



"Fax Mentis Incendium Gloriæ."

Vol. VI.

STATE UNIVERSITY, COLUMBIA, MISSOURI--SEPTEMBER 1876.

No. 1

## LITERARY.

### HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

The purse that held the fop went down,  
His sweeping debts rolled on,  
And then he seized some woolly crown,  
Some negro's darling son.  
The little darkie well was thrashed,  
But dared not still complain,  
He grinned for joy at his release,  
He never smiled again.

They brought the coxcomb into court,  
The least of his design,  
And charged for his peculiar sport  
A thirty dollar fine.  
The wealthy townsmen all were there  
To see what he would feign;  
He hung his head and left the court,  
He never smiled again.

He sat where whisky bowls went round,  
He heard the negroes sing,  
He stayed where billiard halls abound  
In every fiendish thing.  
His nightly revels failed to soothe,  
He tried, but all in vain,  
That court house haunted still his mind,  
He never smiled again.

And shortly was he called one day,  
Before the faculty,  
To hear what they might have to say  
About his destiny.  
A furlough soon was handed him,  
Bound for the evening train,  
He left with chin upon his chest,  
He never smiled again.

The buggy of the President  
At midnight did he take,  
And then, as if on vengeance bent,  
Upset it in the lake.  
▲ shocking sight when brought to land,  
Covered with mud and stain,  
The President could only groan,  
He never smiled again.

Our youth worn out with such a life,  
Now sought his lady's heart,  
And asked her to become his wife,  
That they might never part.  
We know not what reply she gave,  
He did not long remain,  
He left the house with downcast looks,  
He never smiled again.

### A VISIT TO THE SEA SHORE.

A person who takes a centennial trip to the "Banner City" and returns, without visiting one of the many watering places on the sea shore, loses a great pleasure. He leaves in his diary many blank leaves, which would otherwise have abounded in lively accounts of sea side experience; and, according to our judgment, he should not be permitted to see the dawning of our next centennial.

It was our good fortune to spend a day at

Atlantic City, which is about three hours ride from Philadelphia. It is a small, sandy, greenless, but fashionable sea-side resort.

The people here seem to look to tourists chiefly for their support. From the time you reach this burg till you leave it, you are constantly besieged by a host of dirty, hungry looking venders of the lemonade, peanut, fruit, or crab persuasion, who seemed to think that we had come to their town to spend a day in eating and drinking. I counted, on our train alone, twenty members of this order.

The most hopeless case that I met was one who tried to excite my hunger by thrusting 'neath my nose a basket of ugly things, (the perfume of which was strong enough to twist the strongest nasal organ all out of shape,) and then very persistently begging me to buy some nice, fresh, boiled crabs. This was more "scent"-ennial than I had bargained for, and failing to appreciate the odor of this sea vegetable I endeavored to keep as far as possible from all crab mongers. After strolling up and down the beach in an unsuccessful search for curious shells, and often measuring o'er and o'er with our astonished eyes the vast expanse of waters which stretched so far away that sky and sea seemed blended into one continuous blue, we decided to join with the rest in a sea bath. We entered one of the many bathing establishments lining the beach, and for 25cts procured the use of

a bathing suit and an apartment in which to put it on. In a few minutes we were ready for a wrestle with the waves, which with their increasing roar seemed to be challenging us on to the combat. You would laugh to see us dressed in our bathing costumes. It consists simply of three parts, a blue flannel blouse, with a broad belt, Turkish trousers to match, and a scedy looking, coarse, broad-brimmed straw hat, tied down with old, faded, red tape strings. In this simple attire with their "white feet glancing bare," one sees the fashionable blondes and belles, who probably the night before appeared so charmingly and gracefully among a crowd of admirers in the drawing room, or at the ball. Now as she appears in the more simple attire of a sea nymph, we have the opportunity of seeing her as she is. There is only one fourth the amount of hair on her head now that we saw her display last night. Then, "angels and ministers of grace defend us!" we thought none but men were blessed with corns, bunions, and "sich like." But there

they are. The foot that last evening seemed so comfortably nestled in a dainty white satin shoe, displays many a bump, the cost of wearing tight shoes. Just imagine now four or five hundred students of both sexes, dressed in this manner, and paddling about the shores of "Lake St. Mary," and you will have a faint conception of the scene which we witnessed. Only that none of us wear false hair or tight shoes. We would recommend this as a suitable uniform for our military department, and presume that our young ladies, dressed in this novel style, would not object to taking part in the healthful drill exercise. Then, being cheap it is within the reach of all. Our suit reminded us of childhood's days, when dressed in our little flannels, we were ready to take up the nightly collection of kisses before entering the land of trundle-beds. At first, we, as well as the ladies, were a little timid about appearing barefooted, and in our new attire, before so many people. But as most every one was dressed alike, the novelty soon wore away and at 11 A. M. we entered the surf with fun as our object, and fun we had. The tide was high, owing [as many sea-wise folks told us] to the unusual roughness of the sea that day. We found the sandy beach firm, and the water clear, agreeably warm, but very briny and bitter. This scene in which we took part was full of interest and amusement. Two or three hundred people, men, women and children, dressed alike, were tumbling, rolling and jumping about in the raging, foaming surf. At first, not thinking the force of the waves would be great, we made no efforts to resist them, and consequently they drenched and tumbled us about just as they pleased.

But not wishing to tire our readers with too much of this at once, we will stop here and complete the account in our next.

### HARDIN COLLEGE.

Hardin College, Mexico, Mo., under the presidency of A. W. Terrill, opened with one hundred and forty students, the present session. The rapid rise of this college has been no more wonderful than the skill by which it has been conducted. Pres. Terrill is a thorough scholar, an excellent instructor, and a fine disciplinarian. The new buildings, just completed, together with the old, furnish ample provisions. We would suggest to the young ladies that nowhere will they receive a more thorough education and at a less expense than at Hardin College.

*Ladies' Department.*

EDITORS—Miss Laura A. Johnson, Miss Lizzie N. Field and Miss Ida Hayes.

Owing to the late hour at which the editors of this department were elected the ladies were unable to furnish us with any articles for this number, but will be able to fill their columns regularly in the future.

## LITERARY.

## "THE EVE OF ST. AGNES."

In point of elegant language, rich imagery and poetic expression, *The Eve of St. Agnes* is a poem that can be favorably compared with the most wonderful productions of poetical genius. It has not the grandeur of a Milton, the voluptuousness of a Byron, or the flippant sentimentalism of a Moore; yet, its pure and sweet strains of music find an echo in every heart, and at once enlist our sympathy and excite our admiration.

St. Agnes was a Roman Virgin who suffered martyrdom during the reign of Diocletian. A short time after her death, her parents are said to have seen her in a vision. She was surrounded by angels and attended by a white lamb which, afterwards, on account of this, became sacred to her. A superstition, so prevalent among the Catholics of that day, was that after performing certain religious rites the damsels might get a sight of their future husbands in a dream. Our poet has embalmed an incident of this superstition in his rich and elegant language, and in it shall it live forever.

The story may be briefly told as follows: St. Agnes' Eve had come, and, within the hallowed precincts of a quaint old Catholic monastery, listening to some old dames as they spoke of the sweet dreams of St. Agnes, stood Madeline in all her beauty and loveliness. This night she was to dream of him who, in the future, would be her companion throughout life's varying scenes. Long she lingered, listening to their honied words, but, in the meantime, young Porphyro had come, and now, with his heart on fire with love for her, stood at the gate pleading for one glimpse of his loved one. Finally by the assistance of an old beldame, he was admitted, and having passed along the dark and gloomy halls, at last found his way into a small latticed room where Madeline that night was to repose. He shut himself up in a narrow closet, and ere long Madeline entered all alone, and closed the door behind her. She knelt beside her low bed, and asked the divine grace and boon. Her vespers done, she arose and having removed her outer garments and extinguished the light, stood still for a moment at the bed-side. As she stood there, while the mellow light of the silvery moon fell through the narrow casement upon her lovely person, she seemed a "splendid angel, newly dressed, save wings, for heaven." It was but a moment, and she, nestled within the soft coverlets, soon sank into sweet repose.

Then Porphyro crept forth from his place of concealment and, stealthily crossing the carpeted floor, in an instant was at her bed-side. Having gazed for a moment upon her fair and beautiful face, he took up her idle lute and began to play an ancient ditty. Aroused by the unwonted sound, Madeline lifted her head and stared at him. When he saw her large lustrous eyes open full upon him, he sank upon his knee. She gazed upon his bent figure with an empty stare, as if just recovering from a dream. She imagined that he was the image of her future husband and, recognizing him as dear Porphyro, gave utterance to her lasting affection for him. Thus encouraged he arose and while love animated his breast and hope inspired his soul, thus addressed her:

My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!  
Say, may I for aye be thy vassal blest?  
Thy beauty's shield, heart shaped, and vermeil-dyed?  
Ah! silver shrine, here will I take my rest,  
After so many hours of toil and quest—  
A famished pilgrim, saved by a miracle,  
Though I have found, I will not rob thy rest  
Saving of thy sweet self; if thou thinkest well  
To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,  
For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee.

She obeys; swiftly together down the dark stairway they speed; they reach the entrance, remove the bars and open the massive doors. Already the moon had gone down in the west, and now the first gray streaks of early dawn began to appear in the eastern sky. Soon they are far away from the monastery, flying like two summer birds before the cold blasts of winter, and seeking for the more genial climes of a tropical sun, there to live in mutual affection and love.

## IS GOLDSMITH RIGHT?

Goldsmith it is who has versified and transmitted to us the following lines, so discordant to our feelings:

"What is friendship, but a name,  
A sound that lulls to sleep;  
A shade, that follows wealth or fame,  
And leaves the wretch to weep.  
And love is but an emptier sound,  
The modern fair one's jest;  
On earth unseen, and only found  
To warm the turtle's nest."

Poor Goldie! His words are pretty plain. He makes a statement, which, if we were to accept as true and act accordingly, would put an end to all our earthly happiness. The poor bachelor poet seemed to be (notwithstanding his literary talent, which was quite capable of working and bringing to light many rich gems from the mine of his prolific genius) peculiarly unfortunate in the choice of his associates. He certainly had forgotten how the fruit of true love at his own home tasted in childhood; and, after leaving his birth place, he surely must ever after have been sipping from the cup of pretended friendship. We assume that he was greatly lacking in the ability to judge who was, and who was not, to be trusted.

This would satisfactorily account for the many mistakes he made in choosing associates. When he thought he had found a friend, it turned out to be a leech, which, as soon as Goldie's purse became lean, deserted him, and left him both friendless and moneyless. Then in the midst of his extremity, his imagination being fired by disappointment and disgust, he gave utterance in the above manner.

What, say that friendship is "but a name," and love but an "emptier sound!" Why, that sounds like a command to tear up our hearths, brake up the family circle, and pull down our dear old homes. It is stamping as counterfeit the expressions of affection which devoted parents so affectionately and constantly bestow upon their children. It is counting as dross the tenderness lavished by a loving husband upon his beloved wife. To make such an ascertainment is to question the love which God himself, as well as a crucified Savior, have manifested towards unworthy humanity. Indeed, 'tis a pity that such a false idea should be woven into attractive verse, and, together with the better fruits of his genius, be handed down to posterity. For many thoughtless persons, who may have gone through an experience similar to the poet's, would in their prejudiced state of mind accept his lines as true, and teach the same doctrine to others. True the world is, generally speaking, a bunch of deception, but not wholly so. We may have many so-called friends, but we will by experience learn that our list of true friends is comparatively small. But there is nothing perfect here in this sinful world, and because some do not prove true we are not to understand that none will. You might as well say that, because one piece of coin is spurious, all other coins must be accounted such, and refuse to accept any more. A man living on this principle would soon starve to death. So in a moral sense of the argument. If we should denominate all friendship as false, and retire within ourselves with the determination of accepting no one's esteem, we should soon die for the want of that which we could have had without asking.

Certainly such a person would die. For no more can a man (and I am presuming him to be a man in the full sense of the term,) live without the influence of love and friendship, than a plant can live without the sun's heat and light. Blot out the sun from his place in the heavens, and at the same time you quench every spark of vitality on the face of this earth. Pronounce all friendship and love as false, and you will convert the whole human family into a set of raving maniacs.

For our part we prefer to take our chances, and ascertain who are our true friends, in whom we may confide, and from whom we may expect true and unadulterated love, than to consign ourselves to a bachelor's life (that living walking argument against celibacy) or run the risk of having to take a berth in an insane asylum.

It is to be hoped that Goldie has met with better success in the next world.

LITERARY.

DECAY.

When joyful spring clothes the trees in a thick, green foliage, and all nature puts on its verdant robe, everything is beautiful. The cloudless sky, the murmuring stream, the verdant grove, and the purple mountain, all are beautiful and enchanting. The woods echo the grateful songs of warbling birds, and the hills and vales swell the glad anthem of praise. But, after a few months, how changed does everything appear! The woods are stripped of their foliage, and the meadows, which, formerly were a perfect matted green, are now sear and barren. The crisp leaves, as they float in the wind among the moaning trees, wear a look of peculiar desolation.

This change from the beauty of spring to the gloomy desolation of winter adds its testimony to the universality of decay. Decay is written upon every leaf that rustles in the breeze, upon every blade of grass that covers the earth, upon everything that nature has created or man can fabricate.

Man, the culmination of creation, the connecting link between heaven and earth, feels its power. We see a youth, glowing with beauty; his step is elastic; gracefulness marks every movement of his limbs; his cheeks blush in the very perfection of health, while his countenance is illumined by the roseate hues of hope. Again, we see him. Now his form is bent; silvery locks encircle his wrinkled brow, and his hand grasps the staff that sustains him in his march to the grave. Thus, the mouldering hand of decay receives into its vast workshop each successive generation and stamps it with that impress which gives it a passport from the scenes of time into the realms of eternity.

While the animate world is thus subject to its action, the inanimate is not free from its influence. "The gigantic bulwarks of genius and the ponderous tomes of learning" must endure this sentence of the Creator. The lofty columns of Greece, displaying all the beauty, strength and elegance of ancient architecture, lie heaped in indiscriminate ruin, at the foot of the Acropolis. That mighty and grand Coliseum, the pride of Rome and the wonder of the whole world, which might seem to be impregnable against the ruin of time and the destruction of ages, exhibits the effect of decay. Babylon, the miracle of antiquity, which revelled in all the richness of oriental magnificence, "where glory blazed and went out; where beauty dwelt and passed away;" the abode of luxury and the cradle of pride, now nestles in its bosom the slimy lizard, and wild beasts make their dens amid its magnificent ruins.

Man may rear his mighty works; he may erect gigantic structures and adorn every country with his magnificent creations, but all these are alike doomed to decay.

Thus we see the vanity of man manifested

in endeavoring to erect grand monuments of skill, to speak to coming generations his fame and to render his name immortal. But the inevitable workshop of decay receives these splendid monuments through its open portals and closes its ponderous doors upon them, shutting them up forever from the gaze of the world and the admiration of posterity.

THOUGHTS ON BYRON.

Scarce three quarters of a century have elapsed since the firmament of the literary world was bestudded with a host of bright and shining lights, the like of which the world has not since seen. Some bore pleasure and profit to the scientist, groping down deep in the earth for her hidden mysteries; some to the philosopher, seeking after the grand laws of nature; others to the lover, pierced by Cupid's sweet arrows, and to the inhabitant of the world of imagination.

Byron belonged to that constellation which gave its light to illumine the uncertain path of the lover and the devotee of fiction. He called himself in one of his poems "the grand Napoleon in the realm of rhyme," and there is indeed a striking similarity between the suddenness and splendor of his literary career, and the meteoric rise and dominion of the "child of destiny." His writings now extant are numerous and varied, some are as lofty and sublime as the most fastidious taste could wish, while others are as sensual and voluptuous as the basest could ask. Yet in all are found many passages of inimitable beauty and sublimity, which thrill the very soul of the pensive reader. "Words that breathe and thoughts that burn" are not merely the ornaments, but form the common staple of his poetry. With the hand of the skillful artist, he could paint in bold and glowing colors every emotion of the mind and aspiration of the soul. We see in all of his principal heroes a striking similarity of character. They all have reached the same goal of despair by different roads; have drained the intoxicating cup of fame with feverish avidity; have been the prey of the most violent passions, and have supported life only by an unquenchable pride and an inflexible will. His great work Childe Harold alone is sufficient to give immortality to his name. He wrote this great poem, ever ascending in magnificence and beauty, inspired by the most august objects of heaven and earth, the midnight skies, the alpine mountains, sublimities of mighty rivers and oceans, and the basking beauties of a southern clime.

But while gazing upon his brilliant attainments, and in admiration of the Poet, we shall not forget the man. The greater part of his life was passed amid the gay splendors and frivolities of foreign courts, and yielding a willing obedience to these allurements he became one of their faithful votaries. Yet his character certainly has its redeeming points, for among other things of the highest com-

mendation, we see him melting into pity at distress, sympathizing with misfortunes, and lending an open hand to poverty. He was a child of ease and luxury, was the darling of the people, and quaffed the cup of popular applause. And yet when the groans of unhappy Greece reached his ears, he girded on his sword and buckler, flew to her rescue, and proved to the world that a poet could be a warrior. Here he poured out his life's blood in behalf of oppressed Greece and the triumph of Liberty. His memory is enshrined in the hearts of every Grecian, the benefactor of whose country he was. In no short life was there more to condemn and to applaud, to wonder at and to deplore.

But now that he has left us—now that he has ceased his song beneath the skies, and gone to another world, let us not break the silence of the tomb; let him sleep on in peace and let him wear the palmy wreath he has won. That is a dastard heart that could trample on the blighted flower; that could laugh loud over the quiet urn of genius, and play its game of merriment with its crumbling fragments.

Yet he will ever be remembered in his country's language, and

"No dull oblivion  
Shall ever bar his name from out the temple,  
Where the dead are honored by the nations."

JEAN.

DON'T BLAME ME.

A REVERIE.

I've been thinking of my faults, till my heart is 'bout to break,  
How many are the foes, how few the friends I have!  
While still within my inmost heart, sincere affection lies,  
The priceless gift of human love I well know how to prize.  
Yet often those I love the most, have not one thought for me,  
And when I look for smiles, indifference I see,  
The pleasant words that rise upon my lips soon die,  
Leaving me mournfully to crush my sorrow and my pride.  
I strive that I may not offend, I check each careless word,  
I seek to hide from others' ears dark tales my own have heard,  
I would not, even by a thought, add to another's grief,  
Yet often have I given pain, where I would bring relief  
Sometimes, when my changeful mood would bring feelings joyful and gay,  
When in my eagerness I cease to guard the words spoken in play,  
A word, which in itself is naught, is made to seem unkind,  
Bright thoughts for evil pass, and tears I shed where I expected smiles.  
And now I'm lonely, my heart is throbbing fast,  
And tears are gathering in my eyes for follies that are past,  
Yet well I know by suffering, the spirit is made pure,  
So I would calmly bear the pain, God wills I should endure.

It is right amusing to see the students now in college for the first time, some of whose heads are as empty as their pockets, stepping around so proudly, putting on style, and becoming so indignant when you propose to credit them for the MISSOURIAN. Before they reach their senior year they will learn that money is not character.

Allen L. Olive  
Aug. 10, 1955

# The University Missourian.

PUBLISHED FOR THE

## STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY

AT THE STATESMAN OFFICE.

TERMS, - - - One Dollar Per Year.

E. D. PHILLIPS - - - Editor-in-Chief.

T. L. MONTGOMERY, } ..... ASSOCIATES.  
F. W. HOUCHEMS, }

FLETCHER COWHERD.....LITERARY EDITOR.

C. B. KEMBLE.....LOCAL EDITOR.

F. M. BROWN.....BUSINESS MANAGER.

### TERMS:

One College Year (in advance).....\$1 00  
Single Copies..... 10

THE MISSOURIAN is published by an editorial corps appointed by the Athenæan and Union Literary Societies.

THE MISSOURIAN is forwarded to every subscriber until all arrearages are paid, and an explicit order to the contrary given.

NO ANONYMOUS communications will be published.

Strange feelings come o'er us as we for the first time seat ourselves upon the editorial bench of the MISSOURIAN. We remember how in our Freshman year we looked upon this place with a kind of reverence. Little then did we know of the duties of an editor. We looked upon him as a blessed fellow, who had simply to seat himself in an easy chair among piles of manuscripts from which he could soon obtain enough material to fill the columns of the largest paper in Christendom. But the sun of reality has dissipated the mirage of youth and now we stand in the middle of a broad desert, looking eagerly around for a rich oasis, from which to supply our literary wants. As the ambitious but unskilled youth, who, surrounded by gallant and well trained heroes, attempts for the first time to hurl the dart or wield the foil, (suspicious lest his awkwardness may give rise to jeers and taunts from the crowd of critics standing near,) so we in assuming the responsibilities attached to our new offices, naturally feel some timidity on entering upon the discharge of our duties. While we are ambitious to do our best in whatever we undertake, still surrounded as we are by so many of wider experience and greater ability, we tremble a little before directing the quill. If we can gain the hearty support of both students and faculty in this work, we will be greatly encouraged and strengthened; but without this we can never expect to make our little paper interesting, instructive or popular. We would have the MISSOURIAN to be the pride of every student, and the means of accomplishing good in our midst. We would like to feel that it is a welcome visitor in every students' sanctum, rather than to see it used simply as an advertising vehicle traveling from the printers' press to the students' waste basket.

Nor do we expect, or desire, to be alone in this good work, but earnestly invite the as-

sistance of all students, who are willing and able to aid us, both as subscribers and literary contributors. For unity of thought and action, deep interest in the paper, constant and enviable peace between students and faculty—these and these alone can crown our labors with success, and make our MISSOURIAN a good college paper. Then let all write who can, that we may have an abundance of material from which to select, and thus be enabled to present as great a variety of reading matter as possible. Let it be understood that the MISSOURIAN belongs to the students in common. That it was instituted for the express purpose of improving their literary talents, and that it looks to them for hearty support.

Hoping that our readers will look a little blindly upon our first weak efforts to please all, we very modestly lay before them our first issue.

This year makes an era in the history of our University. Its roll of duties is handed out to us in an order very different from any former year. Its laws, regulations and customs have assumed a very different aspect. In a word, a new general stands at the head of the army. We acknowledge the wisdom evinced in the changes that have occurred, and congratulate the already prosperous and rapidly rising State of Missouri on the brilliant future that evidently lies just ahead of her University. But far be it from us, as students, to reflect any discredit upon the worthy name of the one who for the past ten years has so nobly fought the battles of the University. He is a man of high culture, fine official ability, and gentlemanly bearing.

But in the exchange of Presidents, it is but natural and perfectly just that all effort should be exerted in changing everything connected with the University for the best, so far as any change is necessary.

The number of students has greatly increased, and we hope that during the year they may equal the highest number of Dr. Read's administration. The hour for the meeting of the two literary societies has been changed from Friday night to Saturday morning. This change, we feel assured, will result in the highest good of the societies. Under the former system, it was usual for the members to be kept in their halls at night until twelve o'clock, and not at all uncommon to be there at one. Of course, before this time the members were very much fatigued, and the latter part of the exercise was simply a failure, at least to a very great extent. Not until nine or ten on the following morning were the bodies sufficiently invigorated by sleep to begin the duties of the day, and even then there was but little disposition to begin the toils of study, and the day being far spent the remainder was usually wasted in some sport.

We hope, and feel confident, that the present system will prove a grand success.

It appears that in our present leader has been vested a universality of power unknown to our former Presidents, or, at least, unexercised by them. From some cause, unknown to us, it appears that Dr. Laws' predecessors had come to be little more than supervisors of the department of science represented by them. They appear to have descended to an equality with the other professors, each being supreme head of his own department. Dr. Laws, we think, stands on the platform laid in the beginning, and designed to be occupied by the President of a University. The necessity for an *ultimatum* is too apparent to be enforced. There must be one whose word is final, from whose decision there is no appeal, whose eye is constantly glancing into the minutiae and intricate workings of the entire University system. Such power is held and exercised by Dr. Laws, and the prosperity of the school under these regulations, of course, rests solely upon his sagacity and executive ability. And we earnestly hope that he may enforce his discipline so rigidly, uncompromisingly, and indiscriminately, as to cut off, at once, all those innocent amusements(?), base tricks, which have formerly been played in such defiant transport. One idea, however, has been suggested under the present administration, the wisdom of which we are at a perfect loss to comprehend: that of holding devotional exercises at the University on Saturday and Sabbath morning the same as other mornings and requiring the attendance of all the students. Of course this will meet the general disapprobation of the students. Hence their morals will be little benefitted, for forced morality accomplishes but little for the human race.

Moreover, students usually lay out a greater amount of labor for Saturday than any other day, and to require them to spend the early part of the day at something else is to put an end, to a great extent, to the work of the entire day.

Comparatively few of the students are society members, and with all others would arise the difficulty just named.

On Sabbath morning students wish to prepare for Sabbath school, or read religious books. Hence a further obstacle.

We hope that the practice may not be forced upon us, for we feel it unwise not to say unjust.

'Tis well known that many of our states have erected (on the exhibition grounds at Philadelphia,) for the benefit of their own citizens what are termed State Buildings, which show various degrees of cost. They comprise tents, log houses, and costly cottages. Well, one of Maine's rustics on entering the main exhibition building, inquired of a policeman where the Maine building was. "You are in it now," replied the policeman. The man cast his astonished eyes over the great display of products from all parts of the world and exclaimed—"Well, aint she a going it. That's just like my state, she never does anything by halves."

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Prof. Wm. H. Cole of Ohio, has been elected to fill the chair of English, History and Elocution in the University. Prof. Cole is a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan University, of fourteen years' standing. Immediately on his graduation he was elected to the chair of English, in that University, whose duties he discharged for six years. Since then he has been connected with the public schools of Ohio, Tennessee and Kansas, steadily preparing himself for the department in some college of high standing, to which he has just been chosen.

He is the author of a work on elocution which is considered as good. In his presence and manner the Professor makes a good impression on those who meet him, and we hope his work in our midst will vindicate the wisdom of the committee's action, and make him a valuable acquisition to the educational force of the State.

DEATH OF CHARLES W. KING.

