, class '73 is in Colorado, near Denver City. He is ranching it at present but intends soon to enter upon the practice of law.

'73—S. C. Rogers of '73 was married on the 24th to Miss Mattie Edwards of this place. He is teaching school in Kingston, Caldwell County.

'73—Wm. L. Houston, class '73, now residing in Mexico, was in town not long since, attending "court."

'74—T. C. Wilson, class '74, was in town recently. He gave us to understand he was farming it at Frankfort, Pike county.

'74—Jno. H. Duncan, medical class '74 has been selected valedictorian of Bellevue Hospital Medical College, N. Y.

'75—J. C. Wheeler, late of '75 is teaching school in Johnston county.

'76—Court Yantis, late of '76 has been chosen to fill the vacancy in the School of Mines faculty, caused by the resignation of Prof. N. W. Allen.

'77—Jno. D. Greason, late of '77 is now attending the School of Mines at Rolla.

'77—Prince M. Cranor, formerly of '77 is engaged in the pork business at St. Joe.

Among former students of the University impending the Holidays here, we notice, J. V. C. Karnes, D. W. B. Kurtz, Gardiner Lathrop E. P. Horner and Franke Royse.

P. LAWSON HYER.

Whereas it has seemed good in the providence of God to remove from our midst our late beloved fellow-student, P. Lawson Hyer, a member of the Medical class of the University of the State of Missouri, therefore,

Resolved 1st, That in the early death of our class mate, we have lost a dear friend and valuable associate—the University a devoted and exemplary student—society, an honored member—his family, an affectionate son and brother.

Resolved 2nd, That we have witnessed the death of our classmate with heart-felt sorrow and that we tender to his bereaved family and friends our earnest sympathy, in this the hour of their deep affliction.

Resolved 3rd, That these resolutions be published in the Columbia papers, and that a copy be sent to the family of the deceased.

H. JERARD,
WM. DAUGHRITY,
J. W. HORNER,
M. D. LEWIS,
T. WILSON, } Committee.

The following tribute of respect to P. Lawson Hyer, deceased, was read before the Medical Society of the Missouri State University, by his classmate, J. W. H.—[ED. MIS.]

Death is a subject from which we all turn with a shudder. It is a subject equally unpleasant, whatever may be our age or condition. Yet it becomes necessary for us to consider for a moment the life and character of our deceased class-mate, a life just begun and lighted by all the bright hopes and ambition incident to youth and coming manhood.

Our departed class-mate was not one of those who had stood the fierce struggle with life's stormy billows, but he had just entered the eddies of life's unstayed current, when a mighty wave caught him and bore him into eternity. It seems right "to gather into the garner the shocks of corn fully ripe for the harvest, but to crush to earth the ambitious shooting blade just beginning to give promise of a bountiful harvest is the work of death," which we seem lost to sanction. Each of us too might feel the profound truth of this saying. The ties of college association are very dear, but when these ties are doubly knit by the strong cords of a profound fraternal feeling, nurtured, sustained and strengthened by the most intimate association and mutual struggles, who can tell the pangs when such ties are broken by the hand of death. Death has been among us and plucked the brightest bud, and while we deeply mourn his loss, our loss has been his everlasting gain.

The mere mention of his name calls to mind such a character as we all might well emulate. It brings to mind his extreme piety. He though young had realized the fact, that man of himself was weak.

The departed one will be remembered most dearly in his relation to our society. The memory of his kind words and sterling counsel in all the little vexing duties of our college life, will ever be held in reverential awe

by each one of us. Who of us that have heard his kind words of explanation in the class-room will ever forget them. May we in grateful reverence to his spirit exclaim.

To thy words sweet memories cling,
Grand the cheer thy council bring.

Such are the memories which come thronging the mind, borne on recollection's wings, while we to-night plant anew the ivy to his memory, while we to-night strew fresh flowers over his grave, and drop thereon the twig to recollection. Let us remember that where he is we may be also. That in our Fathers' house are many mansions; and as we gather here from time to time let us ever be ready to pay united tribute, respect, and reverence to the memory of him who has thus early been called away from us.

Oh can it be that our classmate is forever gone,
Him whom we loved far more than words can tell,
And shall we never again look on that form,
Or hear that genial voice we loved so well.

We always looked with kindness to him,
A class mate so good, a friend so true:
Alas we'll search in vain to find his like,
For such as he in this world are few.

And now although we know he's gone,
We seem to see our classmate standing as of yore,
With outstretched hand and beaming eyes,
To welcome us at the chapel door.

His cheerful, ever kind voice we hear—
His truthful, tender smile we still behold;
Alas 'tis vain—that voice is hushed in death,
Those loving eyes forever closed and cold.

And yet he is not dead but sleepeth sweet;
Not lost to us forever but gone before.
Where held in the safe keeping of our Lord,
He'll wait our coming on the golden shore.

We smoothed the hair from off his noble brow,
And crossed the white hands on his pulseless breast;
He needs no more our tears of anguish deep,
His days of care are o'er, he is at rest.

He doeth all things well the scriptures say,
Let this one thought be solace in our grief,
Though we may not be allowed to see the way,
The thought that he's at rest brings sweet relief.

J. W. H.

UNION LITERARY HALL.

COLUMBIA, Dec. 18, 1874.

Whereas, It has pleased the Disposer of the affairs of men to take from our midst our beloved fellow-member, C. A. Hamner; therefore be it resolved by the Union Literary Society:

1st, That we express our sincere regret at the loss of so faithful a student, so true and good a member of our brotherhood, one whose earnestness and success in whatever he undertook, during the short time which we were permitted to enjoy his society, gave promise of great future usefulness.

2nd, That we extend our heartfelt sympathies to the bereaved home-circle in the far South, and our thanks to the kind ladies who so effectually ministered to the wants of our brother and other fellow-students in their sickness.

3rd, That the University MISSOURIAN and the "Herald" and "Statesman" of this City be requested to publish these resolutions, and that a copy of each of these papers be sent to his father and family.

H. T. CURTRIGHT, Pres't.
F. R. AUSTIN, Rec. Sec'y.

Two of our editors were delegates to Fulton. Hence the late issue of the paper.

A RECEIPT FOR COURTSHIP.

Two or three dears, and two or three sweets,
Two or three balls, and two or three treats;
Two or three serenades, given as a lure,
Two or three oaths—how much they endure;
Two or three messages sent in one day,
Two or three times best out from play,
Two or three soft speeches made by the way;
Two or three tickets for two or three times,
Two or three love letters wrote all in rhymes;
Two or three months, keeping strict to these rules,
Can never fail making a couple of fools.

SQUIRE.

A CONTENTED MAN A SHAM.

That a contented man is a sham is not very evident at the first sight; but after a little research it becomes plain. The first question that is to be answered is, what does sham mean? Sham means a humbug or a deceit. The question now naturally takes this form. How is it that a man who possesses this noble and godlike quality contentedness; a jewel after which many an honest man is seeking, for the possession of which many a christian prayer is sent to the throne of God, that he is a deceit? It is because man is placed in such a curious world, that if he is not constantly pressing forward, he is going invariably backwards. Because he is placed in a sphere where there is no such a thing as rest.

Hence whenever a man thinks that he is resting, that is, that he is standing still on his road to renown, and that because it is agreeable where he is, he is going to remain there; he has just so much glory, so much wealth and he does not want any more. Such a man is simply deceiving himself, and because that very man is sometimes taken as an example by others, he may well be called a deceit or a sham. That these assertions are true may be verified in every day life. Let a business man take the notion that his business is doing very well, there is no use in doing better, and from that day he will become negligent, and that power which had brought and held him to his occupying position, will be weakened and the natural result will follow, viz: His business will lose its grade. This is true of all avocations, no matter what their name or color may be. But if it is true of business life, may it not equally be true of college life? Let a student stand ever so high in his classes if he ever takes the notion that he is high, and that he is about as good as he cares to be; let him be assured that from that day he is walking down stairs, and he stands a very good chance the next day, as our boys call it, to flunk. Beyond a doubt he will fall below his former mark. He deceives himself, and because he used to be good, he is an example of his class; therefore becomes a deceit and the proposition "A contented man is a sham," is proved in him.

Students, beware, lest you become in the eyes of the Professors, in the eyes of judges a "sham"!

Let us bear in mind the third Friday in March, it is the day for the contest.

The University Missourian.

Published on the fourth Friday of each month throughout the collegiate year, for the Students of the University.

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COLUMBIA, MISSOURI, NOVEMBER, 1874.

EDITORS:

D. M. WILSON, '75. - - - Editor-in-Chief.
C. L. BUCKMASTER, '75, } Associates.
L. HOFFMAN, '76, }
H. E. SHERMAN, '76......Literary Editor
H. B. BABB, '76......Local Editor
T. C. EARLY, '75......Business Manager.

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NO anonymous communications will be published.

The Board held its annual session on the 8th, 9th and 10th inst. The meeting was important from the fact that the Board were to elect a President. Mention of this is made elsewhere. The board refused to give the societies \$50 for the purchasing of books for their libraries, notwithstanding the committee of the library reported in favor of it. Still in this matter we cannot find fault with the Board. The Societies need the money and would have gladly received it, but the Board says "no", and the societies utter not a word of complaint or thanks. Yet—and with all respect be it said—we do find fault, and a just fault too, with the action of the Board as regards the University Library. A petition signed by 230 students, requesting that the Library be changed to a circulating Library was handed in by Curator Barrett, referred to a committee, and heard of no more. Not even a reason was given or a single word uttered explanatory of their conduct. They treated us with silent contempt, and by their actions say that the 230 students who subscribed their names to the petition had very little sense. As representatives of these students we would say that over \$3,000 are extracted from their pockets for the avowed purpose of supporting the Library. They are then taxed beyond the possibility of a doubt. A petition couched in most respectful terms is presented to their governing Board and no attention is paid to it. Their wish in the matter is deemed not even worthy of a passing notice. They are taxed but not represented. What! This is America, the land which rests upon a foundation stone upon which was inscribed a hundred years ago, "Taxation and representation." Ignorant forefathers! You challenged the admiration of the world in your day. But viewed in the light of the nineteenth century you acted very foolishly.

It is the custom of Pres. Read to speak from time to time to the students at their morning convocation in the Chapel, concerning common items of interest. He never fails when a suitable opportunity presents itself to impress upon them the importance of a thorough knowledge of American history. He says it is a crying evil, a shame upon the American people, that the great majority of those who style themselves the "educated young men of the land," know comparatively nothing of their own history as a nation. The Doctor talks earnestly on the subject, and expresses his feelings in plain, strong terms. We think his remarks are called for, and extremely pertinent. Let us not be misunderstood. None—not even the Doctor himself—are stronger advocates of classical training than we are. We go so far as to consider the classics really indispensable to a man even of moderate education. And yet to think of an educated youth conversant with Grecian and Roman history, having at hand the rich gems of mythology; upon whose lips tremble the precepts of the world's most gifted intellects, when asked to answer a question perhaps of vital importance concerning the workings of his own government, completely lost to know what to say.

The re-election of Dr. Read to the Presidency for the coming scholastic year has been the means of calling forth some pretty strong comments from the St. Louis Dailies. Our home papers also snuffing the smoke of battle afar off have joined in the melee with considerable earnestness. Whatever our private views as students may be in regard to the re-election of Dr. Read, it is not politic for us as editors to give expression to those views in the columns of the MISSOURIAN. We must show a proper reverence for the powers that be, and gracefully as possible submit unto their decrees. We have but to add, that if this discussion of our President's merits is to continue, let it be done decently and in order. Let no party spirit or private dislike be brought forward as a "because" on either side. Above all let there be no exaggeration, only a plain statement of facts, remembering that the time to bring forward charges supported by evidence is before an election and not after it.

During the past month we have often put the question: What are you going to do during the holidays? The answers have been various. Some said they had mapped out a certain course of reading or studying and had finally resolved to adhere to it. Others talked only of big dinners and twin suppers and cosy chats in the twilight. We are rather inclined to agree with the latter. If the student has studied well for three long months he ought to have a breathing spell. However nice a boarding place may be, he is sure to find between it and home a vast difference. Take him to that home and surround him

with its sweet influences if it be only for a week. Let him become once more mother's pet and sister's darling; let him feel his superiority now over the boys he left equals but a few months before; let him clasp the hand and gaze into the eyes of her who has waited so impatiently for his return; let him listen to a father's words of encouragement and cheer, and then say if you can that he does not bear away with him feelings and emotions which will go further towards making him a man than any dry facts of history or metaphysical research. He has been educating his heart. Ah! that's the trouble now-a-days. Too much head culture. Too little heart culture. Professors, whatever you do, never take away from us the priceless boon of Christmas holidays.

We, the editors, have stayed at the University during the holidays thus far, and intend to remain until their close. We don't like to puff up our own selves, but we appeal to a fair-minded public and say such conduct is a good harbinger of the future. Of course we all stay for the express purpose of reaping the priceless advantages of a non-circulating library. We trust the fruits of our labors will be seen in future issues. This is seemingly the case. But we are really inclined to believe that other interests besides those purely educational or literary have somewhat to do in keeping some of us here. And if such be true, then we can appeal to the sympathisers of the best part of mankind, certain of an all hail to the future.

A change, and that for the better, has been going on ever since the session opened. We have scarcely noticed it, so gradual has it been; still we are not now where we were three months ago. New life is being infused into the University. "But you speak in too vague and general terms," remarks a friend at my elbow, "why don't you specify;" and to suit him we will specify.

Improvement stares you in the face on your very entrance into the campus. The ViaCuratorum has received a fine coating of gravels soon to be covered in turn with a layer of cinders. St. Marys has been widened and lengthened, in short vastly improved, and yet we take it at only a nominal expense. The young ladies' waiting room has been opened and is now used by them. Rhetoricals have been done away with and in their place one exercise a month on Saturday morning substituted. All these are changes and for the better. But let not the good work stop here. The ball has been set rolling, and now let it be seen to, that all hands set to work to help the good cause along. Remember in union there is strength. Push on! push on!

According to latest reports, the observations on the transit of Venus were all that could be expected. The transit occurred under the most favorable conditions.

AN INNOVATION IN THE MANNER
 OF PLAYING MACBETH.

When an actor, scarcely having a foot-hold on the stage, that little world subject to inconstancies of the public, dares to represent a character as reason and true criticism would endorse, and thus sacrifice old stage tricks, the old foggy critic immediately raises a hue and cry. That such an actor can have the courage to offend those terrible critics, shows not only his appreciation of his art and his unwillingness to aid in its degeneration, but also his earnest desire to raise it above what it ever has been, even in its palmiest days. It is easy to talk and write of reform, but to be a reformer is different. And to every true lover of liberalism such a reformer, as well as an advocate of reform, will be a welcome leader.

The recent behavior of Mr. Geo. Vandenhoff, of New York, in matters concerning the stage, ought to commend our admiration and support. It appears that Mr. Vandenhoff, in his representation of Macbeth, has incurred the severe displeasure of the dramatic critic of the New York "Tribune."

The objections raised by this critic are, that his manner is too much marked by courtly refinement to suit such a rude soldier as the Thane of Glamis and Cowdor; that he renders the "Dagger Soliloquy" without any expression of wild fear and absorbing terror at the supernatural vision; and, that he "seems to possess his passion, and not to be possessed by it." To these attacks Mr. Vandenhoff makes an able defense, and supports his acting by reference to Shakspeare himself. To the first objection he answers, in substance, that the essential point to him, as an actor, is not what Macbeth really was, or might have been, in politeness or manner in the eleventh century, but what Shakspeare has made him in the text. He argues that Shakspeare has made him a very courtly person, a man of poetic mind and of considerable culture. In support of this argument he cites the politeness of Macbeth to the messengers when they inform him of the honor which the king has done him by creating him Thane of Cowdor as a reward for his valor.

He refers to the terms of tenderness in which Macbeth always spake to his wife, and to his elegant courtesy to his guests at the banquet. From these and other well sustained arguments he concludes that he is justified in playing Macbeth as Shakspeare's Macbeth, not the Macbeth of history, but as a fendal chieftain of courteous bearing, polite manners and cultivated mind. In regard to the "Dagger Soliloquy" he advances the theory, that Macbeth is not so overcome by terror as to trimble violently, loll out his tongue, and make his knees knock together. These are old stage tricks, and he considers them "more honored in the breach than in the observance." He holds that Macbeth is merely startled at first, by the sight, or imagined

sight of the "air drawn dagger," and is so little thrown off his self possession that he is able to, and does examine it and reason on its intangibility, and finally comes to the conclusion that "there is no such thing," and that his delirium is the result of an overworked brain and guilty conscience. It is from this fact that Macbeth is able to reason logically that our actor concludes he should not be represented as being paralyzed with fear.

To the objection that he "seems to possess his passion, and not to be possessed by it," Mr. Vandenhoff replies, that the dramatist himself lays down the rule in "Hamlet's instructions to the players," that the actor "in the very torrent, tempest and whirlwind of his passion must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness." In other words, he must not allow his passion to run away with him, but must control and regulate it by art and judgment; that he shall possess his passion, instead of being possessed by it; that he is to rule it, instead of being ruled by it, so as "not to overstep the bound of nature." "That", he says "has been ever my aim, and while I shall have the honor to appear before the public ever shall be."

Mr. Vandenhoff in making this innovation, and so ably defending his position, will win many friends among the true lovers of the drama, and by being exponent of their views, as well as his own, will raise himself to no unenviable position on the stage. A. W. C.

MORNINGS ARE MYSTERIES.

It has been said by some that mornings are mysteries. So they are. For then the lark leaps from its nightly perch to greet their coming; and the bee goes forth from the hive to suck the honey from the rose and the cowslip-bells. Night withdraws her sable mantle and the mist disperse before the penetrating rays of light.

Aeolus begins to blow his trumpet; and nature, wrapped in her flecked shroud, woven from the materials of creation, presents herself in her grandest aspect. The lamps, burning in their blue sockets, one after one are gradually extinguished, until Venus, in her solitary glory, is left blazing in the eastern sky. The owl ceases from its nightly flights; the wolf seeks its den; and the eagle comes forth to seek its prey. The hum of busy life is renewed; the strokes of the clock, in its spire, proclaims throughout the village and surrounding country, the birth of another day which must be recorded upon the calendar; the smoke begins to rise from the chimnies, describing spirals in its ascent. The farmer caroling his songs of joy and peace, goes forth to harvest the rich fruits of his land.

What grandeur must there be when, in the stillness of morning, the thrilling calls of the hunter's horn, summoning his hounds to the chase, roll along the deep, gloomy forest, and are reverberated in the cave of echos. When the

herdsman winds his way over hill and through dales until he reaches the green pasture, watered by many silver streams, where he guards his herds from going astray and plays upon his flute. When the sun rises and casts its long golden rays across the plains and weaves them into wreathes with which to crown the mountain peaks. When the forest trees mingle their green plumed caps with the azure hue of the sky, and the gold of the sun and waves them in the passing breezes, boasting of their strength. When the copse of orange groves looks as if the seed had been sown and the pearls were just springing forth. When the gardens, studded with summer houses ornamented with ivy and the fountains springing from sands yellow as gold, blends its odors into one sweet perfume; and its flowers kisses and whispers love to the winds.

Montezuma knelt upon the summit of that lofty tower where his sires and grand-sires were wont to commune with the stars, for the purpose of conversing with the sun in regard to his destiny. With his hands folded across his breast, he knelt, awaiting the appearance of a good omen. But when the yellow disk rose above the distant mountain tops, a black mass of smoke rushed between him and the sun and bedimmed its brightness, and that morning was left a mystery to his mind.

Many a sun has tracked his course through the heavens, and we have witnessed many a bright morning, but their true meanings we cannot grasp; they lay imbedded too many fathoms below our comprehension. We only know that they form the beginnings of the links in the chain of time.

The muses, in the sweetest notes of song, may sing to the glowing morning; the artist may paint, in the brightest colors its beauties; the historian may record in glowing characters the story and glory of his race; the warrior may wield the battle axe or hurl the javelin; and the sculptor may chisel his cartoons and his columns figured with urns and vases, and carve upon them gods and flowers or some chimerical bird, in base relief—they can do all these, but these mysteries they cannot sound.

PIPING.

The senior class is now taking a course in piping.

This kind of piping is not the old log cabin chimney corner cob piping peculiar to the first settlers of our state.

The pipes used are not loaded with tobacco as most smoking pipes are; and, of course, these pipes do not smoke.

They might with propriety be called gas pipes, for the seniors puff something through them into the center of a lamp's flame and it makes such a marked improvement in the flame that we are led to believe that the gas in a senior is combustible; and from the amount that has been blown off since some of the faculty have been absent, we conclude that very profitable gas-works might be furnished some small city cheap.

The University Missourian.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

The Mammoth Dry Goods House of Samuel and Strawn is justly called the students' store. Boys you can find here everything needed in the way of wearing apparel, and all the requisites necessary for fitting up your rooms. Our ready made clothing department is most complete and was selected with a view to supply your wants. Come and see us students and we will furnish you goods just as your own merchants at your respective homes would.

SAMUEL & STRAWN.

Sep. '74, (10 m.)

The young ladies of the University celebrated the completion of the Ladies' Waiting Room by giving an entertainment Friday evening, December 5th. As might be supposed, a large number of students were present, and it may be well to say, at this time of general complaints, that they observed the strictest decorum during the entire evening. The interesting incidents of the occasion are too numerous to mention. Seventy souls were made happy by an introduction to one young lady. Another fair one is said to have walked fifteen miles without resting; while her escort ate ten cans of oysters and pleaded for more, but was hurried from the scene by Medical Dick.

The sick students are doing as well as could be expected.

The community will be glad to learn that the distinguished naturalist, E. Bond, will open a menagerie at the Conway Mansion. His collection of animals consists of a little white possum.

Thursday evening, December 24th, Mr. S. C. Rogers, class '73, was married to Miss Mollie Edwards of Columbia, who has also been a student of the University.

'Mercy, blessing, peace' go with them. May they have numerous friends, plenty of money and gushing times. And may times and money continue to gush until our gushing friend has gained the highest position afforded by public appreciation of fine talents and sterling qualities.

Among the best literary entertainments of the season are to be mentioned the class exercises of Christian College. They begun Nov. 27th with the Senior class exercise, which was followed by the Junior, Sophomore and Freshman classes, giving an entertainment each succeeding Friday evening till Dec. 18th. A pleasing feature of these exercises was the opportunity given after each for an interchange of ideas between the young ladies and the audience. President Rogers' invitation, "come forward and enjoy yourselves," may not have been as sublime as Wellington's "up, men, and at them," but it was not less inspiring to the students, who had the good fortune to be the heroes of the occasion.

After the rhetorical exercises, Dec. 12th, the college classes of the University had a meeting in the chapel for the purpose of transacting business pertaining to the organization of an inter-collegiate association of the colleges of Missouri. The house being called to order by the president, the secretary read communications from Westminster and Central colleges, in which they expressed their willingness to enter the association and requested the students of the University to make some suggestions with respect to the time and place of holding the convention, and the number of delegates to be sent from each college.

On motion, two delegates were appointed to meet the same number of delegates from each of the other colleges at Westminster College, on the 29th of December.

The delegates elected were H. E. Sherman and L. Hoffman.

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On Thursday evening, December 10th, the students of the University, accompanied by the Columbia brass band, gave Dr. Read a congratulatory serenade. Just as the Doctor begun to speak to those in front of the house a batch of the ruder sort opened a tin-pan serenade in the street. The sheriff made his appearance at this juncture and, being unable to bring the young scapegraces to a halt, fired a few random shots. This made them sensible of the perils of the moment; and also of the fact that a good pair of heels were worth more in some emergencies than all the tin pans in creation. The track of the rout may be traced to the vineyard where the band seems to have dissolved. Their accounts of hairbreadth 'scapes and desperate adventures are scarcely less marvelous than those of Sinbad the Sailer. Each one thinks that a ball passed within six inches of him, and that nothing but the length of his shanks, or the special interposition of providence could have saved him. We hope these experiences may be a warning to the rowdies.

STUDETS' HEADQUARTERS.

The book store of S. B. Kirtley & Co. Remember that this is the place to buy everything the student wants in the book and stationery line.

Books and stationery at Gilman & Dorsey's cheap for cash.

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Call at Gilman & Dorsey's and supply yourselves with all necessaries.

Wearily, wearily we have waited through Christmas for some acknowledgement of the achievements and patriotism of the editors of the *Missourian*. We had hoped for some special manifestation of public appreciation; some grand ball or masquerade given in our honor, or at least the explosion of a few bunches of fire-crackers, in recognition of our unselfish labors. Though we did take a good deal of the applause expressed by the cannonading Christmas morning to ourselves; and though we did think the ringing of New Year's bells would have been less vigorous but for the inspiration of the press, yet we must confess that if special invitations and gushing compliments are a criterion of the admiration we have won, we are another touching example of flowers born to blush unseen and waste their sweetness, &c.

A student of well known linguistic proclivities being asked the other day what "a *la Captain Jack*" meant, scratched his head a minute and replied he thought it was some kind of patent medicine.

The flame of liberty is extinguished in Greece and Rome, but perhaps it would be well for some proud juniors to remember that the class is to have an oyster supper when our professor of elocution returns from his lecturing tour.

Although it may be three or four weeks till examinations, students should remember that self-help will be none the less seasonable even if it is prepared a good while before hand.

Since the Chalybeate Spring is a source of health, why is the pump not properly repaired.

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The Columbia Orchestra has re-organized, electing Leslie Wagner as Director and Scott Hays as Business Manager. The Orchestra is composed mostly of students of the University. No doubt that they will gain a reputation in the musical science as those did who were members last year. They have eleven of the most expert in the city.

Strange utilities are always being discorded; but who would have ever thought of using brick-bats as an after-supper condiment, if the sight of our sturdy Curators had not suggested it.

Cannibals in the Sandwich Islands use the American plug-hat for measuring potatoes. Judging from the appearance of a certain law student's plug, one would think that corpulent people in Columbia use them for seats.

Some one has had the audacity to intimate that our President's salary has been raised in order that stray dogs may be summarily kicked out of chapel and roguish cows driven from the University grounds.

Friday evening Dec. 18th, the depot was the scene of the usual confusion of handshaking, shouting, song-singing and display of good spirits generally, which takes place every year when the students are leaving Columbia to enjoy the Christmas holidays at home. Among the interesting events of the occasion were the farewell addresses, and resignations of those whom the faculty had excused from getting return tickets, they being received with uproarious applause.

Is there not enough spirit and musical talent in the University to organize a glee club? It is a notorious fact that the students sing the college songs with more zeal than art, it being considered very good time when the extreme singers keep within a line of each other.

A certain student congratulates himself and the faculty on the great improvement he has made in one year, and thinks that he deserves promotion. This session he goes to sleep only once a week in Prof. Swallow's room, which event marks the weekly jubilee of the "Mulligan Guards."

Joe & Vic Barth, of the Star Clothing House, respectfully call the attention of everybody to the full line of clothing for men, boys and children. Suits of all styles and grades. The best lot of paper and linen collars that can be found anywhere. Also of hats and caps, boots and shoes, &c. Give them a call and they will treat you like a gentleman. Special inducement in over-coats.