In announcing the death of Mr. King it is the least of our design to establish a reputation for him, and make those among whom he spent the last year of his life feel that a noble youth has fallen. Deeply has the community already felt this fact. His reputation is established, and his name indelibly written on the hearts of his associates and acquaintances. A year ago he came into our midst—no eye flashed more brightly, and no cheek told of a longer life. Nor did it require weeks to be known that he was champion of his class. And soon the students began to feel that a superior one was in their midst. The splendor which at first glittered so brightly around his intellectual character grew brighter and greater during his entire sojourn with us. In the class-room failure was a stranger to him. A fluent writer and a charming speaker. His voice in speaking was characterized by just enough of the eastern brogue to render him exceedingly attractive. His gesticulation was excellent, and he had almost perfect command of his voice. As a writer he certainly knew no equal in the University. Language seemed perfectly at his command in the selection of words to express his ideas. He had an enviable power in arranging sentences, and above all his power of thought, his fertile imagination, and his acuteness of observation offered a rich abundance of thought to be expressed. During the year he was a correspondent, more or less, of the MISSOURIAN; and the eulogies lavished upon his productions by the journals of the east, where he was utterly unknown, clearly showed the esteem in which he was there held as a writer. We are informed that he was an editor at sixteen. Be that as it may, at the close of the college year, during which he had attended our University, he was elected Literary Editor of the UNIVERSITY MISSOURIAN for the ensuing year. Not unfrequently does our college paper

spread before the public the tidings of a student departed, but seldom does it announce the death of its own editor, and such an editor, too, as Charles W. King. His intellectual power would have rendered him admirable, but it remained for his kind, unassuming, and highly social nature to endear him to the hearts of his associates. In the ability to adapt himself to all circumstances he was complete. In any civil assemblage, whatever the variety of its character, solemn, gleeful or religious, he found himself perfectly at home, and caused his companions to richly enjoy his society. Together with his admirable intelligence and lovely social nature, his morality was of the purest type. During his stay at college, he became a member of the Baptist church, and ever afterward lived an honor to the cause.

And he passed away in the pride of his youth, and the loveliness of his nature, when his twenty-first summer had just come to its close. The college year was just opening, and he was preparing to be again one of our number, when those eloquent lips became cold; and that heart, which so often had throbbed in unison with ours, forever ceased to beat. His light blazed for a short summer day, gloriously but serenely, and was suddenly lost to our sight.

As we meditate upon the reality, we almost unconsciously recoil at the thought, and refuse to believe that it is actually King who has been hurried out of our midst into the unknown beyond, and we would fain believe that it is a dream, a phantom. But the unrelenting reality sounds again in our ears the tidings that he's dead. He's gone, gone. But the flashing star that has disappeared from our firmament has but ascended another sky, to pour forth its flood of light, which, through eternity, will increase in abundance, purity, and splendor.

Earnest toil will seldom fail,  
Learn the maxim while you may;  
Life is not a fruitless tale,  
Age is not a holiday.

Stern the duties you must meet,  
Meet them with a master hand;  
In the path beneath your feet,  
Tread the tempter where you stand,  
Heed what duties each demand.

TRIBUTE TO C. W. KING.  
UNION LITERARY HALL,  
Sep. 23, 1876.

WHEREAS, A beneficent providence has seen fit to remove, by death, our fellow-member, C. W. King; be it resolved by the members of the Union Literary society,

1st, That in the death of our brother, we feel the loss of an ardent co-laborer, a sincere friend, and of one who in his intercourse with us, gave promise of an efficient and useful manhood.

2nd, That we extend our sympathies to the relatives of deceased, and join with them in regret and sorrow for so great a loss.

3rd, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the relatives of our deceased brother, and other copies furnished to the "Hermann Advertiser" and the University MISSOURIAN, for publication.

J. G. BABB,  
T. L. MONTGOMERY, } Com't.  
H. B. DAVIS,

THE SOCIETIES.

The various literary societies of the University have opened under most flattering circumstances. Already the elegant halls are being filled with young men, who propose making the most of the golden opportunities here afforded them, for improvement in oratory, composition, debate and declamation. The omens are most propitious, and they enter upon their duties fully confident of making this year successful in every respect.

The importance of literary societies in institutions of learning is conceded by all. In them are afforded facilities for cultivating beauty and elegance of expression, and that easy and graceful style of delivery, which can be acquired in no other place so well. They here become habituated to the practices of deliberative bodies, and acquaint themselves with parliamentary laws and usages. In after life the culture here gained will remove many an obstacle and make easy many an otherwise difficult duty. We urge all persons attending the University to join one of these societies.

SELECTED.

AN APT RETORT.

"So you have finished your studies at the seminary? I was much pleased with the closing exercises. The author of that poem—Miss White, I think you called her—bids fair to become known as a poet."

"We think the authoress will become celebrated as a poetess," remarked the young lady pertly, with a marked emphasis on two words of the sentence.

"Oh!—ah! replied the old gentleman, looking thoughtfully over his spectacles at the young lady. "I hear her sister was quite an actress, and under Miss Hosmer's instructions will undoubtedly become quite an sculptoress."

The young lady appeared irritated.

"The seminary," continued the old gentleman, with imperturbable gravity, "is fortunate in having an efficient board of manageresses. From the presidentess down to the humblest teacheress, unusual talent is shown. There is Miss Harper, who as a chemistress is unequaled, and Miss Knowles has already a reputation as an astronomeress. And in the department of music few can equal Miss Kellogg as a singeress."

The young lady did not appear to like the chair she was sitting on. She took the sofa at the other end of the room.

"Yes," continued the old gentleman, as if talking to himself, "those White sisters are very talented. Mary, I understand, has turned her attention to painting and the drama, and will surely become famous as a painteress, and even as a lectureress."

A loud slamming of the door caused the old gentleman to look up, and the criticess and the grammarianess was gone.

Says Andrew Fuller, "Speaking ostentatiously of anything laudable in ourselves is the way to mar all the peace or pleasure that we enjoy in it." Subpreps, please make a note of this.

# The University Missourian.

## LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

*We send copies of this our first issue of our Missourian for this session to our old subscribers and cordially request them to renew their subscription.*

Dr. Laws says that he has never yet seen a college genius who in after life amounted to anything.

There are up to present writing 275 students in the University, among whom there are forty young ladies.

One of our "reverend" seniors and an associate of the MISSOURIAN, on seeing it announced in the *Herald* that Hell Gate (N. Y.) would soon be blown up, swearingly exclaimed—"Just look! publishing such a thing as THAT in a paper."

Said a pompous fellow who had been to the centennial as he stood brow beating his auditors: "I have visited the centennial."

Replied one of less vanity but of more wit: "So has this cane I hold in my hand, but it is only a stick for all that."

We hope our new students will read our editorial and from it ascertain what the MISSOURIAN really is.

Gold pens a specialty. Gilman, Dorsey & Co. Society badges, Athenæan, Union Literary & Co. for sale by Gilman, Dorsey & Co.

Slates, steel pens, paper and envelopes, record and other blank books in great abundance, for sale by Gilman, Dorsey & Co.

Students will bear in mind that we will furnish anything in the drug line to make them feel sound and healthy. Those who trade with us soon grow fat. GILMAN, DORSEY & CO.

Prof. Schweitzer says: "Man can't live without prepared food." Neither can the MISSOURIAN exist and flourish without the students' support.

### THE TEMPLE OF PHARMACY

Has in its capacious rooms anything needed by the students. Stationery, pens, ink, &c. Pocket memorandum and miscellaneous books, toilet soaps, perfumery, brushes of all kinds, and a thousand other articles that the students constantly need. Dimmitt & Bro. are also experienced druggists and will give courteous attention to all who favor them with their patronage.

The law and medical departments opened on first Monday in October.

Cessation of hostilities—Dr. Law's cannon has been run into the pond.

A graduate in our midst suggests that it is fortunate that corn planting does not occur just now; for all the scare crows have left the farms, and come into the University. The new students need not make the application.

One of our seniors remarked that he expected to find Gal-lil-le-o's telescope at the centennial. The Prof. very gravely inquired of him what system of pronunciation was employed at the centennial.

There seems to be a great indisposition on the part of the new students to patronize our paper. Strange if they hav'nt enough interest in their college to support its paper and get the items connected therewith.

Why have the Jews from time immemorial been considered the most favored people? Because they have always favored the people most Joe & Vic advertise in the MISSOURIAN and can sell more ready made clothing, better and cheaper, than any one else in Columbia. Students please take notice.

### STUDENTS,

You will find it greatly to your interest to buy your school books and stationery at S. B. Kirtley's book store below the post office. Besides school books you will find many miscellaneous books such as will be wanted by students from time to time. Will furnish you any book published in the U. S. at publishers' price. All kinds of stationery furnished at lowest rates. A new lot of fancy paper just received.

For what was woman made? For "Adam's Express Company." For what was the MISSOURIAN established? For the students' express benefit. Then express us as soon as possible the almighty dollars.

One of our seniors, who has a certain amount of the old feeling still in him, says he is going to shave clean and starch his face on commencement day and get the valedictory sure.

Prof. Hayes is augmenting his choir. He says many of the boys have a bari-tone, instead of a base voice. It has been suggested that he will find most of them to be bore-tones.

The students will be seated and distinguished as regulars and irregulars hereafter. This is wise, Irregularity should be abolished as soon as possible. Compell all new students to follow the synchronistic table and the thing will be accomplished in three years.

One of our prep friends having heard a student use the word "ramifications" in debate, wishes to know what sort of an *animal Ramification* is.

The greatest evil connected with our University is that we have almost an entire new set of students every year.

There is not a young man in the junior Latin or Greek class, who chews, drinks, gambles or "swears."

Students take notice. You can't expect us whom you have appointed to publish your college monthly to do so without your assistance. Come, hurry up your subscriptions. Don't wait for us to come to you begging you to subscribe, and, worse than all, turn us away empty handed.

Why doesn't our choir sing some of its old familiar tunes and thus show to our new students that it can sing some songs without discord. Give us "Glory," and if you fail on that, we know you can make "Old Hundred" or "Appy, Appy, Appy" ring.

Most of the students that have entered so far are new ones, and we hope "good uns."

We are glad to see Dr. Norwood looking so well and hope that the coming winter will not be so severe on him as was the last.

We have as full a gallery as ever. About 40 young ladies, coming valedictorians, shed their encouraging light upon the occupants of the pit.

Jones on taking his first peep at the moon through the telescope, exclaimed that "he thought it would pierce right through the moon."

We recommend every student to select some one of our churches as a place of worship and make it a point to attend Sunday School and church there every Sunday. He will find it greatly beneficial to him. If all of our students would decide to attend S. S. regularly at some one of the churches the schools would be strengthened and more interesting.

Arn't we going to have gas in our college chapel before the centennial year has passed away?

One of our seniors of an astronomical turn of mind, after pointing the telescope at the moon, asked the professor: "If it would be painful to look at the Sun in day time?"

### Photographs! Photographs!!

FRANK THOMAS,  
Portrait & Landscape Photographer,  
BROADWAY, COLUMBIA.

First class work of all kinds made and finished in the latest style of the art. A full line of Frames always on hand.

Dr. A. McCuen, late of Marshall, Mo., has located in Columbia, and solicits public patronage. All work will be warranted to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Good references given. H. D. Doak, J. W. Bryant and J. R. Vance, Marshall, Mo.

We'll have a Stephens medal to loan out this year—no ladies in the class.

The ladies will write largely for the paper this year. Who would'nt subscribe?

Jones has quit the MISSOURIAN—no more shaved horse parodies.

The present senior class promises to be better than any former class—no school at Stephens College this year.

Some of the young ladies of the town seem to think that the dignified seniors at C. C. spend their Saturday's playing leap-frog. We would take this opportunity of disabusing them of that idea, for we have never seen them engaged in any such manly sport.

An extract from a recent lecture on Zoology: Prof. Now young gentlemen, give me your attention, while I relate an anecdote, illustrative of this point. Mike Fink, an old trapper, was out in the Rocky Mountains hunting, and meeting an old grizzly and having no chance for retreat, made ready his rifle and determined to spend his few remaining moments in prayer, which was as follows: Oh! Lord, I don't often trouble you in this way; but, if you ever want to do Mike a favor, now is your time. But, if you can't help Mike, don't help the bear.

Some of the students have in mind to petition Pres. Rogers to substitute in his rules on uniform, the word "hat" for "bonnet." The change is urged upon purely hygenical principles.

For a picture of homesickness, look at the crowd at the P. O., about 5 o'clock in the evening.

If your fingers are all thumbs, you had better not try to learn to perform on the piano.

The present senior class is a very modest one. It has never ventured to take possession of the senior benches, but is scattered about all over the chapel, each member looking wistfully at the vacant seats.

We "say" if some boys run a cannon, "say" into, well, into the pond "say," why, what will Dr. Laws "say"?

Rozelle one of last year's seniors, who boasted that his fighting blood was French, is we learn attending law lectures at Ann Arbor.

A regular first class clothing establishment.

A regular first class Boot and Shoe Store.

A regular stock of gents furnishing goods—boys', youths' and mens'.

Rubber overshoes: can furnish the student with whatever he may need in the dry goods line.  
SAMUEL & STRAWN.

One of our professors has a happy way of making a senior ashamed of himself. If one of this jolly class should chance to look dreamy, while the professor is lecturing, the latter (on noticing that the senior's eyes are shut) will ask him if the light is so strong as to hurt his eyes.

The young ladies are discussing the subject of wearing uniform—brass buttons, and the like. And so the good work of improvement goes on.

[Local Continued on Seventh page.]

761-6-1

LOCAL.

The "Big Boot" has moved—Curtright has changed his boarding place.

Owing to the sickness of two of our corps, the difficulty in getting certain vacancies filled, and the great amount of work which those members of the corps who chanced to be here first have had to perform, and in such a short time, we are not able to present as good a number as we expect to present hereafter.

A promising orator of the U. Lit. society when eulogising upon Henry Clay, pointed his finger to the picture of Daniel Webster.

As we must be prompt in making our monthly payments for printing this paper, we ask our subscribers to be prompt in passing over the almighty dollar to the business manager, or to any other member of the corps. We will see that all papers are promptly sent. If we adopt promptness as our motto now we will be able to attend to our business better.

We lately learned of the recent death of Prof. Snell of Amherst college and also of the death of Prof. Davis. Our country has lost two of its greatest mathematicians.

Prof. Ripley now occupies the museum department on the 3rd floor of the scientific building.

Dr. Laws says 'tis just as hard for a man to go back of ultimate truths as 'tis for a mule to kick its collar off.

Wonder why Gentry has not visited the senior class lately.

AN ARTLESS GIRL.

Down in Mexico, Mo., a young lady and a young man get out on the steps of a Sunday evening and enter into a contract. For each shooting star he receives a kiss. On one of these interesting occasions a half hour passed away and not a solitary star shot across the sky. But after a while the cherry lips of the young lady parted and she called the young man's attention to the flying meteors that were about to escape his observation; then she got to calling his attention to the lightning bugs, and finally got him down to steady work on the light of a lantern a man was carrying about the depot where the trains were switching. Artless girl.—*Ex.*

PERSONALS.

Charles Hopper is administering German discipline to the juveniles near Jefferson City.

The Misses Gentrys, after an extended trip through the east and a visit to the centennial returned to Kansas City, (by way of Columbia) where they are teaching school.

We learn from the Mexico "Intelligencer" that Mr. O. Hitt, for many years a student of the University, is now attending the law school in Lexington, Ky.

Says the Centralia "Sentinel:" Mr. H. B. Babb of Columbia will teach school out in Audrain, about 8 miles from here, this winter.

E. G. Taylor, who has been wandering extensively in the east, visiting the centennial, etc., returned to Columbia last Thursday, to attend the University.

PERSONALS.

Miss Jean Bennett—where is she?

W. T. Lemon, a medical graduate of last year, is practicing his profession in Vandalia, Missouri.

J. T. Ridgway, class '74, is in Macon City, acting the part of a pedagogue.

Eld. J. H. Duncan, class '76, is extensively evangelizing in various parts of the State. We wish him success.

J. W. Huffaker, a last year's student, is now principal of the Miami, Mo., Public School.

Prossor Ray, attorney-at-law, Carrollton, Mo., and a graduate of '69, visited the halls of his Alma Mater a few days since.

E. E. Codding, class '77, is now localizing for the Sedalia Daily "Republican." He is eminently fitted for the position.

L. M. Vallandigham, the granger poet, sits behind his desk, calmly meditating on the frivolities of wayward school children.

Miss Ella Dimmitt is teaching school at the Walnut Grove school house, and we feel assured she will make a grand success as teacher.

G. W. Allison is expected in the law department this year. This is his first year in that department, and he proposes to enter the senior class.

J. F. Babb, class '75, will also enter the senior law class this year. If Mr. Babb does not honor his profession, we will be seriously deceived, and likewise those under whose instruction he passed through his college course.

Edwin Evans, valedictorian of the medical class '76 is practicing in Fayette county, Ky.

W. J. Babb, valedictorian of the law class '76, has charge of Mission school, Columbia.

B. F. Burton, class '78, champion of his class when in college, is engaged in farming and the cattle trade in Audrain county.

O. E. Burton is teaching school and studying matrimony in Randolph county.

N. B. Laughlin, class '75, is engaged as a real estate agent in Texas.

Misses Ella and Laura Houchens are conducting district schools in Boone county.

School at Baptist College is suspended for this year, and we notice in our University two of its students, most excellent ladies, Misses Ettie Lackland and Lizzie Summers.

We learn that Mr. Graves, former student of the medical school of St. Louis is expected in our medical department this year. We are personally acquainted with Mr. Graves, and know him to be worthy of universal respect.

A. W. Chamberlain is in St. Louis studying law.

G. A. Hoffman and Philip Bruton are in Canton, Mo., in the theological department of Christian University.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We are sorry to lose Dr. E. S. Dulin from our midst, but are glad to hear of his success in founding a female college in St. Joe, Mo. The following is the faculty for this session:

FACULTY.

Rev. E. S. Dulin, D. D. LL. D., President and Professor of Moral Philosophy.

Mrs. Nelly J. Ekstedt—Belles Lettres.

Miss M. Emma Vickars—Rhetoric, Literature, &c.

Miss Jessie Cooper—Mathematics, &c.

Mrs. F. E. Everett—Composition, Grammar, &c.

Prof. ——— Natural Sciences.

Mrs. Jennie Jennings—Preparatory Department.

Prof. Wm. Siebert—Music, Instrumental and Vocal.

Mrs. Nelly J. Ekstedt—French, Italian, &c.

Miss Anna Deichman—German.

Miss Sue Alexander—Painting, Shell, Bead, Wax-work, &c., &c.

Mr. E. G. Dulin—Business Manager.

ADVICE TO STUDENTS.

Our thoughtful President at the opening of school, among other things, referred to the care which students should give to their health. Knowing that students are liable to be more or less careless in this matter, when taken from under the watchful eyes of their parents, we considered that a repetition of the Doctor's advice might prove advantageous to some. He urged them to see that their food was good and that they have plenty of it. To have fires in their room during all cool or damp weather. To go well clad. To keep their feet dry and warm and to ascertain just how much time each one needs for sleep, and then to so systematize their college work that the necessary amount of time may be regularly appropriated to this strengthening influence. If this advice be carefully followed throughout the year we will have less sickness among our students.

TRIBUTE TO A MOTHER.—Children look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand! Make much of it while you have the most precious of all gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes, the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends; fond, dear, kind friends; but never will you have again the expressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt when, of an evening, nestling in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable for my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old church yard, yet still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eyes watch over me, as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.—[Lord Macaulay.]

Judge P. Bliss, Dean of the law faculty has returned. The law school opened on Monday, Oct. 2d.

## LITERARY.

## A SISTER'S LOVE.

Reader, is your heart made of penetrable stuff? Have you a loving sister? If so, do you ever stop to think what a comfort and blessing she is to your home? Doubtless many of our readers now attending college have left behind a dear sister, whose worth was never so highly appreciated till you were temporarily separated from her. I fancy now, though it has been three long years since I left my home, that I can hear the merry morning laugh of my own dear sister as she bounds through the house, filling it with joy, stopping here and there to arrange things in order for the day. I see her now watering the flowers and gently placing them where they may drink the warm sunlight. Now she stops to give her morning salutations to her pet canary, who hops about and sings so merrily on seeing her administering to his wants. Then, as if her soul was electrified with new life, she bounds through the house, up and down stairs, singing as she goes, and throwing open the windows to let in the fresh morning air. And so she goes from morn till night, beaming with heavenly beauty, shedding her light on all about her, and helping in a thousand ways to lighten the cares of all around her. A kind and loving sister is a beacon light to virtue. A constant companion for her brothers, she delights them with her beautiful songs, merry talk, and lovely face, thus keeping them far from bad company, and evil thoughts and deeds. Daily shining sweetly nigh, her light illumines all the house. Her influence persuades us, rather to remain at home than to haunt the places of vice and idleness. Willie has a button off, then sister is near with her nimble fingers and ready needle and thread to sew it on. Mother's eyes are weak; then our willing sister is at hand, with her keen eyes to thread the needle.

Farther has just returned home, tired and hungry; then sister has the clean white cloth spread and a warm supper to strengthen the weary body; after which the house is made to ring with her sweet and enlivening songs, which drive dull cares away. Scattering seeds of kindness on her visits among the neighbors, she is loved and respected by all, and always starts for home they say—"So soon!"

O who can estimate her true value! How good it is for her to be here! Why, no home is finished unless it has a loving, kind, virtuous, careful and sympathizing sister. A sister's love! What will she not do for a distressed parent, sister or brother? Let those, who know her worth, answer. If there be any thing on earth that deserves to be called a guardian angel, it is a devoted, loving sister. Indeed, so highly do we appreciate her that we pity the family circle which contains not this precious link. We pity the

brothers who must grow up without this tender companion.

When we brothers go far from home, we carry with us, deep down in our hearts, remembrances of our sisters which are ever-healthful to our spirits. They create in us thought, which check the spirit of worldliness, and which take the place of earth's trifles. But time brings its changes. The heart of our sister is won by an other. 'Tis the old familiar story. Soon the halls of the old home cease to resound with her merriment. Her footsteps no longer greet us from the old worn staircase. The evening melodies have died away on the waves of time, and the cricket's notes, breaking the stillness, make the place appear even more desolate. She is gone with her chosen one to shed her light upon other faces and upon other walls. May peace and joy still attend her! No wonder a brother, at first, looks sour and gloomy on hearing that he is to lose his dear associate, and with such reluctance consents for her to go. Especially, if she be his only sister. We have often noticed that a bright and beautiful painting, when removed from its accustomed place on the wall, leaves behind a great blank, a sort of gloom, which gloom however may be dispelled by replacing the missing painting by any other bright one. But not so when a loving sister takes her leave. Her place remains forever vacant. But her influence never dies, but will follow with its good and rich fruit ripening thick around him, a beloved brother to his grave. Boys, while you are good to yourselves, don't forget your dear sisters.

STATE  
UNIVERSITY,

Columbia, Missouri.

Opens September 11th, 1876.

LAW AND MEDICAL DEPART-  
MENTS OCTOBER 2D, 1876.

Departments of instruction are College and Preparatory, Normal, Agricultural, Law, Medical and Analytical Chemistry. The University is open to young women. Entrance fee, \$10, with incidental of \$5 for each semester. Fee for Law and Medical Departments, \$40. Board in private families, \$3 to \$4.50 per week; in clubs it is had at one-half of these rates. In the means of instruction and illustration, few institutions of learning, East or West, equal the Missouri University. Send for report and circular. SAMUEL S. LAWS, President.  
Aug. 25 '76-da.

MR. MARTIN, at

Photographic ART Gallery,

opposite the City Bakery, on Broadway, Columbia, is now prepared to execute all kinds of work at the very lowest living prices. Old pictures copied and enlarged, (especially for the Crayon Portraits.) A supply of frames always on hand, and a liberal patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

C. L. MARTIN.

J. L. PRUETTE'S

## GEM CIGAR STORE.

For Cigars, Pipes, Tobacco, smokers etc., go to the Gem Cigar Store, Court House Street. The finest cigars, the nicest pipes, and best tobacco always on hand.  
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Bridge, Beach & Co's. Cooking Stoves, also a great variety of Heating Stoves for coal or wood, besides all other useful articles of Hardware.

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We especially direct all of those that desire a neat and comfortable fit made out of the finest material to call at sign of Boot "76" on University street, opposite post-office. Repairing cheap and neatly done. Ladies' fine shoes a specialty. I invite the public before leaving their orders elsewhere to inspect my stock and prices, as I keep none but the finest of workmen. Respectfully,  
P. PETRE.

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I. C. HOCKADAY, Cash'r.

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Vol. VI.

STATE UNIVERSITY, COLUMBIA, MO.--OCTOBER 1876.

No. 2.

## LITERARY.

### DAWN.

The star o' the morn is whitest  
The bosom of dawn is brightest ;  
The dew is sown,  
And the blossom blown  
Wherein thou, my dear, delightest.

Hark! I have risen before thee  
That the spell of the day be o'er thee—  
That the flush of my love  
May fall from above,  
And, mixed with the morn, adore thee.

Dark dreams must not forsake thee,  
And the bliss of thy being take thee,  
Let the beauty of morn  
In thine eyes be born,  
And the thought of me awake thee.

Come forth to hear thy praises,  
Which the wakening world upraises;  
Let thy hair be spun  
With the gold o' the sun,  
And thy feet be kissed by the daisies.  
[HARPER FOR NOVEMBER.]

### CHATTERTON.

What a sad, tragical story is the life of Thomas Chatterton, the boy-poet. He gave us such as could transform into fanciful shapes the dark shadows of cloisters and garrets, silvering everything it touched, and reflecting in rippling verse the checkered life of hope and despair, is finally choked out by sorrow, and the fires of his intellect are dimmed by adversity's gloom.

Born of humble parents in the city of Bristol and reared in want, he naturally shunned society. Alone he wandered over the velvety meadows surrounding Bristol, viewing every object of interest, and filling his soul with the music of nature. Often his meditative disposition led him into the dim aisles of St. Mary Redcliffe, where his taste for the curious and antique in art might be gratified, and he might wonder and gaze to his heart's content, when the morning and evening bells pealed forth their melodies, or while the sweepers and cleaners were at work, he would wander to and fro, gazing upon the sublime scene of the Ascension of Christ, the graceful columns or frescoed walls, and, when left alone, would sit down on the marble steps and pore over some dusty volume which fortune threw in his way.

Here amidst the tombs of the dead he formed his wondrous scheme of fame. A mere boy in years, unused to society and unknown to the world, he devised a plan which for the daringness of its design and the success of its execution has no parallel in the history of literature. He began the publication of Rowley's poems, which were none other than his

own productions, and endeavored to palm them off on the world as the works of an antiquated genius. These poems are monuments of literary skill, and, in the language of Howitt, "would have crowned any grown man a king in the realm of intellectual reputation." Yet those who declared his works an imposition, instead of recognizing the poetical talent which every verse displayed, refused an encouraging word, and endeavored to suppress this rising genius. Let shame forever blacken the memory of Walpole and Johnson, who thus checked a star in its progress and gloried in their deed.

Spurred on by ambition and supported by an indomitable pride, he abandoned the scenes of his childhood and went to London to seek literary fame. In this busy city there was no kind welcome for the lad of seventeen, who found in the crowded coffee houses and dusty garrets many a rival for public patronage. All his visions of greatness vanished, his brightest hopes blasted, and he soon sank into the very depths of neglect and contempt. But still his wonderful genius continued to play its hazardous games. His prolific pen hurled satire after satire and launched Junius-like letters from the newspapers at the highest personages of the land, not even sparing the crowned head. But these were but the rending cries of the dying giant. At last his haughty spirit was weighed down by sorrow and despair, and he formed the desperate resolve of suicide. One August morning in the eighteenth year of his age, he took a dose of arsenic and died amid the fragments of his torn papers.

The versatility of his pen, the liquid music of his poetry, the daring independence of his thoughts, the bold adventure of the lad and the proud splendor of his genius have combined in giving him a distinguished niche in the Walhalla of his country. When he died England lost her most promising poet and the world its greatest literary prodigy.

### NOVEL-READING.

Well do I remember a picture in "Thought Blossoms," illustrating the effect of novel-reading. The scene is laid in the family room of a mechanic. The hands of the clock on the shelf point to twelve, and the "breakfast things" are still on the table. The cat is in the cream jar; the dog stealing the day's dinner through the open window; the child crying in the cradle; the husband coming in

from work and the mistress still reading her novel which she took up when he went out in the morning.

This is but an example of the effect produced by novel-reading. The mind, captivated by the thrilling interest of the story, forgets everything else, pays no attention to surrounding objects, and the reader, seems transported into a fairy land. With what greediness and insatiable appetite does the votary pore over the vapid page. Through what monstrous swamps does he wade, what dry hills does he climb, ever following a phantom, and yet never satisfied that he is chasing shadows. In this elysium of delusion he witnesses the battles of chivalry, sees the hero of the romance cleave the helmet of his rival and bear off the trophies of his victory. He sees the fair and delicate maiden, with lovely form, sparkling eye and golden tresses, pass through heart-rending trials, supported by a superhuman zeal, acquire the object of her desire, and marry her loved one. In order to lighten the effect, and fully draw out the mind and heart in admiration, fascinating descriptions of the beauties of nature are intermixed with the thrilling scenes of the narrative. The morning upon the hills, the sweet glories of the evening, the lonely water-fall the dark ravine, the rugged mountain and the wild lake of the woods, these are subjects for fancy's portraiture, and stand out in bolder outline when touched by imagination's pencil.

Although the novel has many attractions, this longing avidity for such stirring scenes as occur only in the realms of romance must not be gratified to an extent that would be injurious to the reader. A proper acquaintance with the works of fiction should be possessed by every one. Man's attention should not be wholly given to the care and gross of practical life. When the windows of the soul are shut up against the struggling rays from the field of fancy, the world loses half its attractiveness. But a mind that delights only in the false excitements of an over-fed and pampered imagination is unfit for the stern duties of active life. Such a mind has no taste for the solid and substantial matters of literature. The theories of science, the phenomena and laws of nature, the cold and calculating reason of a Newton, or a Bacon, have no attractions for it. Let the devotee of fiction remember that reason is like the sun, of which the light is constant, uniform and lasting; fancy, a meteor of bright but transitory lustre, irregular in its motion and delusive in its direction.

## Ladies' Department

EDITORS:

MISS LIZZIE M. FIELD, MISS IDA HAYES,  
MISS LAURA A. JOHNSTON,

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew from the first what the years were to bring,  
Would we ever be able to frolic and sing?  
As the future approaches with its banners upraised,  
Would we hail it with courage and cry, 'God be praised.'  
If it held up before us one signal of woe,  
Though joys by the thousand were shining below?

Could we welcome the pleasure, the loss, and the gains,  
If we saw all the sorrows and partings and pains?  
Or, if care-laden pennons for many a day  
Hung dark 'gainst the splendor of a joy far away,  
Would we patiently whisper, "Thy will, Lord, be done,"  
As the tardy procession came silently on?

Would we strive if success were not close to the front,  
If before the reward stalked the toil and the brunt?  
Would we study and delve if the best were not hid,  
Or take any joy in the work if we did?  
Would not day by day effort and yearning appall,  
If our questioning hearts saw the end of it all?

If we knew! If we knew! But we never can know—  
And, though restless and puzzled, I'm glad it is so.  
There's a pleasure in striving the curtain to lift,  
But may God in His mercy deny us the gift!  
'Tis enough that His love all our limits hath planned,  
And the wonderful how cometh fresh from His hand

"Another vacation  
Has told its forefold tale,"

And we have entered upon another term of school which we hope may prove a happy one to all. So gently and pleasantly have the months rolled their ceaseless round, that we can scarcely realize that Autumn, Winter, Spring and Summer have come and gone, since we began together the term which is to be forever numbered with the past. A few months have brought great changes to many of our former happy circle; scenes of joy and sorrow have entered into our daily life and left their impress on our hearts.

The golden chain which bound together our happy band, is broken, and can never be relinked; the girls which it so strongly circled are scattered, never more to be reunited. In their stead are found those who will become as firmly attached, only to be likewise rudely driven assunder. Each year the scene changes, at the lifting of the curtains all are strangers, at the close of the first act they are mutually friends; as the play advances we find them bound by the strongest ties of friendship; and finally the curtains fall on a scene truly sad but fascinating. Yet we would not repine at the thought of this farewell, but press forward to the brighter future, looking back honestly and fearlessly to the times when we made mistakes; perhaps did wrong; when for our good and the good of others, we could or should have done differently; to the hours which we wasted but which we might have employed for our own improvement, or for the benefit of others.

So in the future let us make it our aim to be useful, to do good, to make others happy, and to improve the hours as they pass. Then the days of this term will pass pleasantly and profitably, and in all that is good, noble and true may

"Each to-morrow  
Find us farther than to-day."

## WHO MOURNS?

Another week's work is ended, and we are near the completion of life's race. One after another, all are passing away. Some up the narrow waste into the Beulah land; others down the dark road, over the precipice, into we know not where. We ought not to mourn the loss of the former, who are quietly resting in their angel-guarded tombs, gilded with immortality, waiting for the dawning of the resurrection morn. But for those stars that have shone so brightly for a time in the world's sky, and set in darkness, and for countless other stars who have sunk in the gloom of destruction, unknown and unnoticed.

But who mourns? Go to the relatives of those who from time, to time, fill our jails and state prisons; go to that poor woman who, in some hovel in a long dark alley, toils with wan fingers, throbbing brow, and aching heart; go to the parents of some of the young men of this town, who are with characters, that are building for their future a foul ocean of corruption; go to the wife who waits until the midnight for him she still clings to and loves. These are they that mourn and weep tears of keenest anguish over those who, before the rum-demon found them, were pure and good, and all that God designed them to be. Who does not loathe this liquor traffic? Humanity may well weep over this wide sweeping "River of Death," that is covered with the wrecks of those who might have been honored in the grand temple of God! Hate is too feeble a word to express our abhorrence of this beverage that is strewing our land with graves.

Young men and women drink the social glass because it is fashionable, and fashion has cursed the human race. They do not look into the future, but without heeding the warning voice, they rush madly on, until time, with them is no more. We are waiting for the day when God shall tread upon and crush this mass of corruption that is robbing the earth of its beauty, and filling the land with mourners.

## THE OLD BRIDGE.

High over a gushing stream, in a quiet country town, stands a rickety, worn-out bridge. Its rafters, once strong and secure, affording a safe passage over the turbulent waters of the little stream, are now mouldering with decay. All is quiet about the old bridge; the stillness is not broken save by the onward rushing of the stream. Long ago the villagers deserted it, and the grass has grown up rank between the tottering planks. No more the lumbering wagon, going homeward heavily laden, crosses its rotten timbers.

Yet this old bridge has a history; the mouldering trellace work, the decaying beams and planks "could a tale unfold." There in days ago the people met each other upon a summer eve to walk, to talk, to gossip; discuss their neighbors' ways and work; or perhaps

it was a youth and blue-eyed maiden who met here in the moonlight, promising to remain faithful to each other. Countless initials, quaintly and curiously carved, perhaps by laughing school children, some by happy lovers, who stood together marking their names on the old bridge, and wondering what of joy or grief the future would bring them. Here were long farewells spoken.

Yes, the old bridge has outlived many who have gone over and written their names upon it. But time has lain its heavy hand upon it, and it will finally fall, as an old man, with "its life and history all past," the sad ruin of a once splendid bridge.

Although the ladies' waiting room has for some months been neatly and comfortably furnished, its general appearance was greatly improved by our esteemed friend, Dr. Read, presenting us with a handsome chandelier and hall lamp. We have felt the need of this long enough to insure our appreciation of his beautiful gift, for which we wish to return our sincere and hearty thanks. But in so doing we do not wish to hint the expression of our gratitude alone to this object, but on the contrary are proud to say we have not passed by unheeded his many earnest endeavors during his administration to promote our happiness. Being ever ready to take an active part in securing any privilege he deemed proper for us to enjoy, we learned to look to him as a friend and benefactor, and during the long years of the future we will watch with anxiety the dealings of fortune with him. Let this be as it may, he will ever be kindly remembered by all who have studied within the cosy walls of the ladies' waiting room.

## HOW TO WRITE.

In writing be brief. This is the age of telegraphs and stenography. Be pointed. Don't write all around a subject without hitting it. State facts, but don't stop to moralize. It's a drowsy subject; let the reader do his own dreaming. Eschew preface. Plunge at once at your subject like a swimmer into cold water.

If you have written a sentence that you think is particularly fine, draw your pen through it—a pet child is always the worst thing in the family.

Condense. Make sure that you really have an idea, and then be sure you record it in the smallest possible terms. Many times we think we have an idea, but on submitting it to writing fail to find it shining out brightly through the words. We want thoughts in their quintessence. When your article is completed strike out nine-tenths of the adjectives.

Since our last issue, Mr. F. M. Brown, on account of his long and severe illness, has been forced to resign the office of business manager of the MISSOURIAN, and Mr. J. H. Davis was elected to fill the vacancy. The election occurred too late to have the proper change made in type for this month's issue.

## BASE BALL.

MESSRS. EDITORS: I notice in the September number of "Westminster Monthly" an article, headed "Base Ball," stating that the Westminster club, having been defeated last May by the University nine, and being desirous of redeeming their "standing and reputation as ball players," sent a challenge to the University nine; to which challenge they have not and never expect to receive an answer. It also states that two telegrams were sent, reading as follows: "Do you accept"? To the second of which, the following reply was received: "No; U. B. B. C." The author of the article says he knows positively that their challenge was received by the Captain of the University nine, and thinks an apology due for the disrespect shown them.

Now in the first place, their challenge was not received by the Captain of the University club, for there is no such Captain. The gentleman who was Captain of the club last year is not now attending the University, and no club has been organized here this fall. In the second place their challenge was neglected because there was no one authorized to reply to it. But an answer was sent on the 6th of October, explaining our neglect and showing that no disrespect was intended. I can say to the students of Westminster if our club had been organized, their challenge would not have been neglected, and much less would it have been declined.

I am sorry that anything has occurred to mar the harmony of our relations, and hope that this explanation shall prove satisfactory to the members of the W. B. B. C.

If the anxiety of the Westminsters to "redeem their standing, and reputation as "ball players" still exist, we will give them ample opportunity next spring.

As for the telegram, the first was not received at all, and the second was answered as stated, but signed "U. Student," and not U. B. B. C.

E. G. T.

## HOPE OF NEW DISCOVERIES.

There are various motives that induce men to strive for renown, and in all of the multiplied avocations of life few impell them to exertion more than the burning desire to become discoverers of unknown truths, or the advocates of new theories concerning the many phenomena which are continually presenting themselves.

The vast and unbounded field for investigation is open to those who are willing to search out the hidden things it contains. Science has made rapid progress during the last century, and is continually progressing.

Indeed it would be contrary to the order of things for it to make no advancement, while all nature is moving and changing. The very fixed stars as they are called are known to be moving on. Science should keep abreast with the onward movements.

This onward progress is due to the fact

that within the human breast there is a longing desire to attain honor and fame; a desire to add his name to those which are remembered because of the illustrious achievements associated with them, and which long since have been rendered immortal.

The names of Newton, Galileo, Descartes and many others that might be mentioned have been engraven deep and fair upon the pages of history and will remain as long as time shall last. These are men who have lived to make new discoveries, and they effectually accomplished their object. The investigations required to make new discoveries have cost sacrifices of time, property and even life.

There are those who have endured hardships and privations in the cold and barren regions of the north and those who have exposed themselves to the fury of wild beasts, in hope of making new discoveries.

It has induced men to ascend the lofty peaks of the volcano to witness its terrible explosions until they have found an untimely grave in its yawning gulf.

Until the latter part of the last century the Egyptian hieroglyphics puzzled all the sages of the civilized world to interpret them, yet they were thought to contain the history of the ancient Egyptians, and accordingly demanded the attention of the scholars of every age until they were deciphered.

To the French savant Champollion is mainly due the honor of deciphering them. This discovery has thrown an immense amount of light upon Egyptian history.

Travelers had been visiting these monuments of ancient repute for many weary centuries previous to this discovery, gazing upon the mysterious characters inscribed on them with an admiration and reverence for their inventors, at the same time wondering what history they contained.

These colossal monuments of antiquity are now visited with renewed interest and anxiety, when we know that they have been one of the channels through which we have received a linguistic division of the races of mankind. Thus one generation prepares and paves the way for another, answering as a stepping stone for the one that succeeds it upon which it may stand, thus elevating itself that it may see farther into the hidden things that lie beyond.

## A VISIT TO THE SOCIETIES.

One bright Saturday morning, a week or two since, having learned Monday's lessons, I thought to while away a few hours in visiting the societies of the University. No sooner thought than put into execution. So about 9 o'clock I went to the University and having ascended one flight of stairs in the west wing, I reached the Athenæan Hall. I knocked at the door and was politely ushered in. Ranged around the room in comfortable chairs sat about fifty students, members of the society. In the handsome and richly carved desks at the further end of the room, sat the President, J. J. Collins; Secretary, E. D. Phillips; Censor, C. E. Yeater, and in front of

these before two neat tables were the Critics, Messrs. Davis and Harrison. The room on the whole was elegantly furnished and tastefully adorned, being eminently suited to its use. Declamations and essays were being rendered, and each performer discharged his appointed duty creditably to himself and to his society. These exercises being over, recess was announced and a few moments of social conversation was enjoyed.

I then wended my way up another flight of stairs and entered the Union Literary Hall. This hall in its furniture and all its appointments is very similar to the one just described. On your right as you enter, as in the other hall, is a large library containing hundreds of valuable books. The floor is richly carpeted and the light stealing through the heavy damask curtains blends the colors in a soft mellow radiance. The walls are decorated with numerous portraits and engravings, and at the further end proudly over all floats a white silken banner, bearing the soul-stirring inscription "Sub hoc signo vincomus." The officers' desks were filled by E. G. Taylor, President; R. E. Kirtley, Vice-President; J. J. Hawkins, Secretary; F. Cowherd and G. N. Garnett, Critics. The debate was in progress when I entered, and promptly at the call of his name each disputant stepped forth and delivered his faultless logic and well constructed syllogisms in a manner that would have well become a Socrates. The debate and criticisms being, and over after the business had been transacted the society adjourned to meet on the following Saturday. I went away, feeling myself amply repaid for my visit, and more fully convinced than ever of the incalculable benefit of these societies to the student.

VISITOR.

We have just received from the publishers, Sower, Potts & Co., Philadelphia, a copy of each of the following works: Common School Literature, by Westlake; Brooks Higher Arithmetic, by Edward Brooks, A. M. The first mentioned is an interesting book, and at once commends itself to the consideration of every student of literature. The pithy points in the history of English and American literature are presented in a chaste and attractive manner. Sixty cents buys this valuable work, and it is one that every student should possess. The Arithmetic is gotten up in the best of style. It is a work of rare merit, and we wish it the success that has followed the previous productions of the author.

In our last issue some editorial remarks were made in regard to the management of the university, particularly in the matter of having chapel exercises on Saturday and Sunday mornings, and which, we are sorry to learn, created the wrong impression upon some of our readers. It was the intention of the writer to have explained them in this issue, but as he has been compelled to return home on account of sickness, we take occasion to say that nothing like dictation was intended, that being contrary to the principles upon which we propose to conduct this paper. We are happy to state that it is not the intention of the president to have religious exercises in the chapel on any other day than the regular days of school. The editorial statements were simply the result of a misapprehension of the facts.

Suppose a tall fellow, with fine clothes, kid gloves, slick hair, &c., should come to the chapel every morning, sit on the front bench, and stare at those lovely beings who grace the upper circle of that holy place, would you take him for a nest egg—"sav."

Oden L. Oliver, Aug. 10, 1955

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One College Year (in advance).....\$1 00  
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THE MISSOURIAN is published by an editorial corps appointed by the Athenæan and Union Literary Societies.

THE MISSOURIAN is forwarded to every subscriber until all arrearages are paid, and an explicit order to the contrary given.

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Progress is the motto of our new and present administration. Many wise changes have been made, and many new and good features have been introduced. But that which at present attracts our attention, and which we think will contribute most to advancing the interests of our University, is the establishment of a new chair, that of Hebrew, which not only embraces the study of this ancient language, but to a greater or less extent of the many oriental languages which were contemporary with it, and which so intimately cluster around it. That this department is in such a college as ours, a very desirable one, can be denied by no one, and it should have been instituted long since. No institution that pretends to be up with the times can be complete without it. Simply because the Hebrew or any of its sister tongues is what is ordinarily termed a dead or an unspoken language, is no reason why it should not be studied. None but a bigot would talk so. More attention is at present being paid in our leading institutions of learning than ever before to the study of the spoken and unspoken, the ancient as well as the modern languages, and the most wonderful discoveries are constantly being brought to light by those who have entered this interesting field of labor.

By the aid of Philology men are enabled to become acquainted with the literature of the various languages, and thus arises ethnology, or the science of the various nations of the world, so far as we are enabled to have access to their languages; and what is then more interesting to the enquiring mind than to compare the literature, degrees of civilizations and general history of the various nations of the earth, past or present? It is really the study of man himself from the earliest times of which we have any record down to the present. In our institution we have the departments of English, French, German, Latin and Greek, in which instructions are given in those languages,

and the students are, to a greater or less extent, made familiar with the literature of those languages. An acquaintance with the literature of our own language, carries us back to the days of Mandeville, and gives us an extensive knowledge of the English speaking nations.

The study of French and German introduces us to the principal Aryan nations of Europe, which afford some of the grandest literature of the world.

Then an acquaintance with the Latin and Greek literature enables us to study the history of man, extending far back into the remote past. But shall we stop here? Certainly not, if we can pierce the veil and extend our knowledge of man still farther into the gloomy days of antiquity; and the study of the semitic languages, of which Hebrew is the nucleus, (as it were,) enables us to do so. This carries us back to one of the most interesting periods of the history of mankind; to the time when the Bible was written; when God communed more closely with His people, and when Christ brought salvation to the world. Are not these worthy of our study? Recent investigations in ethnology show that the record of Moses is the starting point of this science, and as a knowledge of the nations of that time is only to be obtained by a study of their literature, certainly it requires a knowledge of the Hebrew language and its sister tongues.

So we see that by this means the history of man from the earliest times down to the present is obtained in one unbroken chain. Considering the importance of the study of the semitic languages and literature, our curators have established in our University the new department of Hebrew, and have succeeded in securing Prof. A. Meyrowitz, of New York City, to take charge of it. Prof. M. has spent his whole life in studying the semitic languages, and comes to us bearing letters of recommendation from some of the greatest scholars of Europe, Great Britain and America. He is a graduate of Oxford College, England. He spent three years in the Edinburgh University as professor of Hebrew, but was soon called by Chancellor Crosby, of New York University, to fill the chair of Hebrew in that college. We should be proud of receiving into our midst such a learned man. For the present Dr. M. will be engaged chiefly in giving lectures to the students on ancient history, it being too late in the semester for any to begin studying the Hebrew. The plan now adopted in our university of studying the various languages, ancient and modern, together with their literature, thus giving us the history of our race from the earliest ages down to the present, is a capital one, and commends itself to every intelligent mind.

Some one has very wisely said: "Want not thine own for want of asking for it." We refer to the expression as a "verbum sat sapientiae" to our subscribers far and near, particularly the former, to hurry up their subscriptions.

A new and highly commendable feature has in the past month been introduced into our morning chapel exercises. It is the participation of the whole body of students in singing. Our active president, ever ready to do all in his power to benefit the students, very wisely suggested that all who desired, both of faculty and students, join with the choir in singing, and presented the chapel with one hundred of Sankey and Bliss' "Sacred Songs" which are to be kept in the seats for the use of the students. It was greatly to our surprise but highly gratifying to our feelings when on entering the chapel late one morning we beheld for the first time these song books in the hands of the students and members of the faculty, and heard the voices of the whole assembly lifted up in a grand chorus of praise. It is to be hoped that the students will appreciate this happy plan and improve the proffered opportunity of becoming singers, and adding to the interest of our chapel exercises.

We like variety, and hence are not so selfish as to be content with one college paper and that our own. We like to hear from our sister colleges and take pleasure in looking over various college journals that may chance to reach us. We have had some exchanges for September, but not as many as we desired and we hope that hereafter the number may be increased. Let it be understood that we are keeping open doors all the time and that we are anxious to increase our number of callers, for it is a great delight for us as editors to review the various exchanges that may come to us. We were very happy to receive the "Jewel," the "Westminster Monthly," the "Central Baptist," the "College Courier," the "Pen and Plow," "Central Collegian" and a few others, and hope that they with many new visitors will be upon our tables frequently during the present session. By the reviewal of a variety of college papers we are doubly taught as to how our own may be best conducted.

We were asked the question lately, why is there not organized in our University a social club for the express benefit of our professors. That such a thing would be beneficial to the faculty in particular we can readily see. It would draw them closer together, enable them to become better acquainted with each other and make them feel a deeper interest in the University. It would tend to remove all selfish and jealous motives. If such a club with both a social and a literary cast were established in our college, it would serve as a capital place for mental relaxation as well as interchange of thought. We understand that among the leading universities of Europe these literary and social clubs are common; and that they are a great source of pleasure and good to the professors. But especially in a place like Columbia, where there is but little out side of home and the lecture room to interest the minds of the professors, would such a thing prove to be beneficial. The mind must have some relaxation. The cup of pleasure must be passed round between the intervals of college work, for man can not live by work alone. We hope soon to be removed from the duty of answering the proposed question, by announcing that such a social and literary club does exist in our university for the benefit of the members of the faculty.

## ENGLAND'S UNHAPPY POET.

When one leaves the dusty streets of the city and strolls out in to the quiet, shady retreats of the forest, strange thoughts sometimes present themselves. As he stops here and there to listen to the rustling of the leaves or to the moaning of the winds among the branches of the towering sentinels of the forest, he longs for those time-honored pines to command the use of language, and unfold to him the hidden history of the times through which they may have passed. Admiration and sympathy are both stirred in the breast of the beholder. Yon lofty symmetrical-shaped pine, which seems to have endured the storms of ages without injury, calls forth his admiration; while near by the shattered boughs of what appears to be equally as old a tree create in the breast of the beholder feelings of the deepest sympathy.

Its boughs are broken. Its trunk is gnarled and twisted. Its general outline is rough and displeasing. In short, it is all out of proportion. Its many dents, knots, scars, broken and shattered boughs indicate that it has engaged in many a deadly contest with the elements. Here again the judgment of the beholder seems natural and true.

"You have spent an unhappy life, and however well your fruits may serve man's purposes, your happiness will not be enhanced." Instead of being a thing of beauty, it is a thing of sadness, enlisting pity and sympathy from its beholder.

So, as we cast our eyes over the world of thought, our admiration and sympathy are correspondingly aroused. The unfortunate tree just cited corresponds very much to one of the brightest stars of the brilliant constellation of poets, whose lustre so illumed the court of England's maiden Queen Elizabeth, in this age, which stands somewhat alone in the literary history of the world, and which was fertile with poets, lived Edmund Spenser the greatest English poet between Chaucer and Shakspeare. He was born in 1553. of poor but illustrious parents. He was educated at Cambridge. His works show him to have possessed great power of thought and of language. Among his many works the Fairy Queen, the very name of which indicates that the author possessed a romantic nature, is conceded to be the best.

It is a long but unfinished tale of chivalrous adventure, veiling a religious and political allegory. Indulging as it does in fanciful descriptions, novel exploits, and odd dealings with creatures of the imagination, which are found only in the "mind's eye," it produces a very pleasing effect upon our feelings. His Mother Hubbard stories clearly show his ability to descend from the lofty peaks of thought into the valleys of simple rhyme which even children delight to hear. Nor was his power limited to poetry, for his "View of the State of Ireland" shows that he was equally as good a prose writer. His

power of description was wonderful. But while he possessed the talent, it was left for his readers to experience the pleasure, which he so justly deserved. He (the author) though elevated in society and honored at court, was doomed to pass an unhappy life. Disappointed in his first love his misery began. In after years when the future seemed so promising, when with his family he retired to his own home where he hoped doubtless to pursue his literary works unmolested, misfortune again overtook him. His home, together with all his earthly wealth was burned. But worse still, his youngest child was left behind and consumed by the angry flames. Suddenly ruined financially, and with a heart running over with grief, not so much probably for himself as for his bereaved and poverty-stricken family, he returns to London. Here (in 1599) forgotten by the court of which he was once such an ornament, and neglected by his friends (who doubtless were both numerous and wealthy) he died.