THE INTER-COLLEGIATE CONTEST.

The convention which met at Fulton on the 29th fixed the third Friday in March as the time for holding the contest. This leaves us in fact only two months to prepare in, since examinations will soon be upon us, and demand all our attention. We cannot, however begin to prepare too early, nor ought we to cease working until the very night of the contest. Let us keep steadily before our eyes two facts. The first, that on the success of the coming contest, inasmuch as it is the first, depends the success of the future contests. If it should fail to give satisfaction the result would be disastrous; but if everything should go off pleasantly a good precedent will have been established. Besides, a fair start is one half the battle. The second, that the contest is to be here. Our delegates to Fulton are quite profuse in their praises of the cordial reception they received at the hands of the Westminster boys. Let us see to it that every preparation necessary for the comfort of delegates and contestants is made long before hand. Let us prove to them by deeds that we are glad to know and see them, even if they do come in our midst as rivals. But at the very time that we form these good resolutions of brotherly love, let us not forget that this is not all our duty. The University has, we trust, some little reputation among her sister colleges. This reputation is now to be brought to the only true test. We cannot rest on our oars and idly boast of former achievements. The truth is we had better give up boasting altogether, and set ourselves down to hard work. Let us select as our contestant the best man, whoever he may be. Then let him bear carefully in his mind that the University has entrusted her honor into his hands, and that he is to use all honorable endeavors to keep that honor unsullied, returning it the day after the contest to those who gave it, being only too proud to say: "You have confided in me, and see, I have not betrayed your trust." Let the actions of each and all of us be illustrative of the royal road to fame—work, work, work! While the sun shines let us make hay.

AN OLD FRIEND SPEAKS OUT.

EDITORS MISSOURIAN:—You have from time to time allowed me the privilege of glancing over a portion of your exchanges. Perhaps a few thoughts which have occurred to me while reading them might not be out of the way. As you know my college days were at a time when college journalism was a thing unknown, and yet I would hazard a conjecture that more interest then existed in the discussion of purely literary questions, ethical, metaphysical or whatever chanced to agitate our college world, than is found to-day. During the last decade all over the land there has sprung up with a somewhat mushroom growth quite a number of monthlies and semi-monthlies, known as college papers. What

necessity called them into being? A question hard to answer, for when we advance to seize the cause, that cause, if any does exist, recedes with equal haste, until often like the benighted traveler beguiled for a time by the will-o-the-wisp, we are at last left in inextricable darkness. A true and just cause does sometimes exist, though we are fearful that often none other than the desire not to be outstripped by your neighbors is predominant.

For some reason a neighboring college starts a paper whose object is the advocating of the students' interests, and when you hear of it, very likely you call a meeting of the students, in which you say: "Are we to be called old fogies? if not there is only one way to remedy it, and that—to edit a paper too." So with an appeal to the sympathies of your fellow-students you start your new venture.

A college paper is the students' organ, is written for and by students, advocates their opinions, defends their rights. We look then for live, wide-awake articles on subjects of importance to students; for plans claiming their attention from the fact that they propose to elevate their position; and for discussions on the expediency and feasibility of these plans. For articles on these and kindred subjects do we look. How often do we find them? Not often enough. There seems to be a growing desire to criticise the standards, possibly to show that viewed in the light of the nineteenth century, even mere venturers in new fields can see much to find fault with. Passing by the gems which sparkle on every side, like the man with the mandrake, they spend many an hour raking over the rubbish, their eyes closed to every thing except a fault; forgetting in their haste to vaunt their newly acquired knowledge, that they are only finding a sure way of displaying their own ignorance. The impression has gone abroad among students that to write for a paper, one must have at hand a bundle of similes and metaphors, must wrap up every sickly thought in a warm covering of high-sounding words, plentifully sandwiched with overwrought oratorical expressions. The sooner they get rid of the idea the better.

To do this they must give up writing on abstract subjects at least for the paper. If their taste does happen to lie in that direction let them write for themselves, until they develop their powers. Subjects of interest is what they most need to handle. They can rely on this that as soon as they begin to take a real interest in the workings of their own college, and in manly but respectful language give expression to their views, using good common sense and plain old Saxon words, the meaning of which all can understand, then will their wants be looked after and more deference paid to their wishes.

The orators elected from the senior class for the twenty-second of February are N. B. Laughlin, A. W. Chamberlain and E. L. Welborn.

EXTERNAL GOOD THE ONLY RULE
SOME MEN MEASURE BY.

There is a certain class of men found everywhere, who judge the quality of an object or action only by the amount of benefit the physical body directly derives from that object or action. These men, not once stop to think whether or not that object or action might act as an agent through the influence of which, sometimes indirectly, a gigantic mount is put into motion, which sweeps away and crushes into dust unsurpassable obstacles which are in the direct road of human happiness.

Take one of these external men (we call them external because they are sometimes as to outside manhood perfect; but they all lack internal manhood) into your parlor and show him the master-piece of a world-renowned composer, and tell him of the deep thoughts and feelings that are contained in those dots and lines; tell him of the sweet angelic strains, which the author so artfully has interwoven in those plain figures; while you during this time are animated and raised to that elevation to which only a spiritual imagination can exalt, he is untouched, he is inert to such emotions.

Again take that man into your garden and show him the beautiful flowers, the presence of which animate and revive in you the sensation of devotion and admiration, which you owe to that Alwise Being who has contrived a law of beauty that can only in imagination be pondered by the human mind. While you are marveling at that wonderful constructed flower, which as regards to beauty and exactness can not be imitated by the best artist in the world, he is unconscious of the ideas and lessons that are locked up in the tints and colors of that little flower. Why is this? It is because he is void, as we have above stated, of internal manhood. There is wanting in him that link which connects all that is pure, noble and grand in man with the holy attributes of his Creator. It is an utter impossibility for a man to conceive anything of that which is beyond the domain of his senses, unless he cultivates that which is sometimes called vague imagination. And since an imagination is necessary to the conception of that which is exalting and god-like in the internal man; and since the study of the fine arts and nature's tender beauties is requisite to the obtaining of ideality and the expulsion of that which is extreme external; therefore we would earnestly recommend to our students the above named studies. In order that, that which is essential to true manhood may be fully developed in them.

The holidays are passing off finely. How could it be otherwise, receptions at the Colleges, no studying, and plenty of University cellar is the order of the day. So might it always be.

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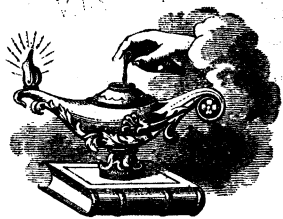
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VOL. IV.

STATE UNIVERSITY, COLUMBIA MISSOURI, JANUARY, 1875.

NO. 5

A FRAGMENT.

BY SYPHAX.

One dreary day in bleak December,
(The date I do not now remember,
"A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,"
Sat in his study all alone.

His brow was furrowed deep with care,
There was no beam of joy there,
From his tight pressed lips escaped a sigh,
A straggling tear dropped from his eye.

"Forever more", he cried in anguish,
"Must I in disappointment languish!
Is there no spot in this wide world
Where Hope's white wings are never furled?"

Some guardian angel tell me where
I can escape this dark despair—
Is there no retreat from life's alarms,
Save through the portal of Death's cold arms?"

His guardian spirit hovering near,
Thus whispered softly in his ear:
"Remember life is double faced,
Its looks depend 'pon how 'tis placed."

An hour thus he sat and pondered;
The more he thought the more he wondered—
The meaning of this strange device,
Seemed to him rather queer advice.

Again the angel bending closer,
Said to the youth, "I'd have you know sir,
All's not gold we see that glitters,
Happiness does not dwell in bitters," (whiskey.)

His brow relaxed, his eyes were dry,
To live aright he resolved to try—
With one fell blow, a deafening crash,
He broke his bottle all to smash.

The picture thus was turned around,
No longer on the youth it frowned;
His path seemed easy, his burden light,
To be happy he knew he must do right.

BISHOP BERKELEY.

In the beautiful "City of Elms" rises a costly edifice known as the School of the Fine arts. Within its spacious halls is preserved among many others, a particularly large and beautiful painting. It represents a family group. In the foreground stands a medium sized man of pleasing countenance, dressed in gown and bands, and holding in his hands a copy of Plato. The history of the painting is a very interesting one. The history of the man, at once theologian, philosopher and poet, is of a truth even more interesting. Born in Ireland, educated at the University of Dublin, early in life he embraced the faith and entered the door of the Church. Rising through merit circumstances and friends, he became a Dean and later in life a Bishop; became one of Ireland's most distinguished sons; lived till he reached the allotted three score and ten; and dying left a rich legacy behind him. A devotee of letters he conceived the plan of founding a college in the Bermudas. A

true lover of human liberty, he turned his eyes towards Rhode Island, an asylum, planted by Roger Williams, for the oppressed of all nations. Imbued with apostolic zeal, the conversion of the savage tribes of New England his ultimate end. It is not strange then to find him at the age of forty-five, having obtained a charter and an endowment of 20,000 £, setting sail, attended by a few chosen spirits, for America, the land in which he too like Penn and Locke, had garnered up his hopes of humanity. He landed. Two summers came and passed. His form was seen no more. And though his stay was for so short a time, his influence is growing stronger and stronger, his fame is spreading wider and wider. While among us he lived the life of a philosopher. He preached often; he founded an excellent library; he bought a farm and stocked it with cows and sheep; he built a house; and he wrote a treatise on theology. But he did more. He it was that penned those never to be forgotten times, so stamped with a poet's inspiration, and so prophetic of America's future.

Westward the course of empire takes its way.
The four first acts already passed.
A fifth shall close the drama with the day.
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

But disappointment came. An adroit ministry with a cunning Walpole, at its head had turned public sentiments adverse to the Dean's benevolent scheme, and when at last the 20,000 £, once granted as an endowment fund had been given as a dowry to the Princesse Royal, not a murmur was heard. All hopes of a college now vanished, and with a heavy heart the Dean bade farewell to the shores of the new world, and returned to the old.

Worthy Dean! an English ministry said, your scheme was another Utopia; an English people said we love you; an English clergy said accept this Bishopric of Cloyne. Still kneeling at the shrine of learning your last hours were spent at Oxford, and your remains now lie in the chancel of Christ Church.

Good man! Long since departed to the rest that remaineth to the children of God, your deeds do live after you. One of the halls of Yale college perpetuates your name, the "Scholars of the House" to this day enjoy the fruits of that farm at White hall.

Patron of arts! In the alcoves of Yale Literary repose 900 volumes, "the first collection that had even been brought to this country," a princely gift from you to the needy. A Greek

prize in your Alma Mater attests your love of learning. A Divinity School at Middletown commemorates your name.

Venerable Bishop! You have made good use of your talents. You have handed in a true and noble account of your stewardship.

It is said of Origen, the most learned man of his day—the author of an Hexapla—a man that employed seven amanueuses at once—that he recommended religion more by his example than by all he wrote. And so of you. Your deeds are manifold. Your light doth shine among men. Hence they ascribed to you every virtue under heaven.

Search the pages of History from beginning to end; pore over the dusty annals of the past; dive into the hidden treasures of the future; explore the innermost recesses of the temple of learning; gaze on the stars that glitter in the literary galaxy; and find if you can, a name that shines with a purer and brighter luster in the firmament of fame, than that of George Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne.

One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

W. M. D.

We trust as in years past, the Senior class will celebrate Washington's Birthday in an appropriate manner. We would suggest that the celebration be observed at night as is the usual custom, and also that the class take a new departure as regards the subject for orations.

This thing of having the same old subject harped on every year is getting to be monotonous. The desire is to make the exercise as pleasing as possible, and to effect this, it is best to have a variety of subjects from year to year. Besides it is all merely a custom. Let us not suffer it to become one of the traditions that there shall be no varying, from the three fixed subjects. We would also suggest to the class of '76, as they are so fortunate as to have three ladies among their number, that next year they make another departure. viz:

Let the three young Ladies have the sole management of the celebration, and appear as the orators of the occasion. Oh! It would be as charming! so grand!

Mathematical problems, such as the astronomical calculations of the Calendar, are not submitted to the people; yet they are arbiters of social problems vastly more difficult to solve.

OLD CUSTOMS.

In all well regulated colleges there are time-honored customs and whenever they are broken in upon, it is almost sure to throw the whole institution off its ballast, and it makes many oscillations before it is brought back to its equilibrium again, and when that is done it does not run any smoother than before.

Every one who attempts to break down or to change these reminders of the past, should remember that they are dear to every student and especially that they are dear to the heart of every "alumnus" who returns to his "alma mater" at stated periods to see the scenes of his boyhood re-enacted.

But it seems that let these mementoes be never so endearing there is always some one who is ready to sacrifice all of them, just for the sake of some fancied improvement or to gratify a whim of his.

We are in favor of improvement and never would we once desire to be placed upon that list denominated the opposers of progress. But we do not believe that change and improvement are synonymous terms. Or in other words we do not believe in fancied improvements of time honored customs, just for the gratification of those who happen to be in authority.

We hope we shall not see so many of these changes in the future as we have seen in the past, yet we fear that our wishes will not be realized for we have lately heard some of the Juniors say that there is now being discussed in their recitation room, a proposition concerning a change of basis of the Junior exhibition.

This proposition, we believe, proposes to permit a certain member of the faculty to choose from the Junior class those young gentlemen whom he may consider worthy to represent the class on that occasion.

This we consider the greatest breach of old customs of which we have heard. Think of the despair that will rest upon the unsuccessful Junior, who has been looking forward to that moment to achieve laurels, when he will have the pleasure of delivering his own production and have for his audience the brightest and the most precious of Missouri's jewels. And it may be that he has invited his parents and friends from home to be present on that occasion and see him take his first steps as a public orator. There is his lady love surely he has invited her before this time.

Can mortal heart tell? Can mortal heart feel the degradation and shame that will rest upon him when almost in reach of the most precious honors of his collegiate life they are torn away from him and himself held up to the world as an object of ridicule? We would like to know if there is any incentive to labor under such a mode of procedure?

According to the former method three men constituted the committee to award the prizes but by the method above the com-

mittee is reduced to one who decides a month or two before the young gentlemen deliver their orations.

Here is a fine chance for favorites but pardon as we do not intend to intimate the Professors have favorites; yet we do think that those students who court the favor of this teacher the most will stand a better chance of reaping laurels than those who do not.

If this mode of procedure is to be adopted against the will of the majority of the Junior class we feel pretty sure that there will be no prizes offered upon that occasion, and of course much of the interest in the exhibition will be lost.

NOT A JUNIOR.

ORNATE TO KILL.

A correspondent of the Golaid (Texas) *Guard*, from Sturgeon, this county, in speaking of Texas puts it "thusly:"

"The immigrant that wishes to become a tiler of the soil and seeks rich lands, the fertility of which cannot be excelled, should go where *rolls the turbid waters* of her many rivers. The lovers of romance, of sport or picturesque scenery, can away to the mountains of the west, *amid whose shadows still lurk the brawny sons and maids of the forest*. Dealers in timber can go to the *moss-hanging, pine or cypress regions of the coast*, or the lovers of maritime life can go to the gulf, where forever floats the balmy breezes just off the *snow capped billows* of a southern sea."

By the hardest we can imagine how "the turbid waters roll," and how the "brawny sons and maids of the forest"—("Ingens" possibly) play tag in the bushes; but how the mischief the billows of a southern sea can be capped with *snow*," beats us. The chap who wrote that, wants to retire to some sequestered "moss hanging" nook amid the haunts of the "brawny sons &c," upon the banks where "roll the turbid waters" of which he speaks and there quietly but resolutely "step down and out;" the sooner the better.

JUDSON R. MOORE.

WHEREAS, We have heard with the deepest regret of the death of Judson R. Moore, our late fellow-member, which occurred at his home near Kirkwood, on the 21st of Jan. 1875, justice to our own feelings, no less than respect due the dead, demands that we as a society should publicly testify our appreciation of his many virtues.

Therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of J. R. Moore the Athenæan Society has experienced the loss of a worthy and exemplary member, society one of its brightest ornaments, and his family an affectionate son and brother.

Resolved, That we extend our sincere and heartfelt sympathies to his bereaved family in this their great affliction.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased and a copy to the MISSOURIAN for publication.

IN MEMORIAM.

Our esteemed fellow-student, William E. Youngs, died at his boarding house, Tuesday evening, Jan. 26th. He had been a student of the University since the opening of the session in '73, during which time his fidelity and gentlemanly deportment won the respect of both faculty and students. After the funeral Wednesday morning, Jan. 27th, the U. L. Society had a call meeting. A committee was appointed who drafted the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Sovereign Disposer of all events to remove from our midst, by the hand of death, Wm. Edgar Youngs, a member of the Union Literary Society; therefore be it

Resolved, That by the death of Mr. Youngs the Society has lost an efficient member, and the University a most exemplary student.

Resolved, That this Society bear testimony to the many estimable qualities of mind and heart which distinguished its deceased member, and endeared him to all his associates. Ever punctual in the discharge of his duties, his death leaves a blank which we deem it difficult to fill.

Resolved, That we express to the bereaved friends of the deceased our heart felt sympathies in their great loss.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the STATESMAN, *Herold* and MISSOURIAN of this place for publication.

ORLANDO HITT,

T. M. HUMPHREY, Committee.

H. B. BABB,

The Society, in honor to the deceased member, adjourned its regular meeting for one week.

Eds. Missouriian:

It is reported among the students that some of those young men to whom tardy justice was a few weeks ago metted out, will seek to enter the University again next semester. How much truth there is in the report I don't pretend to know—but the masterly indecision which the Faculty displayed in treating their cases, before they (the members of the Faculty) could screw up their courage to the sticking point gives a weight to the report it would otherwise lack. Of course, the Faculty can, and will do as they choose if those young men should apply for admission, but if they are admitted I hope that we will not hear anything more from the President's stand about that "*esprit du corps* among the students which will not tolerate a worthless, or vicious student among them." In fact, my private opinion is that we have already heard quite enough moral lectures for this year.

HANOVER.

We attended the examinations of some of the classes of Christian College and feel justified, from what we heard, to say that the young ladies did honor to themselves, their instructors, and their institution.

Judging from the examination, we conclude that Christian college is undoubtedly a very excellent school.

A NEW AND REMARKABLE BOOK.

There is soon to be published, as we learn, a new cyclopedia which will in many respects surpass all books of its kind ever known, especially in its adaptations to present times and manners. It will contain both definitions and maxims; and will prove a great help to the youth of both sexes in forming right judgments of men and things. The matter is not wholly original; but taken both from books and common life. We are permitted to subjoin a few specimens of this remarkable book, as follows:

CONSCIENCE—a principle within us, causing us to feel badly over the sins of other people—(causing us to feel badly over our own sins, is quite absolute.)

PATRIOTISM—An intense and persistent desire to have the public serve you. This sentiment glows with most fervent ardor in the bosoms of many patriots of our land. Note the great truthfulness of this definition, and its superiority over that of Johnson who defines it to be "the last resort of scoundrels."

BENEVOLENCE—A. sees B. in distress and wants C. to help him. (Sidney Smith.) Sometimes the noble and self-denying sentiment induces the truly benevolent to collect money for others and put it in their own pockets—this as the means of doing the most good (to themselves.)

GRATITUDE—"A lively sense of favors to be received." True gratitude however is most conspicuously manifested by the beneficiary hastening to show his utter contempt of his benefactor and quarrelling with him. This will show that he owes no favors, but has risen upon his own merits. In a young man, it shows that he is smart, and is born to greatness—that he is independent and aspiring. You may set him down as "the coming man."

UNPOPULARITY—A slanderous babler and ninny talks against a man, and then declares him awfully unpopular; that is he raises an odor (the Saxon word is better) and then invites others to smell it.

STUDENT—"Who is that young fellow?"

Ans. "A student—so called because he was never known to study."

MAXIMS—The merit of a candidate for a position is in the inverse ratio of the number of the letters of recommendation signed by great names which he procures for himself. This especially applies to applicants for Professors' chairs in colleges and universities. If an applicant can bring forward a cart load of them let him by all means be assigned to the distinguished *chair of Nescience*, or to some one department of this extensive subject. Anecdote—Abraham Lincoln, when president, was looking over bundles of letters in behalf of candidates for an office. At length he found a solitary letter written by the applicant himself without any other signature than his own. The president said to the secretary—"Give me a pen; this poor man seems to have no friends, he shall have my name," and

at once wrote in a bold hand ABRAHAM LINCOLN, thus setting the matter in behalf of the man who had no friends.

PHILOSOPHY—To be calculated in the direct ratio of the square of the distance from its object. Its proper objects are to be found in Ceylon, Timbuctoo, or the Feege Islands, and never at home. The poor starving woman with her children around her can get along well enough, but what is to become of the benighted heathen on the other side of the globe?

The preceding are taken at random, and will serve as a fair criterion. We may be allowed to lay before our readers other quotations in the future.

FROM THE SCHOOL OF MINES.

Ed. Missourian:

Thinking some few items about the school of Mines would be of interest to your readers, I, in the good old fashioned way, "take my pen in hand."

Things are just settling down again to their normal condition, which was somewhat disturbed by Christmas vacation. The students have all got back again, some of them looking very home-sick and disconsolate. The usual weary round of recitation, &c., now goes on from day to day which will soon be followed by examinations. We fool around with chemicals, at the imminent risk of blowing ourselves up, and thus precipitate things. We pound away at old fragments of the various kinds of rock and minerals, and discourse learnedly about ores, strata, &c.

There are quite a number of young ladies attending the school, and a good deal of harmless flirtation goes on between them and the stronger sex.

Some of the latter have already displayed symptoms of the most advanced form of spooneyism.

Why must it always be the case that, whenever a petticoat protrudes, there is instantly bad feelings, and quarrels, and unpleasantness generally. I put the question simply in the interests of science. Being entirely passed the spooney stage myself, I am in matter of love-making, simply "a looker on in Venice."

I must tell you that we have the proud privilege of appearing as miniature sons of Mars, and displaying ourselves in full military costume.

Some of the boys make a great deal of capital out of this uniform business. Recognizing the fact that the wearer of a military coat has a marked advantage, in the eyes of the fair sex, over the individual who is compelled to do his courting in ordinary costume, they strut around with great pride, and some of them make a point of smoothing the place where a moustache ought to be whenever a girl comes within hailing distance of them.

Seriously speaking this military portion of our duties is a humbug, we come here to study science, not soldiery; trap-rock, not tactics; geology, not gunnery. J. D. G.

POLITENESS.

Politeness, etymologically, is derived from the Latin word *polio*, to polish. Hence in our intercourse with men, it implies that what is rough and angular in manner is rubbed off and made smooth. What is rude and repulsive is made to shine. The difference between the boorish man and the polite, is the difference between the soiled and shapeless marble in the quarry, and the statue from the hands of the sculptor, beaming with beauty and smiling with grace. True politeness, however, is much more than a merely outward polish of speech and behavior. It is not made up of bows and balancings of smiles and flatteries. It is not the hollow complaisance or cant of the insincere and frivolous. Politeness is good sense set to kindness. It springs from a benevolent state of the heart, and is the outflow of good feeling and judgment. It gives honor to whom honor is due, reverence to whom reverence. It looks not with contempt upon the poor, or the unfortunate, nor thinks lightly of even a child. It adorns the person whose life it marks, more than titles or stars. It becomes the great, it endears inferiors, it is pleasing in all. It conciliates good-will at the first interview. It wins favor and never loses its power. Most winning in the private relations of life, it is seemly also in the public assembly, or on the crowded street. The young man who disturbs by his whisperings the audience at a concert, or during any public address, shows himself sadly deficient in proper respect for the rights and feelings of others. He wants a polished and even a good mind, for "want of decency is want of sense." Politeness, we say, is cheap; and yet it has often won a fortune, which greater talents and learning and industry have failed to achieve. If you would, succeed in life, young man, be polite.

We are sorry the election of delegates to the State Convention precedes the issuing of our paper. We wanted to bring forward one or two candidates, and make a speech or two in the setting forth of their good qualities. We believe our candidate would have run a tight race with any other man on the track. For he would have had our active and warm support. But it was willed to be otherwise. If then the State votes the new constitution down, every one can find out the reason why, by consulting our files.

The report of the meeting of Jan. 9th has been crowded out of the paper this issue. To compensate for this omission there appeared in the STATESMAN, of the 29th an editorial of nearly a column in length on the state collegiate association. We refer those of our readers who are desirous of seeing the article to the STATESMAN of said date.

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EDITORS:

D. M. WILSON, '75. - - - Editor-in-Chief.
C. L. BUCKMASTER, '75, } Associates.
L. HOFFMANN, '76, }
H. E. SHERMAN, '76.....Literary Editor.
H. B. BABB, '76.....Local Editor
T. C. EARLY, '75.....Business Manager.

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Examinations are right upon us. Time has fairly flew lately, a month back seems but as yesterday. Are we ready for Ex.s? Its a doubtful case. The Seniors have only had five regular recitations a day, and are getting lazy. They so thoroughly master a subject on going over it for the first time, that, forsooth, they really feel insulted if a teacher even hints at review.

The Juniors have fallen deeply in love—those not previously engaged we mean—with calculus and steam. By means of the first they are enabled to distance Benson and his area on the first heat. The second offers numerous illustrations of the advantages to be derived from a division of labor. So the Juniors are happy, and dont care if there is any examination or not—but a little rather not.

As to the Sophomores, it takes all their fingers to count up the Greek books they have read. They see the advantage of using Mercator's chart, and have the Conservation of Forces at their finger's ends. Still a little review is very palatable and makes them feel an inch or two bigger.

But the Freshmen completely demoralized by a glimpse of Sturm's theorem in the dim beyond, eddy back and forth in the library, oscillating between a desire to trouble the libraian, or read one of Scott's novels. Their watchword is the mnemonic—will you pass? And often the gentle zephyrs bear back the reply "Its mighty doubtful. Will you?" In short say what we please, examinations amount to a mere trifle after all. The good student does not dread them, and its very little consequence whether the poor one does or not. They have not grown to be quite as much a farce here as they have elsewhere, but as conducted are very poor criterions. The teachers and students both know who are best acquainted with a particular subject, they must know, and still it often happens the best stu-

dent in a class does not receive the highest standing. Yet as the standing is, the honors go.

No matter how much we may talk about it now, next week will tell the tale. Some will cram and some will pass, and some will flunk. So it ever has been, and always will be.

Ever since we sat ourselves down in the editorial chair—figuratively speaking of course for we were never before as nearly and literally run off our legs—we have had brought home to us with renewed energy and force those oft quoted lines of Pope.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks of what ne'er was, nor is, nor e're shall be.

The last four issues of this paper stand forth melancholy witnesses to the truth of the poet's statement. They accuse us of not knowing how to write a reasonable hand, spell punctuate, use the Queen's English, furnish copy, read proof, and goodness knows what all besides. They, yet, the mighty they, wrapped in the mystery of their inscrutable they-ism stand by and wonder why mistakes do occur. They cast their eyes down a column, and seeing a misspelled word, sigh for a spelling-match. They spy out a mistake in punctuation, and advise us to turn over the leaves of our rhetoric again. We would say to the they, just put yourselves in our place once. Its very easy to write a paper. Try it. A number of Scottish divines determined to publish a Bible free from mistakes. When they thought themselves sure of it, they sent out the first edition, and some one sent a copy back with a mistake on the title page. A man swaggers round, and prates about the way he would do this thing and that thing if he only had the chance. Well if you want to do the community and yourself a favor just put him at it. No one knows what it is to write an Algebra until he goes through the round himself, and so no one can form an adequate conception of an editor's duties, until he becomes one. He begins to wonder then that so few mistakes do occur. Be patient and we will try and do the best by you; but don't get to rearing and kicking over the traces on every occasion. It don't look nice, and besides its a lot of trouble to you, while it don't hurt us one particle. Bless you, we soon got used to that. Remember that Rome was not built in a day, and that the wisest man was once a baby.

The prospects are fair for an Inter-Society contest. This contest is something greatly needed by us all. Its advantages are patent. There is no danger of raising the interest too high. The literary societies have for the past two years been laboring under disadvantages. Interest has subsided. The societies have not done as well as they should. But this year there has been a rousing up all around. Last year a good many students did not belong to either

society, this year the number is fewer, and we trust by next year the number will be reduced to zero. It has been suggested that after this year a certain number be chosen from each society, who shall contend for the honor of representing the University in the next state collegiate contest. This plan strikes as just the thing. When this is done you have some responsible body, who can be held responsible for any deficiency, and this is a matter we must look well after. It will tend also to stimulate the societies to increased exertion. From the very moment a student becomes a member he has a definite and honorable object to struggle for. It is well he should have this. It will cause all outsiders of any worth whatever to join one or the other.

Nothing definite as to the basis on which this contest is to be held has been divulged as yet by the committee. Rumer says however, the plan most favorably looked upon, is of taxing the contestants for appearing. We are not in favor of this for several reasons. First its not fair to have a Society contest and throw all the expense upon the contestants. Second, it savors too much after the lottery style. Every body pays two dollars for the chance of winning four. But the principal reason for opposing this measure is, that you are not going to get the pick of the best men of the societies. The best men are not going to the trouble of preparing orations and essays and then be forced to pay for speaking them. No. If such is the plan, it asks too much. We want the contest, but do not want it run on the proposed plan.

It has come to our ears that the MISSOURIAN's influence is of no consequence whatever. And this from those right in our midst. We shall not say a word about the remark pro or con. Others are to judge of its truth. But we do say this. If our Professors really think the MISSOURIAN has no influence, and are content to laugh about it, stirring neither hand nor foot to make it influential, an organ which should reflect credit on the University and State, there is surely something rotten in the State of Denmark. But no matter what others do or say, the editors say it shall exert an influence. They intend to write just what they feel. They don't want the idea to go abroad that they are fine writers. They want people to believe that they are honest in their convictions, and mean exactly what they say. Their ideal is to be like Antony, plain blunt men, that love their friends. When they advocate any measure, they advocate it with their whole heart and soul. Any measure that does not so recommend itself they will not advocate. If anything meets their disapprobation, they will fearlessly denounce it, at the same time giving their reasons for so doing. Above all they desire to act fairly and squarely by all; not to be prejudiced or one-sided; and to take nothing but facts as a basis.

We hasten to make apologies in this issue for our meagre notice heretofore of the musical portion of the University. Though better never late is better than better late than never, yet better late than never is better than not at all.

And first the choir. They sing for us every morning in the chapel. They do it voluntarily and do it well. To arrive at the successful rendition of the difficult pieces they favor us with off an on, much patience and practice is required. For this the organist, leader, and choir, all deserve praise. And yet the fact is, though we blush to write it, we occasionally hear them blamed. Now this is not fair. Beggars should not be choosers. We should be the rather thankful.

And second the singing class. This meets every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon at 4 P. M., in the Ell-room, Mathematical floor Scientific building, and is under the immediate supervision of Prof. Scott Hays. Although the number is not so large as it ought to be, yet quite a number are regular in their attendance, and considerable interest is manifested. Perchance our boys take stock in the singing class for the same reason that Yale boys are so devoted to the Sunday school.

And third the Orchestra. Though known as the Columbia Orchestra it is composed mostly of students of the University. Eleven in number, success in the future is certain if they only practice. And as far as personal knowledge goes they will not fall behind expectation, for many of them are working, energetic fellows. Their services will soon be required for our contest and different exhibitions. As music has charms to soothe the savage &c., they will doubtless add enchantment to the scene.

The MISSOURIAN will from this issue on work for a certain definite object. In so doing its editors do but make known the true wishes of the students. That object is the rendering of the *Library circulating*. Board, President, and Faculty, each and all, know full well that the students are almost a unit in desiring the library circulating. The Board and President are in favor of the present system. The Faculty are divided in opinion. A compromise was effected with the Faculty, through the recommendation of the President. The petition of the students was passed by in silence. These facts are significant. We desire the President to recall to mind the story of Franklin and the poker, and to apply it to the case in point. We are fully aware the Board can refuse to change the present system. But they do it under the solemn protest of the students, who want a circulating library.

Now is your time to advertise in the UNIVERSITY MISSOURIAN.

We learn the Baptists in this and adjoining states have about determined on the founding of a University at St. Joe. On paper the endowment fund is \$300,000, with privilege to raise it to \$1,000,000. They might as well have put it \$10,000,000. It is to be sectarian in its character. It has been intimated that the presidency will be offered to Dr. Dulin of Stephens College. Just one remark. Those informed know only too well the difficulties under which William Jewell has been laboring in years past. If another institution is to be founded in the same state, both to be sustained by the same denomination, whereas for some reason they have with great difficulty been able to support one only in the past, what is likely to be the result?

VACATIONS AND HOW TO SPEND THEM.

Not that we are going to lay down any definite rule as to how they should be spent—that is quite beyond us. Just as soon as you see an article in which the writer proves to his own satisfaction at least, that there is such a law, I advise you to put it aside for all time to come. But, surely this is a pertinent time for us to write on such a theme, for in all probability this is the last Christmas vacation the University student will see. Good authority fails not to mention the fact that the faculty have about come to the opinion that the Christmas Holidays are a nuisance, and after this will be only a thing of the past. Ethically considered we cannot but agree with our faculty. So many associations conspire in drawing away a student's mind from everything pertaining to books and University, and so long does it take him to get back into the old ruts again, that from the faculty's standpoint they are beyond cavil a nuisance. There are however two ways of looking at any subject, and for aught we know to the contrary this one may be like the statue which stood at the crossing of two roads, which one true and faithful knight swore was made of gold, and which another true and faithful knight swore with equal honesty was made of silver. But here the likeness must cease, for as the story goes these two good knights fell a fighting, and such a thing as a fight in a Christian nation between faculty and students is a thing unheard of and unknown in this the nineteenth century. But, and here we wish to continue the likeness, we want the faculty and students like the two brave and fearless knights, in common parlance to swap places, for then was it found that on one side the statue was gold, while on the other side it was silver. There are some good people who have it in their heads that a young man ought to stick steadily and stoutly to his books and never once think of laying them on the shelf for two weeks. They are of this opinion because they speak of what they have never made trial. They put our young heads on

old men's shoulders, or standing in the tracks of a live man of the world judge us by the prints of his footsteps. They have read of those who have bent every energy to the gaining of knowledge, have made a mark in this world, and now want us to follow in their wake, not once thinking that only a limited number in the past have ever risen to distinction, and that they are requiring of us something they have failed to do themselves. The trouble with us as a nation is that we live too fast. Our education is run too much on the hot-house principle. We forget in our cramming that haste makes waste, and still with these two great facts staring us in the face, some have finally come to the conclusion that the pressure is not high enough yet, and in order to give the theory a thorough trial have about made up their minds to crowd two more weeks out of the fifty-two into the forty-odd we now have for cramming without digesting.

No matter even if the theory has been exploded in the past, it is sufficient for them to know to secure its success, that *they* are now at the helm. Think before you speak, look before you step, and reflect before you act, are three old but very good maxims.

NO VICTORY WITHOUT LABOR.

"Now this is a very, very old subject," we hear some of our readers say, and they wonder whether the editors of the MISSOURIAN are not able to write about something that is of more modern invention. But the editors think about this subject as the author of the "Old, old story" song thought about the "Old story", when he wrote that little poem. The subject is of too great importance to be passed by. When the author composed the stanzas of the above named poem, he had no idea to present to the public something new; but he wanted to impress upon the mind of every one that he thought, unless they made themselves thoroughly acquainted with the contents of that old story, they could by no means save their souls.

So the editors don't want to tell the readers, in this article something new, but they want to recall to their minds, that if any calculations for victory are made, and if these calculations shall prove a success that they must be based upon the promises of hard labor.

If our young men in the literary societies have any hope for becoming prize declaimers they must now begin and work to that end, or their expectations will fail. If any of our juniors want to take the junior prize they must now begin to work for it. The one of our seniors who expects to be victorious next Commencement day, let him now begin to labor for that victory. Students, if you want to be successful men and women when you leave the walls of this University; if you want to be recognized in after days, as the leaders of your profession; if you want to be called in days to come, as you ought to be, the educated and intellectual man or woman of your town or society, then do not forget or neglect to engrave, "No victory without labor," deep within your heart—have it as a motto written upon your standard, and then let your banner ever wave and flutter before your eyes, and success will be your crown.

The University Missourian.

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The Mammoth Dry Goods House of Samuel and Strawn is justly called the students' store. Boys you can find here everything needed in the way of wearing apparel, and all the requisites necessary for fitting up your rooms. Our ready made clothing department is most complete and was selected with a view to supply your wants. Come and see us students and we will furnish you goods just as your own merchants at your respective homes would.

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Sep. 74, (10 m.)

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Students don't forget the grand exhibition to be given by the Columbia Good Templar Lodge on the 12th of February next; a grand affair is expected. They have employed the Columbia Orchestra, so well known for furnishing most excellent music, and also several of the most skilled vocalists in the city. The object of this exhibition is to get money to pay indebtedness of the Lodge. They have been making preparations for several weeks past, and there is no doubt that it will come off successfully.

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CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

The Christmas holidays passed so quietly that the students who remained in Columbia and other persons equally isolated from the society of indigenous citizens, would certainly have given a verdict of dry Christmas, if it had not been for the success with which Christian and Stephens colleges showed how to make the vacation enjoyable. Social entertainments were given at both colleges Christmas eve, the evening of Christmas day and New Years Eve, and certain young gentlemen, who wished to have the "lengthened sweetness long drawn out," presented a petition to the authorities of Stephens college for permission to have an oyster supper at that place the intervening Saturday night. But as might be expected, their petition was rejected; and we have since learned that it was filed away among the college archives, as an example of the audacity of the young men of the present generation, and a warning to those who come after them.

The entertainments were similar to previous ones of the same nature, with a little wholesome variety of candy pulling and masquerade. On the whole, we had pleasant scenes in Columbia, "to drive dull care away."

The New Year was welcomed by but little cannonading; neither did the 'ghouls up in the steeple dance and yell with as much glee as has usually been their custom. Some explain this phenomenon by saying that the town marshal's sanctifying countenance presented itself at several important places. New Year's day was a time of more than ordinary jollification. We can't say how true it is, but it is reported that the fashionable young men of Columbia made their New Year's calls in donkey carts and ox-wagons. Most people admit that there was something very novel in their behavior.

Hon. Carl Schurz has been elected to deliver the address to the two societies at the end of the session.

Some time ago the Union Literary challenged the Athenæan society to engage in a contest in oratory, declamation, essay and debate. The latter society has accepted the challenge, and each of them has appointed a committee to make arrangements for the contest, which will probably occur near the close of the session.

The parents of our deceased fellow student, Wm. E. Young, authorize us to express their thanks to the friends who ministered to him in his sickness.

Before any more social entertainments are given, we would like to say for the enlightenment of some individuals, that six hours are entirely too long for one gentleman to bore one young lady. Four hours boring is quite as much as is allowed by the rules of etiquette.

One can but notice the variety of prayers that we have in the chapel. Some who conduct the services seem to think that their petitions must compass the whole of our spiritual and temporal needs, and never presume on the Giver's willingness to give without being asked. Others ask for spiritual blessings and forget the temporal, while others pray for temporal things and neglect the spiritual. But that gentleman is most universally popular who simply gives a brief synopsis of the whole subject, and never occupies more than a minute and a half.

Examinations begin next Monday.

One of our gallant medics recently equipped himself in his best clothes, put on his blandest smile and started out with the intention of making an impression on his lady-love, who lives in the country.

But his unpoetical horse didn't enter into the spirit of the enterprise, and unceremoniously dropped our hero into a mudhole. He got up and went on; and, it is needless to say, produced an impression, in mud-relief, on almost everything he touched.

After the lecture, Saturday morning, Jan. 9th, the four college classes had a meeting for the purpose of selecting some one to represent the University at the State Inter-Collegiate contest, to be held here in March. It was thought best to select five men and have them submit their productions to a committee, who should choose one from the number to be our representative.

Several students felt highly complimented when they received special invitations to the Governors' reception. Before they had made much preparation, however, they discovered that they had been invited by some of Gov. Hardin's friends in Columbia.

One of Prof. Kemper's students, while visiting his home in Columbia, was sent to carry a basket of edibles to a pastor's donation party. Having rather vague ideas of his destination, he wandered about the town and country for some time, and finally returned with the news that the pastor's family had gone to parts unknown. People in the neighborhood of a vacant house in the suburbs of Columbia, say that, at a late hour of the night, the air was made resonant with door-bangings and *strong adjectives*.

Dr. Riley, of the U. B. C. delivered a lecture before his club, in which he advanced a new argument in favor of our becoming familiar with the German language—"there are so many almanacs published in German."

We have been informed by a sophomore that Prof. Hosmer said that "any galute, who can play shennannigan pretty well, is always sure to take the prizes in oratory."

According to a previous agreement, the junior class met in the Union Lit. hall, Jan. 22d, for the purpose of forming a class organization, which resulted in the selection of the following officers: President, M. Costlio; Vice Pres., Miss E. Dimmitt; Secretary, F. F. Rozzelle; Treasurer, Miss J. Russell; Doorkeeper, A. M. Johnston.

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Several members of the Faculty have been sick within the last two weeks. Dr. Norwood, Dr. Arnold and Prof. Ficklin have been unable to hear their classes much of the time. Dr. Norwood is still too unwell to be out, but Prof. Ficklin has appeared in good time to strike all students with consternation who have been relying on the probability of his non-appearance.

The visiting committee from the Legislature is with us at present.

SHADOWS.

There is, perhaps, no one thing with which we more frequently come in contact than shadows. And it is well that there are so many. They protect any one, who may be in them, from the very heat of the sun. In them kings and princes spend their "hours of swelling pride." It is in the shadow of the tree where the young spend their hours of pleasure. And truly the most golden hours of life are spent in the shades of some beautiful tree which moves its graceful branches in the breezes of a sunny clime, and amid whose bowers the birds join in singing. As the traveler or the laborer "goes his weary way" under the glowing sun of a summer day, he resorts to the shadow of the tree that the breeze may cool his burning brow. The mariner stands upon the deck of the vessel and watches the shadow of the approaching cloud that carries with it the forked lightning, and the roaring thunder. He watches it until the sun is hidden from his view. He still follows its way. And while the storm is howling and raging around him, he sees in the distance the light of the sun dancing upon the bosom of the mighty deep. The clouds soon roll away and he watches the shadows as over the roaring billows they pass.

Oh! how the traveler in the desert lays for the shadow of some good cloud or tree to conceal him from the burning rays of the sun. As he rises from his morning couch and pursues his course through the blue vault of heaven the shadows of the trees, leaves, and mountains become shorter and shorter till the sun has reached his zenith. Then the little shadows turn their course and become lower and lower, till the "Fire King" has taken his rest beyond the Western waves. Then the shadows change into the "shades of night."

One may sit in the edge of a wood and behold the shadows of the giant trees as they trail across the plain reaching farther and farther, until they ultimately fade in the distance. The exile, as he launches upon the Ocean, perhaps, never more to tread his native soil, casts one lingering look at those pines and cedars in whose shades his moments once flew on the halcyon wings of peace. We may sit on the banks of some beautiful lake and review the sparkling waters with pleasure. But watch the moon as it slowly disappears behind the distant hills and curls shadows upon the waters. Do we then take the pleasure we did a few moments before in viewing the placid waters? No; the moon has sunk and the beauties that once were have vanished "like a bright exhalation."

As we sit in our room absorbed in our studies, we begin to see that we cannot see to read as readily as we could awhile before. We rise and go to the window. Behold! the sun is set and the shadows are becoming more compact. We stand here for a short time contemplating the beauties of nature

and musing upon the clouds so beautifully painted by the rays of the setting sun. We turn to pursue our studies. Lo! we can no longer see to read the author's explanation.

The shadows have become too dense. We light the lamp. Here the shadows have not disappeared. We see the shadows of our vacant chairs as they lie upon the floor—we behold the shadows of the bed post as they are cast upon the opposite wall—the shadow of our books as they lay upon the shelf—the shadow of our little clock in the corner as the little pendulum is hauled back and forth by the works of man. Sometimes we weep tears of joy—sometimes tears of sorrow, in shadows. And the poet may well sing his verse:—

"Even I more sweetly pass my careless days,
Pleased in the silent shadows with empty praise."

As we are going to have the contest it is well enough to look around and see what there is to be done. There must be for one thing a settled and fixed determination for the University orator to represent us to the utmost of his ability. We do not as yet know who our orator is to be, but we can come within five of it. These five then hold the honor of the University in their hands. Each ought to be a host in himself. There must also be a committee appointed to see about the accommodation of orators and delegates; to provide music and see to the printing of a programme; to obtain a suitable room in which to hold the contest. To be short, all arrangements should be made long before hand. Too much care cannot be taken now. A success at first is worth everything. A failure would be disastrous. The contest inaugurates a new era in the history of Missouri colleges. If rightly conducted it cannot fail of being conducive to their best interests. Formerly isolated points, they are now joined together by a common bond of interest. Nothing goes further towards doing away with prejudice and ill will than a knowledge of and acquaintance with our rivals and fellows. We don't want school jealously to spring up in our state, for Missouri is great and wide enough for all. She is to take her rank among the first ere long in educational advantages as well as population and wealth. Hersons are desiring a free and liberal culture. This is one direction in which the students all over the State can help the great work along. This Collegiate Association, just now tottering in its infancy, is destined to gather strength and force while time rolls on, until one day it will become a power in the land. Great reforms date back to small beginnings. It is left for us to prove the converse, that from a small beginning a great reform shall ensue. People are about the same all the world over, though they are gradually getting better. From all appearances we cannot but judge, that we are not allowing ourselves to fall behind. Nor should we.

PERSONALS.

The Misses Gentry, graduates of the University, paid Columbia a visit during holidays. They are meeting with fine success in teaching in the Public Schools of Kansas City.

Miss Julia Ripley, class '74, visited her home and friends in Columbia during Christmas. She resumed teaching at the opening of Washington University on the 4th inst.

J. B. Davis, class '68 and also a resident graduate of the University, was in town last week. Mr. Davis is generally and favorably spoken of as a candidate for the office of county commissioner of Public Schools for Boone.

S. G. Forrester, class '73, is attending lectures in the Missouri Medical College.

B. G. Thurman, Law class '73, is now practicing law with fine success in Greenfield, Mo. Mr. Thurman was elected county attorney in the last election.

Wm. C. Trantham, class '72, is principal of the Public School, North Springfield, Mo.

Judson R. Moore, class '76 died at his home, Manchester, St. Louis county, on the 21st inst. Mr. Moore was a student of the University for three years; and during this time, he won the highest esteem of professors and students for his diligence and deportment as a gentleman.

He was a devoted christian, a member of the Presbyterian church, and a noble example. His influence was instrumental in reclaiming many of his fellow students from the evil of their way. In him we lose a worthy and beloved student; an amiable and model young man. He manifested his appreciation for his society connections at the University by expressing a wish before he died, that the Phi Kappa Psi boys should take charge of the burial. This was done.

It will be encouraging to the law students to know that W. H. Frisbie, of the class of '74; has been so successful in his practice as to justify his indulging in the luxury of matrimony.

After mature deliberation, the final step was taken on the 25th. May this love be

"The pure, open, prosperous love,
That pledged on earth, and sealed above,
Grows in the world's approving eyes,
In friendship's smile, and home's caress;
Collecting all the heart's sweet ties
Into one knot of happiness."

At the meeting held on the Saturday succeeding the holidays, five gentlemen were selected by ballot to contest before a committee for the honor of representing the University at the contest. This seemed the only satisfactory way of reaching the sense of the house. The five are to speak their orations before a committee, with closed doors, on the first Friday in March. The successful man will speak his same oration the night of the contest. For a full account of the meeting see secretary's report.

We took occasion in the October number to say a few words concerning Junior Exhibition. The trouble we noticed then, is, we are sorry to say, not satisfactorily settled yet. It hinges upon the number of Juniors who are to appear. The Professor of Elocution desires there should only be five or at the great est seven to appear. The class do not seem to favor the Professor's innovation, but rather prefer the custom, heretofore adopted, of allowing the whole class to contest for the prizes. Really it seems to us, if, as is the case, the Seniors give the first prize, and the Sophomores and Freshman give the second, that they are the ones to be consulted if any change is desired. If they prefer that the whole class should speak orations, and the class themselves think the same way, it looks verry much like forcing things to let only five come on. But if the Professor still insists on five and no more, this state of affairs might possible exist. Mind, we do not say that such a state will necessarily follow. First the Juniors may, acting as a class, refuse to come on exhibition at all, if only five are to come on; or, they may claim the right of selecting the five themselves, and may purpose-ly select the worst in the class. Second. Since the Seniors, Sophomores and Freshman give the prizes, they may claim the right of selecting the five; or they may meet and resolve not to give any prize at all if only five are to appear. Matters may finally come to such a state. May, but we trust, may not have occasion to.

That walk! Every body knows what we ought to say about it. They have said a few words about it themselves. As soon as the gravel was hauled and spread upon the walk we saw mischief ahead. And we are ready to affirm we saw pretty straight, even if we didn't wear spectacles.

No sooner was the gravel spread, than we wended to the powers that be, and said: why is this thus? We were told in dulcet strains that a layer of cinders was to be spread over the gravel in a day or two. But that day or two has passed and a month has passed, and we have passed over that gravel something less than a thousand times, but we have failed to see that layer of cinders. One of two things has to be done. Either the powers that be will have to pan out the cinders, or else the good people of the town will have to engage a revivalist to come on and preach to us. For expletives are getting to be common. One hears them on all sides.

And when expletives become common, then good Lord deliver us.

Refinement pretends to exhibit the better parts of our nature, condemning or ignoring the rest; but all parts of our nature are equally necessary and of God's creation, therefore equally good.

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Sep. '74-ly.

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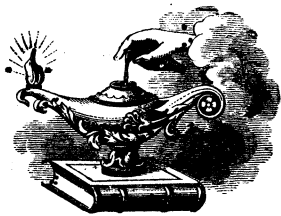
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"Fax Mentis Incendium Gloriæ."

VOL. IV.

STATE UNIVERSITY, COLUMBIA MISSOURI, FEBRUARY, 1875.

NO. 6

WHO CAN TELL ?

Who can tell what their lot may be
Entering out on a voyage of life;
Over a rough and stormy sea,
Batting with envy, care and strife?

We launch our bark on a quiet stream,
Reflecting a clear and cloudless sky;
We try to grasp at a bright sun-beam,
As it glides from our eager fingers by.

We gather the lillies pure and fair,
And weave them in garlands for summer friends;
Whose friendship lasts while the scented air
Of summer, its wealth of pleasure lends.

We take no note of the hours that fly,
Or the shadows cast on our quiet stream;
Nor do we heed the angry sky
That forbids the play of the bright sunbeams.

Until we are tossed in our weak frail bark,
By the storm that rages on sea and land;
Soon to go down 'neath the waves so dark,
Or be washed on a cold and barren strand.

We call to our friends on fortune's wave,
As their voices ring out on the quiet air;
But still they refuse the help we crave,
And their merriment mocks our wild despair.

Now, where are the garlands we wove so bright,
And where is the friendship that once was ours?
The ties have been broken; and faded from sight,
Are the sweet scented garlands of mid-summer flowers.

Bereft of life's pleasures, we cling to the past,
Which floats like a vision on memory's wing;
And o'er our misfortunes, one sunbeam is cast,
Which deadens the pain of adversity's sting.

And thus we drift onward through sunlight and shade,
Befriended at morn, and all friendless at noon,
And the cruel misfortunes the cold world has made,
Causes many to part with this life all too soon.

—[KATIE BALDWIN,

At last and after much talking the Union Lits have challenged the Athenæans to a contest. Arrangements are to be made right off, and the whole affair promises to be looked after in somewhat of a business way. If the students are determined to have a society contest, and this last move looks very much that way, by all means let us have a good one. Some judgement will be necessary in deciding when the contest is to come off. There are a great many exhibitions to come off between now and commencement. Doubtless our hands will be full.

We take great pleasure in presenting to our readers the February number of the MISSOURIAN. It will be found full of what we trust will be called interesting matter. The poem on the title page is from a young lady of Stephens College. Among the editorials will be found an article on College Journalism. We call special attention to the article on the library, and the reply given to it by the editors. There will also appear notices of Prof. Minor's lectures, the 22d, and the open session of Martha Washington Institute of Christian College.

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.