He has left behind him a gloomy picture of the miseries of courtly dependence. How sadly true in his case, as well the fallen Wolsey's, are the words of the latter, when expressing his grief from the depths of his broken heart he exclaimed: "O, how wretched is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors! There is, between that smile he would aspire to, that sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin, more pangs and fears than wars or women have."

But though his patrons did neglect him when living in poverty and in grief, they were not wanting in showing their great love for him and appreciation for his works after his death.

In Westminster Abbey, that last resting place of so many of England's illustrious men he was buried, with great pomp, and near the tomb of Chaucer, the "Father of English Poetry," the remains of the second of England's four grand old masters of her poetical literature.

Though his life was one of toil attended with bitterness, it has gained for him an imperishable reward. His name is and will be cherished, not only by those of his native land, but by the whole world as long as time shall last.

## THE SUPPLANTER AND THE SUPPLANTED.

Among the wives of King Henry the Eighth no two present such a contrast as is seen between Queen Katherine of Aragon and Annie Buleyne. That our readers may notice what a difference of taste Old Harry would sometimes display, we will take a hasty review of the character of these two unfortunate queens. As we delight more in considering that which is lovely and beautiful in deed rather than in looks, we will begin first with Queen Katherine. Her life was beautiful in that it displayed all that is noble and

good in women. But unfortunately she was married to a brute man with whom a gentle and loving woman could no more live happily than could the delicate mignonette live and thrive by the side of the thistle. Her virtue, gentleness, conjugal devotion, and christian patience in unutterable despair, all fail to soften the heart of that tyrannical king and husband. Still he could not help praising, at times, "Her disposition gentle, and wisdom overtopping woman's power;" and on one occasion, when he was in an unusually good humor, he styles her "Alone the Queen of earthly queens." For twenty years Queen Katherine lived a wife to Henry the VIII in the truest sense, and might have continued so till her death had not that cunning and holy fox (who was blinded by ambition and lost to virtue) ventured to play upon the King's plastic nature, and influence him, on the grounds of illegal marriage, to put away his wife. Here a spirit of resentment is kindled in her with which she stings her direful enemy to the very soul. But even here she overplays the part of a refined lady. After twenty years of happiness, to be suddenly torn from her beloved husband by the caprice of a priest, is a burden of sorrow which only the noblest of women could bear with the dignity and fortitude which she manifested.

How painful it must have been for her to descend from her lofty position as queen of the mightiest nation on the globe, into the lower walks of life. Ever ready to adapt herself to circumstances, she consents to lead a simple, secluded life, still excusing and blessing her faithless and cruel husband. Her spirit, so lovely and beautiful on the throne, becomes in the more humble capacity of a housewife still more so. Like the lily, that once was mistress of the field and flourished, she hung her head and perished, giving to the world an example of the inconstancy of royal favors. It was the preservation of her queenly dignity that in court checked her tears and, on being reminded that "We are Queen," caused her to convert those drops of tears into sparks of fire. During her trial she strenuously adhered to her royal honors, for which she has been termed weak. We utterly denounce such a heartless accusation. No weak woman could have borne what she did. It was that strong sense of right that induced her to cling to her queenly titles, which, in truth, belonged to her. Never having committed wrong herself, she had no need of hiding anything, while to relinquish her royal titles would be to make the impression upon the world that she was guilty of some crime that merited the treatment which she received at the hands of her lord.

Let us now glance from this sad picture to that of one whose only attraction for the fickle King was her physical beauty and who when this attraction began to fade suffered the same fate as did Queen Katherine.

Annie, this fresh fish, as Shakspear calls

[Continued on Eighth page.]

# The University Missourian.

## LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

*We send copies of this our first issue of our Missourian for this session to our old subscribers and cordially request them to renew their subscription.*

Crack!

Crack!! Crack!!!

The "burlesque" is over.

Where, O! where are the Hebrew children?

We very sidentally remind our subscribers that we are patiently waiting for them to pay up.

You and me pounding fingers and nuts under every tree.

Never buy of the man who does not advertise, he sells so little that he sells dear.

Early to bed and early to rise will be all in vain, if you dont advertise.

Boys, have you seen enough of the girls to make your choice for the year?

Our Inter-Collegiate Contest Association meets at Liberty Dec. 23d.

Mr. R. W. Gentry one of our students preached at the Christian church last Sunday night.

Somebody has again broken the pump at our medical spring.

We desire to call the special attention of the students to our advertisements and ask them to patronize those who patronize us.

The Professor of Geology says that "garnets" are not as popular or valuable as formerly among the rulers of fashion.

Are we going to have a college glee club this session? With so many crack singers we should have a par excellent club.

P— on being unable to solve a problem in Astronomy, exclaimed, with pathos: "What a heavenly dilemma!"

The poor fellow, whose bones Dr. Laws knocks around so unmercifully, has our heartfelt sympathy.

Did our readers ever see the tail that had a rat? If not, that natural curiosity may be seen by visiting the President's room.

Our good friend Bun S. when asked lately why he had not been seen among us for so long—answered that "He was studying for the ministry." We thought he was studying law.

We are thankful to Mr. Mark Cromwell for the invitation to attend his musical entertainment, which occurred on Oct. 27 and which we highly enjoyed.

The students of Canton University have elected a corps of editors, preparatory to establishing a college paper; we wish them success in their undertaking.

Where is paper money first mentioned in the Bible? When the dove brought the greenback to Noah. Must the MISSOURIAN wait for its greenbacks till the *dove* brings them?

We would be glad to receive from our subscribers far and near, particularly from graduates of the University, contributions for our columns.

Gravity in the senior class varies inversely as the square of the number of its members; and the attraction between them and the front seats, of the first tier, varies directly with the advance of time.

Two youths feel bad. They went to C. church Sunday night—took their seats near the girls, who turned to them "a cold shoulder." Hurrah for the girl's modesty and shame on the boy's brass!

A gallant sophomore while reciting in latin, no doubt somewhat affected by the manner in which Horace describes love and beauty, used the pronoun her instead of him, on being corrected by the Prof. remarked that he was thinking of some one else.

The Professor of Elecution the other day confidentially intimated to his junior class to always use the effusive form of voice in "interceding;" for, said he, *they* will go back on you every time if you use the expulsive or explosive form.

The President very emphatically remarked the other morning, after stating that there was complaint in some departments of the University of there being students who appeared to study and yet did not learn, that "He desired there should be no nest eggs in any department of the college." Be up and doing boys.

While taking our lunch the other day we were partially deprived of the enjoyment which this noon-day exercise generally affords us, on seeing another luncher with an oyster can in hand approach the brink of Lake St. Mary, dip up a can full of the water, and quaff it off with as much pleasure as a Tuton would a mug of beer.

On Tuesday last Dr. A. W. McAlester removed a large tumor from the breast of Rev. Dr. Clark of Centretown, Cole county, Mo. Dr. C. came here to have the operation performed and it was nicely done before the medical students of the University and many physicians. The patient is doing well and will soon be well.

The Doctor while lecturing to the senior class took occasion to speak of resident graduates (since there are some in that class) and compared them to humming birds that are at liberty to flit from flower to flower and sip at pleasure the sweets which others can enjoy only in a certain fixed order.

One thing we think the President has done which will contribute greatly to the benefit of the medics and sons of Lyncurgus—he has given them employment down below for their hands and voices so that they are not now under the necessity of straining their necks and eyes in taking observations on the gal-lery.

Dr. Laws has solicited the medics to collect for him all the brains they can procure from a mouse to an elephant for the benefit of the senion class. There must be a great deficiency of brain material in that high headed class.

We would suggest to that young man of the senior class who intends to shave and starch his face in order to win the medal on commencement day that it might be very advantageous to have his robe of sufficient length to conceal his delicate little feet.

One of our gallant students who has a taste for studying the "Botany of the heavens," in escorting young ladies to church on star-light evenings has lately had a very rough experience. As he was endeavoring to display his gallantry to the best advantage, and while his thoughts were directed more to her who leaned on his arm than to the path they were pursuing, suddenly and very unceremoniously the young lady, who had placed implicit confidence in her guide, was walked into a deep mudhole when the astonished escort exclaimed "you must excuse me, I'm nothing but a Prep." We suggest that our gallant "Prep" carry with him a locomotive head-light after this.

We were visited the first week in October by Messrs. Settle, Mitchell, Hawkins and Buckner of Westminster College. They were up looking after their interests in base ball. We were sorry that we had no organized club. Next time, gentlemen, we will meet you on the field of glory and vanquish you centennially.

ATHENÆAN HALL, October 24th, 1876.

WHEREAS, It hath pleased the Allwise Creator to take from our midst a fellow-member, W. T. Moore, therefore, be it resolved by the members of the Athenæan Society,

1st, That by his death we have been deprived of one who, though not long with us, had given promise of becoming a useful and efficient member.

2nd, That we extend our warm and heartfelt sympathies to the bereaved parents in the loss of their only beloved son.

3rd, That copies of these resolutions be furnished to the "Herald," "Statesman" and MISSOURIAN for publication, and that a copy be sent to the parents of the deceased.

Committee { J. H. DAVIS,  
S. T. HARRISON,  
W. B. MARSHALL.

Musquitos are getting scarce, and the flies are doubling themselves up in the cracks and corners, while the winter winds whistle round and round.

*Photographs! Photographs!!*  
FRANK THOMAS,  
Portrait & Landscape Photographer,  
BROADWAY, COLUMBIA.

First class work of all kinds made and finished in the latest style of the art. A full line of Frames always on hand.

### THE TEMPLE OF PHARMACY

Has in its capacious rooms anything needed by the students. Stationery, pens, ink, &c. Pocket memorandum and miscellaneous books, toilet soaps, perfumery, brushes of all kinds, and a thousand other articles that the students constantly need. Dimmitt & Bro. are also experienced druggists and will give courteous attention to all who favor them with their patronage.

Gold pens a specialty. Gilman, Dorsey & Co. Society badges, Athenæan, Union Literary &c for sale by Gilman, Dorsey & Co.

Slates, steel pens, paper and envelopes, record and other blank books in great abundance, for sale by Gilman, Dorsey & Co.

Students will bear in mind that we will furnish anything in the drug line to make them feel sound and healthy. Those who trade with us soon grow fat. GILMAN, DORSEY & CO.

A regular first class clothing establishment.

A regular first class Boot and Shoe Store.

A regular stock of gents furnishing goods—boys', youths' and mens'.

Rubber overshoes: can furnish the student with whatever he may need in the dry goods line. SAMUEL & STRAWN.

Joe & Vic Barth, of the Star Clothing House, respectfully call the attention of everybody to their full line of clothing for men, boys and children. Suits of all styles and grades. The best lot of paper and linnen 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.

We offer our entire stock of white shirts, that cost us from \$1.50 to \$2.25, for \$1.50, and a large lot of unlaundried white shirts at \$1 each, worth \$1.50; mens' net drawers from 50 cents to \$2; mens' best British sock, 3 pairs for \$1. Gents' ties, cravats, collars, and everything in the furnishing line at the very lowest prices. Fine suits made to order. The best assortment of stationery at one-half the usual price.

MOSS & PREWITT.

Dr. A. McCuen, late of Marshall, Mo., has located in Columbia, and solicts public patronage. All work will be warranted to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Good references given. H. D. Doak, J. W. Bryant and J. R. Vance, Marshall, Mo.

EXPENSES AT HARVARD AND YALE.

The division of colleges into city colleges and country is more marked in regard to the expenses of their students than in regard to the character of the instruction they give. The instruction of a Harvard professor of Greek may not differ essentially from that given by an Amherst professor; but the expenses of a Harvard student are double or triple those of an Amherst student. The extremes of the total annual expenses of students at Harvard, which may be considered the representative of city colleges,—like Yale, and the colleges in the city of New York,—are about \$450, and \$4,000. But the poor, economical student, who stints himself to \$450, lives in *res angusta domi* and eats the cheapest food; and the rich student, spending \$4,000, lives as luxuriously as the wealthiest New York or Boston families. But these amounts are extremes; more poor students spend \$550 or \$600 than \$450; the expenses of the majority of wealthy students do not exceed \$2,500, and there are only half a dozen among the whole eight hundred who succeed in consuming \$4,000. The poor student pays for tuition \$150, as does the rich; for room-rent, with chum, \$22; for board at the Memorial Hall Club, in which are many of the rich, as well as all of the poor students, \$190 (\$5 for 38 weeks.) The cost of his coal and gas is about \$30, and of his text-books, not less than \$20. These five items amount to \$412, without including either clothes, washing or traveling expenses. He provides furniture for his room, which (a chum bearing half the expense) costs about \$50; but a room furnished at the beginning of the Freshman year requires no special refurnishing afterward. The total annual expenses, therefore, of a Harvard student, of the most rigorous economy, cannot be less than \$450, and probably will amount to \$500.

The expenses of a wealthy Harvard student may be thus estimated: For tuition, \$150; for room-rent, which is \$160 higher than at any other college, \$300,—but a room renting for this sum is one of the best of college rooms in America; for board, at \$8 a week, \$304; for attending theaters, concerts, suppers, \$500,—the largest item in the expenses of many a Harvard man; for society fees and subscriptions, \$400 (the initiation fee to one club, the Porcellian, is \$500;) for private servant,—a luxury which about half the students enjoy,—\$50; for horses, \$150; for coal and gas, \$75; and for books, \$100. This total amount of \$2,000 includes, however, the cost of neither clothes, washing, traveling expenses, nor furniture. The cost of furnishing a college room elegantly is not less than \$500, and may amount to \$1,000. The annual expenses, therefore, of the average wealthy students at Harvard amount to \$2,500. A few wealthy students spend more, many less; the limit on the one side being

\$3,500 or \$4,000, and on the other \$1,000 or \$1,500.

What is true of expenses at Harvard applies *mutatis mutanda*, and without the *mutanda* being considerable, to Yale and other large city colleges. Most necessary expenses, however, are less at Yale than at Harvard. The extremes of room-rent are \$25 and \$140, and tuition is \$140. The poor student can, therefore, pass a year at Yale for from \$50 to \$100 less than at Harvard. To the wealthy student, moreover, New Haven does not present as favorable opportunities for spending money in attending places of amusement as Boston; but the societies at Yale are more expensive than the Harvard societies. To the wealthy student, therefore, and the student of average means, the expenses of four years at Yale do not differ essentially from the expenses of four years at Harvard.—*Charles F. Thwing; Scribner for Nov.*

THE CONTEST.

On the 22d of December next an oratorical contest will take place at William Jewell College, Liberty, and there an orator from one of the represented colleges of the state will be chosen to represent Missouri in the interstate contest to be held at Milwaukee, Wis., in May, '77.

On Friday evening, the 20th inst., a large and appreciative audience assembled in the chapel to witness the contest for the honor of representing the State University at Liberty in December. This was the first public exercise of the kind at the University for this session, and we were happy to see so many present. In the large assembly we noticed the young ladies of Christian College. We bade them welcome, and hope that our exhibitions may be more frequently graced by their presence this year than during the past. The excellent instrumental music usual on such occasions was this time wanting, but the deficiency was well supplied by a few students, who took their position in the gallery and entertained the audience with some good old-fashioned songs. Promptly to the time the speakers entered and the exercises began. Mr. J. J. Collins presided in his most graceful manner. After prayer by Dr. Laws the contestants ascended the rostrum and delivered their orations in the following order:

J. H. Field..... The Motto of the Age is Truth.  
F. M. Kumpf..... National Liberty.  
W. B. Marshall..... Waterloo.  
E. D. Phillips.. Freedom Crushed to Earth Shall Rise Again.

All of the orators acquitted themselves in a most creditable manner, and were rapturously applauded by the audience.

After a few minutes consultation, the committee, consisting of Col. J. R. Shields, Rev. J. S. Grasty and Prof. W. H. Cole, unanimously awarded to Mr. J. H. Field of Columbia, the honors of the evening. Mr. Field is, then, our standard-bearer in the coming contest, and we hope that he may not only

be victorious at Liberty, but that at the contest in Wisconsin he may bring distinguished honor upon himself, his university and his state.

PERSONALS.

D. M. Wilson, valedictorian class '75, is now in Gettysburg, Pa., studying law.

T. A. Whitworth, formerly a student of the University, is teaching school near Aullville, Mo.

W. S. Peace, a last years student, is attending school this year, at William Jewell College.

J. H. Wilson, class '76, is principal of a school near Greenwood, in Jackson county.

Lewis Hoffman, class '76, and a former editor of the MISSOURIAN, is in Hermann, Mo., reading law.

W. M. Laforce is teaching "the young ideas how to shoot," in the vicinity of Carrollton, Ills. He will be with us again next year.

Says the *Westminister Monthly*: S. T. Harrison, '78, this year has the "unadulterated felicity" of assailing the students of Missouri University with his "voluminous vocabulary."

W. F. Jones, J. W. Horner and W. R. Tipton, all of whom were medical students in the University last year, are now attending medical lectures at Jefferson College, Philadelphia.

Since our last issue the University has been honored with visits from Gen. John S. Phelps, U. S. senator F. M. Cockrell, Jackson L. Smith, Esq., and Rev. Jacob Ditzler, D. D.

UNIVERSITY OF THE STATE OF MISSOURI.

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT.

The following table will not be uninteresting to many of our readers. It gives the whole number of students—male and female—attending the University in all its departments each year for the last ten years, beginning with the session ending in June, 1867. Where Academic appears it also includes Normal and Agricultural students. For the session ending

June, 1867	Academic .....	87
" 1868	Academic .....	129
	Model School for Nor. Ins. 173—	302
" 1869	Academic .....	144
	Model School for Nor. Ins. 50—	194
" 1870	Academic .....	207
	Model School for Nor. Ins. 36—	243
" 1871	Academic .....	217
	Model School for Nor. Ins. 81—	248
" 1872	Academic .....	294
	Academic .....	379
" 1873	Law School .....	25
	Medical School .....	15—419
	Academic .....	397
" 1874	Law School .....	84
	Medical School .....	15—446
	Academic .....	386
" 1875	Law School .....	21
	Medical School .....	83—390
	Academic .....	275
July, 1876	Law School .....	17
	Medical School .....	29—321
Total number attending in the ten years.		2,984

Dr. Laws wants a few subpreps to experiment on before the Senior class. None but genuine articles need apply.

the beautiful and lively maid of honor, Annie Buleyne, who ousted Queen Katherine, deserves but little notice. What a contrast do we here see! What a succession! What a fool! to permit herself to be so dazzled by courtly splendor, so deceived by that wife-murderer, so allured by the beckoning hand of pleasure, who pointed to a bed of roses beneath which lay the viper that sooner or later was to sink its fangs into her bosom.

One would suppose that the fate of her unhappy predecessor would have been a sufficient warning to her. But no, she was too fickle. Scarcely had she chid the old court dame for prophesying that she might one day become the "Queen's queen," to which she replied—"I would not be a queen and wear a golden sorrow for all the world," than she accepted King Henry's offer and placed upon her own head that same crown of sorrow, which to her also proved that of death.

Thus she clearly showed, not only the falsity of her words, but also that, where royal favors were showered upon her, she could as cheerfully wear the crown, as Katherine could play the part of a domestic house wife. But now as the supplanted and supplanter are both gone, we cannot but feel a sense of pity for both. For Katherine—since with all her good judgment and intellect that she should not have used it better. For Annie, because she had not that judgment and common sense, but who, like the intoxicated moth, flitted for a time round the dazzling lamp, and finally perished in its merciless flame.

#### A VISIT TO THE SEA SHORE.

[CONCLUDED.]

Our readers can readily perceive that we greatly enjoyed playing with old ocean's hoary locks

Chilly as it is we will here finish the account of our centennial sea bath. We had recovered from the effects of one severe breaker and with renewed energy were ready for the next one. But being again deceived in the strength of ocean waves, we again lost our footing, were turned round and round like a wheel, till at last we found ourselves in water but knee deep and far from where the tide struck us; while the waters were rapidly running from us as if they feared we would chastize them for treating us so roughly.

The more fleshy men and women were tumbled about like so many beer kegs, and reminded us of Jack Falstaff, whom the rogues remorselessly tumbled into the Thames, and these fleshy fellows too might have been drowned (having an alacrity in sinking) but that the shore was shelvy and shallow. When these corpulent, jolly folks were capsized, it was only with difficulty that they could regain their equilibrium. Then they would only have time to catch a breath, get their eyes, nose and mouth rid of the unpleasant water, and rebrace themselves for the recep-

tion of a stronger and higher billow rapidly nearing them. Again we have more fun. For as the curling billow strikes us, down goes the whole line of blue jackets, amid the roar of the sea, as if laughing over the manner in which it had capsized so many land lubbers. But experience makes us wiser. Our greenness being partially washed off, we soon learned how to meet the tide that waits for no one. Many became expert in jumping up on to the wave's crest and sliding down on the opposite side. The more awkward and flesh-burdened women, however, would only stand still and with an "Oh!" be unceremoniously carried in shore by the merciless waves. Then scrambling to their feet, and all dripping with brine, they would waddle along like a lot of ducks, after the receding waters, to be dealt with in like manner by a returning wave.

It was a common sight to see a large, fat woman with a man on each side holding her hands, thus anchoring her, and combining their whole strength to resist the tidal force. Sometimes they would be successful in holding their ground. But oftener the trio would be separated and its members carried far apart amid the deafening roar of the sea. Then the more active men could be seen regaining their footing, taking a quick survey of the scene, and then running up to her floundering ladyship (who appears less graceful here than in her drawing room) assist her in gaining a stand-up position, before the next tide should appear. But we must stop here. Having enjoyed all the sport that fifteen minutes sea-bathing could afford us, we left this bitter sweet for the less restless earth. We returned to the long rows of bath-houses (which consist simply of many poorly constructed and small rooms, and which can accommodate but two persons at a time,) and after trying many doors in our efforts to find our own, and beggings of pardon for our awkwardness, we found the proper room and soon reappeared on the beach in our more fit dress, concluding that high dry land is best for land-lubbers unable to swim.

MR. MARTIN, at

#### Photographic ART Gallery,

opposite the City Bakery, on Broadway, Columbia, is now prepared to execute all kinds of work at the very lowest living prices. Old pictures copied and enlarged, (especially for the Crayon Portraits.) A supply of frames always on hand, and a liberal patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

G. L. MARTIN.

## State University,

—AT—

## Columbia, Mo.

Opens September 11th, 1876.

Law and Medical Departments  
October 2d, 1876.

Departments of instruction are College and Preparatory, Normal, Agricultural, Law, Medical and Analytical Chemistry. The University is open to young women. Entrance fee, \$10, with incidental of \$5 for each semester. Fee for Law and Medical departments, \$40. Board in private families, \$3 to \$4 50 per week; in clubs it is had at one-half these rates. In the means of instruction and illustration, few institutions of learning, east or west, equal the Missouri University. Send for report and circular. SAMUEL S. LAWS, Pres.

J. L. PRUETTE'S

## GEM CIGAR STORE.

For Cigars, Pipes, Tobacco, smokers etc. go to the Gem Cigar Store, Court House Street. The finest cigars, the nicest pipes, and best tobacco always on hand. J. L. PRUETTE.

## RIGGINS & O'REAR, STONE FRONT,

Dealers in Staple and Fancy Groceries, Fine Cigars, Tobacco, Lamps, Chimneys, etc.

THEY SELL CHEAP.

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## COLUMBIA DRUG STORE.

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LIVERY, SALE and FEED STABLE,

WALNUT STREET,

Near Court House, Columbia, Missouri.

## SAVE YOUR MONEY!

BY BUYING YOUR

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, ETC.,

GARTH & CLINKSCALES,

AT THE CORNER STORE.

## CASH GROCERY

—AND—

## PROVISION STORE!

J. T. Nichols proprietor, one door east of J. & V. Barth's store, will sell you goods right down at bed rock prices. Call and see me.

## HARDWARE.

I keep on hand a complete stock of

## SUPERIOR COOKING STOVES.

Bridge, Beach & Co's. Cooking Stoves, also a great variety of Heating Stoves for coal or wood, besides all other useful articles of Hardware.

C. C. NEWMAN.

## BIG BONANZA!

We especially direct all of those that desire a neat and comfortable fit made out of the finest material to call at sign of Boot "76" on University street, opposite post-office. Repairing cheap and neatly done. Ladies' fine shoes a specialty. I invite the public before leaving their orders elsewhere to inspect my stock and prices, as I keep none but the finest of workmen. Respectfully, P. PETRE.

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"Fax Mentis Incendium Gloriæ."

Vol. VI.

STATE UNIVERSITY, COLUMBIA, MO.--NOVEMBER, 1876.

No. 3.

## LITERARY.

### IF WE KNEW.

If we knew at the first how little is known  
 By graduates just from our colleges flown,  
 If we knew that the juniors and seniors all pass  
 For double the sense they display in the class,  
 If we knew that the bee-gums we usually meet  
 Were riding the pate of some bloated dead-beat,  
 Would we enter the school with such trembling and fear  
 And look on a student as being the clear-  
 est headed and most honorable human that  
 graces the soil of terra-firma?

If we knew when we enter the college how small  
 Is the price the collegiates place on us all,  
 If we knew the contempt which the ruralist feels  
 As he curls up his lip at our cuffs and high heels,  
 If we only could know at the time our mistake  
 When we think "What an elegant appearance I make!"  
 Would we cock up our heads with such profusion of  
 style,

And turn up our noses, and, scornfully smil-  
 ing, reply to an editor when he proposes to  
 credit us for the MISSOURIAN, "I could pecuniarily sat-  
 isfy at this moment the demand made of a subscriber  
 by your journalistic monthly, did I but possess the  
 inclination of disposition to do the same?"

O could we but know how much will depend  
 On our deep-rooted habits when college shall end,  
 Or could we but feel that these lessons of truth  
 Which are sown in the mind in this garden of youth  
 Are the germs from which spring the oaks grand and  
 sublime,

That will lift up their heads o'er the forests of time,  
 Would we come to the class-room with lessons unseen,  
 And then wink at our comrades and shrewdly and keen-  
 ly begin talking to the Professor about the ex-  
 citement up in town; and thus draw off his mind, so  
 that he will spend the hour in discoursing on the prob-  
 abilities of Peter Cooper's election?