To the Editors of the *Missourian* :

There has been considerable talk in our community concerning the stubbornness, as it is called, of the Board of Curators in holding the University Library as one for reference instead of one for general circulation. (a)

There has been, I say, much talk concerning this and consequently some hard feeling created towards the Board. (b)

The question naturally arises, "is the Board right in insisting upon this course in opposition to the wishes of most of the students and all the citizens of Columbia. (c)

If the Library is intended for the use of the citizens the Board is evidently culpable; but if it is for the benefit of the students its course is in my humble judgment, perfectly just and proper. (d)

There is no question but that the citizens derive no benefit from the Library as it is now controlled, for there are no means by which they can gain access to it without much trouble. (e)

But have they any right to expect this benefit? (f)

When Boone County made its offer of money to secure the location of the State University within its borders, there was nothing, I suppose, much further from the thoughts of its citizens than the use of a fine library belonging to the University. The benefits which they might reasonably expect were: first the having an institution in their midst, with all the means and appliances for instruction that a wealthy state could afford, where they could send their children to receive an education equal to any they could get in any of the eastern institutions, and at the same time keeping them under their own immediate supervision. Second—to induce a large number of the best of citizens to take up their homes with them, and in this they have certainly not failed, for Boone is noted throughout the State for the refinement, intelligence and solid worth of its citizens. Third—and also they were, I suppose, influenced somewhat by the not so commendable view that the students would spend a good amount of money in their midst, which they certainly do for three hundred boys will distribute at the least \$75,000 amongst them. No, the citizens of Boone have received, are still receiving their reward, and it isn't right they should demand of the rest of the state to furnish them with the finest of literature. If

the Library were circulating there would be more of the books kept out by the citizens than by the students—for although the books might be confined to the boys yet they would take them out and lend them to their friends which could not be prevented. (g)

But a more important question is would it be beneficial to the student? The students come here for the purpose of receiving collegiate instruction. They can and if they are ambitious will find enough to do in preparing their lessons. (h)

If they haven't enough studies to occupy their entire time, let them go to the Library—behaving themselves so as not to interrupt others, spend their afternoons in reading, reserving the right to prepare their lesson. (i)

But if they are allowed to take the books home with them, as a great majority of them are much more fascinating than dry text-books—they will, perhaps, glance over their lessons and spend what ought to be their study hours in devouring the contents of one of Scott's, Dicken's, Thackeray's, Bulwer's or somebody's novels which are no doubt very improving in their place. (j)

I think I may be justified in saying that three fourths of the boys who now wish the Library to circulate, will acknowledge the truth of my last statement. (k)

I have given some of the reasons by which I think the Board can be and is justified in its action in this respect. (l)

Although I think it would be a bad thing for the students and an injustice to the state at large to make the Library circulating, yet I would be very much pleased to see this "bad thing" and injustice enacted, for the accommodation of some of my very good friends. (m)

But I think those friends and every one else should be a little more sparing of their wholesale abuse of the Board, or if they are compelled to give vent to their spleen, that they should select a suitable time and place for it, not intruding it upon the community as is sometimes done. (n)

If the Library circulates 'twill be as a favor to the citizens, and I hope that so long as the course which both students and citizens are now pursuing shall be persisted in, that the Board will continue its stubbornness, but that so soon as it is approached properly—and should it refuse, urged in a gentlemanly manner—will throw open its doors, inviting the citizens to come and luxuriate in the lap of learning, thus doing as Hotspur did: "Giving thrice as much as asked to well-deserving friends, but in the way of bargain—the ninth part of a hair." Y.

PERSONAL.

J. H. Davis, class '76, is teaching school in the vicinity of Mt. Vernon, Mo. He informs us he is making an impression with the birch on some of the "Young Americans" of that locality.

Jerome Moore, class '73, we are informed, is in company with one of the best Law firms of Ft. Scott, Kansas. Mr. Moore showed decided ability in the study of Law while a member of the Law class last year. He has our best wishes for his success at the bar.

L. F. Berry, class '76, is teaching in Pettis county, Mo.

The Kemble Bros. class '76, are teaching. We are informed they are distinguishing themselves in that vocation.

W. D. Johnston, class '76, is "spending his time pleasantly at home." He designs returning to the University ere long.

In a previous issue of the MISSOURIAN it was stated that Miss S. A. Ware of Spring Hill, Mo., was the first female graduate of the University. Since then, our attention has been called to the catalogue, and we find that Miss Lulie Gillette, of Hannibal, Mo., graduated in the Normal Department in 1870.

Miss Ware, class '72, was the first regular Scientific graduate.

Mr. W. R. Wilkinson, class '77, is now attending the "Southern Illinois University." We wish our friend success.

Of our friend William Allsmeier, nothing is known.

RATS.

Josh Billings says: "A rat is as uncalled for as a pain in the small of the back. There are between fifty and sixty million rats in the United States, and I suppose there is not a single necessary rat in the whole lot."

This seems to be the common opinion. Not long since, while passing down University street, our attention was attracted to a crowd of shouting boys and barking terriers, who were impatiently waiting for a rat to be turned from a trap into the street. And when the final shout and bark of triumph was set up, and some one asked what caused the excitement?—"nothing but a rat" was always the reply. We then began to consider whether there was actually nothing interesting about a rat, and whether the individual who was thus publicly expiating the crime of having lived, really deserved to have his death announced in such a careless manner.

From investigation it appears that the brown or Norway rat originally lived in Persia; but, having had their quiet disturbed by an earthquake, which occurred sometime in the first quarter of the 18th century, a large company started northward and continued to travel until they swam the Volga, in 1727.

As they proceeded into Russia, they not only devoured all that was eatable, but in some instances attacked people in their houses; and

it is said that this new kind of enemy caused greater consternation among the defenseless peasantry than could have been caused by an invasion from the Turks. The immigrants continued to travel northward till they reached Norway, where they took shipping for England and other foreign countries: hence they are called Norway rats.

When they arrived in England they immediately commenced the extermination of the English or black rats and have ever since pursued the same plan with other species in other countries. Though persecuted by men, dogs, and almost all other animals, they have steadily increased and have succeeded in making themselves known as a pugnacious, numerous and intelligent family. As examples of their intelligence, they soon learn to avoid the trap, poison, etc., they frequently combine their forces to accomplish what is too much for the strength of a single individual.

Not long since it was said that the latest sensation in New Orleans was caused by a wire walker, who every day at noon walked a wire which was stretched between the tops of two of the highest chimneys. And, strangest of all, no one knew who he was, or ever had a chance to speak to him. Investigation proved the person in question to be nothing but a rat, who crossed over every day and returned at night.

Finally, the rat is useful as well as interesting. His food consists of such things as would produce disease if they were not removed. The inhabitants of the island of Kamscatca welcome the rats in the spring on account of the furred animals which follow them over the ice to prey upon them.

In Africa their flesh is thought to be quite a delicacy, and Dr. Kane pronounced it quite eatable while on his Arctic expedition. So we see that Josh Billings is mistaken; and "only a rat" is a contemptuous expression which this interesting animal does not deserve.

AN EXPLANATION.

Lest any of our readers should fall into a query about the letters employed in the article on the *Library* and the reply thereto by the editors, it might be well to state that in our review of the article in question we noted simply a few points, and, in order to take up as little space as possible, brought our answer to bear upon these points in detail.

It might be well here to state that we desire articles of such a nature as "Y's," provided they do not degenerate into mere personalities. Let every question which pertains to the University, be thoroughly investigated and proved. This is one of the ends of the paper.

President Gilman of the California University has accepted the Presidency of John Hopkins University, Baltimore, which has an endowment fund of \$3,500,000, bequeathed by Mr. Hopkins for whom it is named.

Looking over *Globe* of Saturday our eyes happened to fall upon the heading, "Hosmer on Words," and the thought struck us that it was the same lecture that we know as his "Curious things in words." But we would have read the article any way, for it is a rule among the students who were acquainted with our former professor to read every thing that has his name connected with it.

From what the *Globe* quoted from his lecture, we recognized it to be the same lecture as we expected, and to which the people and students of Columbia have had the pleasure of twice listening.

We notice among the quotations this verse, which the professor received as a valentine when a young fellow.

"By these four lines of meter,
I'de have you for to know
That I to seek a lovyer;
Am goin' for to go."

We have often thought of these lines and quoted them again and again, and pictured to ourselves the blushes that must have been upon the recipient's cheeks when they were first read.

We feel glad and we feel sorry. We feel glad to know that our absent professor is meeting with success, and that the students of Washington University and the people of St. Louis have such an able and interesting lecturer. We feel sorry because we have lost a beloved instructor and a true and kind friend.

Professor Hosmer is a man that every person, and especially his students must admire. As to his abilities we need not speak, for his very countenance bespeaks his worth to every one with whom he may be associated.

The "Martha Washington Institute" at Christian college celebrated its 18th anniversary, according to custom, Feb. 22nd. There was assembled a large and attentive audience. The exercises were good, honorable to the members of the society, and the institution.

The literary productions were, as is common at Christian college, good and well adapted for the occasion. We are much interested in the debate which was ably conducted by two young ladies. We mention this especially because, debate is to us the best part of an examination. We wish the young ladies of "Martha Washington" success; and hope that they may prosper in their good cause.

Owing to an over-amount of work to do in the Statesman office during the past week, it was thought best to put off the issuing of the *Missourian* a week. It was something we felt a great reluctance in doing, but the circumstances forced us to take the course we did. We guarantee to our readers that no delay in the issuing of the paper shall occur during the remainder of the year, as far as it is in our power to avoid it. We trust the excellence of the matter will more than compensate for the delay.

ANSWER TO "Y" ON LIBRARY.

"In proceeding to answer the arguments of the gentleman" it is hardly necessary to state that his conclusions are wholly illogical; that he frequently does violence to the plainest rules of rhetoric; that the indifference with which he treats the grammar of our mother tongue is quite in keeping with the freedom of thought and speech so characteristic of this 19th century. These are so manifest to the most casual reader that we pass them by, and proceed at once to state some of our objections to the position which he seeks to maintain.

(a) We have never made any such charge; nor have we ever heard any such made. We don't believe the Board acted from any such mean spirit. They are men whose feelings are above such a spirit. We think they acted from judgment—misguided, though it was.

(b) The silence with which the Board passed by a respectful petition, signed by 230 students, was not what we had a right to expect.

(c) No; the plan has been tried long enough for the students (who pay \$10 each for the use of the books, each year) to feel that great injustice is done them and they want a change. "*All the Citizens of Columbia.*" As citizens of Columbia have nothing to do with it. As intelligent individuals they oppose the present system, because it is wrong. But no more than they would oppose it if they lived in Halifax, instead of Columbia.

(d) This judgement possesses at least one good quality, viz: humility.

(e) The students are subjected to the same "much trouble", and to remove it we want the system changed.

(f) No; nor do they ask it.

(g) "Save me from my friends!" exclaimed one of old. This "large number of the best of citizens, noted throughout the state for their refinement, intelligence and solid worth," will no doubt feel greatly indebted to "Y" for his charge—gratuitous, so far as we know—that they either "demand or desire a free use of our Library." And then he uses a good deal of bad grammar to try to prove them a most unreasonable people, and perhaps a little mercenary withal. We were here when the Library was a circulating one, (we don't believe "Y" was,) and we never heard that "the best" of citizens of Columbia, or Boone County "kept out more of the books than the students." (For "Y" now takes in the whole county.) We don't believe they would now under the same circumstances.

(h) Indeed! Then the Curators are very unwise, were totally unfit for their position, to charge every student \$10 a year to keep up a library for the benefit of the most worthless of their members, those who are not ambitious.

(i) But only those who have no ambition will have time to go to the Library, and ac-

ording to "Y's" estimate of them we don't see that it makes much difference whether they are interrupted or not.

(j) Is "Y" one of those youths without ambition? He seems to possess a knowledge of the books in the Library, which could only be obtained by a close examination of them.

(k) We think that we may be justified in saying that nine-tenths of them will do nothing of the sort.

(l) We have sought for those reasons "diligently, with tears," but up to the time of going to press we found them not.

(m) A patriotic statement, truly.

(n) As we have a little more spleen to vent on this subject, please inform us of "a suitable time and place." We have seen nothing to prove it. If the Board should be animated by a spirit which caused its possessor, nearly 600 years ago, to be called a "Hotspur", we should think that judgment had, indeed, fled to brutish breasts, and Curators had lost their reason, even if the students and "the best of citizens" had approached the Board improperly. It is not to be presumed at all that the Board of Curators of the University of the State of Missouri, in this year of grace, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five, will act with "stubbornness", but with judgment, let the students and "the best of citizens" do what they will.—EDS. MISSOURIAN.

PROF. MINOR'S LECTURES.

Prof. B. B. Minor of St. Louis, formerly President of the University, recently delivered in Columbia a course of popular lectures on Astronomy, and closed his series with a grand matinee. He gave interesting accounts of the various systems of astronomy that have been taught, with sketches of the lives of the principle astronomers of the world. Each evening during the delivery of the course he delivered an oral lecture, and followed it with beautiful illustrations with the magic lantern, showing the theory of the system referred to in the lecture, closing the exercises with comic illustrations which never failed to "bring down the house."

Prof. Minor's lectures were interesting and instructive, especially to those who had never studied astronomy. His illustrations could not have failed to give a much better idea of the movements of the heavenly bodies than could possibly be obtained from any text book. The matinee at the close of the series was intended especially for children, and consisted of the astronomical and other illustrations with the magic lantern.

A portion of the lectures were delivered in the Chapel of Christian College, and a part in Prof. Swallow's room of the scientific building.

During the whole time the Professor was here the weather was very inclement, still the audiences were good, and those who attended were well paid. The Professor's many friends in Columbia wish him a long and prosperous life.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY.

Quite a crowd gathered on the morning of the twenty-second in the Chapel of the University to participate in the exercises of the occasion. As in years past, the entire arrangement and management was entrusted to the Seniors. They secured—and very fortunate it was for them—the services of the College Choir. The singing was of an animated order and suited admirably. The Juniors were so good as to act as marshals.

The exercises opened with prayer by the Rev. R. S. Campbell, J. F. Babb presiding. The orators of the day, E. L. Welborn, T. C. Early and N. B. Laughlin, though they had such old and worn out subjects to handle, acquitted themselves creditably, and as they appeared upon the stage were greeted warmly by their many admirers. In our opinion '75 has reason to congratulate itself on its representatives. One feature especially commended itself to us. We speak of the shortness of the exercises. As our professor says, no literary exercise should exceed two hours in length, and every exercise would only be the better for being limited to an hour and a half. After the literary part of the programme was given and enjoyed, the audience adjourned *en masse* to the front of the old University building, lining the steps and filling the windows, to witness the firing of the salutes. The Captain of the company, Prof. Hays had expected some forty cartridges from the military authorities at Washington, but was disappointed in not receiving them in time. However some few were improvised for the occasion, the salute fired, and the hearts of all gladdened thereby.

Taken all in all, the morning of the twenty-second passed off very pleasantly. None we think went away dissatisfied, but returned to their homes with many kind feelings towards '75, and many pleasant recollections of the exercises.

The Seniors through our columns acknowledge the favor done them by the choir and artillery company, and return thanks therefor. They also desire to make a public acknowledgement to the Local Board for the beautiful and tasteful programmes which were furnished for the occasion.

'75 also would remind '76 that it would be no more than keeping up with the spirit of the times if '76 should resolve on a new departure next year. Doubtless every one knows to what reference is made.

Girard College now has an attendance of 550 students, which is as many as the buildings will at present accommodate. The income of the institution last year was \$600,000 of which only \$400,000 was expended, leaving a balance of \$200,000 to add to the income. Some of the lands belonging to the endowment fund, are in the Pennsylvania coal fields, and yield large profits. The institution, if the value of the endowment continues to increase at its present rate, will soon be one of the wealthiest in the world.

The University Missourian.

Published on the fourth Friday of each month throughout the collegiate year, for the Students of the University.

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EDITORS:

D. M. WILSON, '75. - - - Editor-in-Chief.
C. L. BUCKMASTER, '75, } Associates.
L. HOFFMANN, '76, }
H. B. BABB, '76. Literary Editor
A. M. JOHNSTON. Local Editor.
T. C. EARLY, '75. Business Manager.

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Of late years there has sprung up in the colleges all over the United States what has been dubbed college journalism. It was thought by many that the productions emanating from the centres of learning throughout the land would be of a high order, and would exert an influence for the better upon the press in general. Only a few years have gone by since the venture was made, and now these same persons are seeking an answer to the enquiry:—Why has college journalism proved a failure? There is the fact so prominent that all can see it, yet for their lives its being so is a mystery to them. And so they give the finding a satisfactory solution up in despair, and as usual call on some one to work out the problem for them.

Their main difficulty lies in this—that they persist in looking at the subject from a wrong standpoint. Sometime during their lives they have suffered an idea, wrong in itself, to find lodging in their heads. They think the average student little short of a paragon. Surrounded by such a scholarly and literary atmosphere, having right by them so many helps and conveniences, they argue that at once and of necessity, such and such results of immense import must ensue. Right here they make their mistake. Their premises will not stand the test of facts, and of course their conclusions fall to the ground. They forget that this age is a terribly practical age. That if cotton is not king the almighty dollar is. And now we will try and solve their problem.

Its an old adage that you cannot suck blood out of a turnip. If then those who raise this question will bear the adage in mind, while they note carefully a few facts we are going to place before them, perchance they will be able to reach a solution themselves.

How many students do you suppose come to college with any definite views; who know precisely what they are going to study; who

have determined to follow a certain vocation in life; who have made a plan and see their way through from beginning to end? How many? Forsooth how many come with the resolution and intention of devoting themselves to study, and after they have been inside the college walls five months are found carrying that resolution out in detail? How many? You will be surprised when you hear the number. But how many of your steady fellows, your hard students, your digs, are even passably versed in the text-book literature of their own country even. To come right down to the point how many Seniors or Juniors do you think know how to spell or write a grammatical sentence? No matter what they ought to be, it is a fact as lamentable as true that their name is not legion.

But take those who stand first and are acknowledged as such. How much can you expect of them? To write well they must read and think. Above all they must take great pains, and enter heart and soul into their work.

Now suppose we take the best and make them our editors. What are we to expect? If they conscientiously attend to their studies, their time for reading is very limited. In fact they read nothing, or next to nothing. But they think! We smile. Are you going to expect boys or young men to do outside thinking, when the men of the world so often let blind chance carry them wherever it will? Man thinks but little at the best, and least of all in youth. So far then we have little reading and less thinking. Perhaps our editors however, being so far short in the first two particulars will to make amends pay special attention to write carefully whatever they may write. But such is not the case. You who have been on the editorial staff of a college paper know only too well the writing of anything and everything, simply to fill up. A piece is half written this week and finished next, until the final rush comes and then you scratch away for dear life—the meanest trash.

These things are not as they ought to be, no—they are simply as they are. That their is to be no change for the better we do not believe. The day is coming when college journalism is to exert an influence, yes and a potent one. But it will not be the journalism of to-day. From the very nature of things it cannot be. Like base ball it is soon to die a timely death. But on its demise is to spring up a future journalism of which our colleges may well be proud. It will surely come. The change will be gradual but in the main sudden.

And not only is college journalism to change, but the press of the land is to make a corresponding advance. In twenty years it will be gradually changed. The division of labor investigated and given to the world by Adam Smith is to be the great motive power. The movement has already begun, the much

needed reform started, and no earthly power can stem the current just setting in. We would suggest to those who ask the inquiry—Why has college journalism failed?—that they are only some twenty years ahead of the age.

We tender our thanks to President Read for a passing notice of our coming contest recently given in the chapel. But we confess ourselves not educated to the plane upon which he stands, judging from a remark made in the class-room. He spoke of his agreeable surprise on seeing that one of the successful at the recent contest in N. York had taken for his subject the discussion of RIGHT. Good enough in itself, yet we warn all boys who are going to appear in March to give a wide berth to that subject. It is certainly their right to write on right, and will certainly become our duty to—well guess.

The Hannibal College Enterprise—January number—Multiplication of Text Books—We put on our gloves.

We would suggest to "B" before he attempts a second time to criticise a work on Algebra by Prof. Fickl'n, that he read what he does read over carefully, and when the book says to refer to Art 570 to do so. Then he will ask no more such questions as this: "Why substituted 2 for z?"

We would beg of "B" before he attempts a second time to criticise a work on Algebra, to determine first what he is driving at, and then make that a special study. After that to give us Homes' method, and find a symbol to denote an indefinitely small quantity (letting the symbol for infinitesimals remain as it is.) Then he will not make any such remarks as this: "Zero does denote negative of quantity, and nothing else." We would entreat of "B", before he attempts a second time to criticise any work, to review his spelling-book, look over his grammar, look up his rules for punctuation, take a course in English, turn over the leaves of his rhetoric, and buy a logic. Especially not to deal in generalities or sweeping assertions; not to say Lyle's "unanswerable pamphlet," or "the old exploded error 'that a quantity divided by zero is equal to infinity.'"

Dear "B," where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise. And now we leave you, hoping you will follow out our suggestion, our begging, and our entreaty. We take off our gloves. Good bye.

Owing to the resignation of Mr. Sherman, a vacancy having occurred in the corps, Mr. Johnston was chosen to fill his place, As will be seen Messrs. Johnston and Babb have changed places, Mr. Babb taking the post of literary editor, while Mr. Johnston becomes the local editor.

Before the MISSOURIAN makes its next appearance the contest will be numbered among the things of the past. The time is rapidly nearing when the trial is to come off, and as would naturally be expected excitement is beginning to rise. The opinion seems prevalent that the University man is to confer honor upon his institution and cover himself with glory. Still a few hold to the opinion that it is not always the safest plan to count your chickens before they are hatched. By duty bound our hopes are bright and we hurrah as much as we can for our side. But by the boys in each of the other four institutions beyond a doubt hold stoutly to the thinking that they are sure of bearing off the laurel wreath.

The best view we have seen taken of the matter as yet, was sent to us in a letter. It was this: Five institutions and one prize; four institutions are going to be beaten. Such is from the very nature of the case true. Still thanks to hope, we rest in the confidence that we are not to be of the four.

We wonder if as students we really know what we have begun. This bringing of colleges into closer fellowship and gentlemanly rivalry is a great thing. The question for us now to work out is, having brought them together, can we keep them there. We must do it in order to reap any advantages from the movement in the future. Let the large heads and the small heads get together and digest a plan for a permanent and solid basis of union. Having made a beginning let us crown it with the perfect work. Let us see to it.

It has been in the wind for some days past that the best time for having the Inter-Society contest would be on the night of Shakespearian Exhibition. We trust this view will not prevail—and here are a few of our reasons:

For three years past we have not failed to have a Shakespearian Exhibition, and a good exhibition too. It is growing to be the custom to have it, and we would be sorry to see it discontinued so soon. But especially this year. We are so fortunate as to have for our professor of English Literature a gentleman who takes a great interest in dramatics and who has extra qualifications for drilling us upon such pieces. We ought then from the very nature of the case to expect a better exhibition this year than ever. Further, the Union Literary Society makes dramatics one of the regular duties of its members, for the express purpose of fitting them to appear on Shakespearian Exhibition.

Another objection and one of great weight is this: Very likely some who are on the contest will appear on Prize Declamation. The bringing then of the two within so short a time cannot but result in a drawback. It is rarely one can do himself justice to a single piece, let alone having two on his mind. Hence to be fair to all parties, some little

time should intervene between the contest and Prize Declamation.

Let the committee to whom the getting up of a programme and the fixing upon a time is to be entrusted, look carefully into these matters, giving them their due weight, and let our professor of Elocution fail not to offer to the public a better Shakespearian Exhibition than has ever been offered before.

CHEERFULNESS.

"If he dies, I'll tan his skin;
If he lives, I'll ride him again."

We may smile at the supreme complacency with which that old man contemplated a probable calamity, but his remarks contain a profound philosophy. It indicates an enviable disposition to make the best of it under any circumstances. If we acted on this principle constantly, there would be less irritation caused by the "tiny stings of everyday;" less harrassing anxiety about the future; and more substantial happiness derived from the present.

In the first place we would be individually benefitted. A cheerful countenance and habitual cultivation of good spirits render us more susceptible of all that is enjoyable, while a gloomy aspect and forboding disposition, exclude the sunshine of life. And, besides personal advantage, our conformity to the old man's example is not without its effect on our associates.

"Choose not a man of sad countenance to be your friend," is a good maxim; for when we are frequently brought in contact with a character in which the melancholy feelings predominate, the tendency is to provoke kindred emotions within us. And it is not right for us to impose on others what we wish to avoid ourselves. Though scripture says that we should bear one another's, it does not license one man to make a grievous addition to his neighbor's load when his own is not lightened thereby. People unconsciously recognize the justice of this principle. Society has been compared to an engine which everybody admires; while nobody considers that, if it were not for the engineer's drop of oil, the friction of the machinery would soon render it useless. So it is with the social lubricators. We scarcely realize our indebtedness to the men who bear the burden of life cheerfully, though it is this that makes such characters attractive. It is this disposition that makes the merry man of a class more frequently mentioned than any other member.

Cheerfulness gives a man prestige in the social circle, in business and in politics; It is one of the little virtues which embodies much that we owe to ourselves and to our fellow-men.

The defects of a preacher are soon spied. Let a preacher be endowed with ten virtues, and have but one fault; that one fault will eclipse and darken all his virtues and gifts, so evil is the world in these times.—[Luther.

THE NEW DEPARTURE.

To borrow an apt expression from the political phraseology of the day, the recent new departure from the long established old fogyism of college usage, which has just found its way into our state, is a good sign.

While college walls, college walks, and some good old time college jollities, should ever be held sacred from the contaminating and destroying influences of new innovations, still in matters pertaining to the curriculum, methods of instruction and matters purely of a literary caste, the rapid stride of the worlds' general advancement necessitates an almost constant change for the better. The old process of preparing a boy for college by "hide induction", and the equally old fashioned way of putting him through college by the "absorption" process have long since given way to the surer and more rapid systems of instruction now everywhere prevalent among our first class schools and colleges. So in other respects it must be admitted, our day and age is far superior to the era of log school houses and slab benches. But in no particular have educational interests been more sensibly futhered, than by the introduction of Inter-Collegiate literary contests. We have seen how wholesome an incentive to excellence in a physical sense has been exerted upon the students of our eastern colleges by the system of regatta contests, which for years has obtained among them, and it certainly stands to reason that the same spirit of emulation will be incited between our Western Colleges by literary contests, when once fairly inaugurated. It is a feature which has long been lacking and which necessarily must result in advancing educational institutions and giving to the country a higher order of educated literary men. The development of physical energies or excellence in pulling a stroke oar may be desirable requisites in the college course, but is not literary excellence preferable to either? And what is likely to incite students to more earnest and faithful labor than the desire to see their college carry off the palm? When young men and women quit their colleges they do not go forth to train a boats' crew or play the role of athletes, but to struggle with the educated men and women of the world for honor or a livelihood, and in proportion to their solid attainments are their efforts successful. It is all bosh to talk about the rivalry which exists between the students of one college being sufficiently strong to bring out the best talent, for no stronger plea can be made to a student than the honor of his college, and his pride in his Alma Mater will often nerve him to efforts which personal pride could never effect. All hail to the new departure!

The University Missourian.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

The Mammoth Dry Goods House of Samuel and Strawn is justly called the students' store. Boys you can find here everything needed in the way of wearing apparel, and all the requisites necessary for fitting up your rooms. Our ready made clothing department is most complete and was selected with a view to supply your wants. Come and see us students and we will furnish you goods just as your own merchants at your respective homes would.

SAMUEL & STRAWN.

Sep. 74; (10 m.)

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Joe & Vic Barth, of the Star Clothing House, respectfully call the attention of everybody to the full line of clothing for men, boys and children. Suits of all styles and grades. The best lot of paper and linen collars that can be found anywhere. Also of hats and caps, boots and shoes, &c. Give them a call and they will treat you like a gentleman. Special inducement in overcoats.

Judge Kelly, of Savannah, Mo., was at the University for several days lecturing to the law classes. During his stay here Judge Kelly won the very highest regard of the law students and the members of the Department have been very much benefitted by his lectures, which were characterized by ability and thoroughness and were delivered in a clear and distinct manner.

The Law students showed their appreciation for Judge Kelly, by tendering him a complimentary serenade on last Thursday evening.

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HERE ARE THE BLACKSTONES.

For the benefit of those who would like to know, how and by whom the legal branch of the university is supported, we give the following facts, viz:

Among the seniors Armstrong supports the heaviest moustache, speaks with his thumbs hung in his pockets, chews, and has a "bile" on his neck.