Were there given the power to stupid mankind  
 To read the thoughts rolling in another man's mind,  
 And we thus knew the game the Professor would play,  
 To "have us up" yesterday, and again on to-day,  
 And learn in that way how many at night  
 Get only the lesson they will likely recite,  
 Would we come to the class unprepared, do you guess?  
 And when called to recite by the watchful Profess-  
 or of Astronomy, reply with a tone of despon-  
 dency, "Wy-wy-why, Professor, I've just come from the  
 polls, and I got the wrong lesson, and—and—and I  
 could work every problem in the lesson except the one  
 you gave me?"

But could we the future now grasp in our span,  
 It would darken true hearts and change many a plan.  
 Ne'er would we recite where feminine gaze  
 Keeps the chills all astir and the fever ablaze;  
 Where we hold to our hats from morning till night,  
 Lest we meet a fair maiden and act impolite;  
 Nor whisper the chimes of our hearts, were it so,  
 And allow her in triumph to answer us, "No"—

"ble and honored as you are, my circumstances  
 are such that"—we stuff cotton in our ears, "hang our  
 Jews-harps on the willows and sit down by the river  
 of Babylon to weep," until her soul begins to famish  
 for the melody of the former music, and she plays the  
 next tune herself.

## MINISTRY OF POETRY.

[STEPHENS GOLD MEDAL ORATION, DELIVERED  
 AT THE MISSOURI UNIVERSITY BY MISS  
 ELLA DIMMITT, JULY, 1876.]

In order to fully appreciate the ministry  
 of poetry, it may be necessary to be some-  
 what methodical in a classification of the  
 arts in general, and these may be arranged  
 into two classes, the *useful* and the *orna-  
 mental*. To the former class belong those  
 employed by man in securing the comforts  
 of life. To the latter those which contribute  
 to his pleasures. This latter class less nu-  
 merous than the first, though of wider appli-  
 cation, includes what are called the "fine  
 arts," namely: painting, sculpture, music and  
 poetry. Though this division be accepted,  
 the line of demarcation cannot be too sharp-  
 ly defined. Like the colors of the spectrum,  
 they fade into each other by insensible de-  
 grees. Many things designed for use afford  
 abundant scope for ornament, and many  
 things whose prime object is to please, are  
 not thereby rendered unfit for use. It has  
 been said that the foundation of the fine arts  
 was laid in the luxuries of life, and that they  
 flourish only in countries long freed from  
 want and barbarism. This may be true with  
 regard to painting, sculpture and music, as  
 sciences, but we have every proof that the  
 earliest history of poetry is identical with the  
*earliest history of man*. The useful arts are  
 acquired by study, while the impulse that is  
 to make a poet, a painter or a sculptor must  
 come from within.

As no two persons see the same rainbow,  
 so no two persons agree in their views as to  
 what constitutes poetry. What is poetry for  
 one may be the plainest prose for another.  
 The highest ambition of prose is merely to  
 express the plain, simple facts, while poetry  
 performs a ministry of love, smoothing, orna-  
 menting and making beautiful and lovely the  
 rough paths of weary man. The true poet  
 wields a mighty weapon, for his advantage  
 and elevation all nature is laid under contri-  
 bution. He whispers an incantation and  
 legions of spirits on glittering wings fly to  
 his aid! He waves his magic wand and all  
 opposition kneels quickly at his feet! Does  
 he frown? Gloom and despair envelop all things.  
 Does he smile? The very skies become won-  
 derfully bright. In answer to the question,  
 is the poet's mission an ordinary one? we  
 have only to remind you that God Himself

is a poet. He never speaks in prose, but  
 communicates with us by signs, omens, infer-  
 ences and figures. There are no poems that  
 can be compared with the sacred Scriptures.  
 The Psalms, even now after having been re-  
 duced to prose for three thousand years, pre-  
 sent the best and most sublime collection of  
 lyrical poems. Then truly is the spirit of  
 poetry a universal spirit, confined to no age,  
 and limited to no country. The revelations  
 that have crowned the tops of Horeb and  
 Sinai have descended through all succeeding  
 ages to us. It cannot be questioned, how-  
 ever, that knowledge and refinement have a  
 tendency to "clip the wings of poetry," as  
 the limit the imagination. Only the new and  
 novel charm the fancy, enabling it to reach  
 the culmination of its greatness.

As we look through the present into the  
 dim vistas of the vague beyond, build lofty  
 castles and people them with fairy forms, or  
 connect them with dark myths of our own  
 fancy, so, while unable to comprehend the  
 universe, we fill it with demons or gods, dear  
 enchantments or pleasant retreats, as our  
 muse sees fit to picture. Indeed the imagi-  
 nation is the poet's great talisman, and why  
 repress our feelings of sadness as we see  
 the hand of science at work, hewing down  
 the barriers, and tearing us from our loved  
 images by rashly changing them into prose  
 realities, thus robbing poetry of her sweetest  
 essence. There can never be another lad-  
 der where angels may ascend and descend  
 from Heaven as in "Jacob's dream" of old.  
 Alas! science has done the cruel work here  
 also. Astronomical research has measured  
 the wide expanse between our world and  
 Heaven rudely severing the link that con-  
 nected us with the "pearly gates" of that  
 "Celestial city." Yet in spite of this, poetry  
 has many dear charms left. Life without  
 this holy enthusiasm would be the sun  
 without its brilliant ray, the diamond with-  
 out its lustre. Poetry is the language of  
 nature, and if it is not a reality, life itself  
 is a mere phantom, since all forms of poet-  
 ry are imitations of nature. In the ex-  
 pressive language of that classic writer Em-  
 erson, "nature itself is one grand trope, and  
 all particular natures particular tropes. The  
 various changes and productions of nature  
 are merely the nouns of the poet's lan-  
 guage. All the lower and higher emotions  
 of the mind—fear, hope, joy, love and

[Concluded on Eighth page.]

## Ladies' Department.

EDITORS:

MISS LAURA A. JOHNSTON, MISS IDA HAYES,

## CAPTURE OF PEGASSUS.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE "SENIOR CLASS"

There was once in ancient fiction  
 In the land of Gods and Heroes,  
 'Mong the hill-tops and valleys,  
 On the mountain capped with white-snow,  
 In the forests waving backward—  
 In the valleys 'mong the grasses—  
 Flying on his breezy pinions,  
 A winged horse they called Pegassus.  
 He was famed for his swift flying,  
 For his wings of eagle feathers,  
 For his strong and mighty pinions  
 That could bear him safe and steady  
 O'er the broadest, deepest waters—  
 Bear him safe and unresisted  
 To the other side of—"No-where."  
 Now there was a man in Graccia  
 Who had saved his dimes and dollars  
 'Till he had a little sack full—  
 Had wherewith he thought to buy him  
 A young, wild and firsky pony.  
 So one day with whip and bridle,  
 And his money in his pockets  
 He set out for far-famed Athens,  
 As he journeyed on and pondered  
 What his little steed would cost him,  
 Suddenly he saw before him,  
 By the roadside, at a fountain—  
 At a fountain calmly drinking  
 A wild horse—and 'twas Pegassus.  
 Yes, he knew him by those pinions  
 Folded backward from his shoulders,  
 While he stood knee-deep in water  
 Calmly drank and made no movement.  
 Bellerophon—such his name was—  
 Thought he'd catch this flying monster—  
 Catch him with his golden bridle,  
 Traun him with his whip and saddle,  
 Have him for his own wild war-horse.  
 So a shout he gave, and after  
 The wild horse he followed faster  
 Than the swiftest turkey-buzzard.  
 O'er the hill-tops sped he onward,  
 With his eye straight on before him,  
 Tried in vain to catch the winged-horse.  
 Then he sat him down and pondered,  
 On a rock beside the road-way.  
 Ah! at last a new thought struck him,  
 And he left the ground as sudden  
 As though a bumble-bee had stung him.  
 Then he made a rustic basket  
 Of the willows by the road-side,  
 And he found some wild-oats growing  
 By a mud-hole in the valley.  
 Quickly then he filled his basket  
 With the tempting, new-mown wild oats,  
 Then with bridle hid behind him,  
 And his other hand extended  
 Holding forth the tempting morsel  
 He approached the wily monster.  
 The winged horse, his ears extended  
 Reached his nose out to the basket.  
 Then he ate the tempting wild oats,  
 Bowed his head and smiled approval.  
 This Sir Bellerophon had him—  
 Had him by his waving fore-top,  
 Held him fast while on the bridle  
 He did put in half a twinkle.  
 The Pegassus rose to Heaven  
 Taking with him Bellerophon,  
 Soaring upward through the breezes,  
 Up and up still rose Pegassus!  
 Jupiter had looked in silence  
 At this strangest freak of nature;  
 Had gazed downward from his palace,  
 Saw Pegassus flying upward,  
 With a mortal man upon him.  
 Then he sent a little horse-fly,  
 Who bit Pegassus on the forehead  
 So he could not keep his balance,  
 But tipped up and Bellerophon  
 Slid down off his perch in silence—  
 Tumbled headlong *terra-firma*,  
 And a sharp rock jutting upward  
 Pierced his body—held him firmly

High up from the bright green pastures,  
 'Till he died, and then his body  
 Turned to rock as hard as iron.  
 To this day among the rain-clouds,  
 On the topmost highest mountain,  
 You can see it horizontal,  
 Like a cross upon the mountain.  
 But the horse they called Pegassus  
 Flew on upward, up to Heaven,  
 To the palace of Jupiter.  
 Where he bears the darts and arrows  
 That High Jove slings often downward  
 At his erring, wand'ring creatures.  
 This short sketch, which is a true one,  
 Should teach Seniors who aspire  
 To be greater than they're able,  
 Stop and think and then rise higher.

## JOSEPHINE THE MODEL WOMAN.

In the present age men have so often received unmerited fame that it becomes us to regard only those famous who have proven themselves such by their own actions. Their virtues are tested by the temptations and sorrows of a life-time, as the purity of gold is tested by the fiery flames of the furnace. As a general thing glory is fickle as a breeze, yet it is encouraging to find occasionally in the catalogue of human life a noble exception, one who thought little of praise or power, but whose good works truly glorify their author. Their names are rendered immortal by the reflection of an opinion enlightened by those two sons of Christian truth—love to God and love to man. And among such no name is more worthy than Josephine, who, reared amidst rural scenery, surrounded by many imbellishments of refined and polite life, beams a child of beauty and grace having such instinctive refinement, tenderness of feeling and elegance of manner as to win and retain all hearts.

Bright and sunny indeed was the morning of her girlhood during which she became so habituated to joyousness that it seldom failed her in her darkest hours. Though not eminently beautiful, yet through her features the emotions of the soul were unceasingly beaming and from them radiated all the sentiments that belong to the kindest hearts. Her beauty consisted in that pure and feminine loveliness which no artist has power to transfer to canvass. In all to which the empire of woman's taste rightly extends, her's was exquisitely just and simple as it was refined. As the curtains of night that are draped over the earth render visible the stars that never appear during the day, the clouds of sorrow that early darkened her life only served to show the brilliant traits of her character, her strength of mind and her self-sacrificing disposition. Words are inadequate to express the keen anguish that wrung that fond mother's heart when compelled to exchange a beautiful home for a prison, to bid farewell to her sleeping children and hastily imprint the last kiss on their brows and leave them unprotected in the world with a raging enemy around them.

Though her cup of sorrow was bitterer than most mortals are called upon to quaff, her noble soul was not quenched by despair, she triumphed over many dark hours and poured consolation and hope into many a forlorn and anxious bosom shut up in the

same narrow precinct with herself in prison, as afterwards upon the first throne of the world she was beloved by all classes, ruling here, as elsewhere, over the hearts of willing subjects. Having one of those dispositions over which the evils of life pass lightly, but whose glad sensibilities expand to every gleam of hope, she found solace in diffusing the sunlight of her heart through the gloom around her. But there came a day when the prison bars were burst, and with poverty staring her sternly in the face, she was thrown into a country over which the fires of the revolution were still seething, and in their angry glare searching for new victims.

Her natural buoyancy of spirits rose superior to the storm which so mercilessly swept over her, and joy shone upon her again. She was an interesting woman formed to be the ornament of private life, having no pretensions save by some strange vicissitude to emerge from its peaceful seclusion. But when success gave her husband power to crown her Empress of France, and she was called upon to enter court, she appeared as much at home as if her whole life had been spent in the society of monarchs.

Around her aristocracy circled in delightful homage, while poverty charmed by her sympathy and her beneficence, ever greeted her with acclamations of joy. When Moses said unto the Lord "Show me thy glory," the Lord said, "I will cause my goodness to pass before thee." By these words it is demonstrated that to be good is to be great, and in the life of Josephine this principle is shown to be the secret of power. Her empire rested on goodness and gentleness, and could some magic wand wave over the living and the dead who owe a debt of gratitude to her kind intervention, it would summon an innumerable army ready to testify of her work.

Alone she stands as a monarch who willingly leaves the throne to wander through rural roads, entering the cottages of the peasants and listening to their simple stories, her heart ever open to share their grief or joy. When she sat upon the throne, and even long after she had sank into the repose of the grave, the region around Malmaison was full of the recitals of her benevolence.

Her influence was felt by all with whom she associated. Napoleon spoke of her as his star, and attributed his great success in life to her guiding influence. And when the many chequered scenes of her life were drawing to a close, she with the same angelic disposition that made her whole life a continuous lesson of practical virtue calmly replied, "I have never caused a single tear to flow.

From the height of her virtues she has shown in the beauty of human life. While on earth she labored for her fellow-man, and now sleeping in death by her example and her works, she continues the same office.

## THE SKETCH BOOK.

Every author has his master-piece. Though he may write volume after volume, and make diverse and interesting subjects the themes of his pen, when we think of the author we almost intuitively associate with his name his best work. Scott had his *Ivanhoe*, Milton his *Paradise Lost*, Dickens his *Pickwick Papers*, and Washington Irving his *Sketch-book*. Among the many entertaining books that dropped from the prolific pen of Irving, none is so nearly and dearly associated with his fame as the greatest prose writer of America, as his inimitable *Sketch-book*. In this work he concentrated the dazzling rays of genius and combined the products of his many-colored fancy, making it, indeed, a rich oasis in the desert of trashy literature there so boundless. This was the talisman that commanded the admiration of the old and new worlds, and, at once, stamped him the most talented and polished writer of his age.

Almost all kinds of composition are scattered promiscuously throughout this work; and when the mind tires of the contemplation of one scene, by turning a few pages an entirely different panorama is presented to view. Indeed his *Sketches* may be compared to a gallery of richly-colored pictures. In one we see a ship far out on the raging ocean, no land in sight, the dark clouds surging in angry throgs across the blackened heavens, and the awful scene at times illumined by flashes of lurid lightning. In another the smiling beauties of rural scenery are presented. The birds chirp and sing, the brooklet laughs in its gleam, and the bright sun sheds a flood of meridian splendor on farm-house and orchard, on waving fields and grassy meadows. In still another we see the romantic place of Shakespeare's nativity, the interesting scenes and haunts of his boyish sports, and in the distance the tall, gray spire beneath which sleeps the body of the world's greatest poet. Thus the mind is continually being regaled by the contemplation of new and diverse objects, and spice and variety take the place of dryness and monotony.

While he took especial delight in description, he has not by any means ignored the pleasures of the novel. His love and admiration for the fictitious had its outcroppings in such beautiful stories as *Rip Van Winkle*, the *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, and the *Spectre Bridegroom*. These do not develop any intricate plot or tax the mind with cumbersome detail, but, for all that goes to make up a splendid, delightful story they are unsurpassed. After reading such beautiful passages, such smooth and flowing periods, who can but admire the richness of his thought and the fertility of his imagination? We are at once impressed with the poetical tinge that everything seems to assume under the touch of his magic wand, and although he ever confined himself to prose, the apt

figures and beautiful similes everywhere diffusing a pleasant radiance over his page, give evidence of the poetic element in his nature. The "dusty splendor of Westminster Abbey," the ship "staggering over the precipices of the ocean," the shark "darting, like a spectre, through the blue waters"—all these things are poetry, such poetry as never was, never will be surpassed.

The *Sketch-book* is indeed a master-piece of literature—one of which any author might well be proud and any country boast.

## THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

In the *Lady of Shalott* we have an account of the romantic life and the strange death of a fairy lady. Tennyson conceived the plan and the thoughts of this poem from an old English legend. Like other of his poems this one abounds in richness of imagination and beauty of expression.

On the banks of a river the *Lady of Shalott* had a beautiful palace. But a few paces from her palace was the road to Camelot. On the walls of the room opposite the road was a large mirror before which sat the lady with a magic loom and web. Beautiful and varied were the scenes reflected by the mirror upon her web. Her sole employment was to weave into the web the pictures of the scenery as reflected. The task was a delightful one. There was the clear, placid, winding river, with its banks barricaded by the lofty cliffs and stately pines, at whose feet sprang many a pleasing shrub and flower. There were the rich fields of barley, now waving in their dress of green, now studded with their golden sheaves. At one time a troop of merry girls and boys, making the palace resound with their laughter and merriment, would pass before the mirror; at another, a long funeral train would take its slow and mournful way before the magic glass.

Thus for days and nights she continued to weave the pictures of animate and inanimate nature in all its beauty and loveliness, until Sir Lancelot, the first of King Arthur's knights chanced to pass. His manly form, stately mein and knightly equipments were too much for the lady of the palace. She had heard that if she once left her weaving and looked upon the real scene there would be a curse upon her. But not heeding this, look upon him she would and did.

"She left the web, she left the loom,  
She made three paces through the room,  
She saw the water-lily bloom,  
She saw the helmet and the plume.

She looked down to Camelot,  
Out flew the web and floated wide;  
The mirror cracked from side to side,  
The curse is come upon me, cried  
The *Lady of Shalott*."

She leaves the palace, hastens to the river, finds a boat. She takes up her dolorous voyage, and, swan-like, sings her death song floating down the river.

From this story let us draw some con-

clusions. Our life is a web, and as time rolls by, many and strange are the images we weave therein. Some are bright and beautiful, full of joy, full of happiness. Some are perfect pictures of suffering, misery and woe. In the life of many Lancelots have flashed across their way and their whole course of life, like the *Lady of Shalott's*, is changed forever. If we will take a note of some of the past's great we will see many instances of the passings of Lancelots. Sometimes they are male, sometimes female—sometimes a lover, sometimes a tempter. Mary passed before the mirror of Byron's soul and changed a life of joy and hope to utter misery. She changed his gay and happy song to miserable wailing and a wicked curse. In the case of *Æneas and Dido* we see where a heartless Lancelot caused the death of one happy, beautiful and good.

In conclusion, may the objects through life, the shadows which we weave into our soul, always be pleasing, grand and ennobling.

LEANDER.

## PICTURES WITHOUT FRAMES.

The countenance is the little page to the book of the soul, and it may also be regarded as the preface, a portion of the work to be read first. A noble person needs but a plain garment to set it off; a beautiful picture requires but a simple frame. A great thought is best dressed in simplest language.

Our thoughts should depend from our souls like leaves from the trees; and like leaves on the trees when the zepthers gently fan them, only the sickly, the pale and the dead, fall to the ground. Men of great genius, but little heart, are like the *Aurora-Borealis*, whose magnificence awes the Arctic voyagers into silence. But for what good is it? With all its splendor it causes no flower to bloom; in all its light no life is produced. The soul who loves the Saviour and appreciates his works is as if the author of a beautiful book, should present a copy of it to a friend as a token of love. The friend would enjoy the work in common with the public, yet in addition to these, he would have another, a special joy, in feeling himself the possessor of the authors' love. When the oyster sickens and dies, it is changed into a precious pearl, and so with the christian; after sufferings, and trials, and tribulations he becomes a jewel in his Saviour's crown. A noble mind weighed down and obscured by sorrow, may be compared to the unsightly shell, which covers the nut; at first glance it would be cast aside as valueless, but on opening the shell the sweet nutritious kernel appears. The most perfect stones are but rough pebbles to the ignorant eye, yet the skillful hand of the polisher soon transform them into most brilliant gems. Of birds the sweetest singers often have the dullest plumage. So with man. The finest thought, the purest motives, the most generous heart, the most resplendent christian virtues, are frequently found encased in a rough exterior. These are pictures without frames.

# The University Missourian.

PUBLISHED FOR THE  
STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY  
AT THE STATESMAN OFFICE.

TERMS, - - One Dollar Per Year.

E. D. PHILLIPS - - - Editor-in-Chief.  
T. L. MONTGOMERY, } ..... ASSOCIATES.  
F. W. HOUCHEM, }  
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S. T. HARRISON ..... LOCAL EDITOR  
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TERMS :

One College Year (in advance).....\$1 00  
Single Copies..... 10

THE MISSOURIAN is published by an editorial corps appointed by the Athenæan and Union Literary Societies.

THE MISSOURIAN is forwarded to every subscriber until all arrearages are paid, and an explicit order to the contrary given.

NO ANONYMOUS communications will be published.

We take pleasure in chronicling still another important change in University matters—important to every student who does not like to freeze to death in the halls and windows, while studying his lessons between recitations. It may be a surprise to many old students of the University, but it is nevertheless a fact, that students are now allowed to study in the library. We are indeed very thankful for the change, and often will our hearts pronounce blessings on the Faculty while sitting in the cozy chairs of the library and preparing our lessons.

We have already spoken of our desire to make our college paper as useful and attractive as possible. But, we repeat, it is not in our power to do so alone. We must have the co-operation of all who come within the domain of students and faculty. Though we as members of the editorial corps are willing to do our full share, and more too, of the work pertaining to the paper, still we often find ourselves greatly in need of outside aid. Our youthfulness, and hence limited experience will not permit us to furnish month after month a profusion of instructive and entertaining reading matter. We as it were get to our string's end, and any little assistance either from the students, members of the faculty, or from old graduates of our institution would be most thankfully received by us. In this way we would have more time for reading and thus replenish our little store of knowledge from which we must constantly draw to make up our monthly papers. We would simply say to the students who are ambitious of becoming good writers, that now is the time for cultivating their powers of expression. J. G. Holland, in his "Every Day Topics," throws out a very wise suggestion when he says: "Two grand opportunities for preparing yourself to use your knowledge as a power in the world are the societies and your paper.

Don't neglect both, nor attend to one to the exclusion of the other." Who'll be the first to show their interest in their college journal by sending us in a tart, pointed article? Don't disappoint us.

## AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

The number of our exchange visitors for October was much larger than for the month of September. Though we may never have met any of the students whose names appear in the editorial fraternity of college journalism, though ours is but a mail-bag acquaintance, and though we may never meet in the future, still since we are all brothers in the same common cause, all seeking within college walls the same grand principles of truth, we feel already sufficiently introduced, and take great pleasure in perusing the entertaining columns of all college papers that are inclined to be social and give us a call. We feel like expressing ourselves as did Mark Twain's Col. Sellers: "We are only plain folks anyhow, and want our friends to drop in whenever they feel like it and take pot-luck with us." We received the following: *The Archangel*, *Salesianum*, *Rochester Campus*, *Niagara Index*, *Irving Union*, *Dickinsonian*, *Southern Collegian*, *Westminster Monthly*, and the *Companion and Teacher*, all of which present a very tasteful appearance and evince much originality. In our intercourse with our exchanges we shall try to act gentlemanly and to criticise fairly, with the expectation of receiving from them similar treatment.

The *Companion and Teacher* is a very entertaining and instructive magazine. We were particularly pleased with its article on the "Centennial and its Educational Features," to which we will refer more particularly in the future.

As we are starting to press the *Texas Cadet*, from the "Lone Star" State introduces itself to us with its sprightly columns. The *Cadet* is a new paper, and we wish it success. Get after your printers, *Cadet*, and make them do their work better.

We are glad to receive the first number of the first volume of the *Christian University Record*, which bears a sisterly relation to our own paper. We are happy to see our old friend G. A. Hoffman at the head of the *Record's* corps of editors, and that he is keeping such good company; for he has two young ladies for associates.

The *Adrian College Recorder* is among the best of our literary guests. The opening poem styled "Unachieved," signed H. T. G., is without doubt the finest poetry that has appeared among any of our exchanges for this year, while the account of Gulick's visit to Sunnyside reminded us very greatly of our trip down the Hudson.

*College Message* says its faculty is already making preparations for the holidays. It makes us ask the question of ours in authority here if we are to be given a little

rest during this coming merriest time of the year.

The *Westminster Monthly* comes down pretty bearing on the *Archangel* for attempting to palm off as its own production, "Maxcy's "Loss of a National Character." The *Angel* has our heartfelt sympathy.

The *College Courier* appeared last week with a very polysyllabic poem. We suggest that the next time the authors swallow Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, and then add one syllable more. We were much pleased with the article on "Smashing," and suggest that the *Courier* is good at selecting.

The *Irving Union* looks as neat and lovely as a sweet sixteen. We never tire reading E's accounts of his London sights. Call again *Irving Union*.

The *Dickinsonian* comes to us with a very attractive heading. The college scene is very suggestive, but we suggest that a change in the first page would make it appear much better. We heartily agree with the *Dickinsonian* in condemning college fraternities. We hope it will use all in its power to discourage them.

The *Southern Collegian*, from "Old Virginia, looks as bright as a new dollar. We are happy to learn of the fine prospects of the Virginia University becoming well endowed. L. writes very sensibly in regard to the care students should take of both their minds and bodies. Action is the motto of our age, and "when once we rest we despair."

The *Rochester Campus* contains some good things, especially Mr. A. C. Kendrick's poem entitled "Off to Dreamland." Friend *Campus*, don't you think you'd look better if you would remove those advertisements from the first page?

After rumaging about among our pile of "ex-es" we discovered one which we presume on account of its higher specific gravity had gravitated to the bottom and so eluded our sight. So reaching for the tongs we make a dive for the young pretender from the Green Mountain regions, and holding it out at arm's length find it to be the *Sheaf*, the *Golden Sheaf*, which at once presented us with its opinion of our MISSOURIAN as follows: "It is the most curiously 'made-up' paper we have lately seen. It has some good qualities, but a change in its general form would improve it much." Ah! hem! Uv course! How astute! For the *Sheaf's* benefit we will simply state that the standard of taste, like the star of empire, has moved farther West, and our general form suits us very well. The *Sheaf* needs greatly to begin retrenchment, improvement and reform nearer home. Sheaves that have not their own bands properly tied should not be so critical.

The Press is one of the greatest educators of the restless and ever active age in which we live.