Pendleton appears at moot court with his Sunday on, is slow to rise to speak and labors under the disadvantage of a weak voice.

Letcher is the handsomest man in college; his sideburns are ravenous and disfigure him terribly—it's a pity he drinks.

Fagan wears whiskers, looks wise, and appreciates a good joke.

The college girls are all in love with Burris—he's the class dandy.

Sullivan is the "Melican man" and is too moral for a lawyer, and occasionally smokes but never uses the straw.

Schoenich is "sehr gut" on "der promissory note but besser on die Sweitzer-kase."

Bolte is too brassy to live and shatters the window glass when he speaks.

Yantis wears that same brand colored suit, stiffened a little with parchment deeds, and is glorying in the prospect of a full sheep skin.

The first amongst the juniors, of course, is Babb, who is quick and frisky. Sherwood keeps the class poor furnishing him with tobacco, and Rookwood, his neighbor, has to go home every week to replenish. Switzler is growing pale and thin from study. Edwards tries to mix law and girls but says they are like oil and water. Irvine's choker collar and blue coat look judiciary, which he is, and he loves it straight. Rollins packs a book but never knows what it is. Hines is the smiliest man. Shelton looks like a benediction. Sydnor and Wheeler sit on the back bench where they can conveniently punch Rollins and Sherwood to keep them awake.

In fact they are indescribable and it is only a faint intimation of the truth to say that the bones of old Blackstone will never have cause to shudder in their grave from regret at the character of these, his disciples; for they live on facts, breath only the law, and fairly smell of the commandments.

Mr. John H. Duncan has lately returned from his labors at Bellevue Medical college, New York city. He comes as Valedictorian of his class. He is also a graduate of the medical department of Missouri State University and while here gave evidence of that zeal which has so surely brought him honor and distinction elsewhere.

One of our editors was somewhat startled the other day at a sub. prep., who came rushing into our sanctum inquiring in a threatening manner for "the man that wrote that article." Mr. Editor quietly took a base ball bat from the corner which had labelled on its smooth surface the following: "The editor that wrote the article." Poising it as though he would make a third base hit, he looked the prep steadily in the eye. It was a beautiful day to transact business and the prep. knew it. The matter was speedily adjusted and a subscription fee paid in good style.

A Freshman was stealing noiselessly into a Professor's window at the "dead hour" of night. The Prof. was standing at his window that same hour. The Freshman slowly raised his head and saw that he was discovered.

Prof. You git!
Fresh. You bet!

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A SOPHOMORE AND THE PROFESSOR OF HISTORY.

Soph. Professor, why did Alexander call his horse Bucephalus?

Prof. I don't know, but I shall do what I can to ascertain by the next recitation; and that you may have something to employ your mind from now until that time, I will ask you to be prepared to tell me the name of the dog that licked the sores of Lazarus.

NEXT RECITATION.

Prof. Alexander called his horse Bucephalus because he was bull-headed.

Soph. Not a correct answer.

Prof. What, then, is your answer sir?

Soph. Because that was his horse's name. (laugh.) Now I am ready Professor to answer your question.

Prof. Wait until I give you ten on the other—now proceed.

Soph. The name of the dog was Moreover, because the Scriptures say: "Moreover, the dog, came and licked the sores of Lazarus." It is needless to say that this brought down the house.

The Law session closes on the 26th of March, following which will be the examination of the graduating class. On the evening of Wednesday 31st, the commencement exercises will be held in the university chapel, on which occasion an address will be delivered by the Hon. Edward A. Lewis (recently Supreme Judge) and the formal delivery of diplomas and conferring of degrees will take place.

Patrick Orr class '76 has returned. He works in the laboratory and is delighted.

A "chronic bolter" of recitations appeared at the chapel the other morning, in the right place at the appointed time. A Prof. said to him: "I see you are with us this morning." "How does that come?" The reply came "S-i-i-c-k and couldn't sleep."

Mr. V. B. (Victor) Bell has put in an appearance and will attend the University this semester.

Some two weeks or more ago there was an act committed near the University, which resembles very much the actions of the James boys. Some of our lady students have the pleasure of riding on horseback, from a few miles in the country. One evening they were surprised to find one of their saddles near where they left their horse, and the horse gone. It is firmly believed by many that our James boys are girls.

We would modestly suggest to our fair sisters that they have within their power a much better method of procuring saddle horses.

We acknowledge a call from Mr. Rule Letcher, member of the Junior class, who has lately returned from an official visit to western courts. He was accompanied by a genial representative of the Medical class. The objects of this visit was to negotiate a loan. We still live!

In acceptance of an invitation from the "Good Templars" we attended their "musical concert" given Feb. 12th., and were highly entertained. Their music on that occasion, needs no commendation other than the result.

Wanted, to know what student drew a prize in the Louisville lottery. Oysters my dear fellow.

RICHARD THIRD.

King Richard III. is one of those pieces which have brought to their author, honor, glory and immortality. It is generally classified as an tragedy, which in one sense it really is, but it may perhaps be more properly placed as an historical play, in that sphere of literature where only a Shakespeare could rule unrivaled.

It is in this particular class of writings that the poet has shown talents superior to any one preceding or succeeding his age. For these plays the great author delineates events and circumstances of various reigns, and brings them into such harmonious union, so that the whole part takes the appearance as if the grand outburst and upheaving of years of revolutions were the workings of successive days and nights. And it is especially for this artful composition that the play under consideration, receives its highest merits.

Whenever an architect wants to erect a structure that shall bid defiance to winds and storms, that shall stand as a memorial for ages, he is in need of material that is in itself firm and solid; or if an artist desires to contrive a piece of art that shall be able to endure criticism, and which shall not after the first glow of imagination pass the memory of man, but which shall for ages be the admiration of the world, it is necessary that he should select for his pen such an object or scene which is in itself grand and sublime. This great principle the architect and artist of English dramas has truly realized when he selected the subject of his Richard III. It represents an historical scene when fair Albion was tossed on the billows of intestine struggles, which were carried on between the houses of York and Lancaster, for the succession of England's crown. The first scene falls under the reign of Edward the IV. a descendant of York, and who succeeded Henry VI. of Lancaster on the throne.

The great hero of the play is Richard of Gloster, afterwards Richard III, and who is pictured as the basest and most ambitious of mankind, and being all this merely for the sake of supremacy. The first scene is a street in London wherein Richard meets his brother Clarence, who is sent to prison by the weak-minded king, through the influence of Richard. When meeting Clarence and learning that he is sent to prison, Richard in his deceitful way, acts as being horror stricken by the action of the king, and parts with his brother with the assurance that he will advocate his cause at the court. The closing of the first act is occupied in the description of the murder of Clarence, which was done through the chief instrumentality of Richard.

The second act opens with a meeting of the royals in the palace, speaking about Clarence. In this meeting the king expresses his regrets that he had signed the sentence of Clarence's execution, and his determination of repealing his actions. While these consider-

ations are going on Clarence's death is reported. These news effect the health of Edward to such a degree that his death soon follows. Then the act describes a meeting of the queens who bemoan their sons and husbands.

In this description the poet has emptied his vast store-house of human sympathies to such a degree that it is almost impossible to read these solemn and sorrowful thoughts without being moved to tears. The act closes with the narration of the imprisonment of the lords who are friendly to the young princes, the sons of Edward. The third act begins with the scene where the young princes are brought by their uncle Richard to London Tower under the veil of triumph and rejoice. In this scene the author has made a most striking contrast between childlike innocence and tyrannical ambition. The conversation between the tender prince and the cruel Richard, knowing the latter's design is indeed touching. It is a perfect picture of humanity in its extremes as to virtue and vice.

Next is represented the execution of the leaders of the loyal party, and the plotting of Richard and Lord Buckingham for the crown by whom the agreement is made, that if Buckingham helps Richard to the crown, the latter is to create the former, as a reward, Earl of Hereford. Buckingham is faithful to his promise, goes and proclaims the illegitimacy of the young princes, and advocates the rights of Richard's claims to the throne. Buckingham is not successful in his work; but through his influence, Gloster is crowned, in the presence of the mayor and citizens of London, as Richard III. King of England. The twelfth act opens with the touching scene which takes place between the bereaved queens when they hear the news of Gloster's coronation. The queens are represented in a mournful state, being deprived of all worldly bliss and happiness as well as fortune in the death of their husbands and sons, and are now convening together to seek mutual consolation in expressing their hearts' complaints to one another.

In this scene is most beautifully expressed the state of humanity when a proud heart is broken in disappointment and distress, when the gloomy cloud of affliction cuts off the smiling rays of earthly pleasure from the heart which had grown mature in its splendor. The mourning queens are a striking reality of the suffering of a soul, having been animated by a series of successes, and suddenly being thrown in the opposite extreme. The poet relates in this act the murder of the young princes by means of the inhuman Tyrrel; Gloster wooing for the hand of young Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV, thinking thereby to strengthen his throne; and closes with the report and beginning of the rebellion which proved detrimental to Richard's cause.

The last act of this great historical representation opens with the execution of Buckingham, who had rebelled against the king,

because the latter had broken his promise to give Buckingham the Earldom of Hereford, as a reward for his service. Next are represented the camps of Richard, and the Earl of Richmond, who is now the leader of the revolution. He lays claims to the throne as being a descendent of the house of Lancaster—and he succeeded Richard as Henry VII. He was the first of the house of Tudor.

The play closes with the scenes where the ghosts of Richard's victims appear to him in a dream, and who bespeak evil for him; and finally the battle and death of Richard III.

Thus is, in short, described one of Shakespeare's grandest memorials.

It is sometimes said that the scenes and descriptions of the vices in this drama are too intense; but it should be remembered that it is an historical play, and the times which it represents are extraordinary for their cruelty and baseness; indeed they surpass everything on record since the days that first the dawn of christianity fair Albion's shores enlightened.

SHAKESPEARIAN EXHIBITION.

The minds of the students appear to be so much engrossed with the contest which is now so close at hand, that you scarcely hear any other exhibition mentioned.

We like to see patriotism and to know that our students care so much for the reputation of our University. All this is very good, but we must be careful not to give all our thoughts to something for which we have already provided. We have appointed our orators and they are doing that work for us, so we had better turn our attention into some other field, where we can do real service for ourselves and for our institution. We must remember that there are other public occasions and exhibitions which some of us are sure to be called upon to give our assistance.

We anticipate eminent success in exhibitions this year and especially with regard to the Shakespearian Exhibition, because there is as good, and we believe better material in the declamation line than has been for several years. We know that some of the old students will not openly acknowledge this but we would remind them that truths are hard things to combat with. But why should these old students be ashamed to acknowledge this truth, for have we not had the care and training of one of the best elocutionists in the west?

The Shakespearian Exhibition will be exclusively under his control and we anticipate an improvement upon anything that has ever been here, both in tragedy and in the drama.

The Shakespearian Exhibition has always been an occasion of great interest to the people of Columbia and vicinity, and all the students appreciate this exhibition as much if not more than any of our annual exhibitions, for the performers are selected from all classes not excluding the preparatory nor even the professional departments.

BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE.

The path of life meanders through a bright and beautiful world; a world where the fragrant flowers of friendship, nourished by the gentle dews of sympathy and the warm sunlight of affection bloom in perennial beauty. But through this bright world there flows a stream whose turbid waters cross and recross the pathway of every pilgrim—it is the stream of human suffering. Nearly six thousand years have past since it flowed out through Eden's gate; yet it still rolls onward ever becoming broader and deeper. Its sources are hidden in the inmost recesses of human hearts, and its tributaries flow out from every hearthstone in the land. Man strives in vain to check its progress—it is uncontrollable. Science and art may press into their service all the blind forces of nature—they may unite distant places by parallel bands of iron, and cause the never-tiring locomotives swiftly to speed from the eastern to the western sea. With lightning-like rapidity they may send messages of hope or tidings of despair through air and ocean. They may even go beyond these, and determine the nature of the very elements which compose the heavenly bodies. But when they seek to stop the flow of this mighty stream, they are confronted by the mandate, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."

Education has done much to overcome the evils of ignorance and barbarism; but it has also done much to increase our capacity for suffering. We are now surrounded by the advantages and comforts of civilization; but are we happier than were our ancestors in ruder times? If we look about us to-day, and mark the varied expressions upon the faces of those we meet, we shall see lines of care which speak in language too plain to be misunderstood. They tell of youthful dreams unrealized; of hopes blasted by the frosts of time; of broken friendships, and of sad aching hearts. Other lines there are which tell of sorrows too deep for utterance; sorrows which are denied even the consolation of human sympathy—they tell of hearts which have reached the scene of human suffering, and of times when the soul has despairingly recoiled from the burdens of existence. One who has reached this dark point still goes on through life, and his nearest friends little imagine, as they warmly press his hands, that from him have departed all the light and beauty of existence. They little think, as they look on his familiar face, that those beaming smiles disguise the emotions of a breaking heart, and when his gay laugh rings out on the air, they dream not that to him it is the knell of departed hopes. Many of us to-day are just entering upon the duties of active life. The volume of the future lies unopened before us. Its covers are illuminated by the pictures of fancy, and its edges are gleaming with the golden tints of hope. Vainly we strive to loose its wondrous clasp—it is a task which none but the hand of Time can accomplish, when it opens its tear-stained pages of bitter experience.

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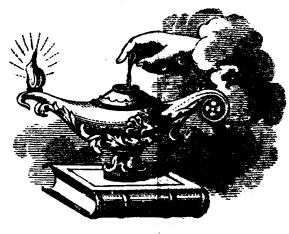
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"Fax Mentis Incendium Gloriae."

VOL. IV.

STATE UNIVERSITY, COLUMBIA MISSOURI, MARCH, 1875.

NO. 7

INTER-COLLEGIATE CONTEST.

PRIZE ORATION BY CHAS. B. RUSH OF CENTRAL COLLEGE.

DELIVERED IN THE CHAPEL OF THE STATE UNIVERSITY AT COLUMBIA, MISSOURI, ON FRIDAY EVE., MARCH 19, 1875.

SUBJECT:

NO STAR GOES DOWN BUT CLIMBS ANOTHER SKY.

Upon this short but comprehensive apothegm truth seems to have set its beautiful and eternal seal.

Stand in the open air when twilight fades, and, beholding the bright sparklers of the azure void peeping forth one after another, until the whole heaven is one starry diadem, learn its universality. Nor does its application cease here, but under its firm and steady control has been placed almost everything in God's universe.

Man is proud and arrogant just in proportion as he is ignorant, and his natural tendency is towards egotism; hence, away back in the infancy of knowledge when the sable shroud of ignorance was wrapped closely around the intellect of man, he thought that God created the grand and glorious universe solely for him. The countless orbs that revolve through space, like bubbles upon a shoreless ocean, were regarded by him as sparks created to make night more pleasing to his fancy, or as candles, lit by the providential care of God, to give him light when the sun had driven his chariot below the western horizon.

But the star of science arose and began to shed its lustre upon the ancient world. Its track was onward and upward until it reached its zenith in the palmy days of Greece and Rome. Then it began to sink, slowly descending until it sank in the gloom of the dark ages, its lustre shut out by the thick black pall of ignorance. It sank but only to arise again after a thousand years with a greater lustre, a purer light, and to sweep on in a broader and more extended pathway. To-day, while the telescope points out into the illimitable realms of space, man in wonder admits the startling yet unquestionable fact that those seeming sparks are worlds compared with some of which our world is a mere pigmy; that stars revolve around stars, systems around systems, with so much beauty and accuracy that not a single jar occurs to break the harmony and grandure of their movements.

At the very dawn of this world's existence, man stood and gazed with ineffable delight upon the bright and beautiful galaxy of the sidereal heavens; since then century after century has sprinkled its hoar frost upon the world, sweeping generation after generation into eternity, yet we still behold the same stars mounting in slow and graceful course the eastern sky and as slowly descending the western. Their pristine glory is the same, not one lustre lost, only sinking to climb another sky and shed their lustre on other realms.

But let us leave this grand theme, on which we vain would dwell, had we but time, to enter

another field as broad and comprehensive and presenting thoughts as grand. This field is the field of forces.

A force once exerted is never lost. Its effects may for the time being disappear, but the force still exists. If we look around us for the great centre of all physical forces we will find it to be that grand luminary which gives light and warmth to this world of ours; that gives to the morning its rosy blush, and paints in gorgeous hues the western sky. Yes; the sun with his refulgent rays works wonders here on earth!

He causes the wild and mighty hurricane to sweep over the earth with relentless fury, leaving behind it desolation and woe; and with the same power causes the gentle evening zephyr to rustle the forest leaves. He lashes into fury "old ocean's wild and solitary waste" causing the mighty billows to toss high their foamy crests, spreading death and destruction all around; and when the morning dawns he smiles benignly upon the gracefully undulating waves, and at his behest the cool and balmy wind kisses the heated brow of the bold mariner.

All this is grand and wonderful, but there is something still grander, still more wonderful.

The sweet rose, that with its beauty charms the eye, and whose delicious fragrance is wafted on each passing breeze, would, without the benign influence of the sun, have been a colorless and odorless thing. But for the sun, the bright and laughing eyes that sparkle around you with their intellectual fire would never have laughed or sparkled.

Hanging high upon a lofty tree there is a little acorn. The chilly winds of autumn come and sever from the parent stem the tiny thing. It falls, and its mother earth receives it into her bosom. Close and warm she keeps it, though above her the raging winds of winter howl in their fury their mournful requiem to the departed loveliness of the year. But time speeds and spring with its ever-changing sky, now rapturous in its azure blue, now gloomy with its leaden clouds, comes on. The rays of the sun penetrating into the earth warm into life the little germ that lies concealed within the shell. E'er long a tiny plant waves its delicate stalk above the grassy mould. The sun continues to act and before a century has come and gone that little plant becomes the giant oak that tosses high its lofty branches in proud defiance of wind and storm. But he like every proud monarch is doomed to meet his fall. The woodman comes and lays his ax to the trunk of the tree. Its giant form trembles for a moment, then with a groan and a crash, it falls prostrate to the earth. The wood is thrown into the furnace, and the heat, which the sun had been, for years, storing away in it, is set free, it makes the water hiss and bubble in the boiler as it expands; it into steam, thus generating a propelling force that sends the engine rumbling and puffing from state to state and rolls the wheel of commerce from nation to nation. Nor are the forces lost here, but these combinations of forces being broken up each single force starts once again upon its mission.

As no force is ever lost so no matter is ever annihilated. The dew sparkles upon the grass and, as the sun shines upon it, gives forth the variegated colors of the rainbow. But by and by the sun grows warmer, and while the grass drinks part of the dew to quench its thirst part of it disappears by evaporation. Is the dew destroyed then? No. The part taken up by the plant forms its sap. Off upon the horizon's hem there rests a small black cloud. Soon the wind arises and the cloud gradually spreads until it envelops the whole sky. Then a drop of rain falls; another, still another, then thick and fast, and forming part of that rain is the dew that sparkles so in the morning.

A stick of wood is thrown into the fire and after it is burnt all that can be seen is a small pile of ashes. Where is the rest of it gone? Into nothingness? Far from it! It has been decomposed into its original elements and these elements have gone to feed the vegetable world. The decaying tree gives food to other trees and, perhaps, to thousands of plants. The stagnant pool that offends with its fetid odors feeds the lily that charms with its beauty. Those things that seem to die and putrify but engender new life and change to new forms of matter. The cold and gloomy atmosphere is itself the place of production and animation. The blood which now circulates so joyously through your system may have flowed sluggishly in the tortoise, or bounded wildly in the tiger. The beautiful blushes that lend their charms to your fair faces may have given grace and loveliness to the roses of the "Sunny South."

Finding then that we can truly say that in the physical world "No Star Goes Down but Climbs Another Sky," let us look into the intellectual world and see if our apothegm can be applied here with equal truth.

A thought once expressed never dies. Its circle of influence may at first be small. Instead, however, of decreasing it continually widens. A pebble is thrown into a large body of water. It causes by its fall a small circular wave. This wave continually widens and widens until it gently breaks on either shore. So it is with thought. Its circle of influence continually widens.

Thus far the waves of water and the waves of thought are alike, but here the simile ceases. The wave of water moves on and leaves behind no trace to tell of its ever having existed, but that of thought leaves an impression that lives forever. This is the reason why so many thousands of men have worn away their lives in the compilation of the works of science and art. This is one of the reasons why men on the verge of committing some evil deed hesitate, asking what kind of character they will leave behind them. This belief urges men on to high and noble action. Would Thucydides have spent twenty years of his life in composing his histories if he had thought their influence would die with him? That when his poor body was laid beneath the sod to moulder away the influence of his thoughts would perish and pass away into

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

PROCEEDINGS OF THE MISSOURI COLLEGIATE CONVENTION.

On the afternoon of Friday, March 19th 1875, the new delegates from several of Missouri Colleges met in the Union Literary Society Hall, in the State University. There were present, M. M. Hawkins from Central College, W. M. Chauvenet from Washington University, J. N. Tate from Westminster College, C. H. Scott from William Jewell College, and H. E. Sherman from the State University.

There being as yet, no roll of proceedings, an election of officers took place, which resulted as follows: President, M. M. Hawkins; 1st Vice-President, J. N. Tate; 2nd Vice-President, C. H. Scott; Treasurer, W. M. Chauvenet; Secretary, H. E. Sherman.

Messrs. H. S. Pritchett and F. P. Sebree, delegates from Pritchett Institute, presented an application for admittance into the Missouri Collegiate Organization. It being stated in this application that Pritchett Institute was a chartered institution, that it conferred degrees, and that there was a prospect of its progress and permanency, said institute was received as a member, and thereupon became entitled to all the rights and privileges possessed by any other member of this organization.

Mr. Chauvenet was appointed to write out a formal reception of Pritchett Institute, and submit the same to Mr. Pritchett, the delegate chosen to represent that institution in this convention.

Messrs. Chauvenet, Scott, and Pritchett were appointed on a committee to make out a "roll of proceedings," and report at the meeting next morning.

It was determined that the next contest shall take place at Fayette, on the second Friday and eleventh day of December.

In order that there might be an officer in each of the colleges composing this organization, it was resolved that the article of the constitution, fixing the number of Vice-Presidents at two, be changed so as to read "three" instead of two. Mr. Pritchett was chosen third Vice-President.

The convention then adjourned over to 8 o'clock Saturday morning.

At about 9 o'clock, a. m., on Saturday morning the convention met at the Planters' House, all delegates, excepting Mr. Scott, being present.

The committee appointed to make out a "roll of proceedings," submitted the following report, which was received and the committee discharged. Report: 1st, roll call; 2nd, reading of the minutes; 3rd, applications for admittance; 4th, report of committees; 5th, admission of new delegates; 6th, election of officers; 7th, new business; 8th, adjournment.

A motion was passed that the secretary be empowered to purchase a blank book, in which to record the minutes of the meeting, and the constitution and amendments; also a

scrap book in which to preserve a copy of each of the orations delivered.

The following by-laws were adopted by the convention:

I. The last college mentioned on the programme of this year's contest shall be placed first on that of next year's contest, and so on through the ensuing years.

II. This association shall not pay the expenses of more than a delegate and an orator from each college.

III. If the delegate be a newly elected one, he shall perform all the duties incumbent upon his predecessor until new officers are elected.

The following vote of thanks was tendered by the delegates:

Resolved, That the heartiest thanks of the delegates from abroad be tendered to the executive committee and to the students of the State University for their generous hospitality in providing for the reception and entertainment of delegates, and that their thanks be extended also to those citizens who have entertained visitors during their visit.

Resolved, That these resolutions be inserted in the minutes of the convention, and that a copy be sent to the STATESMAN and the Herald as well as the college papers for publication.

H. S. PRITCHETT, Pritchett Institute.
JAS. N. TATE, Westminster College.
W. M. CHAUVENET, Washington Uni'y.
M. M. HAWKINS, Central College.
C. H. SCOTT, William Jewell College.

The delegates wishing to leave for their respective schools this morning and the time till the departure of the train being short, the convention adjourned.

The Harris Institute at Stephens College celebrated its fourth anniversary Friday evening, March 12th, 1875. The young ladies were favored with a large audience, a very appropriate and sensible anniversary address was delivered by E. W. Stephens, Esq. The exercise of the evening was a grand success. Although the society is yet in its infancy, nevertheless, the performance was equal to that of which a society of fifty years standing need not be ashamed. The young ladies all acted their part well. The music was sweet and excellent. In short the whole was an honor to the school. It showed that Stephens college means work. We hope that the young ladies of "Harris Institute" will continue in their good work, and success will be their crown.

As the Law school commencement would occur such a short time after our regular day for publication, it was thought best to postpone our issue another week, so that we could present to our readers, quite a number of whom are Law students, a summary of the exercises of that day. We did so with no hesitancy whatever believing it would be better to do so. An account of the Law school and its commencement exercises will be found duly recorded in another part of our paper.

And now again the question as to the authorship of what we call Shakespeare's plays is being agitated. We had thought that sensation had died out, and would never bother us anymore.

Scribner's Magazine for April contains a lengthy article on the Bacon and Shakespeare controversy advocating the old claim on Bacon to the authorship of the plays. Why will they bother us about such things? It is sufficient for us that the plays were written and preserved for our benefit. We do not care so much for the man as we do for the works. It does not increase or decrease their value or merit that this or that man wrote them. And in as much as Shakespeare has held his claim so long, and as the change would not be of any importance, what is the use of the magazines filling their pages with such discussions. It is no argument that simply because nothing is known of the life of Shakespeare he could not be the author of writings of such merit. We have a better opinion of him for being free from that weakness common to so many which leads them to gossip and write about themselves. And Miss Delia Bacon is taking an unfair advantage when she claims the authorship for her illustrious ancestor on the ground that more is known of him than of Shakespeare. Surely she ought be satisfied with being the descendant of a man whose fame is great enough without that which would accrue from the authorship of the plays. Let us have something a little later than the 16th century.

Perhaps a word or two in reference to the meetings held not long since in the chapel, immediately after prayers, would not be very much amiss. As to the meetings themselves and the order preserved, there is no reason for complaint. But room and ample room too was given for censure in more than one respect.

There was a disposition manifested during the first meeting to carry through by main force an obnoxious measure; to brow-beat the opposition as it were; and to display in its most odious form that might is right, and that in the University the majority rules under every circumstance, showing no respect whatever to a large minority. Happily a reaction soon came and on the next morning this disposition gave way to another not the less objectionable. There seemed to be an inclination to vent personal spite, and yet to disguise it under the appearance of a fervent love of justice and right. Speeches were made on the spur of the moment for which no doubt the speakers were heartily sorry before twenty-four hours.

That both these dispositions are in themselves wrong, no sane man will deny. It is our duty to take warning from the fact, and to have such guard over ourselves in the future, as to prevent the like ever happening again. Its evils effects, and the bad results flowing from it, appear at first sight so vividly before the mind, that no further comment is necessary.

THE CORONATION AT RHEIMS.

By Arthur W. Chamberlain, of the State University, Delivered at the Oratorical Contest on March the 19th, 1875.

W. Curtis somewhere says in that pose which has charmed so many minds as rippling music, "Aurelia wears sometimes a camelia in her hair, and no diamond in the ball-room seems so costly as that perfect flower which women envy and for whose least and wither'd petal men sigh; yet in the tropical solitudes of Brazil how many a camelia bud drops from the bush no eye has ever seen, which, had it flowered and been noticed, would have gilded all hearts with its memory." What a sad thought! And yet perhaps 'tis often better for the bud that falls in the stillness of the forest that it lives and dies in solitude, and breathes out its innocent breath upon the quiet breeze that rustles the leaves of the dim woods a thousand times fresher than the hot currents that wither the poor camelias of the glittering ball room. A spotless camelia glorious in its white souled beauty once bloomed in France. This snowy flower was not left to perfume the stillness of forests like the wild buds of Brazil, but was taken from her sweet innocent life of rural quiet to astonish for a time the sin-dimmed eyes of a heartless world with the dazzling radiance of her stainless purity, then to pine and wither in the impure atmosphere of camp and court, and finally to die, longing for the clear sky and warm tender soil and protecting groves, that brightened and nourished and sheltered her budding beauty, and drank in return the sweet perfume of her young life.

"A simple maiden in her flower is worth an hundred coats of arms," and to-day the lilies of France's proud banner blush beside the brave camelia blossom, and the unpretending name of Joan of Arc outranks the titles of kings and princes in that only true book of the world's heraldry, called the human heart.

Catharine of Russia was exalted from the condition of an humble peasant girl to the throne of the Czars, glittering with blood drops wrung from brows of Russian serfs, a ponderous cruelty of tyranny, crushing the hearts of millions of people. The Maid of Orleans has risen from the station of a shepherdess in an obscure province in France to rule the hearts of all true souled humanity, from a throne imperaled with tear drops of millions of bright eyes and tender bosoms and ever to be kept begemmed with these jewels of heaven while time shall last.

Purity is the only promise of real power. All rule not based on the crystal foundations of a pure purpose is the sway of weakness, and the pledge of destruction. How many reputations and glories, and fames have perished since the simple maiden kept her dumb herd on the plain of Domremy?

How many kings and crowns and sceptres have faded from the recollection of the world, while on her brightest pages shines undimmed the spotless name of that noble unselfish girl! The sunlight is pure, and that purity shedding its influence on earth's bounteous bosom gives life, and beauty, and power; brings out the sparkling foam of flowers billowing in the summer breeze, gladdens the limbs of all the animal tribes with the bounding vigor of physical force, and sends the towering oak to toss his proud crest in the upper blue. The moon light is pure, and the yearning sea lifts its green bosom to its gentle rays and follows it in mute passion around the world. Religion is pure, and, like

the mingling of the heavenly light of the sun of righteousness with the pale moonlight reflection of good there is in the breast of fallen man sweeps the world onward with a grand resistless power toward the millennial perfection of that awful day. So the pure sweet thoughts of the patriotic little maiden, watching her flocks on the green hills, pouring out her heart to the kindly stars, and musing in wrapt religious meditation and innocent dreams of heaven in the little chapel in the shadowy woods, created a pure power which sent the crimson ranks of British war, that had conquered death so often, whirling before it like autumn leaves before an evening gale. Like Sir Galahad the maid could say:

"My good sword carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure;
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

The noble shepherd girl following the dictates of her own pious nature unconsciously proved the lofty power of a spotless conscience, and gave the grandest test of the might of purity, when she withstood temptations legions on the day of coronation in the old Cathedral at Rheims.

Triumphant Prosperity is the greatest enemy of man. She slays her unsuspecting victim with a golden spear, converts his cup of joy into poison, and breathes pestilence on the very zephyrs that charm his senses with the sweet perfume of flowers. From Solomon to Marc Antony, princes have fallen by her hand, and she tramples on the victorious banners of nations with the same heedless foot that crushes the hearts of men. And yet even she failed to conquer the simple maiden sustained by a pure soul resting on the faith of God.

"That was a joyous day in Rheims of old,
When pure and noble music rattle
Forth from her thronged cathedral; while
around,
A multitude whose billows made no sound,
Chain ~~the~~ hush of wonder, though elate
With victory, listened at their temple's
gate."

"And what was done within?—within the
light,
Through the rich gloom of pictured win-
dows flowing,
Tinged with soft awfulness a stately sight;
The chivalry of France, their proud heads
bowing
In martial vassalage! while midst that ring
And shadowed by ancestral tombs, a king
Received his birthright's crown."

And who had given him the crown? who had redeemed fair France from her bleeding captivity, and restored the diadem of Charlemagne to the brow of her king? See'st thou yonder virgin standing mute but glorious, beside the white banner whose milky flash has floated so often on the blood stained crest of battle's foremost wave?

Look into the pure windows of her soul, now half darkened by the shadows of deep musing thought, and now again beaming with the innocent fires of religious zeal. Mark that noble unselfish breast heaving with patriotic pride and love for her country and her God. She it is, who, with her woman's hand has done this mighty deed. She, the grandest, loftiest creature in all this haughty, pretentious throng, pure as snow, brave as fire, true as steel—and yet gentle as a mother's smile.

Ah priest! arrayed in the gorgeous vestments of thy temporal power, as thou with proud semblance of humility performest thy holy office, no religion, pure as the devotion of that young heart, ever glowed in thy cold breast.

Ah warrior! with thy heavy gauntlets and glittering mail, smoothing thy rugged brow and

bending thy stern eye on this rich incarnation of pomp and power, thy heart never knew such courage ascheered the soul of that pure virgin. Oh high born noble! stepping haughtily in the royal train, proud of thy lofty lineage and glorying that thy veins are richened with blood of famous ancestry, the scutcheon of thy house has never blazed with a name whose lustre will not pale before the pure radiance of this maiden star. O heraven king! throw away thy sceptre, doff thy crown, tear off thy purple, and in the dust do reverence to this one true human soul—in the midst of all this sickening parade of empty vanity, where pomp turns pale before reality, and the true religion and patriotism of a girl mocks the hollow shams of church and state that centuries of superstition conspired to build. For see! all the legions of devils, that have bound you with their glittering chains, cannot conquer her truth, her pure heart, her innocent soul, her unwavering faith. Pomp, with his shining processions, his rich robes, his gorgeous chariots and his prancing steeds, his cloth of gold and his jeweled crowns, cannot charm her; for, in that wisdom, born of her purity, she prefers the rich golden sunsets of her country home, the emerald beauty of green fields, sparkling with diamond dew-drops fallen from the misty lace of morning's airy robe, and all the surpassing charms of nature's glorious day.

Nor can Wealth allure her; for she prizes higher the sweet riches of domestic love. Nor can Ambition's cruel fingers tear her from the quiet hearth—nor Power's wand avail to beckon her from lowly peace and joy to resplendent thrones and dazzling palaces. For she has chosen the sweeter, stronger, power of Love, and chooses rather to sway the hearts of her home subjects with Love's tender law, than to rule ten thousand kingdoms such as thine. Prizing the light touch of her uncle's labor-worn hand upon her hair more than the proud pressure of a coronet; feeling more joy in her heart from a brother's kindly glance than from all the admiration of thy glittering court, and receiving from her father's smile more light than was ever shed by all the blazing chandeliers that ever mirrored their myriad flames upon the oyal luxury of the Tuilleries' glittering saloon.

Oh matchless Maid! how glorious 'tis to claim with thee the common kinship of humanity. How grand to feel that thy golden deeds set new stars in the galaxy of thy race and thy peerless soul puts cynicism and misanthropy to shame, and cheers the earth with the glorious certainty that there is yet truth, and religion, and honest enthusiasm, and glorious self devotion in the hearts of human kind. It makes the air purer, and the sky bluer, and the sunshine more brilliant, and the stars brighter, and the moonlight sweeter, and all the noble objects and purposes of life grander and better to know that there was a human soul that trampled on all the temptations of the world and turned to the pure springs of innocent duty, joy, truth and peace; to know, that, spotless and brave, surrounded by all that could fascinate and allure to other and more gaudy scenes, ignoring pomp, and pride and pagcant, in the language of a woman's heart—

"She unbound
The helm of many battles from her head,
And with her bright locks bowed to sweep the
ground,
Lifting her voice up, wept for joy and said,
'Bless me, my father, bless me! and with thee,
'To the still cabin and the beechen tree
Let me return'".

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D. M. WILSON, '75. - - - Editor-in-Chief.
C. L. BUCKMASTER, '75, } Associates.
L. HOFFMANN, '76, }
H. B. BABB, '76. Literary Editor
A. M. JOHNSTON Local Editor.
T. C. EARLY, '75 Business Manager.

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The contest, so long talked of, so much written about, so excitingly discussed, has come, has passed, and is now numbered among the things that were. And what say its friends, its ardent admirers, and its warm supporters? Has it proved a success, are all satisfied, has a great rejoicing been held or a bon fire built, has a general illumination been ordered? Was the victor crowned with the laurel wreath as he borne aloft on the strong arms of the multitude; did the fawning populace pave the streets with their overcoats and chant him on his way with glad hosannas? Tell us ye that were present and know where of you speak are these things thus?

Yes! the contest has passed, and in looking back upon it, we cannot but say it was a success. No matter whether the band played "Lo! the conquering hero comes," or "We'll all go up Salt Creek together," that in itself considered has nothing to do with the contest as a success. No matter whether the committee decided the prizes the way those present would have done, that has only the very slightest to do with proving or disproving the contest to be a success. For so dissimilar are men in their tastes that perhaps in forty-nine out of fifty cases no three men would hold to precisely the same opinion, and yet the contest was a success. No sooner had the smoke of battle cleared away, and the rank and file been mustered in, before we heard being canvassed the question as to what the University was going to do next year. A discerning mind can even now begin to see of how much practical benefit it is going to prove itself to be. Why is it that every Saturday afternoon the chapel is occupied by a crowd of eager young speakers, who make the walls re-echo with their declamations? Because they have at last an incentive. Whisper it softly in Dan, and talk not of it above a whisper in Beersheba, for they hope, that perhaps some of these days—far in the dim

beyond—the honor of representing the University may be confided to their hands. And they are right. Let them practice, for practice makes perfect, and perfect means the prize.

But the contest has come also with its lessons. Do you really think we did ourselves justice? And if not, where was our mistake? In the first place we put off the selecting of our orator to too late a date. In truth we came very near not selecting any orator, or rather not having any one to represent us at all. Let us take warning. The coming contest is to be at Central in December. Now at least by the middle of October, and it would be better by the first, we should have our orator selected so as to give him ample time to prepare in. Let us have time. In order to choose this orator we think the best plan would be for all those who desired to contest for the honor of representing the University to, speak before a committee whose duty it would be to choose one of the speakers as orator. Let there be no choosing of one or of five, but let all that may desire have the privilege of competing. As to the committee let them be chosen beforehand by the association, or let the committee consist of the association itself. But what we specially insist upon is the giving the orator ample time in which to write a good oration, as well as time in which to drill himself upon its delivery. Being wise and prudent let us keep ever one eye open to the future.

Our readers will please pardon us for the insertion of the replication of "Y." We made perhaps a too liberal offer when we invited further discussion on the Library question. The invitation was extended in the hope that "Y" as the leader of the administration had reserved his best arguments for the last; for notwithstanding that from the first we have been unable to discover any excuse for the way on which the library is managed, we gave him the credit of having acquired from his legal studies and practice the ability of inventing new and what he would consider unanswerable arguments. So that our readers must suffer for the acts of their agents in contracting for the replication, as it is nothing but a restatement of former arguments, and thank us that we have curtailed it of a considerable quantity of personalities which the gentleman proposed to throw at us. For an answer to the replication see the last issue, as the business manager informs us that he cannot afford to pay for setting up the same matter twice, and only consents to do so in the case of the replication because "Y" in his simplicity, thinking that by a few changes he has furnished a new article, would be offended.

In regard to the question "are the gentlemen composing it (the board) fools, or are they stubborn?" we think it is a delicate one, and should not be put to us, so that inasmuch as he allows them to be one or the other we will leave it to our readers.

INTER-COLLEGIATE CONTEST.

ORATION DELIVERED IN THE CHAPEL OF THE STATE UNIVERSITY, COLUMBIA, MO.

MARCH 19TH, 1875, BY W. A.

CROUCH OF WILLIAM

JEWELL COL-

LEGE.

SUBJECT: MAN'S TRUE GREATNESS.

Man is truly great. Every man in every condition of life can claim this much coveted treasure. The Esquimaux in his hut of ice, the son of Ham in his torrid clime; dwellers on distant isles, or those at royal courts; the diligent, the slothful; the wise, the unwise; the master, the slave; the fool, the philosopher; the pure, the impure; the peer, the commoner; the general, the soldier; the king in royalty and power, the subject in rags and bondage,—all stand side by side and rightfully claim to be acknowledged members of that illustrious family whose inalienable birth-right is imperishable greatness.

Man's greatness appears in the wonderful preparations made for his reception upon the stage of existence. Geology as well as revelation unfolds the fact that divine energy was put forth during long periods prior to the creature of man. But all that antedated him was in some way related to, and necessary for his introduction. He was the brilliant sun whither the rays of divine purpose had been converging for so many thousands of years. He was the "Rosetta Stone" interpreting the hieroglyphics which had been written on the stupendous pyramids of nature. He was the moral prism separating the wonderful character of God into its seven glorious perfections; love, life, mercy, truth, righteousness, justice, and peace. He was a revealed mystery, mortal and immortal; priest, temple, sacrifice; judge, witness, prisoner at the bar; a divine idea crystalized; a planet moving in an orbit described by an infinite radius; an indispensable link in the mysterious chain of material and spiritual development. Thus viewed, all nature proclaims his greatness. Why, asks the thoughtful mind, were so many thousands of years employed by the omnipotent architect in building this stupendous structure? Why did he lay foundations of adamant and bind them together with chains of universal gravity? Why did he garnish the walls with living light and hang on the cheek of weeping nature the "Bow of Promise?" Why did he carpet this magnificent temple with tapestries of green inwrought with flowers of endless hues? Why did he line the vault with ether and bestud its corridors with bosses of precious stones? Why did he hang out that brilliant lamp in the concave heavens and pave the archway of the skies with fiery worlds? Why marshal legions of lightning upon the great battle field of nature and bid them bombard with balls of fire the citadels of disease and death?

Why the wind tortured ocean bound with ropes of sand, or the flaming bolts of Jove incarcerated in cells of glass? Why continents of coal, veins of silver, and clusters of rubies? Why do the winds dip their broad pinions in distant seas and then shake them over thirsty fields, dying flowers, and failing brooks? Why beauty in every flower, herb, and stone? Why music in the raging ocean, the murmuring brook, and howling storm? Nature's voices say: For thee, O man, we were created, thou for God! Those beings who saw earth in building, beheld various types and wondered what was the true character of the antitype. They saw each day upon the trestle board of the divine architect an extension of original designs together with new ones far more mysterious and complicated. To what they pointed was dubious. When should they be unfolded and elucidated was a profound mystery sleeping in the bosom of him who alone knoweth the end from the beginning. They had heard the creative fiat break eternal silence, had seen from chaos cosmos rise, had seen darkness flee and light appear, had seen stern law bind all into one loving brotherhood, had from their lofty observatories gazed at the moon when first she led her vested retinue across the plains of glory. They behold! and lo! comet meets comet in direful conflict, the heavens weep tears of fire, the sun muffles his face in mantles of darkness and his brightness darts up to the throne of God, the moon foldeth up her beams and hideth them in her secret pavilion, mountain groans to mountain, hills are uprooted, vallies and plains rise to lofty mountains, deep chasms open wide their horrid mouths and down their burning throats rush angry seas, earth challenges heaven and opens her arsenal of fire and lava against the cloud-mantled citadels of Mars, while heaven answers the challenge in thunder voices which shake the planets from their orbits and in lightning embassies whose flashing countenances melt the rocks and boil the seas, tornadoes sweep the tropics, cyclones wheeling around axles of death dash from continent to continent, change succeeds change, revolution follows revolution. Yet in view of all these manifestations of wisdom, exhibitions of power, and unfoldings of design, no shout of joy or outburst of ecstasy arises till man appears in glory upon the canvas. Now! now! all the heavenly hosts shout together and praise God. Man is the "Micro-cosmos" embodying in himself all of the past that is interesting, wonderful, or glorious. Man is earth's lord. From ocean depths to mountains heights; from zones—frigid, temperate, torrid; from iron, silver, gold; from air, water, fire; from heat and cold; from storm and calm; from light and darkness; from birds and beasts; from everything animate and inanimate he justly demands tribute. Dense forest bow before him; the mountains cast their treasures at his feet or part asunder to afford him a passage. Plains, vallies, and meadows seek his favor with offerings of sweet cane

and bullocks wretched for sacrifices. His sceptre ruleth the whale, his trident bringeth up leviathan, his hook draggeth out behemoth. He layeth nature upon the rack and extorteth her most profound secrets. He descends by stairways of light to her thousandth chamber of mystery and there revieweth her nice proportions, her delicate and various forms of millions of living creatures. Mounting his car of light he dasheth up among the stars, driveth around the orbits of the planets, pushes his conquests through trackless space, bridges vast chasms before uncrossed by thought of man or wing of angel, captures Mars, Venus, Jupiter, looses the bands of Orion and with them binds Arcturus and his sons to the wheels of his conquering chariot, moves onward till he reach the boundary of the visible and knowable and, weeping for more worlds to conquer, he sounds the awful depths of the uncreated.

Returning to enjoy his conquest he makes the distant star or the delicate needle pilot his ships of war and trade. He divines the approach of wandering comets and computes the orbit of the whirlwind. He lassoes the wild lightnings as they dash across the sky, tames them till they are holden by a silken cord, teaches them his native language and speaks to them as friend speaks to friend. He discloses to them his plans for battle and his secret thoughts of love. He cleaves the subtle rays of light with uniform blocks of glass or with it stamps his image on plates of steel, measures the air as wheat or weighs it as the farmer weighs his hay, fondles with the lion as with the lap dog, and dandles the young tigress as the cat. All nature serves him. The winds push his spice-freighted ships from port to port or grind his corn as the horse. The oceans bow their broad backs and groan beneath his "Invincible Armadas." The rivers roll at the wheels of a thousand boats and steam smites the ends of a million pistons. Waters gush out in abundance for his drink. The earth measures out to him corn, wine, and oil in rich profusion. For man the sun shines, the moon moves, stars twinkle, thunders roll, lightning flash, rains fall, fires burn, winds blow, tempests howl, seasons come and go. All mineral, all vegetable, all animal, all life, all death, all time, all eternity, all heaven, all hell—all is for him. It is not pride in man to say:

"For me kind nature makes her genial power!
Suckles each herb and spreads out every flower;
Annual for me the grape, the rose renew
The juice hectarious and the banly dew;
For me the mind a thousand treasures brings;
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise.
My foot-stool earth, my canopy the skies."

Man is not!
"A worm by birth,
Vile reptile weak and vain,
Awhile to crawl upon the earth
Then sink to earth again."
But! "A phenomenon, one knows not what,
And wonderful beyond all wondrous measurement."

Man is truly great, but in what consists his true greatness? Not in lighting up the heavens with the conflagration of cities, nor in rend-

ing the heart of a nation with anguish for its slain, nor in depths of philosophy, nor in sound reasoning, nor in vast possessions, nor in brilliant fities nor in power, nor in eloquence, nor in genius, nor in mitered heads; but in the development and proper use of all his powers—consists man's true greatness. A heart with no evil surmisings, no envy, no malice, no revenge; but full of love, tendernees, and compassion. A hand spreading out the mantle of true charity over the foibles of others, and pouring the oil of peace on the troubled waters of life. An eye watching the wanderings of the widow, the sorrows of the orphans, the oppressions of the poor. An ear ever open to the confessions of the repentant, the calls of charity, the sobs of the broken hearted. Power to ward off bribes to injustice and stand unhurt clad in the armour of self-integrity. A mind calm in storm and danger; to be superior, but not proud; inferior but not envious; rich but not haughty; poor but not ashamed; hated but not hating; loving God, loving country, loving neighbor, loving self—these, these are the characteristics of man's true greatness.

Our Professor of Elocution made some remarks to one of his classes to the effect that there was not an oration delivered at the contest last week. Now we suppose that he has some very good reasons for saying what he did, or he would not have been so positive in stating his opinion of the productions of the representative men from five of the leading colleges in the state. The students have heard similar opinions from his lecture stand before, and have given him credit for knowing what he was talking about. But when they hear such statements, time and again, without any reasons being offered in support of them, showing why these productions are not orations, they show a tendency to become lukewarm in their faith in the professor. Some of our students have been working hard to produce orations which would be considered as such; but so far this year we have heard of no one being successful. As the year is drawing to a close, and there is not much prospect of any orations being delivered by the students we think it is nothing but right that the professor be asked to read us an oration. We understand that most of the orations delivered last week will be published. Now in as much as the statement made in regard to them was a pretty severe one, we suggest that the author of the statement take them separately and show us where they fail to be orations.

Next year we desire that our representative have an oration. How can we expect to have our wish gratified when none of us know what can be called an oration? In the other departments of the university the principles taught there are illustrated. Why not in this department? Let the professor do this and then if there are no orations produced the fault will not lie in his teaching.

The University Missourian.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT

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Sep. '74, (10 m.)

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Two young ladies are studying Sanscrit in Boston University. If they should be turned out into the world with nothing but that accomplishment, they would soon find themselves sans-food, sans-clothes, sans-lodging, sans-crit, sans-everything.

Debator—"Mr. Pres., can you tell me how much annual interest we have to pay on the national debt?" Pres.—"About four hundred dollars, I believe."

HERE ARE THE MEDICS.

Our reporter with paper and pencil looks into the Medical Department. All is well. The class numbers 33 and we cite a few facts in regard to several of the most prominent representatives.

Waters, alias Med. Dick, stands pre-eminently at the head. He's the class Oracle and is monitor of the gallery.

Hagan is too virtuous to mention, and as an anatomist we know no one more cute than himself.

Dougherty, (Pilly) is in love with a normal beauty and carries his coal-oil home in a jug.

Enoch Arden Alexander Montgomery Ball currys Dr. Arnold's horse and is the class musician—Sally Ames away, &c.

McLewis & Gilman (Old Bill) are both good dancers and amuse the college girls Saturday afternoon's in front of G. D. & Co.'s drug store.

Jerrard is good on the eye treatment—two weeks in a smoke house, and if not relieved, repeat the dose.

Via doesn't want a diploma. His desire is to be capable of taking charge of a poor-house.

Lemon's favorite song (grave yard scene) is "Starry Night for a Ramble," and Evans of Kentucky, an interesting specimen of the genus homo, dyes his whiskers and accounts for the effect of Bourbon whisky by the fact that a peculiar kind of limestone water is used in its manufacture.

South works in the laboratory and is now analyzing a sample of Schwaby's Wonder, obtained for him by his friend Hughes.

Douglas, the champion of the late fox hunt, knows all about chickens; is a bachelor; partly through choice, and partly through chance, and an oddity of the first water.

But we will not enlarge on them—enough has been said to excite a desire to know more. We leave them imagining some terrible accident which shall open up a large practice; but the rains of many summers will often beat upon the gilded M. D. on their signs before ease and competency are attained.

MUSIC.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the new school book, "Silver Threads of Song," by Millard. It is issued on larger size page than most school books, and from new type.

The work comprises 208 pages of the very choicest of the popular songs of the day most of which have never appeared before in book form. The rudiments, comprising 24 pages, are simple, thorough and complete. Specimen copy mailed on receipt of 60 cents. Address, S. T. Gordon & Son, 13 east 14th street, New York.

The Columbia Statesman is evincing its interest in our three colleges, by throwing open one of its columns every week to their exclusive use; with solicitations for contributions; and also in publishing the orations delivered at the recent contest. Long life to the Statesman!

A student who had been visiting one of the colleges, afterwards found the following note in the lining of his hat, viz; "Dearest Geo:—Maggie thinks those gum drops very nice. So do we. We think this is a windy day; don't you? We are praying for vacation to come; ar'n't you? We are no fools; are you?"

Ink bottles are now brought to the lecture room, in order to save the labor of copying lectures at home.

Why is a certain senior's sideburns like a base ball club? Because there are but nine on a side.

CLIPPINGS AND EXCHANGES.

To remove dandruff—Go out on the plains and insult an Indian.

When "Silver Threads Among the Gold" is rendered, red headed students should not take it as a personal matter.

School inspector to urchin:—"Now Johnny how many can you count? Johnny—"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten." Inspector—"Good Johnny; go on." Johnny—"After a moments thought, "Jack, queen, king, ace."

Why is a Freshman like a telescope? Because he is easily drawn out, easily seen through and easily shut up.

Why is a Sophomore like a microscope? Because when seen through, small things are revealed.

A Professor was moving along his garden path, when he stepped on a hoop from a mackerel keg which flew up and struck him violently on the shin. He never said a word. He simply kicked the hoop into the air, then he ran after it and kicked it across the strawberry bed, and thence lifted it over the grape arbor, and from there kicked it upon the stoop, and then ran and kicked it over on the lawn. He reached the lawn about as soon it did, and sent it over an apple tree, and then he kicked it clear around the house. After that he sat down and examined his shin. Some men would have lost their temper under the same circumstances and swore violently.

Curtwright and Leeper had "some few words." They finally agreed to wait and kill one another in the cool of the evening.

The base ball season has come again. Already thousands of bats begin to ply over the state. The hot missile is caught with palms of iron and wrists of steel. The cant phrase is just; it "is" the national game. Some persons cry out against base ball, and say that it is infected with betting. But a person bent on gambling will lay a wager on the fall of a feather—and why should not outdoor sports carry the age, as well as fashion and dress? The University Club has organized and elected officers for the coming season. The nine best players have not yet been selected, but a "knowing one" that there is material for a good club at hand. It is rumored that the Fulton boys are going to challenge us to meet them again in them in the field. If so, they should remember how handsomely they were defeated before.

The Stephens College girls were considerably fooled on the night of the first of April, by a band of burlesque serenaders picking on an old fiddle and banjo and leaving without playing a tune. The burlesquers say they received 18 cards and it wasn't a good night for cards either.

The two literary societies have come to terms. They have agreed to have the inter-society contest sometime in June. It will probably take the place of the Shakespearian exhibition. Each society is to be represented by five of its chosen members, and the exercises are to consist of an oration, declamation, essay and debate, and the prizes awarded accordingly. It is quite a new departure and is calculated to create much excitement. We are not prepared to say which society will come off more than victorious. Such things are uncertain.

Dr. Read has been an active college officer for fifty years.

Subscribe for the MISSOURIAN.

THE INTER-COLLEGIATE CONTEST.

The late oratorical tournament held at the State University has revealed two facts, which, although they are neither novel nor of great significance excite some little surprise that they should both make themselves so clearly evident on the occasion referred to.

One of the revelations is, that the Universities, Washington and Missouri, are immeasurably beyond the smaller colleges of the state in the tone and style of the scholarship of their representative men.