## WAKING DREAMS.

To him whose imagination has been dulled by contact with the vexing cares and stern realities of life this subject will not be interesting unless memory may recall the days of a happy youth. But the young and imaginative indulge most frequently in waking dreams. To them the scenes of life do not meet the desires of the heart, and hence the pencil of imagination is made to portray others which are more in harmony with their designs. Reality with its stern and forbidding visage retires into the gloomy back-ground; and forward in bold outline start the dazzling and airy phantoms of the imagination. How often does ardent fancy, while dull and glutinous indolence snores in happy forgetfulness, take the wings of the wind and picture to itself scenes which have no real existence. Now she takes her stand on the peak of some jutting cliff, and far out on the impatient ocean spies a lone ship struggling with the already engulfing waves; now she dives down into the cabin among the despairing crew, and from the vast crowd singles out perhaps an aged man just returning to his home and dear native land to spend life's closing years by the family fireside, and who already in imagination had clasped his dear children in a fond father's embrace.

Such are waking dreams, and few there are who in some happy moment or other have not yielded to their influence. Often when far away from home and friends, under the clear, blue sky of Italy, or on the picturesque banks of the Mississippi has the weary stranger sat, and has let loose the reins of his imagination, recalling the hills and valleys of his own beloved country, his native streams and rocks and grassy plains with all the vividness of reality. He so perfectly sees the dear old house, the venerable elm lifting its protecting arms above the mossy roof, and the path winding down to the bubbling spring, that he is transported back into the midst of these scenes and lives over again the days of his youth.

But these fanciful pictures may not always be so pure and unselfish. The ambitious wealth-seeker will see his hoard of glittering gold increase day by day; his coffers swell with gems of costliest dye and pearls that would well deck a throne flash before his glittering eyes. Or, if young and unmarried, his mind is apt to conjure up the form of a lovely maiden, clothe her with the beauties of a nymph, love her with unfathomable affection, and become the most devoted of husbands. Solitude seems most to favor this mood. In the midst of din and bustle we are not prone to build air-castles or to weave the gauzy web of fancy. These are rather the luxuries of an otherwise unoccupied mind—"the aristocratic indulgences of the intellect." Away from the hum of city life, on the banks of some quiet stream, amid the embowering foliage with no sound

to break the stillness save the melancholy music of the stream as it sweeps between its willowy banks, the judgment lays aside the sceptre, and fancy becomes lord of the ascendant. The calm, still hour of twilight, when the turmoil and confusion of the day have gone by, and the season of spirituality and imagination is dawning, seems to inspire this mood. Yes, twilight seems to unseal the fountain of fancy, and there as in a mirror the heart surveys the past, the dead, the absent; and there, wrapt in contemplation we can almost hear the gentle rush of angel wings and the low, sweet music of purer worlds.

In waking dreams whatever emotion prevails has a tinge of exaggeration. He sees everything through the serene atmosphere of imagination, and gives to even the most commonplace things a poetical coloring. Indeed poems are but waking dreams, and poets are notorious castle builders. Milton's mind, during the composition of that immortal poem, "Paradise Lost," must have existed in the state of a sublime waking dream; so must Raphael's, while painting the "Sistine Chapel," and so must Michael Angelo's, while designing the beautiful forms of his wonderful statuary. Thus waking dreams have proven not only a source of pure enjoyment, but has given to the world some of the grandest works of art and the most sublime masterpieces of literature. JEAN.

## SAMUEL L. CLEMENS

[From an Exchange.]

(Mark Twain) is at present our leading living humorist. Born in your State, at the village of Florida, Monroe county, his father died while he was a boy, and left him all the money he could get by working for it. Apprenticed at thirteen to a rustic printer, he stuck to the case for near three years, and, having proved to his entire satisfaction the brilliant opportunities which his place furnished for an early and honorable starvation, the spirit of greed seized him, and he resolved to die after a more lucrative fashion. He worked his way to the East, having many ups and downs, chiefly downs, and in twelve months landed in St. Louis, resolved to be a pilot between there and New Orleans. He mastered the calling, and did some squibbing for the press, under the professional pen-name of Mark Twain—meaning two fathoms.

He afterward went to Nevada, his brother having been appointed Secretary of that Territory, and spent ten or twelve months there in silver mining, i. e., putting silver from his pocket into the earth. He got so infernally hard up that he was finally forced to become a reporter on a newspaper, where he did his first regular scribbling. Ere long he journeyed to San Francisco and continued to report, acquiring local notoriety by his sketches signed "Mark Twain." Having been engaged by the Sacramento *Union* to go down to the Sandwich Islands to describe

the sugar plantations there, he furnished to the paper some very funny letters, and on his return found himself famous in a provincial way.

In 1867 he came East and published his *Jumping Frog* and other sketches, which made him somewhat known in this vicinity, though the volume did not sell much. The same year he made one of the excursionists on the Quaker City to the Holy Land. He printed "The Innocents Abroad" after coming back, and the book established his fame.

## HOW MUCH FOOD A MAN REQUIRES.

We are indebted to an eminent scientific gentleman for the following:

The total quantity of food required by man has been variously estimated. It will necessarily vary, indeed, not only with the constitution and habits of the individual, but also with the quality of the food employed; since some articles, such as corn and meat contain very much more alimentary material in the same bulk than fresh fruits or vegetables. Any estimate, therefore, of the total quantity should state also the kind of food; otherwise it will be altogether without value. From experiments performed while living on an exclusive diet of bread, fresh meat, and butter, with coffee and water for drink, we have found that the entire quantity of food required during twenty-four hours by a man in full health, and taking free exercise in the open air, is as follows:

Meat—16 ounces or 1.0 lb. Avoirdupois.

Bread—19 " 1.19 lb " "

Butter or fat,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  oz. 0.22 lb " "

Water, 52 fluid oz. 5.33 lb " "

That is to say, rather less than two and a half pounds of solid food, and rather over three pints of liquid food. This represents the requisite daily quantity of food and the proportions of its different kinds, when composed of such articles as are most completely nutritious and of the most uniform composition. For the continued maintenance of health and strength in a working condition, other articles, such as fresh vegetables, sugar, milk, fruit, etc., should be mingled with the above in a variety of proportions.

From the physiology of Professor J. C. Dalton, M. D.

The following statement, gathered from our exchanges, shows the condition of some of the schools and colleges of this part of the state:

Central College, Fayette, has 90 students.

Howard Female College, 55.

Christian University, Canton, 115.

Pritchett Institute, Glasgow, 80.

Synodical Female College, Fulton, 55.

William Jewell College, 140.

Westminster College, 125.

Floral Hill College, 25.

State University, 328.

Christian Female College, 100.

Male High School, Mexico, 46.

Hardin College, 145.

Sturgeon High School, 175.

"What," said a gentleman to the late Professor Agassiz, "was the thing which most struck you in coming to this country?" "Your observance of the Lord's Day," was the great naturalist's reply.

The middle aisle of the main Centennial building is broader than any street in the world, and each of the side aisles is broader than any street in Washington.

# The University Missourian.

## LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

Joyous!  
Rapturous!  
Christmas is coming!

A ten days holiday we will have!  
To home we will hie to see our "peerless!"  
Hurrah for the girls in blue!

Mites, sociables, suppers, readings, theatrical performances and class exercises are the order of the day.

It is suggested that the faculty number the rostrum "0" and let that fellow, who gazes at the gallery, cover it.

The Inter-state oratorical contest will take place at Madison, Wis., in May '77.

One, two—buckle my shoe; three, four—knock at the door and bring in that dollar that you owe us for the MISSOURIAN.

"Big Hoeker" is at Dallas, Texas in business. The lassies down there affectionately call him "Sitting Calf."

The latest salutation—Have you received an invitation to the class entertainment?

To us who sit below in the chapel, the warbling of the little "Blue Birds" in the gallery is thrilling.

Our little Potter had a hard time being seated in the chapel on the 21st. Copious blushes mantled his pallid cheeks.

Professor in Zoology. I say are birds oviparous or viviparous. Student: Yes sir I think they are.

Some of our "little fellows" are addicted to sliding down the banisters. Dr. Laws suggests a nurse.

If you want to create a sensation among the University students just tell them where there is going to be a mite.

Our president says that he never had to do with a more orderly and decorous body of students.

One of our boys who was trying to catch up with a young lady the other day on the street, knocked his boot heel off. He then picked up his heel and retreated in confusion.

We are afraid that our President will make us vain. He tells us not to ornament the sidewalks nor festoon the street corners with our comely persons.

Dr. Laws says that he has held every position in a college except that of janitor. He believes with some experience that he would make a pretty fair janitor.

Thomas, our photographer, has just finished a large life-size portrait-photograph—with cray-an coloring—of Dr. J. G. Norwood. It is certainly a very fine likeness and a splendid piece of work. Call and see it. Such pictures are preferable to painted portraits.

The senior class, having a little freedom from class room on last Thursday, paid a visit in a body to the department of History and English Literature, where they enjoyed an hour listening to the junior class discuss the merits and demerits of Ben. Johnson and Beaumont and Fletcher. After the recitation we were pleased to see the Professor open his Shakspeare and spend the rest of the hour in reading Mark Antony's oration, the beauties of which he so clearly and beautifully brought out. We must say that we enjoyed this last exercise exceedingly, and left the room when the bell rang feeling that it was good for us to be there.

All that's left of summer—the green bonnets of C. C.

Considerable brass is manifested of late in the gallery.

We regret to hear of the prolonged illness of Dr. Norwood.

Cover your numbers boys, or the keen eye of the monitor perched in the gallery will give you a black mark.

The Governor has appointed Hon. John A. Hockaday curator of the University, vice John A. Flood, resigned.

Hayes is a graduate of Kenyon College, Wheeler of the University of Vermont, Tilden of the University of New York, and Hendricks of Hanover College.

Mr. M. P. Leintz brings to our office, to be presented to the University Museum, the skull of a buck which he killed on the Osage river more than 40 years ago. Also an interesting petrification.—*Statesman*.

We send copies of this issue of the MISSOURIAN to several papers which have not hitherto been exchanging with us. With this number we politely request them to X.

"Blue birds" are flying around the University, and C. C. yard is studded with green bonnets. Wake up, "Old Probabilities," and tell the people that spring is coming.

When a fellow reflects that since school began two girls have fallen down the stairs, and one into the ditch for the gas pipe, he must conclude that girls are on the decline.

Professor (reading)—"Where the ocean's billows lave Cape Horn." Sleepy Student (partially awake)—"Have a horn? Certainly, by all means. Take something yourself."

Talk to a senior about the front seats in chapel if you want to see a fellow weep. Their hearts are broken and scattered here and there over the chapel; each one is consoled by the presence of a "sub-prep" at each elbow who act as guardian angels.

Students are debating the question—would it be expedient to establish a military school in the University? Most of them seem to think that it would be eminently beneficial to have such a department in the University.

We have heard some of the students talking in favor of a uniform. We think that uniform is superfluous. Let's be gallant and let the sisters alone wear the beautiful blue adorned with brass buttons.

We heard a modest boy say the other day that it made him happy to have the refulgent brightness and resplendent brilliancy of the nocturnal cylindrical luminary dazzle the vision of his ocular optics.

One of our students made an egregious blunder the other day. He wrote a letter to his father and also one to his "rose-bud." He made a mistake in backing them, and sent the letter that contained the affectionate outpourings of his heart, to his father. He now knows not what to do.

Dr. Laws left us on the 22d inst., for Chicago and the east, and is to be absent from us till the early part of January. He was compelled to go on official business. We wish the Doctor a pleasant trip and a safe return.

We don't know whether there are any "sink holes in our campus" or not, but we noticed one of our girls in blue the other day drop suddenly from sight while walking up from the normal building. Before we could go to her rescue she had resumed her usual height. We presume she was simply measuring the depth of the gas ditch.

*Photographs! Photographs!!*

FRANK THOMAS,

Portrait & Landscape Photographer,  
BROADWAY, COLUMBIA.

First class work of all kinds made and finished in the latest style of the art. A full line of Frames always on hand.

### THE TEMPLE OF PHARMACY

Has in its capacious rooms anything needed by the students. Stationery, pens, ink, &c. Pocket memorandum and miscellaneous books, toilet soaps, perfumery, brushes of all kinds, and a thousand other articles that the students constantly need. Dimmitt & Bro. are also experienced druggists and will give courteous attention to all who favor them with their patronage.

Gold pens a specialty. Gilman, Dorsey & Co. Society badges, Athenæan, Union Literary &c for sale by Gilman, Dorsey & Co.

Slates, steel pens, paper and envelopes, record and other blank books in great abundance, for sale by Gilman, Dorsey & Co.

Students will bear in mind that we will furnish anything in the drug line to make them feel sound and healthy. Those who trade with us soon grow fat. GILMAN, DORSEY & Co.

A regular first class clothing establishment.

A regular first class Boot and Shoe Store.

A regular stock of gents furnishing goods—boys', youths' and mens'.

Rubber overshoes: can furnish the student with whatever he may need in the dry goods line. SAMUEL & STRAWN.

Joe & Vic Barth, of the Star Clothing House, respectfully call the attention of everybody to their full line of clothing for men, boys and children. Suits of all styles and grades. The best lot of paper and linnen 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.

We offer our entire stock of white shirts, that cost us from \$1.50 to \$2.25, for \$1.50, and a large lot of unlaundried white shirts at \$1 each, worth \$1.50; mens' net drawers from 50 cents to \$2; mens' best British sock, 3 pairs for \$1. Gents' ties, cravats, collars, and everything in the furnishing line at the very lowest prices. Fine suits made to order. The best assortment of stationery at one-half the usual price.

MOSS & PREWITT.

Dr. A. McCuen, late of Marshall, Mo., has located in Columbia, and solicits public patronage. All work will be warranted to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Good references given. H. D. Doak, J. W. Bvaut and J. R. Vance, Marshall, Mo.

### STUDENTS,

You will find it greatly to your interest to buy your school books and stationery at S. B. Kirtley's book store below the post office. Beside school books you will find many miscellaneous books, such as will be wanted by students from time to time. Will furnish you any book published in the U. S. at publishers' price. All kinds of stationery furnished at lowest rates. A new lot of fancy paper just received.

The following is the manner in which one of our sublime affectionates writes to her—Dearest: When ever I think of thee, electrical darts of monumental transport pierce my prodigious amatory organ, &c., &c.

The November number of the *Jewell* presents a handsome appearance inside and outside. We admire the change it has made in its binding. Give us another "Quako Strong."

## CENTENNIAL VISITS,

NUMBER 11.

## NIAGARA FALLS.

Arriving at Cincinnati on July 31st. just at the close of the extremely hot season, we branched off from the more direct route to the Quaker City, and steamed up northward for Niagara Falls over the handsomely equipped Atlantic & Great Western Railway, and through the picturesque country of Ohio and Pennsylvania. We boarded the train at midnight, and, of course, were not able to enjoy the scenery till morning; but from this on till five p. m. of that day, we passed through some of the loveliest of nature's inimitable works. In place of the level fields or mimic hills, which make up the scenery of our country around Columbia, we found ourselves winding among towering mountains, which, beside the forest trees so common to us, were clothed with a dense verdure of evergreens and conical-shaped pines. As we glided swiftly through such scenery, now between two chains of moss-bound hills, now through a beautiful valley, now across a rushing mountain stream whose waters were as clear as crystal, or it may be along the shores of some placid lake (such as Lake View) whose borders were fringed with the brightest green, and across whose bosom pleasure-boats were gliding loaded with jolly pleasure-seekers. I say as we sat still for hours looking from our car window upon such scenes as these, we forgot that we were moving, but it appeared to us that we were standing still viewing a brilliant panorama of mountain scenery passing before our eyes. Such scenery rivals the works of the most skillful artist, and affords him the richest opportunities for study. We were amused at the manner in which many fields were inclosed. This was generally done not with rails but stumps, which looked like long hills of huge deer horns. We would often see an acre of ground covered with these stumps, which had lately been uprooted from the earth, and, we presumed, would soon be used for making "stump fences." At five p. m. we reached Buffalo, where we caught for the first time a glimpse of Lake Erie. Here we changed cars for Niagara Falls, which were but an hour's ride distant. Now our anticipations beat high; our curiosity was higher than woman's, for we were approaching the most renowned of nature's water works, and were soon to behold in person what we had read of and heard of so much, and we wondered if we were to be disappointed or not. At six p. m. we steamed cautiously across the railway suspension bridge at Niagara (from which we just caught a glimpse of the falls up the river) and drew up to the depot on the Canada side where we alighted, and, for the first time trod upon "royal soil." To be in keeping with the customs in this joint dominion of Queen Victoria, we exclaimed, "Long live the Queen!" One could tell he was in the land of royalty as soon as he stepped from the cars. The very air seemed to be different from that in the United States. Everything around you bore the slow, easy, English style. An English custom officer collared us as soon as we in our innocence and in our free American way started off to seek a place of rest, and very authoritatively ordered us to allow him to take an excursion through our baggage. Thinking the fellow had been imbibing too much "O be joyful," and being in great haste to see the Falls before dark, we attempted to get rid of what we presumed to be a drunken hotel runner, but just then seeing a dozen other satchels being examined by other officers, we concluded we had better submit. So we opened our grip-sack and allowed the fellow to take a peep. He pronounced all O. K. and away we went, thinking that the English were very kind to see that strangers lost nothing out of their traveling bags. A temporary boarding place having been secured, we rubbed the sand out of our eyes, ran a comb through our hair, partook of a light supper, and then taking a stand-up view before a large mirror to see how we looked in the midst of royalty, we struck an "English" "attitude" and sallied off up the river in quest of the Falls, whose distant roar had already assured us that we would not be disappointed. A mile's walk brought us in full view of them. We paid our dimes and started over the graceful and magnificent suspension bridge which spans the river here. From the middle of this

bridge one gains a fine view of the Falls, which were distant about one half a mile. The first thing that attracts your attention is the tremendous roar which is continually kept up. I might compare it to the constant roaring of a thousand batteries.

The sun was just setting. Its last golden beams were playing brilliantly among the foaming waters. Clouds of mist were rising from the foot of the cataract to be wafted down stream by the gentle breezes of that calm summer evening, and we felt the cooling moisture upon our faces as the mist stole silently by us. Here the top of the Falls seem to be on about the same level with the bridge. We were astonished to learn that the water beneath us was over 240 feet deep, while the distance from the bridge to the surface of the water under us was 199 feet. Fearing lest we in our demonstrations of wonderment might loosen a bolt somewhere and let down the bridge into this awful depth, we tip-toed back to the Canadian side and descended the winding path which leads you down the almost perpendicular rocky bank of the river to the level of the water nearly 200 feet below. We were now only about a quarter of a mile from the Falls. A man was rowing a skiff back and forth between the two shores bearing passengers to and fro, and we noticed that considerable skill was required to propel the boat safely across the swift waters and among so many whirlpools. Here we sat down to muse, admire and wonder. Twilight was fading away. The flocks and herds had sought their quiet retreats for the night; the leaves of the forest seemed to be hushed to sleep; and man himself had dismissed the labors of the day to catch a brief season of repose; but still the angry waters that knew no rest thundered on unceasingly as they had done for ages past, even sounding more turbulent on account of the stillness of the rest of nature. Star after star came out till the sable curtain of night was pinned to its place and let fall upon the earth beneath. The moon passed out from behind the clouds and shed its mellow light upon the angry waters of the Falls, and thus and thus gave to the whole scene a highly romantic appearance. Our breast heaved with admiration, our soul was filled with poetry, but we looked around in vain for some means of expression. We could only exclaim: How awful! How beautiful! How sublime! How manifold are Thy works, O God! Truly, in wisdom Thou hast made them all. It is not till they are viewed from their base that one gets a correct idea of their grandeur and sublimity. Imagine yourself seated at the brink of the ruin between the perpendicular banks, which, like impregnable battlements rise nearly 200 feet above you, with the deep, dark streams of the angry river flowing at your feet, while but a quarter of a mile up the stream in full view are tumbling from a precipice over 100 feet high the mighty waters of the great lakes. It does seem as if this is the seat of Jove's thunder, the place where the inimitable artillery of the heavens are kept in a constant action. Such emotions are stirred within the spirit of the lonely spectator as almost to make him fall down and worship, if not the Falls themselves, at least their Creator. No wonder the wild Indians looked with such suspicious awe upon this great American wonder, and pronounced it the habitation of the Great Spirit. Already insignificant man in his own estimation dwindles into the lowest degree of still lower insignificance. Here the proud, self-important man is made known of his weakness. Here the bigotted infidel has the question put to him "Who made this?" His faltering tongue may stammer "Chance," or "Nobody," while his breast will loudly beat the true answer, GOD. Here the Christian's belief in his Maker is strengthened, his ideas of the Infinite are expanded, while his spirit is filled with rapture at the glorious works of the Most High. None but a fool could stand in such a place as this and say a his breast "There is no God!" There is something infatuating, magical and powerful in such works of nature, and when man's philosophy and deep logic fail to convince the infidel of his error, nature herself triumphs over him when he is led to gaze upon her wonderful works. Poor, weak humanity is made to cry out: "What is man that God should be mindful of him?" But we were about to forget that our space is limited, and that the reader's patience is also. We will close by saying that to appreciate this great treat properly, the reader must go and see what we have seen and feel what we learned to feel. Description, however grand and extensive, is nothing compared with a single glance at the thing itself.

After feasting our eyes from the scene which we have but faintly described, we reluctantly retraced our steps to the hotel, where we sought quiet and rest for our weary limbs; but not till our bed had given us a couple of falls (caused, doubtless, on account of being so close to the break-downs) were we permitted to enter the land of dreams, being assured that the protecting arm of the Queen would preserve us from all harm during the rest of the night.

## HENRY THE VIII.

In Henry the Eighth we see a complex character which deserves both hatred and admiration. His inhumanity, (especially towards his wives) fickleness and natural coarseness, mingled with a semi-refinement, are all clearly portrayed by the bard's inimitable pencil. He is a slave to flattery and delights to rule alone. We fancy we see corpulent, awkward old Harry swaggering about among his courtiers and nobles, now commanding in tones of the greatest rudeness, then suddenly changing his manner to crack a joke and indulge in a hearty laugh with some of the more good humored members of his court. In his conversation, though evincing some mental culture, still he would often taint his words with vulgarity. He seemed to be an absolute slave to that source of all tyranny, his human nature. His general life shows him to be as inconstant as the month of March, one day all calm and bright, the next as raging as the fiercest wind-storm. In all his extensive wardrobe one cloak in particular he delighted to cast off, and on more than any other, that of *conscience* and *religion*, under which he found excuse for all his meanness. He permitted nothing to stand between him and the gratification of his insatiable appetites. He was a poor scholar, but a poorer warrior. When guided by his ungovernable passion, he little regarded the royal descent of others. This creature of habits and prejudices had so long practiced his inhumanity to man that his heart had become impregnable to the sweet accents of pity, or the still small voice of reason. When smitten with the bewitching eyes of one of his maid servants, neither the royal blood nor the pure love of a blameless wife could prevent him from putting away his queen and uniting himself to a plebeian. But encouraged by Wolsey, who pronounced his marriage with Katherine as a sin in the sight of Heaven, and being still without any issue, it was an easy matter to cause him now to turn his back upon his old and childless wife.

When great Caesar permitted the fascinations of Egypt's bewitching queen to temporarily draw him off from his own queen, we thought Calphurnia's sorrow the most heart-rending. But when we see this worse than Caesar bewitched not by a Cleopatra, but by his own queen's maid servant, to enjoy whose affections he deserted his wife, not for a day, but for life—when poor Queen Katherine is called to endure all this, where shall we find language to express her sorrow? Hers was indeed a speechless grief which calls forth not that pity which lies on the outward borders of our souls, but striking into the deeper recesses of our spirits there awakens a sense of pity which though kindly felt is inexpressible. Human nature revolts against such an example of inhumanity, and burning with indignation raises her arm and brands this royal personage as a counterfeit on humanity.

hatred are but a portion of his vocabulary.

"The world is full of poetry, the air  
Is living with its spirit; and the waves  
Dance to the music of its melodies  
And sparkle in its brightness."

The beautiful landscape, the crystal fountain, the grand painting, the lovely face, are all poems without words, and though the thoughts are unexpressed, they are read none the less readily by the inspired heart. Man is a poetical being; perhaps he may not acknowledge these principles or make them a study, yet he acts them through life. "Poetry is the royal language of high-born genius." It seizes common-place topics and clothes them in such a manner that they surprise and please us. How true the remark that "truth is stranger than fiction." For instance, the world has long thought truth and poetry were deadly enemies. Strange idea! At no time is poetry so well fulfilling her ministry as when in harmony with truth. There are no two friends in the universe bound together by stronger or more endearing ties of affection. In the earliest creation God united them, and ever since they have blessed Heaven and earth with their bright presence. Indeed the relationship between truth and poetry is so near that they have been called twin sisters, and in their progress through life they walk hand in hand along the same pathway. But very often men hear the silver voice of poetry, while their dull earthly eyes fail to see the silent companion so meekly at her side. Sometimes the silken cord that connects them is concealed by the rich drapery; still they walk together all the same. These dear sisters, though many times in plain attire and not recognized by the world at large, teach many beautiful lessons to the musing heart. When we read a grand poem each verse so fraught with beauty and truth, 'tis the poetry alone that appears on the printed page, while the truth is engraven on the soul. Yes, the poet is the greatest herald of truth, and how unlimited should be our gratitude to this welcome messenger, who by his soft whispers to us in solitude, starts a deep fountain of thought and feeling in the mind. The ministry of poetry has won for her another sweet associate, less fair, perhaps, than her sister truth, yet the connection may be more readily noticed. Poetry and liberty are firmly bound together. When freedom unfurls her banner of peace and prosperity and a nation is buoyed by brightest hopes for the present and future, then poetry catches the breath of inspiration and reaches its highest degree of perfection. As the literary productions of an age always partake of the spirit of that age, so the most brilliant political stars of a nation are found in the genial skies of liberty. 'Tis under the benign influence of liberty that poetry develops herself into a splendid system calculated to promote the best interests and extol the greatest acts of man. Poetry, the hand-maid of religion is often a balm to the weary and a consolation to the troubled. All Christian societies sing poems set to music, considering it a mete worship for Him who loves the songs which angels sing. The most depraved man has been reformed by hearing familiar lines of poetry. Perhaps it was a chant sung by his mother as she pressed him to her heart, or perhaps a piece

learned in the dear old Sunday school of years ago. Even the soldier in his rough campaign is more strengthened and encouraged by his national verses than by any other influence.

When he hears the fife and drum playing an accompaniment to loved words, how his heart beats the time with enthusiastic emotion, as he nerves himself for the severest conflict. Hence in nature and in art, in truth and in liberty, in religion and in revolution, the fair goddess poetry faithfully performs her duty, making her charming presence felt and acknowledged. Poetry does not confine her ministry to poems contained in books; we have *unwritten* as well as *written* poetry. Wherever there is a sense of beauty, or power, or harmony, there is poetry. Full many a heart overflowing with sublime thoughts and holy imaginings needs but the "pen of fire" to hold enraptured thousands in its spell. The "thoughts that breathe" but not the "words that burn" are there. Nature's own inspirations fill the heart with emotions too deep for utterance, and the poetry of the heart lies forever concealed in its own mysterious shrine. Unwritten poetry! It is stamped on the bright blue sky—it twinkles in the star—it rides on the ocean's swelling surge, and glitters in the dew drop that gems the lily-bell. It glows in the gorgeous colors of the west at close of day, and gilds the rosy light of morn. It rests on the blackened crest of the thunder cloud, and paints the bright sunbeam. It is on the mountain's height and cataract's roar, on the towering oak and in the tiny flower.

Thus we find her magic ministry wherever God's precious gifts find a resting place.

## STATE UNIVERSITY,

Columbia, Missouri.

Opens September 11th, 1876.

LAW AND MEDICAL DEPARTMENTS  
OCTOBER 2D, 1876.

Departments of instruction are College and Preparatory, Normal, Agricultural, Law, Medical and Analytical Chemistry. The University is open to young women. Entrance fee, \$10, with incidental of \$5 for each semester. Fee for Law and Medical Departments, \$40. Board in private families, \$3 to \$4.50 per week; in clubs it is had at one-half of these rates. In the means of instruction and illustration, few institutions of learning, East or West, equal the Missouri University. Send for report and circular. SAMUEL S. LAWS, President.  
Aug. 25 '76-ds.

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Respectfully,  
P. PETRE.

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"Fax Mentis Incendium Gloriæ."

Vol. VI.

STATE UNIVERSITY, COLUMBIA, MO.--DECEMBER, 1876.

No. 4.

"THERE'S MUSIC IN THE SIGHING BREEZE."

There's music in the seighing breeze,  
Which faintly murmurs thro' the trees;  
Aye, sweeter e'en than Phoebus' lyre  
Are these Aeolian harps, that fire  
The heart with nature's wonders.

There's music in the rippling wave,  
That gently seems the strand to lave;  
And in the breaker's roar the peal  
Of nature's ordnance seems to steal  
The music of the thunders.

There's music in the whispered "yes,"  
By which loved lips at length confess,  
That years of hope have not been vain,  
That constant love at last will gain  
Its merited requital.

Ah! then the strains how sweet and low,  
When hearts with mutual fires glow,  
When quivering lips confess love's sway,  
And troth is fondly pledged for aye,  
At love's soft-breathed recital!

—[Selected.

CENTENNIAL VISITS

NUMBER III.

Aug. 2.—After a good night's rest under the guardianship of "our queen" we breakfasted and hurried across the river to the American side, where we spent till 3 p. m., viewing and reviewing the various points of interest. We first ran up the river to see *The Rapids*, which manifested continually the greatest uneasiness, rising with foamy madness high above the surface of the river and dashing furiously against each other till they reach the verge of the falls themselves, when they tumble down into the surging waters 160 feet below.

Next we made a tour over Goat Island, where we rambled through the little forest still standing as the red man left it; saw the thundering cataract from the edge of a high overhanging ledge of rocks; the beautifully colored bow in the mist; sported awhile among the cool and refreshing *Three Sister Islands*, which are joined together by little rustic bridges; drank from the sweet, clear waters which dash the rock-bound shores, or hunted for pretty pebbles which the waves would wash up on the sandy river banks. Far before we expected it the day was nearly spent, and as we had decided to board the train at 4 p. m. that day for Albany, we took a lingering farewell glance at the wonders of this *calypsonian* resort for the lovers of beauty and sublimity, and, after a stroll through several of the curiosity shops stored

with Niagara relics, we snatched our gripsack and boarded the train for Albany. We now nestled ourselves down to muse 'pon the events of the past day till, at last our weary eyes were closed by the soft fingers of Morpheus, in whose lands we appeared to see magnified pictures of the day's sights, unconscious that we were thundering along with almost the speed of the wind toward other places of interest. At 6 o'clock next morning we reached the crowded city of Albany, the capital of New York. It is one of the most flourishing cities in the state and has about 80,000 inhabitants 'Tis said that this old town existed 100 years without a lawyer, but we can not say whether this was on account of its morality or not. It was named in honor of the Duke of Albany, though it is still claimed by some that in the golden age of those far-off times, when the good old burghers used to ask for the welfare of their neighbors, the answer always was "All h-an-ic," and hence the name. At 7 a. m., while we were rambling through the streets of this old-fashioned town, a deep, musical whistle sounded long and loud. It was the signal of the Daniel Drew calling us to make ready for our trip down the Hudson to the great Babylon of America. As the cradle of steam navigation was first rocked on the bosom of the Hudson it is fitting that she should have the finest appointed steamboats in the world; and she has them. The Daniel Drew and the C. Vibbard are the most palatial steamers in existence. Stepping aboard our elegant steamer we partook of a hasty breakfast, after which we seated ourselves on the upper deck, where we could have a good view of all the points of interest to be seen along the route. From the time we started till we reached the end of our trip our eyes feasted upon the most charming scenery. We will not be able to describe all we saw, but will endeavor to give the reader a general idea of the bewitching scenery through which we passed. A large company of tourists and jolly pleasure seekers were on board, which, together with the enlivening music by a band of Italian musicians, and the magnificent scenery all along our route, promised to make this one of the most delightful of Centennial trips. The only nuisance we experienced was from the venders of guide books, who, during the whole trip, would, at intervals, in the same set, monotonous way return to test the strength of your tympanum with some such utterance as "Guide down the rivuh, giving

full accounts of all places of interest! Guide, sub, complete guide, suh!" When about one half a mile below Albany a beautiful view of most of the city was obtained. But it gradually faded from sight as if carried off in a cloud, and then we entered upon that long line of scenery which only increased in interest at every turn as we dropped down the river. At this season of the year the Hudson is lowest, and hence we at first had to go slow, but once past the shallow portion the Drew's ponderous walking beams increased their strokes until they appeared to be striding along for dear life. We stopped but seldom. In good water our steamer could make twenty miles per hour.

The first steamboat made its first trip up this river in Sept., 1807, and was named the Claremont.

Our first stopping place was at Hudson. But we had no more than thrown out the board till we were off again, cutting the clear water at a rapid rate. Many light houses stood here and there along either side of the river like so many white-clad sentinels. Six miles below Hudson we came in sight of the legendary Catskill Mountains, which far off in the hazy distance looked like dark clouds skirting the horizon. This range of ever-changing Kaatsburgs the Indians called the Ontioras, or Mountains of the Sky, and were supposed by the aborigine to have been originally a monster who devoured all the children of the red men, and that the Great Spirit touched him when he was going down to the salt lake to bathe, and here he remains in everlasting confinement. Of all the scenery I ever witnessed that of the Kaatskill Mountains had the most pleasing effect on my mind.

As we drop silently down the stream, gradually getting nearer and nearer to those objects of interest, they at one time seem to approach, then to recede, now fading away in the hazy distance, then, as you come still nearer, to loom up before you like some beautiful painting enriched by the gilding rays of the bright sunlight. Adown and up the stream sloops and schooners drifted lazily by us, while below us the little "ferry boats plied like slow shuttles through the sunny warp of threaded silver from a thousand brooks." Here among these beautiful mountains is the enchanting dreamland of Washington Irving, the American DeQuincy, which our beloved poet has immortalized in American mythology. Here was for many years the home of the artist

[Concluded on Fifth Page.]

## Ladies' Department

EDITORS:

MISS LAURA A. JOHNSTON, MISS IDA HAYES,

### CHRISTMAS.

"Here comes old Father Christmas,  
With sound of fife and drums;  
With mistletoe about his brows,  
So merrily he comes!  
His arms are full of all good cheer,  
His face with laughter glows,  
He shines like any household fire  
Amid the cruel snows.  
He is the old folks' Christmas;  
He warms their hearts like wine,  
He thaws their winter into spring,  
And makes their faces shine.  
Hurrah for Father Christmas  
Ring all the merry bells!  
And bring the grandsires all around  
To hear the tale he tells.

"Here comes the Christmas Angel,  
So gentle and so calm;  
As softly as the falling flakes,  
He comes with flute and psalm.  
All in a cloud of glory,  
As once upon the plain  
To shepherd boys in Jewry,  
He brings good news again.  
He is the young folks' Christmas;  
He makes their eyes grow bright  
With words of hope and tender thought,  
And visions of delight.  
Hail to the Christmas Angel!  
All peace on earth he brings;  
He gathers all the youths and maids  
Beneath his shining wings.

"Here comes the little Christ-child,  
All innocence and joy,  
And bearing gifts in either hand  
For every girl and boy.  
He tells the tender story  
About the holy Maid,  
And Jesus in the manger  
Before the oxen laid.  
Like any little winter bird  
He sings this sweetest song,  
Till all the cherubs in the sky,  
To hear his carol t'rong.  
He is the children's Christmas;  
They come, without a call,  
To gather round the gracious Child,  
Who bringeth joy to all

But who shall bring their Christmas,  
Who wrestle still with life?  
Grandsires, youths, nor little folks,  
But they who wage the strife:  
The fathers and the mothers  
Who fight for homes and bread,  
Who watch and ward the living,  
And bury all the dead.  
Ah! by their side at Christmas-tide  
The Lord of Christmas stands;  
He smooths the furrows from their brow  
With strong and tender hands.  
'I take my Christmas gift,' he saith,  
'From thee, tired soul, and he  
Who giveth to my little ones  
Gives also unto me!'"

—[Selected.

In the shivering, darkening days of last December we, the young ladies of the University, were called upon to bid farewell to our former teacher of French and German, Mrs. Mary Read Bacon. Again this year, as the gloom of winter settles upon us, and the chimes of the Christmas bells almost reach our ears, our hearts can give but a fee-

ble response to their "Peace on earth, good will to man," for we are made sad by the knowledge that after their chimes have ceased, and we have resumed our places in school, our wandering eyes will no more be greeted with the sight of one of our teachers, for this week closed the stay of Miss Lulu Gillette in our midst. Her warm sympathy and ready counsel have proved her to be a friend to the University girls, and in parting with her we bid farewell to a true friend and sympathizer. Her life among us has been one of arduous toil. She has planted good deeds and noble thoughts here that will blossom and ripen hereafter. She has given words of advice which have been of great benefit to us, but far more precious has been her example, for thereby she has taught us the true aim of pure womanhood. We feel that the place left vacant by Miss Gillette can never be filled as she has filled it, and although we deeply feel our loss we know she will still strive in other and fairer fields, rousing to action by her example and words of cheer the "sluggish clods" in the world about her, and her's will be the reward promised to the faithful, an eternal summer of happiness and peace.

### CHRISTMAS MUSINGS.

Scarcely perceptible above the curtain of eternity is the sinking sun of eighteen hundred and seventy-six, and while experience tells us that the evening of the year is soon to be numbered only with the things that are known no more forever, hope casts a halo of joy and peace around us by whispering that the morning mist will soon be dispelled and the golden sun of eighteen hundred and seventy-seven appear above the horizon. Already the merry Christmas bells are chiming and our warm hearts are joyously keeping time to their rich melody. Past joys and sorrows are all forgotten in the happy thought that another of earth's grandest holidays is near at hand.

How our hearts swell in anticipation of the not far distant day when the family circle of our childhood will be united, though for long weary months there have been many missing links in the mystical chain that bound our hearts together, many vacant chairs when at eve the remnant of the family assembled, soon the oft-frequented halls will ring with the joyous peals of welcome to the long absent, who have instinctively turned with hastening feet toward home at the sound of the Christmas carol, deeply sensible that Christmas is not a heart-feast anywhere except at home.

This is indeed a fit season for joy and gratitude, when the happy family is again united after the year's work is done, seated as in days of yore, around the brightly blazing fire. Their hearts are filled with emotion of mingled joy and sadness—feelings peculiar to the time alone, when remembrances of the past, joys of the present and hopes of the future pre-

sent themselves to the assembled group. Since the morning the angels sang for joy together upon the plains of Judea it has been proverbial for the heart of man to expand to the genial rays of mirth so characteristic of Christmas festivities in every nation. There is a charm in the very name that arouses latent joyousness in every heart, and causes the most care-worn face to brighten with a smile. It is so much a time of joy because its celebration is limited to no rank or creed, but each is left to adopt the mode most adapted to his position in society. The peasant in his humble home, although utterly ignorant of the amusements of those upon whom Fortune's smiles have fallen more copiously, is content in her own domain, and his cup of pleasure is just as full as though he were a lord in a palace.

### A CHAPTER OF CHRONICLES.

Now in the days of Rollins The First there lived a man in the land of learning whose name was Laws. Now this man was perfect and upright, and one that feared not the Curators. So it came to pass that this just man was made chief over the host of learners, and did take up his abode among them. Now a certain people called Athenæans desiring to hold a meeting went to this mighty ruler and did beg that they might be permitted to send and gather up all the learners, both great and small, and reason together in regard to the object of life. Now this mighty ruler did say unto them, go and do as you desire, moreover he charged them to beware of the nest eggs.

Now it came to pass on the eighth day of the twelfth month that all the host of learners did go up into the temple of the Athenæans and did harken unto the sayings of the wise men.

Now when they had all assembled there arose one, Beatty by name, and did call upon Rascal Pat, whose surname was Phillips, to rule over this gathered throng, and Phillips arose and ascended the throne and sat upon the ruler's seat. Then there arose one, Clink-scales by name, a young man strong and mighty, and did declare unto the host in a loud voice, saying that he was about to die, and wished the people to keep silent and witness his departure, and there arose a voice saying cast him out! cast him out! and immediately he was seized and cast out.

Then there arose one Davis, the son of Davis the elder, and did declare unto the people that he was a second Napoleon, and should therefore be their leader, but the voice of the multitude drowned him, and they heard him no more.

Now the departure of this young man so displeased one Marshal, the son of Marshal the Englishman, that he arose and cursed the host, and resolved to go immediately into Carthage, that city of fame, and straightway

he departed, he and his dictionary, for he was a critic.

Now there was among the host a young man likened unto Soloman, for he was a senior. Now when this young man, Johnson by name, did hear of the departure of this mighty man, he came forth and with a loud voice called for men to follow him and bring this offended Athenæan; but no one arose, and he did say unto them, oh, ye hypocrits! What fear ye? Follow me, or I will go alone; yea, I will search in every land till I find this man Marshal; I will even fish in the streams which flow through the Mountains of Rocks. Now the sayings of this wise man did please one, Kumpf by name, and he did declare unto the host that he, too, would follow Johnson, for, said he, whatever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them. But the host held their peace, and Kumpf went his way, grieved within his heart because of the coldness of the weather.

Now it came to pass that when peace was restored there came forth one, Rea by name, and did say unto the people that he lived only for the flowers which were strewn along his pathway, and that when he departed this life he wished to be crowned with flowers and forgotten, and behold when he had taken his seat, there were showered upon him golden laurels, and he did rest in peace.

Now there were certain wise men who did contend together in regard to the signs of the times. One did say that the signs indicated the subversion of the government; others defied them, and so it came to pass that there was a battle of words. At last peace was restored, and there was heard a voice saying the house is adjourned, and the mighty host arose and departed, each his own way.

ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The intercollegiate contest came off yesterday evening (Dec. 22d) at William Jewell College, Liberty, Mo. The following is the dispatch received from our delegate, Mr. McChesney:

LIBERTY, Mo., December 22, 1876.

To the University Missourian, Columbia, Mo.:

Contest came off this evening. Large audience. First prize was awarded to W. D. Christian, Westminster College; Subject—"The Latent Element of Intellectual Development." Second prize to John H. Field, Missouri State University. A. C. McCHESNEY.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

Can you explain why it is that the students of the University have so little "get up" about them? They don't seem to have any life. Half of them won't subscribe for the MISSOURIAN, won't join a society, nor even attend. They are content to drag out a wretched existence, pouring over Latin and Greek, or cramming their *crania* with mathematics; and if you should accidentally mention sport in their presence, they turn pale and almost faint at the bare proposal. Other colleges have, field-days, base ball, boatidg, glee clubs, reading clubs, &c., &c., why can't we have something to recreate our minds, when weary of study. Stir them up in your paper. Let us hear from somebody on the subject, anything for a change!

R. & R.

ENOTHANATOS.

O cherished season of the year,  
When Christmas carols sweep the sky!  
We wonder at thy presence here  
So lately vanished from the eye,  
A grateful hand would we extend,  
And welcome thee, thou yearly friend.

A mystery dwells upon thy brow  
To us unfathomed, ever new.  
The coffin of the year art thou,  
The very birth of gladness too,  
The knife that severs hopes from fears,  
The cord that binds succeeding years.

More welcome comes thy doubtful face,  
Mottled with hope and dread combined,  
To every grade of Adam's race,  
Than other faces well defined;  
All hearts rejoice when thou art here,  
None long to see thee disappear.

The student freed from college care  
Embraces loving hearts once more;  
The skaters in December's air  
Glide swiftly round the glassy floor;  
And children loaded down with toys,  
Give vent with shouts to childish joys.

The manly youth and handsome maid,  
Converse with hearts by love entwined;  
Plans for their future course are laid,  
Their hearts are one, and one their minds,  
The sleighbells jingle in the air,  
And all is gladness everywhere.

Another cycle is complete,  
But ah! our cycle broken lies,  
Some fragments though beneath our feet  
Are hidden from our longing eyes;  
No trace of them with us remains,  
Bright links they form of other chains.

Who dares pollute this sacred theme,  
This honor to the Prince of light?  
'Tis but an ever radiant beam  
Glanced from Judea's plains at night;  
Long may this season yet proclaim  
The honors of his royal name.

This season of the dying year  
Is but a banner in the sky:  
To draw the hearts of nations near,  
Clustered around the Prince on high,  
A landmark pointing out the morn  
On which the infant king was born.

Dying, dying, slowly dying,  
Calmly the sinking year moves on,  
Softly the gentle winds are sighing,  
An hour more, and all is gone;  
Faint lingers its expiring breath  
Around the solemn scene of death.

The worshipers have knelt around  
The altar now in silent prayer;  
Toll, toll, toll, the melodious sound  
Breaks out upon the midnight air;  
Fainter the tones above their head,  
The notes have ceased—the year has fled.

Klang, lang, lang, klang, the joyous bells  
With rapid strokes ring loud and clear,  
Their piercing tones through vale and dell  
Proclaim aloud a new born year;  
Louder and faster rolls the storm  
To welcome its approaching form.

Roll on, and on, forever on,  
Ye fragments of eternity.  
Thy years are each a brighter dawn  
Of man's eternal destiny;  
Thy birth was in eternal night,  
Thy death will be in endless light.

ATHENÆAN OPEN SESSION.

On Friday evening, the 8th inst., a large audience of invited guests assembled in the Athenæan Hall to witness the annual Open Session of that society. The exercises were opened with prayer by the chaplain, Mr. C. L. Diven. Pres. J. W. Beatty in a few appropriate remarks welcomed the audience and gracefully called to the chair the president-elect, Mr. E. D. Phillips. The inaugural address of Mr. Phillips was very interesting, and its wholesome thoughts and wise suggestions commended themselves to the consideration of his attentive listeners. The following programme of literary exercises was rendered:

DECLAMATIONS.

Emmet's Defense..... Emmet Clinkscates.  
Return of Regulus..... W. B. Marshall.  
Emmet's Defense..... J. B. Rea.

ESSAYS.

Napoleon..... J. H. Davis.  
Trout-Fishing..... W. D. Johnston.  
Retribution..... F. W. Kumpf.

DEBATE.

Question: Resolved, That the signs of the times indicate the subversion of our government.

Affirmative.	Negative.
S. T. Harrison,	R. W. Gentry,
A. C. McChesney.	J. J. Collins.

All performed their duties well and fully sustained the reputation of the Athenæans for excellence and literary merit. The declamations were delivered in the best of style; the essays were entertaining and sparkled with rhetorical flourishes and apt similes; while the debate exhibited a thoughtful investigation of this, one of the great questions of the day. Every one enjoyed the exercises and went home feeling that an evening of real pleasure had been profitably spent among the Athenæans. This entertainment shall ever be a green spot in the memory of

A UNION LIT.

For the two preceding years there were not enough funds in the treasury to carry the MISSOURIAN through the whole year, and consequently one or two issues were omitted; but this year we propose to turn the wheel of fortune with a stronger arm and make things come out differently. Within the last few days we have reduced our rates of subscription somewhat, sending the MISSOURIAN from now on to the end of the scholastic year to every new subscriber for fifty cents. On Wednesday and Thursday of this week the editors, assisted by a few friends, canvassed among the students and succeeded in getting 45 new subscribers. To those who assisted us in this we return our sincere and heartfelt thanks.

But a word to our subscribers not residing here, of whom a very few have paid us their dues. We can not speak to you personally, and we do not wish to be compelled to write to you. We simply ask you to act the part of true gentlemen and send us your dollar. We need it, and the dollar which would not be missed by you would materially aid us in carrying on our paper. Reader, if you are in arrears, consider this a special call upon you to pay up. While you are spending your Christmas money don't forget the MISSOURIAN.

Allen & Diven - Aug. 10, 1875

# The University Missourian.

PUBLISHED FOR THE

**STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY**  
AT THE STATESMAN OFFICE.

TERMS, - - One Dollar Per Year.

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TERMS :

One College Year (in advance).....\$1 00  
 Single Copies..... 10

THE MISSOURIAN is published by an editorial corps appointed by the Athenæan and Union Literary Societies.

THE MISSOURIAN is forwarded to every subscriber until all arrearages are paid, and an explicit order to the contrary given.

NO ANONYMOUS communications will be published.

## EDITORIAL.

It has been claimed by some philologists (so-called) that the word "anthropos" meaning *man* has the following derivation arepo, up—tripo—turn—and pous, foot or in other words feet elevated above the head. From the position which the law students generally occupy while reciting we are inclined to pronounce this a correct derivation.

We notice that the 'Yale Courant' seems to take an active stand in politics and speaks very enthusiastically of a Republican mass meeting in which 600 of Yale's students and its ex-President participated in a Hayes and Wheeler "stag dance". But we question the propriety of a college journal dabbling in politics. It is true that the people should be educated in the science of government. But a college paper is not expected to deal with the subject, except in a general way to treat of the principles of government, and should hold itself aloof from all participation in the party politics of the day. Advice unasked is seldom appreciated, but we offer this suggestion and it can be taken for what it is worth.

We all understand and appreciate the necessity of order. It is the prime law of heaven. Without it no earthly or heavenly good could be accomplished. Generally speaking it is observed in our University. But whenever we see it being neglected anywhere, we feel it our duty to call attention to such negligence, and this time we very modestly suggest that that water bucket and probably toilet apparatus in the law library most outlandishly breaks into this desired order. The other morning particularly our attention was called to the matter on hearing a student remark: "Combs! Peacocks! and Barlows! what's the matter with these law students." They should set a better example for the seniors from below.

On the twenty fourth of November last was held in Chicago at the Palmer house a meeting of the following Presidents of Universities to exchange views between the leading educators and to benefit the general cause of education by the Presidents coming in closer and more social contact, and obtaining such experience and information as each was ready to give. The following gentlemen were present: Pres. Laws, Missouri State University; Pres. White, Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.; Pres. Welch, Iowa State Agricultural College; Pres. Fallow, Minnesota University; Pres. Bascomb, Wisconsin State University; Pres. Thatcher, Iowa University; Pres. Gregory, Illinois State Industrial College. At this session our Pres. Dr. Laws presided and Pres. Fallow acted as secretary. The matter of a permanent organization was discussed, but left for future meetings to determine. Pres. Fallow was appointed a committee on calling future meetings. We wish our worthy Presidents success in this good work, confident as we are that much good would result from such conferences.

We hope the members of the Faculty will consider the following suggestions:

While we are engaged as editors upon this college paper our efforts shall be constantly exerted in throwing out such suggestions as we may deem good for our students at large. In our last issue we suggested that the members of the Faculty contribute to the columns of the MISSOURIAN, and we hope that our request be not in vain. We consider our reasons for making this request good. In the first place the wide experience and store of knowledge possessed by each of our professors assures us that they could give us without much loss of time or labor many wise suggestions and rich crumbs of knowledge which would not only aid in filling up our paper with good reading matter but impart to it a higher and purer tone. For the student to meet the professors daily in the lecture rooms is not enough. Here we are confined to the work of the hour and have not the opportunity to partake of the rich fruits of advice and extensive learning which the instructor possesses. Nor do we consider the time and labor spent by the professor in contributing to these columns as lost. If so we would be very foolish in asking them to indulge in such work. On the contrary they would be casting rich bread upon the water for the benefit of the youth now sitting at their feet. Now is the time for the professor to exert an influence which will be carried by our students from these halls of learning throughout all time. If so, then you are the losers for not so using your influences. The vines are now young and tender. Then train them up in the way they should grow. You have a large vineyard in which to try your skill, then go forth and prove the worth of your knowledge. We do not presume to dictate what you should write. But as parents know what

is best for young ideas we would suppose that your superior judgment founded upon sound reason would indicate the nature of the food you should set before us. You have each traversed the road we are now travelling and consequently are able to show us how we may best pursue our course here, and we can assure you that your words of cheer, advice, instruction, or of whatever nature they may be, will be most acceptable.