The other, that a committee, drawn from the every day routine of business life, is as absurdly unfit to play the connoisseur in regard to things literary and æsthetic, as Nick Bottom to dance in the moonlight among the fairies.

To expect of a man the exercise of a faculty he does not possess, or a faculty uncultivated and having lain fallow for ten or perhaps twenty years, is both unreasonable and vain.

If the committee, who I have no doubt pride themselves upon being what the world calls practical men—a term generally signifying a talent for procuring bread and butter for oneself and letting other things alone—should see a group of college men awkwardly attempting to untangle some knot of difficulty in the every day affairs of life; and if they should see them utterly fail, and compelled to sever it with the rude blade of unskilled judgment, there is reason to believe that they would laugh at what they would consider the ridiculous situation. But perhaps in this late affair the temptation to laugh at the queer motions of a fish out of its native element is more keenly felt by others than the practical men.

The oration (?) that received the prize, is a vague harangue, seemingly attempting to shape itself into a treatise on the conservation of forces; but always dissolving into stars, rainbows and roses. If the orator had said, "no force is ever lost," he would have exhausted his subject, afforded the class in physics a faint echo of the lecture-room, and deprived himself of the pleasure of stringing endless unnecessary artificial flowers and stars on a worn out thread of principle familiar to college ears as the rumble of Ætna to the inhabitants of the neighboring villages.

The oration, which the committee deemed worthy of the second prize, bore the clear and definite inscription "Something Beyond."

Perhaps the young orator owes his success to the startling effect he produced by announcing that space was infinite and, in all probability there was *something beyond*, even if that something was expanded to nothing.

In this case, also, the speaker might have condensed everything he uttered into one statement which no one would have found new or striking, viz: that "Infinity is infinite." It is needless to say that, by this process, he would have lost no apt illustra-

tion, no sentence of graphic and original power, and no expressive phrase. For these elements were entirely wanting, crowded out by stars, bombast, stars, redundancy, stars, depth of science, mysteries of thought, etc., etc., *ad libitum*.

The representative of Washington University delivered a clear, manly sketch of the Puritan character. His style was concise and nervous, his subject was methodically treated, and he developed his thought according to the rules of true rhetoric.

His accurate, philosophical treatment of a special subject afforded a sharp contrast to the vague, boyish speeches that received the prizes.

There was scarcely a single sentence that did not display a skill in composition and a power of expression, the lack of which was the chief defect of the majority of the other speeches.

The orator representing the Missouri University painted with the pen of a poet, and the graceful pathos of a Persian story-teller, the coronation scene in the old cathedral at Rheims,—the simple figure of the peasant girl standing out against a background of royalty, pomp and power. As in the case of the speaker from Washington University, the whole was marked by skill, system, symmetry and elegance; the voice, gesture and enunciation were echoes of cultivation, and the conception was artistic throughout. The knight from Washington was a Richard, with heavy sword, and warrior skill to send the weapon through an iron bar. The champion of Missouri University was a soldier with keen, pliant blade that could sever a floating vail. The rest were a ragged Falstaff regiment equipped with daggers of lath.

BELLES LETTRES.

With this issue another of our editors is forced to sever his connection with us. His poor state of health will not allow him any longer to attend Society, and under this state of affairs he deems it his duty to resign his editorship. We are sorry to part with him, for during his short stay with us on the corps, he made himself very useful. As is customary the Society has selected another to fill his place. This gentleman comes among us bearing testimonials of high order as a writer. So we run the risk of promising to our readers in the future no abatement in the interest heretofore felt in the articles such as it is the particular duty of this editor to write.

The young ladies of the "College Home" present compliments to those *gallant gentlemen* who took their pony on the night of the law commencement thereby causing them the *exquisite pleasure* of walking home through the mud. As the individuals are known, the young ladies return *sincere thanks* for their kindness, and will *gratefully* remember them in the future.

THE LAW COMMENCEMENT.

On last Wednesday night, 7½ P. M. took place in the University chapel the third Commencement of the Law Department of the University. The exercises of the evening consisted of several pieces of music by the college choir, the delivery of the diplomas to the graduating class by Pres. Read, and the annual address by Judge Lewis. The class, though not large, being only some nine, has the name of being a very excellent one and three of its members after a vigorous and searching examination continued through two days, said examination being written, received a grade of 9-24, on a scale of 10. The few remarks of Pres. Read were offered in his usual happy manner, and received profound attention. The speaker of the evening, Judge Lewis, gave to the class many words of advice which it would be well for them to follow. The address was not brilliant, in fact the Judge did not desire it to be so considered, but was rather practical, and replete with sound common-sense. After the Judge had finished his address Pres. Read in behalf of the Faculty, Board of Curators, and members of the class returned sincere thanks both to the Judge and also to Mr. Overall for their services so willingly rendered in the way of examination.

The rendition of "echo" by the choir was warmly encored by the audience, and was a decided "Hit." A rare treat in itself it was—if such can truly be said—a greater success than the famous "Happy, Happy—Hap" they favored us with on the morning of the 22nd of February.

We print this month for the benefit of our many readers, and at the request of quite a number of the gentlemen's friend, three of the orations delivered in the University on the evening of the late contest—orations by Mr. C. B. Rush of Central, Mr. W. A. Crouch of William Jewell College and Arthur W. Chamberlain of Missouri University. We shall give no criticisms of our own, but intend to let the orations speak for themselves. If the publication of these prove of interest to our readers, we will, if they so desire it, publish in our next number the remaining two orations, or if they prefer, the orations which our own boys spoke before the committee who decided who was to come on as the University's representative.

All of the gentlemen named above desire it distinctly understood that they consented that their orations go into the hands of the printers for publication.

We would call the attention of the Seniors and the Law students to an article in a recent number of the *Nation* entitled, "Proposed changes in Inter-national Law." Important changes are recommended which cannot be but interesting to students in the departments referred.

nothingness? Did Demosthenese and Cicero believe that the influence of their eloquent orations would cease when they no longer existed? No, indeed. Each and every one of these expected the influence of his productions to extend down to the remotest periods of time; and so it will.

It is to this universal belief in the immortality of thought that we owe our history, poetry and science. One of Rome's finest poets has sung,

Exegi monumentum aere perennius,
Regalique situ pyramidum altius;

and well has he sung it. For 1800 years his works have been read by the school boy and admired by the scholar and the sage. The monument more lasting than brass and loftier than the regal structure of the pyramids shows yet no signs of decay, but promises to live on in all its original freshness so long as time shall last, nor even then to lose its beauty and to crumble away into nothingness, but to step the gulf between time and the hereafter and to raise its form with all its pristine beauty and grandeur throughout eternity.

O, how beautiful is the power of thought! It is well to talk about the acorn that becomes the giant oak, the seed that becomes the corn—the seed taking months, the acorn centuries to unfold its splendors—but a little word falls in upon the mind, it is the germ of an idea, upon this thought sets to work and in an almost incredibly short space of time a structure far exceeding the oak in magnitude, beauty, and sublimity is reared as if by the motion of a magic wand. 'Tis thought that decides the destinies of nations and makes the great throbbing heart of the world pulse on. Though, like the oak, lifts itself up toward Heaven for the greater glory of God, but, unlike the oak, that goes back to its original composing elements, thought lies on forever.

O, it is grand to travel in thought through unfathomable depths of the universe, to alight in imagination now on this glowing world, now on that to bathe one's soul in the pure ethereal blue of the vault, and then, returning once more to earth, to trace out the conservation of forces through all its intricacies, to watch the seed bursting its narrow prison walls and developing into a thing of beauty, but it is grander still to be able to say *I am!*

Sweet, oh, life, thou art; how fathomless thy joys! "To him who forever renews his youth in the clear fount of nature, how exquisite the true happiness to be!" If simply to be is so grand, how glorious to be and be endowed with the gigantic powers of thought and feeling, and that throughout eternity! Is this to be? Is the soul with all its endowments to live on throughout the endless cycles of eternity? Yes, oh, glorious thoughts! Can that which creates thought be less than thought? Can that which gives birth to immortality be itself mortal? Can it be that when this poor body is laid in the cold, damp grave, there to become the abode of worms, that the soul with all its powers shall cease to exist? Never! No, never!

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature's kin in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

Knowledge and Atheism are antagonistic. To know and understand nature is to know that there must be a God. But does it require this examination to find out the author of creation? Look upon a pure mind however ignorant and child-like and you will see the August and Immortal One more clearly than in all the orbs of matter that career, at His bidding, throughout space.

"Whenever the soul feels itself, it feels immortal life." The sense of eternity often dwells in a moment, and when we are supremely happy we know that it is impossible to die. When the soul leaves this sphere it will climb in the skies of immortal life untrammelled by the frailties of the flesh. How rapturously it will bound forth upon the upward paths, its powers ever enlarging, ever developing, approaching continually nearer and nearer to God-head the substance and ideal of perfection.

"It must be so, Plato, thou reasonest well;
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back upon itself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out a hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man."

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Second Semester opens on

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Missourian.

"Fax Mentis Incendium Gloriæ."

VOL. IV.

STATE UNIVERSITY, COLUMBIA MISSOURI, APRIL, 1875.

NO. 8

INTER-COLLEGIATE CONTEST.

Oration Delivered in the Chapel of the State University, Columbia, Mo., March 19th, 1875, by G. W. WALTHALL of Westminster College.

SUBJECT: "SOMETHING BEYOND."

From creation the human soul has looked out on nature through the eye; emotions of wonder and admiration have been kindled into life upon the altar of the heart; and the reasoning faculties of man have led him into the immeasurable fields of mystery. No age has been content with what appeared upon its mental horizon, but each one, longing to explore the unknown regions of mystery and drink deep draughts from the pure fountains of knowledge, has endeavored to banish the darkness and to reveal the unknown in the clear light of truth. And thus numerous delusions and glaring absurdities of ignorance and superstition have disappeared before the efforts of the enlightened mind, and reason has triumphed over the imagination. Nothing in the records of the past has more interest than this innate principle of the mind directing mankind onward to the real and true sublimity of his nature. Thus by degrees the wonderful edifice of science has been constructed and the firmament of knowledge cleared of mists.

Astronomy is the oldest and most noted of all the sciences, and it yet remains the most fascinating and sublime. From the earliest ages there have been devout and careful observers of the starry hosts, whose watch-fires flamed upon the blue vault of heaven. The astronomy of modern times is the most exact of all the sciences, and yet we cannot tell the stars for multitude any more than we can count the sands of the sea-shore. We cannot reach the bounds of creation although we use a measuring line two hundred millions of miles in length and capable of being thrown out like a surveyor's chain over the fields of earth. The utmost measurements of the astronomer only serve to disclose beyond his farthest reach, still other unsounded depths, and other heights, and other worlds, to which all that he has seen, measured, and counted, is but as a grain of sand to the globe upon which he stands.

If we turn our attention to the ocean, that "barren desert" and "waste of waters" of which the ancient poets sang, we will find that modern scientists have burnished it like the heavens in its brightness. Observation proves the fact, that the three-fourths of the entire surface of the earth covered with water is an exhaustless treasury of life, and health, and riches, to everything that lives and grows upon the dry land. But as every man carries within himself an inner life, of which casual acquaintances know nothing, so the ocean has within its bosom a life which is not revealed except by the most patient investigation. Armed with the keys to this

wonderful cabinet of nature, the scientist explores the wonders of the deep, and studies its minute and invisible life. It is only of late years that science has begun to investigate the hidden life, and draw the veil, and admit man to the secrets of the ocean. Nor are the wonders and beauties which characterize the world of waters any less than those which science reveals in the upper air. It would be impossible to describe, or even to name, the known wonders of the deep, and yet we are far from having seen all the marvels of exquisite beauty and wonderful life under the ocean wave. We have also looked down into those dark depths which the sunlight never penetrates, and have seen the pearl in "Oman's dark waters," and the gems that light up the fathomless caverns of the Atlantic, and the hidden treasures over which the Pacific's waves have rolled since creation began. Well may we exclaim:

"Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed, in breeze or gale or storm,
Icing the pole, or in torrid clime
Dark heaving; boundless, endless, sublime—
The image of eternity, the throne
Of the invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeyes thee; thou goest forth dread,
Fathomless, alone."

But these are only types of what man has done and still may do. In all the great departments, politics, science, and religion, he may yet accomplish much that shall exceed that already done.

We feel and believe, that in all momentous questions appertaining to these great principles, we are far in advance of past ages, and our heart expands with joy at the prospect of still greater achievements in clearness and simplicity. Education is no longer the guarded secret of the few, but it has increased in brilliancy and volume until its illuminating rays shed light upon all of nature's works, and call forth man's creative genius. About three hundred years ago, Galileo, that learned philosopher and astronomer made an ascent into the realm of mind, and promulgated immutable truths, founded upon the laws of nature, and emanating from God himself; yet through the influence of a controlling priesthood, he was compelled to renounce them, and was confined to the dismal and infected dungeon. And so always in the great eras of history, the instructors and benefactors of mankind have been banished and imprisoned for views which have arrested the world's downward progress in the pathway to ruin. If you would but look back to the startling point of great truths and mighty reformations, you must stand with the shivering band of pilgrims on the barren rocks of an icebound coast, looking to that beautiful country beyond the sea. You must go down into the gloom of the dungeon, those chambers of horrors, or you must stand upon the arena and see men tortured for their views, while the applause of the multitude rises hoarse and horrible like the waters of the deep upon the shores of a rocky coast. The

new day of liberty, conscience and individual responsibility, that now attends the march of society, shapes the mind, and guides the action, has been ushered in by men who were willing to pass through just such scenes, that the streams of healing and salvation might flow around the earth. The great contest and mighty sorrows through which individuals and nations have passed are things to be remembered. They are lessons which cost us too much to be often repeated or soon forgotten. The great heroisms and mighty sacrifices which bind us to the dead are a promise of better things in the future. A century ago, liberty, proud and determined, couched among the mountains of Switzerland, began there its course.

During the short space of one hundred years a nation has been born, and has grown to an unexampled power and place among the nations of the earth. The results which her genius has worked out, have not only become the admiration, but the exemplar of all nations. But notwithstanding the great progress which we have made in bringing into subjection the rude forces of nature, and in making them do our bidding, and increasing our wealth, we have not reached perfection. The present, like the past, is but a transition to a still higher state of development. A nation, whose growth during the first hundred years of its history, has been so vigorous and rapid, and whose progress has been so unprecedented in all that constitutes national prosperity, can but have before it a grand and glorious future. If we would trace the progress of each leading branch of industry from small beginnings up to the magnificent results which they now display, it would be shown that these results, great as they may seem, are but preliminary to that career which the future promises. The present is but the dawn of a new era, an era of improvements of which we can not as yet form an adequate conception. The scientific discoveries, the mechanical inventions, the general spirit of inquiry and the wide spread intelligence, indicate an application of mind to manual labors, which those alone can appreciate who look back and consider the past, the slow growth of ideas, the struggles with prejudice and ignorance, and the want of means which mark the nascent state of a people just emerging from barbarism. The reaper, the railway, the telegraph and the printing press point us to a future in which they shall accomplish for us triumphs grander than the triumphs of armies, for they will develop the means of sustenance which the implements of war can only destroy. But the outlook of our government is not without its dark clouds and threatening storms. The fusion of so many races into one mass, and that too in a country where they themselves are rulers, has never met with any success. And we have reason to believe, that after the revolution of centuries, and after the toil of sages, the course of things has brought our statesmen to laws of the profoundest wisdom.

The tendency of our cities toward an oligarchy
(Continued on Eighth Page.)

THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

The principal cause of the thirty years' war was religious and constitutional liberty. In order to give a correct view of this war it is necessary to mention in brief the Schmalkaldian war which raged about seventy-five years before the former, between the Schmalkaldian Signe and the Catholic forces. In this struggle the Protestants were overcome. But in order to restore peace the Emperor granted, in 1555, at the congress of Augsburg to the Protestants religious liberty. However this treaty was continually disregarded by both sides, so that in 1608 the Protestants reunited into what is termed the "Protestant Union"; while the other side formed an opposite organization, known as the "Catholic Siga." These two organizations in 1618 began hostilities which continued for thirty years, known as the "Thirty Years War."

The immediate cause was as follows: Bohemia had been for a number of years under the supremacy of Austria, but was guarded by a "Majesty Letter" which the Emperor was obliged to give before he was recognized as king of Bohemia. Among other privileges which this "Letter" promised was religious liberty. But notwithstanding these rights, in 1618, the Protestants were hindered in the erection of church houses. After having petitioned the Emperor in behalf of their rights, the patriots fled to arms, and chose for their leader Count Thum, who led them to Prague. After having taken the Capital of their country, they chose Prince Fredric, who was the head of the "Protestant Union" as their king. But this weak Prince did not long enjoy his honor, for in the first engagement with the Siga's army under the able Tilly, he was so totally overthrown that he was obliged to abandon his kingdom and flee into the Netherlands.

In the first part of this memorable war the Imperial or Catholic forces were everywhere victorious. Tilly, the chief commander of the Siga's army overcame, in 1622, at Wimyfen Gen. Fredric of Baden, and shortly afterwards at Hoechet the Duke of Brannschweig.

While Wallenstein, the Emperor Generalissimo won a glorious victory over the greatest pioneer of Protestantism, Count Wamsfeld. Thus everywhere was success on the Emperor's side; so that in 1629 this horrible war was about to conclude. But oh! the vanity and corruption of man which has so often rended asunder the bonds of humanity and drained this earth with blood of man, again played its part. The Emperor demanded that all the church property which had been accumulated by the Protestants during the religious peace should be restored to the Catholic church. This gave an opportunity to Richelieu the greatest statesman of his times, and the Emperor's greatest enemy to enterweave his diplomatic tricks with the affairs of Germany. He caused G. A. to take

side with the Protestants and after awhile joined himself.

Thus was Europe made a field of battle, a scene so terrific in nature that the mere thought of it chills the blood and thrills the nerve. Places where peace and humanity dwelt were changed into deserts, into the abodes of robbers and murderers. The war was now carried on with such fury that the records do not know its equal. G. A. landed in 1630 with 15,000 men on German shores. The Emperor about this time dismissed this able Wallenstein and appointed Tilly in his place.

After having been appointed commander-in-chief, Tilly besieged Magdeburg, which he conquered and utterly destroyed in 1631.

It is said that this great general amused himself at the cry of the innocent babe when it was torn by the cruel soldiers, out of the arms of its mother and hurled into the flame. But there is a just God who presides over the destiny of man and who puts an end to wickedness.

On the 17th September, 1631, Tilly met on the plains of Britenfeld the great Sweden King, who was mock named Snowkind; but who was overshadowed and protected by a sun of virtue and righteousness of which Tilly could not boast. In all the great battles and strifes which Tilly had fought he had shown himself brave and skillful; he had never lost a battle, and was thought invincible. But that dreary and gloomy picture of Magdeburg overshadowed his bright spirit with darkness; his courage failed him on this momentous occasion, and for the first time the victor of thirty-six battles was conquered—for the first time he sees his stern columns fly. Since that dreadful amusement his fortune has left him. On all occasions he is conquered by the brave men of the north, until at last, at the defence of the river Sichts he is mortally wounded.

Thus the Protestant arms are everywhere victorious. They are at the very gates of Vienna. The Emperor being so pressed he is obliged to call upon his insulted and revengeful Wallenstein, who has returned to Friedland's Castle to plot revenge. And his desire is gratified. He dictates terms to the Emperor, raises armies, is acknowledged the head of Central Europe.

This is a picture in this epoch of human events grand to behold. The will of one man is playing with the destiny of humanity. The name of Wallenstein is a puzzle. The words of the poet are true when he says: "Night it must be where Friedland's stars shall shine." When Wallenstein came again in command he directed his course against the mighty Sweden King, whom he met in battle on the plains of Lutzen, where G. A. fell a victim to his cause. In this battle Wallenstein showed himself to be the man of his age. That was all he wanted to show the world that he could if he would. When

he was at the point of going over to the Protestant he was in 1634, at Eger, assassinated.

From this time the war was carried on with various success on both sides till 1648, when both sides were so exhausted that it was almost impossible to continue the bloody strife. A treaty was made at Swabrick and Munster known as the "Westphalian Peace."

Thus ended a war, the effect of which often is undervalued. It concluded strifes that had existed for centuries, and laid the foundation for others which were to follow centuries afterwards—an example of which we have had in 1870.

AN OLD MANUSCRIPT.

Not many days since there happened to fall into our hands an old manuscript, bearing marks of old age and rough service. A portion of it we have determined to lay before our readers. The subject seems to be the tender passion, in which dissertation the writer after writing at considerable length gives utterance to his thoughts in the following strain:

"And now do you my hearer exclaim like Coplas de Manuque,

Tell me the charms that lovers seek,
In the clear eye and blushing cheek?

If so, though it is too true, that

'All thoughts, all passions, all delights

Whatever stirs this mortal frame,

All are but the ministers of love,

And feed his sacred flame;"

Yet I would have you

'Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,

Love gives itself, but is not bought.'

That

'There is a tide in the affairs of men,

Which taken at its flood leads on to glory;

And that,

'There is a tide in the affairs of women,

Which taken at its flood leads to—God knows where.'

Well might the poet cry,

'O! why did God,

Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven

With spirits masculine, create at last

This novelty on earth; this fair defect

Of nature, and not fill the world at once

With men, as angels, without feminine,

Or find some other way to generate mankind."

This is but a mere moiety of what the old manuscript contains. In short it is a precious old document containing a mine of golden thoughts.

For some reason the junior exhibition has been deferred for a month. Various rumors are in the air, and no doubt they are grains of truth in them all. Whatever the cause may be, we hope when the month has past around that there will be no further postponement. Not having heard the juniororate, we are on the *qui vive* to see how well they will conduct themselves.

A report has been going the rounds that after this year the Field Law Prize is to be discontinued, and perhaps this year. Its foundation we know nothing about, but trust it may be unfounded.

THE NIGHT AFTER THE CONTEST.

One of the young ladies of Stephens College sent us the following for publication :

We were crowded in the study,
Not a girl would dare to speak—
It was the night after the contest;
Ah, well—you know who beat.

We were studying there in silence,
When some one says, "Oh! hush;"
Then I heard a soft voice whisper,
"Hurrah! for Charlie Rush."

Then "hurrah! for Crouch and Blewett,
For Walthall and Chamberlain,"
Came from many different voices,
Do you think we were to blame?

Then the teacher touched the bell
For silence in the room,
And said, with a meaning look,
"You can hurrah for them in June.

It was fearful hard to study,
(But you know we have to do it,)
For our minds would wander off sometimes
To Charlie Rush and Blewett.

SYLVIA.

FROISSART AND HIS CHRONICLES.

The simple tales of old time battle fields, and of the noble deeds of noble men, in which the honest yoeman figures as conspicuously and wields as powerful a lance as the haughtiest knight or most kingly king, are delightful fields in which our care-worn minds may rest.

Such was the character of those battles, that each man of the legion was a warrior, and each warrior capable of being a hero. In those honest days, fortune did not smile on numbers, but on valiant hearts; the tide of battle did not flow with the greatest number of arms, but turned back from the rocks of courage and daring. Armies were not composed simply of men, but of hearts, each heart lending stronger strength and more vigorous vigor to the thrust. Warriors, heroes hearts and met with warriors, heroes and hearts, each warrior warring fiercer, each hero increasing in heroism, and each heart beating higher as the battle waxed hotter.

The deeds which were the offspring of such hearts could not be otherwise than noble, and the stories of them when told by men who were governed by the same motives as their heroes, are interesting to us as life-like pictures of a past age.

Froissart was well versed in criticism and well acquainted with the true method which should be followed in writing a history. He did not wish to make a dry chronicle in which facts were simply related with their dates and the order in which they happened; but he wished to write a true history in which all the facts were presented with all the circumstances attending upon them. He wished to present the details which discover the secret springs which prompt mankind to act, to give details which are precisely those which show the character and the very hearts of the personages which history places on the stage. He desired to preserve for ages to come the

memory of those men and women who had made themselves famous by their courage or their virtues; to give to their actions a value which nothing can lower; and, by amusing his readers as well as instructing them, to create, or increase in their hearts the love of glory by citing the most brilliant examples. He desired to inspire them with a love for war; with that vigilance, which, always on the look out for surprises, is ever ready to surprise others; with that activity which fears neither pain or fatigue; with that contempt for death which raises the mind above the fear of danger; in short, to inspire them with that noble ambition which prompts men to enterprises of the greatest peril.

He places before us all the heroes which, during a whole century, were made by two warlike nations; one of which was incited by successes and achievements as flattering as they were uninterrupted; and the other, roused by its misfortunes was trying to revenge, no matter at what price its own honor and its king.

In so many actions, of which many were extremely glorious to both parties, there were many of an entirely different character, some being noble in the extreme, others quite the reverse. And in these recitals of both noble and ignoble deeds, Froissart endeavors to create as much horror for vice as he wished to inspire love for virtue. And because these recitals were based on the surest truth, and were free from flattery as well as partiality, they made impressions on the heart more perfectly sure and strong.

Froissart has been accused of partiality, and of having sold his pen to the English. Whether or not these accusations are just I may not say. But if candor, truth, a love of right and a hate for wrong, and a determination to laud the right and to declaim against the wrong, be partiality, then Froissart stands guilty of the charge whereof he is accused. No Frenchman could glory more in the brilliant achievements of his nation, whether by land or sea, in the field or in the senate house, than Froissart. No one more than Froissart was willing and ready to acknowledge the merits of the noble deeds of France's foes when they performed them, and to record them with all the fairness they deserved.

If it is partial to do these things, to praise valor wherever found, whether in our own ranks or in those of the foe, to cheerfully acknowledge merit though won at the cost of our own nation, then Froissart is partial; and if it is partial to preserve the memory of those men who by their courage and virtue have made themselves renowned, and for their noble and christian deeds to attempt to make them immortal, then Froissart is deserving of the accusation against him, nor would he, unless I mistake the man, deny the charge, but with a price generated by a consciousness of having done right, plead guilty. The Gre-

cian heroes acknowledged the valor displayed on the Trojan plain, although it issued from the gates of hated Troy; and should a Grecian have dared to accuse them of partiality, a Grecian instead of a Trojan would have ornamented the rear of a chariot in its course of seven times around that fated city.

Froissart hands down to posterity a living picture of an age which was an enemy to repose, and one which between the troubles it was constantly undergoing, could find diversion only in the most turbulent scenes.

The narratives are related without study or art, and are the familiar conversations of a well informed man, who has traveled much and tells his story well. In some places he shows that he knows how to unite the majesty of history with the simplicity of a tale. Such a passage is the narration of the battle of Poitiers, where the Prince of Wales defeats the King of France.

There we see in the Prince a hero far greater by the generosity with which he made use of his victory by his attentions to a conquered prince, and by the respect he always paid him, than by those efforts of courage which had made him triumph.

When his narratives were not of noble subjects he painted such pleasing and true pictures of his age that their should be no complaints.

"I love", says Montaigne, "historians very unaffected or excellent; the unaffected who have not wherewithal to add of their own, and who are only careful to collect and pick up everything that falls within their notice, and to put down everything without choice and without sorting, giving us the opportunity of wholly judging of their truth. Such for example is Froissart who has gone on with his work with such a frank simplicity that having committed a fault, he is in no way ashamed of avowing it; and who tells us the diversity of rumors which were current and the different accounts that were told to him. It is history naked and unadorned; every one may profit from it according to the depth of his understanding."

Gray in a letter to his friend thus addresses him: "I rejoice you have met with Froissart; he is the Herodotus of a barbarous age; had he but the luck of writing in as good a language he might have been immortal! His locomotive disposition, (for then there was no other way of learning things) his simple curiosity, his religious credulity, were much like those of the old Grecian. When you have the good fortune to get to the end of him, there is Monstrelet waits to take you and set you down at Phillip de Commines."

What do the students say to having the trial for who shall represent us next December at Central come off during commencement week this semester?

In this commonplace world everyone is said to be romantic who either admires a fine thing or does one.--[Pope.

The University Missourian.

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EDITORS:

D. M. WILSON, '75. - - - Editor-in-Chief.
C. L. BUCKMASTER, '75, } Associates.
L. HOFFMANN, '76, }
J. W. CHAMBERLAIN, '75.....Literary Editor
A. M. JOHNSTON.....Local Editor.
W. S. TIMMONS, '75..... Business Manager.

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The unusual course pursued by Mr. Tracy as Beecher's counsel in the Tilton-Beecher case, when he read his speech to the jury and taking six days to read it, has led the editor of the "Nation" to give his readers an article on Rhetorical Training. He believes that Mr. T's. action is the sign "of a tendency of considerable moment", and desires to call to it the attention of those who are directly interested in instructing the young men of our colleges in the "art of persuasion." The fear that disastrous results will follow from the neglect of orators in our colleges he declares to be unfounded, notwithstanding the leading men of Harvard seem to be so fearful. According to the "Nation" the "faculty of fluent-speech was never so flourishing as it is at this moment in the United States," that the number of men who are able to make good speeches on ordinary occasions, whether it be on the stump or after dinner has never been greater, and is still increasing—and that since this faculty is steadily growing, and is so widely prevalent, and comes so naturally "it is not unreasonable to set it down as an inherited trait." The American has thrown off that shyness with which his forefathers were afflicted, and has become a natural orator. From these facts and the one that the circumstances of the country are such that they act as a powerful stimulus towards acquiring fluency of speech, he argues that this preliminary training in oratory is entirely unnecessary and probably hurtful.

In explanation of the fact which is cited by the advocates of rhetorical training, that in no country does legislative oratory produce so little effect as in our own, since scarcely ever is a vote changed on its account, and its not being listened to by either friends or foes, he replies, that this absence of effect is for the most part due to the public press and the workings of party machinery.

That these natural orators, although fluent

enough on ordinary occasions, when an extraordinary occasion, one which in itself would kindle sufficient enthusiasm for a brilliant extemporaneous speech, demands his services, comes forward with a huge roll of manuscript, and reads an elaborate essay, is due, not to the want of fluency or skill in the use of language, but "to the want of that good mental training which enables a man to think clearly and to classify and store away his knowledge in such a way that he can produce it promptly when he wants it."

The remedy for this is not in putting young men to speak when they have nothing to say, for they have not yet learned to think, but "in training them in the art of reasoning, in the arrangement of materials, in the quick perception of relations, and in penetrating to the heart of knotty questions and extracting essential facts.

The fluency if it be not naturally wanting in the man will be sure to follow afterwards.

This editorial was of the date March 4th, and in the next number is an able reply from some one at Cambridge.

He thinks that the editor has made the mistake or resorted to the fallacy of sliding from rhetoric to declamation and from declamation to spouting; agrees with him that fluency, glibness, &c., are common enough in this country, and "what we need is not mere glibness or assurance but well ordered brains." But are we to train the intellects of our future ministers, senators and lecturers, and wholly neglect the power of expression?

The case of Mr. Tracy will illustrate this side of the question as well if not better than the other.

The reason for his reading a manuscript speech for six days—it is very reasonable to presume—was that while he could think, reason and write well, he would not trust himself to extemporaneous speaking. Now Mr. Evarts, who will close the case, is one of those men with "well ordered brains," and never writes out a speech. While at college he received rhetorical training, and left Yale College the finest speaker of his day.

The greater number of our good speakers have been trained in their youth in elocution, and with some of those in whom the training least shows it self it was most severe. Of course there is no rule for great geniuses; but still the systems of education must not be based on such exceptions.

There is much more training done by fine speakers than is supposed. Webster, Choate, Channing, Buckminster, Everett, Phillips and Garrison, all of them valued and used it most assiduously.

It is absurd that a man with a well trained mind and possessing vast stores of information should leave college with all the defects of utterance and gesture which he brought with him from the back-woods or from the teaching of some wise rable teacher of elocution in a pretentious "institute." Men make a mistake, or have a vulgar prejudice, when

they say that training in rhetoric and elocution means writing and speaking by men who have too little to say.

Rhetoric is the art of enabling men who have something to say, to say it to the best advantage. And on the store of affection conventionalism and artificiality there is as much and more of these in the popular orator and preacher of the country bar and pulpit than in the boys in our high schools, no matter how badly he has been trained, whether in composition or elocution.

The office of the teacher of rhetoric in our colleges is not to fasten on the boy an artificial style, but to unlearn him of bad tricks in writing and speaking and to develop those good points which may show themselves in him.

It is to harmonize the broken relations of thought and expression, "to enable the man of brain and affections to put himself into communication with the minds and hearts of other men under the most favorable circumstances."

Both the papers are good, and those of our students who are interested in this matter would do well to read them in full, as the above review does not bring out all the points.

We were very much pleased to see the College press of Missouri so well represented at the late convention, and it was quite refreshing to speak face to face with those whose words we have been reading with considerable interest during the present college year. Irving Union, Central Collegian, Westminster Monthly and Pritchett Institute, were all represented. We confess it, we were not ashamed to own our brothers of the quill, but rather feel proud of being personally acquainted with them. Although as editors we held no formal meeting, yet we did to some extent compare notes. Our experiences have a strange coincidence.

We would suggest looking forward at this early date to the contest of next year, that the college press of the State, send representatives to the meeting whose duty it shall be to see exactly on what sort of a foundation they stand, and to devise means whereby college journalism can be brought upon a higher plane, and a broader footing. To resolve upon some feasible plan, so that all working for some definite end, they may unitedly bring that end the sooner about. Let us see to it that our influence shall be such, that when we demand a reform, the powers that be over us shall be forced to grant it on the mere strength of our asking. The sooner we begin to canvass this subject, and to agitate the undertaking such a movement, the better. We ask the college press then to take hold with us, and to respectively propose from time to time, such action as they may deem suitable and proper. Let us hear from you.

Subscribe for this paper.

Our new board of curators met in the Library Room on the 12th and 13th inst.

The present board consists of thirteen members and we are happy to say are all men of experience, and we feel sure that the University will be well guided under their protecting care. They have appointed several committees to investigate and make reports next June.

We would modestly call their attention to the present condition and arrangement of the Library. We as students feel that the Board of Curators are our best friends and intend to do all they can for advancing us in the path of wisdom. We believe that they intend to do for us all that they can. We also know that it is not right for us to dictate, hence we shall not do so. But we as old students and having had experience, both in a circulating and a non-circulating library, beg leave to make statements of a few facts: In the first place we are compelled to pay \$10 each, which, we are told, goes to the support of the Library. This amounts to more than three thousand dollars each year. We have nothing to say against paying this sum. It is all right; the Library ought to be maintained and we are willing to pay the fee, but we can not see to save us, the use of supporting an institution that only the faculty and a few students that happen to live close can enjoy. It is plain to any man that has given the subject a thought without prejudice, and we are sure that men that are able to be our Curators can see that students that live a half mile from the University building can get none or at least very little benefit from the Library.

Suppose a student boards one half mile away and has a half hour for reading, by the time he gets to the Library, and gets seated with his book, it is time for him to return.

Now a goodly number of our students live more than a half mile away. Some as far as a mile.

With all due deference to the opposers of the students in this crusade for literature—we know that their number is small but their experience and their weight with the Board is so great that we tremble at the chances of having the rich stores of literature cut off from us for another ten months.

We expect, yea we almost know that the Board will be told that the books will be lost, yes I suppose the students will steal them. If this is the case we would suggest to our Curators that they convert the basement into a jail, in which to keep our thieves. This is nothing more nor less than a ridiculous view. Books would be lost. How many would be lost? The Library was once a circulating one—we would like to know the list of books that were lost and not replaced by the student loosing. We will risk saying that the loss will not exceed one volume per year.

Now in the name of justice are we all to be debared of the use of so many good books, just because a volume or two will be lost

each year? We think that the money paid into the Library each year will pay for librarians and replace the lost copies too. We have said nothing new so far but we can say something that we are sorry that is true. It is this, a class of books have been almost ruined because the students needing them can not take them to their rooms. This class of books is the speakers. In a few more years and the choicest selections will be all torn from them leaf by leaf. This is a horrible fact, nevertheless it is a fact. The students feel that they have paid for the use of the books and are still debared from the use of them, hence they are incited to the vilest means. They know that they can tear the books and not be caught. Some may do it through a spirit of revenge but we have no doubt that it is done by some because they have not time to copy their declamations and they feel that their ten dollars will compensate.

Now we would like to know whether it is not better to loose a book or two per year and let every student have a chance at literature where he can enjoy it in his own quiet room, or is it better to have one class of books entirely ruined, and the students getting no benefit from the books that now set upon the shelves covered with dust. Who can read anyway where geometrical theorems, algebraic problems, and Greek and Latin lessons are being worked out.

Our present Board is to decide whether this shall continue for another ten months. We ask them in the name of all the students to give the library question a due consideration.

The time is drawing near for the holding of the Inter-State Contest. It is to be held at Indianapolis on the 6th of May. Six states, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri and Wisconsin have selected orators and will contest for the prize. Missouri though not yet a member of the Inter-State Association, is nevertheless to be admitted by the convention, which meets prior to the contest, and will be allowed to appear among the contestants. Our representative is C. B. Rush of Central, of whom we are expecting a great deal. Let him stand by the state as he stood by Central.

Though we have called the attention of our readers to the fact in a former issue, still as the thought comes to our mind we can not refrain from referring to it. It is as regards the exhibitions to take place between this and commencement day. One can easily count a half a dozen. There is Union Literary Exhibition and Junior Exhibition, and Shakespearian Exhibition, and the Normal School Exhibition, and Prize Declamation, and Society Contest, and we couldn't tell you what all besides between this and commencement. Surely of exhibitions there will be no lack.

A student entered a senior's sanctum the other day, and asked him whom '75 had selected to preach their Bacchalaureate sermon. The senior replied no one. Well then said the student how comes it that Dr. Hopson has been chosen, for so say the town papers? The senior confessed his ignorance that such was the case, but on finding out through inquiry that the student was right, concluded after all that it was very proper for this matter to be taken entirely out '75's hands, in as much as the sermon is preached especially for them. We wonder at him however confiding so trustingly in the power of the president to select, since that worthy gentlemen has said there is no senior class in these United States but can run an institution better than the faculty, and in addition to this gave utterance to the rather remarkable statement that he could preach a far better sermon than Whitfield himself. But no matter, the class are well enough satisfied provided Dr. Hopson will accept. In sober earnest we think '75 needs some good man to preach them the true gospel, for they have seen so much hypocrisy and wire-pulling—so much double-dealing and morality preaching, that the faith of the majority has long ere this wavered, or entirely died out. And there are others also not a thousand miles who could stand a very plain, practical, saxon talk, and whom such a talk would do good. Let the devil have his dues; Doctor.

It is wonderful what an influence tradition and the established order and course of events have. For instance prize declamation. Every one must admit that a programme of sixteen speakers would have to be very diversified, or else the speakers be of an extraordinary merit to keep up the interest of the audience all the way through. Still sixteen were selected this year, and in all probability sixteen will be selected next year. Again: the pieces are all required to be prose. No poetry or no dramatic selection is allowed to be spoken. This is not as it should be, and yet scarcely a hand is raised to say nay. And simply because custom has had it so, and men dislike to be pioneers.

We are given to understand that the proposed Inter-Society Contest at Westminster has fallen through, and will not take place as was anticipated. We are sorry this is thus, and if true, trust the boys will have vim enough to get up another one, and carry it through successfully.

In our present number appears the oration of G. W. Walthall of Westminster, second prize orator at the recent state contest. Ben Blewett, the orator from Washington University informs us that the Irving Association has deemed it best not to have his oration published. Consequently but one oration will appear in this number.

The University Missourian.

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The Mammoth Dry Goods House of Samuel and Strawn is justly called the students' store. Boys you can find here everything needed in the way of wearing apparel, and all the requisites necessary for fitting up your rooms. Our ready made clothing department is most complete and was selected with a view to supply your wants. Come and see us students and we will furnish you goods just as your own merchants at your respective homes would.

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Our Literary Editor went to St. Louis last week, but he did not let his visit interfere with his duties in respect to the MISSOURIAN.

The Seniors are reading the Bible now in connection with the lectures on geology. They had to wait a week however until the books came.

The question has been asked, why is it that those who promise so much at college, very often perform so little, in the world? Why is it that those who have surpassed their fellow students in college, are in their turn, surpassed by them in practical life? Two reasons may be assigned. First, because the ambition of the one ceases with his diploma, with the other, it then begins to operate most effectually. Another reason is, that the one enters the world full of theoretical knowledge, but destitute of that plain common sense so essential in practical life, unable in the language of Bacon "to frame his mind to be pliant and obedient to the occasion." The other though inferior in theory has the faculty of accommodating himself to men and measures. Emerson tells us that "men admire the man who can organize their wishes and thoughts in stone and wood and steel and brass." Hence he who can combine theory and practice, who can deal with mind under the influence of passion and prejudice, must win success.

"Consistency thou art a jewel" is a quotation which has degenerated into common place; yet no one knows from whence it came. All say at once, that it is to be found in Seakespeare. We are indebted to a lady friend for our information. It is to be found in an old ballad called "Jolly Robin Rough-head" printed in Mutagh's collection of ancient, English and Scotch ballads. Edingburg 1754.

"Tush! tush my lasst such thoughts resign
Comparisons are cruel;
Fine pictures suit in frames as fine
Consistencies a jewel."

A student fell in the lake the other day and when he was hauled out, he faintly whispered, "boys I didn't care for myself, but I'm engaged."

Messrs. Daniels, Gentry, and Wilson; "old boys" of M. S. U., were here last week to mingle with the young ones and to wipe the dust from many incidents of bye-gone days.

The "First Nine" of the University Club are to play a practice game on May 1st, with a picked nine chosen for the occasion. This will afford them a fine opportunity to display their skill; and to see what can be done in an actual match game. The following members compose the first nine, viz: Johnston, catcher; Hughes, pitcher; Rollins, short stop; Sherman, 1st base; Wilkes, 2nd base; Andrae, 3rd base; Jerrard, left field; Bates, center field; Letcher, right field.

"Silver drips among Ink drops" said a Fresh, as he glanced over the *Chaplet*.

Prize declaimers begin to "howl."

Our Base Ball Club is now practicing "Home Run Gallop" which is to be rendered when the Fulton Club visits us.

"Junior plugs and Sophomore canes" will soon make their appearance.

"Eyes to the right"—said a military chap, as he passed up the opposite side of the street from some college girls.

The Belle of our Hall has ceased her mirth since the absence of a certain young gentleman.—*College Chaplet*.

Alas for the fond hopes of the declaimers; there will be no "Prize Declamation" this year. The Janitor will feel relieved.

Our old friends Geo. F. Davis and Monroe Ellington left us last week. After fully discussing the propriety of going to Texas they came to the conclusion it would be better to let the yellow fever alone for the summer any how. George has located in Milwaukee, Wis., where he is one of the faculty of an institution devoted to the interests of young ladies. If the young ladies in the institution honored by his connection with it are in any way as interesting as those of similar institutions we know of, we envy him his good fortune. Ellington is to spend his summer in Richmond, Ind. We suggested to him to discover if possible whether there is any truth in the popular saying that there ever was an "Indiana Convention," in which remarkable speeches were made.

Cooney and Penter have been in town this week attending circuit court. The old lawyers in town will have to look sharp when Jim and Eli commence at them.

Banks Sebastian an old University student has located in Columbia. He proposes to assist in the dispensation of justice. May he be successful.

One of the seniors at church last Sunday upon the contribution basket being passed to him said he was broke, but that he had some beer tickets which they were welcome to. He was passed by.

Our Literary Editor made a call to Prof. Homer's room at Washington University last week. He found the Professor looking well and happy. The Professor remarked to him that he was looking thin, must have been working hard at Columbia this year he supposed. The Lit. Ed. remarked that he was a modest young man and would refer Prof. to his friends in C—

Our Local left us this week, promising to send on the rest of his "locals." We have awaited in vain for them, and now have to hunt them up ourselves. Mr. Johnston we understand has gone into the banking business. He wasn't in the class in Political Economy. That accounts for it.

Dr. Wood Moss has been retained for a few lectures of advice in regard to the health of the young ladies at Stephens college. Oh! fortunate M. D.

The Columbia Orchestra is in a prosperous condition and is composed mostly of University students. Each member having five or six years experience in the musical art, mostly orchestral; and it is bound to be a splendid band.

If Prof. Hamill's classes would hear some good readings they had better visit Stephens College on Wednesday afternoons. The seniors there have written their last essays, and now favor the lower classes and visitors with select readings.

There are only two of the Stephens college girls that are afraid of a little cow when they meet it in their afternoon walks. While all the rest stopped and dared the cow to "come on," these two timid girls "broke ranks" and ran ahead of the column to avoid danger.

Curators meet in June.

Just anything to fill this column.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne in his "Saxon Studies" calls attention to the habit the people of Dresden have of smoking, and it leads him to remark concerning the genuineness of meerschaum, the material from which all of the pipes are made. In speaking of the difficulty of being certain of the genuineness of your pipe, he says: Meerschaum is like woman's heart—as soft, as light, as brittle, and as enigmatic, and only time and use can prove it true!" Now we as a smoker and a young man susceptible to an extraordinary degree, can fully appreciate the comparison, and our wonder is, that, in as much as we are so unfortunate as to be in the classes referred to, we have never in our long sufferings anticipated Mr. Hawthorne's statement.

Many a meerschaum, so warranted by the dealer, has insinuated itself into our innermost affections as only a pipe can do, and failed to be worthy of the affection bestowed upon it on account of its illegitimacy and then presented to a friend likewise a smoker because we were going to "quit". Our experience with the fair sex has been about the same as with the meerschaums, excepting that we gave up our "adored" to our friend for the simple reason that we had to, we having gone through the process of being "cut out" at the hands of that friend.

We are told that certain seniors, who at the beginning of the year took very little interest in elocution, having at last found out the evil of their way, have formed a class in elocution, and are now reciting three times a week. We deem these gentlemen wise, and believe they will by close study and careful drill be surprised to see what improvement can be effected in so short a time. We can assure them that they will not be throwing away time.

On the evening of Friday the 9th inst., occurred the second annual prize declamation contest at Central. The declaimers were ten in number, and among them C. B. Rush, Inter-Collegiate prize orator, M. M. Hawkins, President State Collegiate Association, and J. P. Lee a former student of the University. The prize, a \$20 gold medal, was awarded by the committee to John Rich. The decision seems to have given general satisfaction.

In this world full often our joys are only the tender shadows which our sorrows cast.—[Beecher.]

Joy descends gently upon us like the evening dew, and does not patter down like a hail storm.—Richter.

A fool's bolt is soon shot.—[Shakespeare.]

The monument of the greatest man should be only a bust and a name. If the name alone is insufficient to illustrate the bust, let them both perish.—[Landor.]

We must take the current when it serves, or lose our ventures.—Shakespeare.

MUSINGS ON AN OLD WATCH.

Of days gone by, the dear ulie,
Sweet sovèrin, then of my sires;
Thou heedest such pensive musings
As the voices of funeral choir.

Thou gift of my grandsir's affection!
Let me pen thee close to my heart;
Not gems, or the gold of Ophir
Cold tempt me with thee to part.

Thou to him wast the gift of a father,
His father called early away,
From the cold, the damp, and the darkness,
To the warm, sunny regions of day.

Thy face, as thy case, is of silver,
Pure and solid—as fitted his mind,
Whose honor was clear as a crystal,
Whose soul was as noble as kind.

When war's blazing bugles were sounded,
And vexed the still air with their blast;
Not the honey-moon's sweetness could charm him;
He was patriot—true to the last.

And whether on march or in bivouac,
The cheerer then wast of his toil;
Till every proud soldier of Britain
No longer polluted the soil.

Oh! fairer than even the vision,
Which breaks in effulgence so bright,
On the soul, when stars are gemming
The azure crown of night.

Oh! fairer than young love's dreaming,
The life of that prince of men;
'Twas a heavenly benediction,
Like Christ on earth again.

From his form, erect and kingly
There beamed a manly grace;
In his blue eye, clear and kindly
There shown the light of peace.

And his lips dropped words of wisdom,
And his hands, rich blessings gave;
And his heart was pure as the water,
Which the throne of Jehovah lave.

'Twas the worth of this noble given
Which hallowed the humble gift,
And thy noblest office, old Watch, is
To him my thoughts to lift.

Like the mould of some old, old forest,
Where seeds find a kindly soil,
And grow to a quick perfection,
With little of care or toil.

His virtues to me were the seed-bed
Where my germinant paven grew;
And to thee, my blessed grandsire,
My heartiest thanks are due.

Thy life was my fairest model,
Thy love was my morning dew;
Thy prayers, the white-winged heralds
To summon me to the true.

And for him, old Watch, I'll love thee
As long as my life shall last;
And charge the son who follows
That he love and hold thee fast.

It is somewhat curious that the age of Shakespeare, was also the age of Spenser, Bacon and Ben Johnson, that as his forerunner was the brilliant Marlowe, so his successor was none other than the majestic Milton. Our curiosity increases when we turn our eyes to France during the reign of Louis Quatorze and behold a Racine, a Corneille, a Moliere, and a Voltaire; then look back to Italy with her famous trilogy, Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio; step forward to the last century and see Germany with her Goethe and Schiller, preceded by a no less famous Luther and Melancthon. Our curiosity begins to fade away, certainty usurps its place, and we begin to feel a spirit of prophecy within us. We can enunciate a certain well-determined law,

THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

It has long been a problem to many minds how the influence of the literary societies of an institution can be extended. That they are of great benefit to the student if rightly conducted all will agree in admitting. As however this is an age of progress, and also one of reflection, the thought naturally brings itself forward: cannot some means be devised by which the societies can be improved. Would it not be an improvement for the societies to have a fixed hour for adjournment, thereby putting a stop to unnecessary discussion and staying up to late hours? Would it not be better for the length of a declamation, or the number of words in an essay to be limited and fixed by a law. Would it not be better to dispense with what is known as "Dramatics" altogether? Would it be desirable to change during the last two months of the second semester the time of holding society from night to afternoon, in as much as then necessarily occur so many interruptions? Would it not be a good thing to have it so arranged that the library of the one society should be open to the members of the other society; and to have a certain time, say a half hour before society opens for drawing out of books?

We put the foregoing as questions, leaving them open for such action as the society sees fit to take.

Many changes have been proposed in regard to our curriculum. A disposition has been manifested to add on to the course all the way up from the preparatory to the senior years. Such addition meets our hearty concurrence, provided a good deal of what is in is taken out. Mind this is a student's view of this matter. We don't say it is especially wise, or logical, but such as it is, we give it. We take it for any university to succeed, it must have scattered throughout its vicinity and state preparatory schools as feeders. To require for admittance more than what these schools can furnish will only serve to hurt the university. So that an attempt to put the modern languages and history in the preparatory classes, that is to require some knowledge of them for admission is not helping to solve problem, how to raise the standard of education one particle. There is also danger requiring too much of making education a mere panot gibberish. Let us do what we do well, thereby gaining a well-deserved reputation for thoughtfulness. Our idea is not to crowd so much into a college course but yet at the same time to have at hand competent instructors and ample means for instruction, so as to give all these so deserving, in the shape of special schools and post-graduates comes the best opportunities for perfecting themselves. This is the idea of a true university, where a man studies only what he deserves, and may pursue that study as extensively as he sees fit.

of wealth, and the corruption of our judges and legislators, and the formation of cliques and rings, is but the reaction of the late civil war that swept over our land, and is of necessity short-lived and of no lasting significance. For when political parties become so blinded to their own interests, and the welfare of the government, as to forget the solid worth of their leaders, and to abandon their fundamental principles, the decline or entire destruction of their cause is inevitable. But there are those, who, looking at everything through the mists of their own morbid imaginations, lay an embargo upon the aspirations of the young by telling them that nothing lies beyond but a shoreless waste, over which the fleets of speculation may sail forever and discover nothing; and that the professions are all full; and that from them no luxuriant fruits can now be realized; and that defeat and failure are inevitable. We can only say like Webster to the young practitioner years ago, "there is room at the top." Conservatism may check for a while the spirit of the age, but it has no power to stop its progress. The world has but just begun to think. And the hour has struck, whether it is desired or not, when all will have to join in the march of progress. The whole order of human society has been changed, and revolutionized, and set up again, as the flood of ages sweeps along. True the road to fame is longer and more tedious than formerly, and those who would gain fresh laurels will have to realize like Columbus, that something still lies beyond our present vision, and then press forward with never-faltering decision.

Look where we may, creation is steeped in seas of mystery. Space stretches upward, downward, outward, until we are lost in the majesty of Him that inhabiteth eternity. Surely there is something beyond, as in mute astonishment we gaze at the temple of Jehovah, founded upon mysteries, covered with mysteries, pillared and balustered with mysteries, and paved and ceiled with its grand mosaic of mysteries. We know there is a God, and yet the nature of the being that dwells in the temple of the universe is a problem that overwhelms the loftiest intellect. His attributes have no horizon—no zenith—no nadir. His purposes stretch themselves into plains whose vastness is bounded only by immensity. Go forth, stand under the dome of nature; look up and view the peopled heavens where sweeps in eternal mazes the majestic hosts of advancing and retreating worlds; listen to the still small voice that comes to the soul; drink in faith—as the fleece spread under the stars drinks in the dew. Let faith plume her wings, for her flight is to be forever. Far within the soul whose thoughts wander this eternity, in science, in religion, there will ever be something higher than man's loftiest efforts of mind, though he stand highest in the fanks of the cherubim that encircle the throne of the Almighty. When the soul conveyed by angels mounts upward from the death couch, enters the gates of the celestial city, stands beneath the emerald rainbow, by the crystal sea within the jasper walls, wears the crown of gold and strikes the golden harp as the choral song of the redeemed rings beneath the canopy of the many mansions, there will still be something beyond in the great metropolis of Him who was, and is, and is to come, the Almighty.

A friendship that makes the least noise is very often the most useful; for which reason I should prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one.—[Addison.]

A fool's bolt is soon shot.—[Shakespeare.]

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