We are happy to call attention to a matter in which all of our students, at least should be interested, and which has a direct bearing upon the management of our college paper. Though since the paper was established the societies have claimed to be its progenitors and have always elected its officers, still they have not till recently been as closely identified with the MISSOURIAN as they should be, or have the responsibilities of the paper, which really rests upon the societies, as they should have done, and we are glad to announce that since our last issue a joint action has been taken by the two societies which resulted in the adoption of a system of rules and regulations by which the MISSOURIAN is hereafter to be governed and not suffered longer to grope in the dark. By this mutual agreement it is provided that an election of all the officers on the corps, excepting the editor-in-chief, shall occur at the beginning of each semester. That the editor-in-chief shall be elected yearly from each society, alternately. That the other officers shall be elected directly by the societies instead of leaving it with the corps what office each shall hold. That the societies shall be responsible for and shall cancel all debts of the paper. These together with several other less important regulations entering into this compact between the two societies afford a long needed foundation upon which the MISSOURIAN can now safely rest its columns. Had such an arrangement been made at first, a great deal of unnecessary confusion, not to say ill-feeling, would have been avoided, and we sincerely hope now that since the societies have taken hold of the matter so earnestly and been made more responsible for the success of the paper by becoming more and more identified with it, that a higher degree of prosperity will begin to dawn upon it. There is no use trying to dodge the question, if there is to be a college paper published here among our students they must take an interest in it and be responsible for its success or failure. For them to decide to publish a paper, elect a corps, and then sit down and expect the corpse to run the machine without grease would be simply ridiculous. And we are glad that our students have at last been brought to see the folly of such procedure. We must return our sincere thanks to those of the two societies who so successfully used their influence in bringing about this desired change, and hope that the seed they have sown has not fallen upon stony ground.

It is not often that the Horn of Plenty tips over and spills its fulness where it is likely to do the most good, and still less frequently where it is likely to be best appreciated, and we trust we may not be considered as casting inuendoes, if we say that the old Horn hit the nail on the head in both particulars a few days ago when the Grangers manipulated it on the University grounds right where "the boys" had a full swing, every one of whom held a willing and an active hand at the feast. Do not misunderstand us. We do not intimate that the University students are stinted in the matter of good and wholesome food any more than we would assert the other extreme and say that they are "clothed in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day;" nothing of the kind. Our students, like students the world over, are a very respectable set and have of eat and drink sufficient for all physical growth and comfort. Indeed it is doubtful whether students, anywhere can boast of more nutritious breakfast hash, more invigorating bomb-proof steaks or colder water than our average student enjoys at the hospitable boards daily spread at his club or boarding house, comforts which answering all practical purposes and for which of course are duly thankful, but nevertheless, do not render us indifferent to the delicacies and luxuries. This brings us to the point, namely: The Horn of Plenty as personified by the Boone County Grangers. This body composed largely of the wealthiest and most intelligent farmers of the county, held their annual meeting in our chapel on the 4th day of December. They were addressed by Hon. J. S. Rollins; our President, Dr. S. S. Laws and Col. E. C. More, in speeches of great interest and import, too lengthy for publication here and too meritorious to be mutilated by a synopsis, suffice to say,—considering we wish to get back to the point again and give our readers the benefit of what we most enjoyed ourselves,—the feast—the Grangers enjoyed the speeches almost as much as the speakers enjoyed making them, which doubtless was considerable.

While the speeches were going on, a small matter as regards time, five or six hours, a bountiful spread was laid in an adjoining room, to which, by the courtesy of the generous "horny handed" the students were invited. It is scarcely necessary to add every fellow felt it his duty to accept, and not one failed to put in a prompt appearance, some timidly, some otherwise, but all hungrily. Think of it, nearly four hundred enormous appetites, ravenously appetites and all more than satiated! The lean man waxed fat and the fat man grew fatter. Those animated billiard cues, sometimes known as walking shadows, materialized wonderfully under the ministrations of the fair young Grangeresses who did the honors of the table, and the vast quantities of ham, sausage, turkey, chicken and the thousand other good things they absorbed, was simply tremendous. The fact is—though we

hate to tell it—one gastronomic athlete, who came prepared to do his reputation justice, having fasted two meals specially for the occasion, found it impossible to gain egress by the door through which he entered, so capacious was his abdominal structure and so great was the utter fulness thereof. He is now as one who lives in the past, the recollection of that delightful feast being to him the sweet delusion of a dream, over which he loves to linger with unceasing but melancholy regret.

#### ORATORS BORN OR MADE, WHICH?

It is indeed surprising what extreme views are held upon this subject by many whose heads are level upon other questions.

It is claimed that colleges can not make orators. If it is to be concluded, therefore, that no attention should be given to oratory in our schools, we wish to enter an emphatic protest. "Colleges can't make orators." Grant it, if you please. Can they make mathematicians, rhetoricians and logicians? If they can't make these they can't make anything, and ought, therefore to be abolished. But can't they make orators as well as these? Upon what ground can you say no? Is not the voice, and is not gesticulation just as susceptible of cultivation as one's power of thought and expression? If not, why not? Then if schools can make orators as well as anything else, what is the excuse for neglecting elocution and not the other branches of education? "Oh! consistency, thou art a jewel!"

Are orators born or made? They are made. Men are not born anything. The class of men that come nearer being born are poets. But take any or all of the great poets of earth and you will find that they were all hard students of literature, and that they have moulded their styles after those authors they have most read. No matter what ones natural powers may be, it would be as ridiculous for him to expect to be a poet or an orator without great study and practice as to expect to become a Newton without learning the multiplication table. No; orators are not born. But it may be said that students can not have the advantages of learning oratory in a school that they would have under a private teacher, and by going to hear great orators of the country. So it is held by some crank-minded men who have educated themselves, that a student would have better chances of becoming a civil engineer by going to building railroads, than by going to school. Talk about genius! There's no such thing! The greatest men that have ever lived are those who were the hardest workers: Alexander, Cæsar, Hannibal, Napoleon, Gallileo, Kepler, Newton, Cuvier, Milton, Scott, Webster, Franklin, Clay, Demosthenes and Cicero. Verily there is "no excellence without great labor." The neglect of elocution is based on a fallacy—a preposterous absurdity. As to the importance of elocution and its power over the world nothing need be said. G.

#### CENTENNIAL VISIT.

*Continued from First Page.*

Cole, and where could he find a more fitting place to gather inspiration for painting his "Voyage of Life," for no finer mountains in the wide world overlook a finer river. Almost opposite to Cole's, on the east bank, is seen the new residence of Church. For miles down the river as we leave behind us these romantic peaks can be seen, perched 3,000 feet above the level of the river, the Catskill Mountain House. Its white appearance makes it look like a bit of snow on the mountain top. Soon this too fades away and again we see in the hazy distance what appears to be delicately tinted clouds skirting the horizon. As this last faint glimmer fades away a sense of gratification settles around me as I reflect upon the happy thought of having seen the two great American wonders—Niagara Falls and the Catskills.

#### WANTED.

Since the mercury has fallen below zero, and we begin to read of the amusements in cities we almost regret the University is in the country. Not the least of these amusements is skating. We are farther north than St. Louis, why can't we have a rink? With as many young ladies and gentlemen as congregate in this beautiful city, we fail to see why this innocent amusement may not be encouraged by providing means necessary. During the holidays many amusements will be entered into by the young people which will call forth the disapproval of our guardians. Especially has it been the case that the churches have been compelled to speak severely. Dances and balls—balls and dances will be the programme of the day.

Now where there are so many young, light hearts, full of fun and joy, it is absurd to suppose or expect that their deportment will be that of sober, middle, or experienced old age. Those spirits will boil over somewhere or in some way. The question we propound is, can not innocent sports be substituted for those which, to say the least, are of questionable propriety in a community that lays such claims to cultivation and morality as ours does?

The fact of seeing Lake St. Mary covered with happy youths the last few days has called up this train of thought. Now, if we only had a nice large skating rink for winter use, in summer it could be used for another institution, which we ought, by all means, to have in our midst—a first class gymnasium. Where is our public spirit? Columbia has no public hall, no skating rink, no gymnasium. Let us have them all.

*Ego sum pro bono publico.*

YOUNG LADIES' SEMINARY.—Examination on Modern History: "Miss Sniffin, did Martin Luther die a natural death?" No, madam, he was excommunicated by a bull.—*Va. Univ. Mag.*

# The University Missourian.

## LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

Skating!

Skating on the ice!

Oh the beautiful lasses!

Charming spectacle. Girls of C. C. on exhibition.

'Tis so charming to glide o'er the limpid ice with the lovely lasses!

What is a transit of Venus? A young lady crossing lake St. Mary.

Christmas gift! Bring us a ginger snap when you return from home.

Now is the time to make us happy boys, by passing in your Christmas dollars.

The MISSOURIAN comes out this month with a merry Christmas to all, especially to her old patrons.

A would-be intelligent student the other day asked our Librarian for Ivenhoe's works. Hoe! Hoe! Hoe!

We have the best choir in Missouri. They continue to improve. Who would fail to attend chapel exercises?

Amusement for law students. Tying oyster cans charged with gravel to the caudal appendages of stray dogs.

Dr. Laws says the "medics" ought not to be allowed among the other students. Don't know why—we are as good as they.

Won't you have lots to tell her when you get home? We opine that you will be loth to leave her again to return to the Athens. Oh! that word parting.

One of our students looks sad and downcast. The other day he received a note from his sweetheart which contained the pathetic words, *you crawl off and die*.

Bright \* of my X is 10 cc give me an M~! said a senior 2 his sweetheart. She made a — at him and planted her [ ] between his 2 ii's which made him C\*\*\*.

A young gent, the other evening while getting ready to call on a young lady, remarked, "I will clean my teeth well as I expect to laugh "heap" to-night."

One of our boys has lately purchased a new overcoat. It is such a ponderous surtout that it causes him to fall whenever he attempts to ascend the steps of the portico at C. C.

One of our boys who went to call on his girl a short time since, came back very happy. He said "I am all right. The old man met me at the door" and said: "come in son."

The first thing that Mother Eve saw after her eyes were opened in the garden was her image reflected in a clear brook. Ladies nowadays don't see much else but their images.

Our professor of English has lately been trying to instil some of Macaulay's beautiful ideas into the budding minds of his English literature class. How do you think you succeed professor?

A large, brilliant meteor passed across our northern sky on the evening of Dec. 21st, displaying the most beautiful colors and after disappearing below the eastern horizon exploded with a loud noise.

Mercy on the roosters! The young ladies of Columbia are robbing the roosters of their caudal plumage to decorate their hats. Next winter they will wear the entire chicken. Oh fashion! what a despot thou art!

Cave adsum!

New years gift—young ladies! Make us happy won't you?

We have heard it rumored that one of the junior editresses of C. C., who writes funny pieces about thanksgiving turkeys, is very fond of the University "Blanks." "Blanks are" also fond of the editress.

Yesterday and to day many of our boys with their one and one-fifth fare tickets boarded the train and bounded off toward their several homes to spend the merriest time of all the year. May joy go with them. How they'll make the turkeys fly!

Judge B. to class in Inter-National Law—Are cavalry horses contraband in war?

Class—Yes sir.

Judge B.—How can they be used in such a war?

Mr. C. of Texas—Use 'em for provisions.

It has been suggested that one of our "legal perosities" carry a pie in his pocket when he goes to a Baptist mite, or better still transform himself into a Hasty-pudding, and he will not then be under the necessity of breaking into the cupboard.

One of the gallant male juniors found a portemonnaie the other day which was claimed by one of the female juniors. He said that he saw in it a piece of glass with some quicksilver on one side of it. Wonder what she carries this piece of glass for?

A couple of "we editors" paid a visit recently to Mr. Lohf's Winter Garden, where for half an hour we regaled in the sweetest perfumes of loveliest flowers, which made us think we had been transported to the bowers of a Calypso. He pinned a charming bouquet to our coats, and sent us away 'appy! 'appy! 'appy! Give him a call boys, it will do you good.

An eminently suave young gentleman of the University caught up with one of the "brass button" girls the other day and walked along with her in unbroken silence until the place for them to separate was almost reached. He thought that he must say something ere they parted. He looked up and saw in the great distance a little cloud. He said: "Aint that a strange phenomenon?"

Our hearts have been gladdened of late by the surprising visit of an old and agreeable friend—the *College Chaplet* which was formerly published here by the jolly girls of Baptist College but which is now after a short discontinuance being published by the pupils of Dr. Dulin's female college in St. Joe., Mo. The *Chaplet* looks fresher, neater and brighter than ever. Success to you dear girls; call again, we are always glad to see you. It reminds us of old times.

During Wednesday and Thursday the editors of this sheet made a movement all along the line to increase its list of subscribers. While engaged so earnestly in this interesting work we met with some very laughable things. We were accosted on Thursday morning by a gentleman, who, on the day before, had added his name to our list and very politely asked to have it removed because, as he said, his room mate had *described* and one copy in a room was enough.

Again, a robust gentleman on whom our senior editor had been exercising his persuasive powers, and who had at last yielded said, as the editor started off with his name, "I believe he would steal."

We heard it whispered the other day that some parties were endeavoring to organize a brass band in our midst. Success to you gentlemen. Such a music-loving town as ours should have an excellent band.

Photographs! Photographs!!

FRANK THOMAS,

Portrait & Landscape Photographer,

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Has in its capacious rooms anything needed by the students. Stationery, pens, ink, &c. Pocket memorandum and miscellaneous books, toilet soaps, perfumery, brushes of all kinds, and a thousand other articles that the students constantly need. Dimmitt & Bro. are also experienced druggists and will give courteous attention to all who favor them with their patronage.

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Slates, steel pens, paper and envelopes, record and other blank books in great abundance, for sale by Gilman, Dorsey & Co.

Students will bear in mind that we will furnish anything in the drug line to make them feel sound and healthy. Those who trade with us soon grow fat. GILMAN, DORSEY & CO.

A regular first class clothing establishment.

A regular first class Boot and Shoe Store.

A regular stock of gents furnishing goods—boys', youths' and mens'.

Rubber overshoes: can furnish the student with whatever he may need in the dry goods line. SAMUEL & STRAWN.

Joe & Vic Barth, of the Star Clothing House, respectfully call the attention of everybody to their full line of clothing for men, boys and children. Suits of all styles and grades. The best lot of paper and linnen 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.

We offer our entire stock of white shirts, that cost us from \$1.50 to \$2.25, for \$1.50, and a large lot of unlaundried white shirts at \$1 each, worth \$1.50; mens' net drawers from 50 cents to \$2; mens' best British sock, 3 pairs for \$1. Gents' ties, cravats, collars, and everything in the furnishing line at the very lowest prices. Fine suits made to order. The best assortment of stationery at one-half the usual price.

MOSS & PREWITT.

Dr. A. McCuen, late of Marshall, Mo., has located in Columbia, and solicits public patronage. All work will be warranted to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Good references given. H. D. Doak, J. W. Bryant and J. B. Vance, Marshall, Mo.

### STUDENTS,

You will find it greatly to your interest to buy your school books and stationery at S. B. Kirtley's book store below the post office. Beside school books you will find many miscellaneous books, such as will be wanted by students from time to time. Will furnish you any book published in the U. S. at publishers' price. All kinds of stationery furnished at lowest rates. A new lot of fancy paper just received.

## OUR GIRLS AND BOYS ABROAD.

E. C. Gannaway is teaching in St. Charles county.

L. F. Berry is principal of the Brownsville public school.

Eld. J. H. Duncan, '76, has been among us for a few days. We are always glad to see him.

Miss Jean Bennett successfully manipulates the rod in her school in Callaway county. May her shadow never grow less.

Mitchell Castlio, '76, an ex-editor of the *MISSOURIAN*, abides in Mechanicsville, and his attention is given to "a whole lot of things."

Miss Nellie E. Gould lends a helping hand to the little ones over in Hannibal, by imparting to them useful knowledge.

J. D. Fresto of the law class of '74 acts the role of a pedagogue near Waverly. Success to John.

Brutus Riggs, '75, is in Albany, Gentry county, teaching school. He teaches when he must and studies law when he can, but has girl on the brain at all times and seasons.

Richard Stevens, '76, is attending the law school at Washington University, St. Louis. Dick makes contracts a specialty—we opine he will be a party to a contract soon—marriage contract of course.

Miss Zellie Gillette receives her full share of the attention of the beaux of Hannibal. We know a certain fellow who would like to be Over there.

W. E. Payne, '76, is a "medic" at the St. Louis Medical College. He attends lectures but that isn't all; we are told that he has the "inside track" and the best claims on the affections of—somebody.

Miss Ida Aldrich, valedictorian '76, continues her studies in the University. She will spend the holidays in Hannibal with her former school-mate, Miss Nellie Gould.

G. N. Elliott, '73, one of the best friends of the *MISSOURIAN*, was recently admitted by Judge Burgess, of the 11th circuit, to the practice of law. He is the editor and proprietor of the *Brookfield Chronicle*. He ever has our best wishes for his happiness and success in life.

Mr. Ed. Hayes says he is going up to Moberly soon on business. Come, Ed, you can't fool us—she is freezing up in Iowa. We hope the change of climate will do him good.

## TO OUR ALUMNI.

A new feature is being introduced into college journalism in the east, that of advertising the mercantile pursuits or professions of the Alumni. We propose to do the same. With our October number we sent circulars to a great many of our Alumni, informing them of the fact and requesting them to send us their cards. We are happy to announce that one

has responded, Mr. G. N. Elliott, '73, of Brookfield, Mo. His card will appear in our January number. We are very thankful to him for taking the lead in this matter, and hope that others will follow his example. The charge is moderate, only \$3 for the year, and a copy of each issue is sent gratis. Let every Alumnus consider himself invited to advertise in our paper, and thus to aid us in making it a worthy exponent of our University. If any one did not receive our circular, he may consider this a cordial invitation to send us his card. Let us hear from you immediately. With the beginning of the new year may you not forget your Alma Mater or its exponent, the *MISSOURIAN*.

## CHRISTIAN COLLEGE.

*Messrs. Editors:*

In accordance with your request, we undertake the delightful work of reporting for your columns the class entertainments given by the young ladies of the various classes of C. C. No period of the school year is looked forward to by a portion of our community with more pleasure than to these exhibitions. Near all of Columbia's "friends of education" are related in some way or another with those who take part in them. If the tie is not by consanguinity, it is by congeniality, &c., (especially the &c.) If you will pardon the digression we will seize this occasion to explain why "students" feel such a deep interest. It ought not to seem strange, since they are engaged in the same pursuit, i. e., the acquirement of a thorough education. It is but natural, as the entertainments are the results of years of application and cultivation, and furnish a criterion by which they may judge of their own efforts. In presenting this article we do not claim that it is a critical report upon the various duties which we had the pleasure of hearing.

The series of entertainments has just closed. It was opened on Friday evening, Nov. 24, by the young ladies of the Senior Class. This class numbers 9. Though the class is small, this deficiency is entirely counterbalanced by the superior intellects of its members, as was fully set forth in the character of the productions presented upon that occasion. The duties consisted of essays, recitations, discussion and paper. The essays were Macaulay-like in rhetoric and Baconian in thought; the recitations gave evidence of great attention in the college to the elocutionary department; the debate showed extensive research and a clear comprehension and complete analysis of the question under consideration; while we cannot say more of the paper than advise the *MISSOURIAN* corps to exchange with it, as you would have to search long for one which would prove more valuable as an exchange. The young ladies who are this year finishing their collegiate course are such as will prove ornaments to the society they are soon to enter, and will do much to elevate the standard

of education in their respective communities.

The Junior entertainment took place on the evening of Dec. 1st. As this was the evening succeeding Thanksgiving, we ascribe to it the unwonted brilliancy of the efforts of the Juniors. Some persons have gone so far as to say that their exhibition was superior to the one of the week preceeding. We ask to be excused from expressing an opinion in these times of "rumors of wars." The division of the programme was the same, with the addition of "Letters." The audience was informed by the President that Prof. G. S. Bryant had the training of this class. Its presentation reflected much credit upon the indefatigable Professor. 17 answered the roll-call.

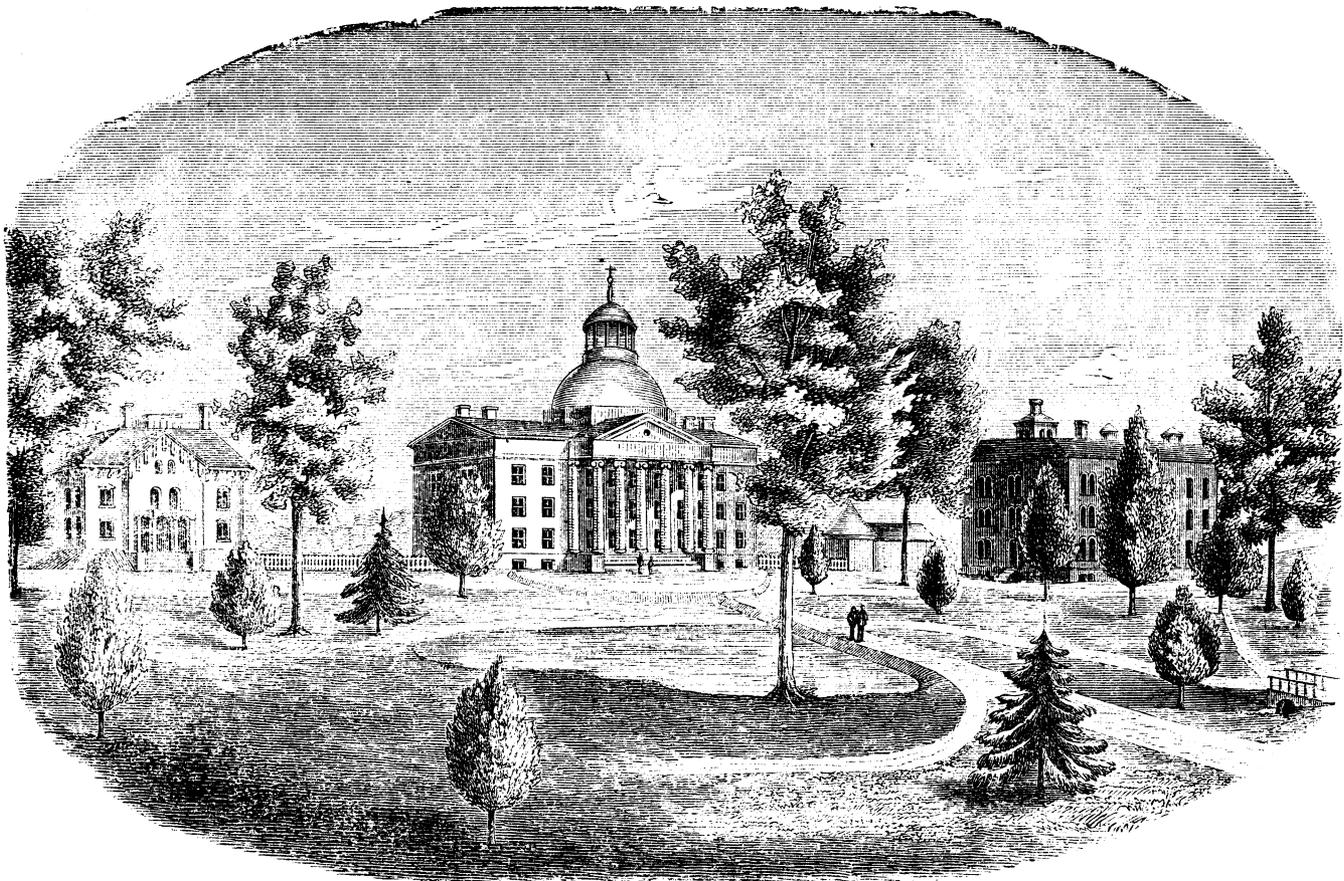
The Sophomore Class was so large as to make it necessary to devote two evenings, the 8th and 9th, to its entertainment. The extreme severity of the weather did not detract in the least from the quality of the performances, though it had the effect of decreasing the number in attendance, limiting it to those who were more immediately interested in the performers. It is a source of wonder to us how those young ladies, who are making only their second or third appearance on the stage, rise and read, or recite, their duties with the utmost calmness and clearness—every word falling upon the auditory nerve like the intonations of a silver bell—while the great *bears* of the University, with years of training behind them and a life of expectation before them, shake like a reed in the wind and fail wholly in articulation. Please explain. The Sophomore "intellectual diamonds" are rapidly becoming polished under the instruction of the master mechanic, Prof. Hurt, whose genial countenance and continual flow of good humor, no doubt, beamed invaluable encouragement upon the young ladies, and assisted greatly in the happy success of his class.

THE FRESHMAN CLASS:—It may be because less is expected of the younger classes than of the more advanced that the entertainments of the former are more generally enjoyed. This fact may be explained also upon the supposition that the productions of the higher scholars are so profound as to make it difficult for the audience to fully comprehend them. But, whatever the reasons may be, the fact remains the same. It has seldom fallen to our lot to attend an exhibition from which we derived as much unalloyed pleasure as from that of the Freshman Class, which occurred on the evening of Friday, Dec. 15.

No part of the programme could be censured, but all was worthy of the highest praise. The whole programme exhibited the zeal, the ability and the thoroughness of the accomplished young teacher, Miss Nettie Pearre. This exhibition closed the first semester series. The pleasure experienced from them causes us to anticipate "fine times" during the society exhibitions of next semester.

We must close, with thanks to the young ladies for the intellectual feasts, and with hopes that the future of the *MISSOURIAN* may be one of unlimited prosperity. AMI.

University State of Missouri,



At Columbia, Missouri.

## University of the State of Missouri.

Opens September 11th, 1876.

Law and Medical Departments October 2nd, 1876.

Departments of instruction are College and Preparatory, Normal, Agricultural, Law, Medical and Analytical Chemistry. The University is open to young women. Entrance fee, \$10, with incidental of \$5 for each semester. Fee for Law and Medical Departments, \$40. Board in private families, \$3 to \$4.50; in clubs it is had at one-half of these rates. In the means of instruction and illustration few institutions of learning, East or West, equal the Missouri University. Send for report and circular.

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"Fax Mentis Incendium Gloriæ."

Vol. VI.

STATE UNIVERSITY, COLUMBIA, MO.---JANUARY, 1877.

No. 5.

## LITERARY.

### A COLLEGE GIRL'S REVERIE.

Of all the thoughts that in my memory roam,  
The sweetest far are those of parents dear and home—  
Of all sweet words that memory's treasures stir,  
The sweetest e'er are these—Father, Mother.

So often in the silent hours of night,  
I lie and gaze upon the walls so white,  
And picture there with retrospective mind  
The faces of the loved ones left behind.

And often in some quiet nook,  
Though eyes seem fixed upon my book;  
My mind reverts to childhood's page,  
Which seem agone almost an age.

Then with my parents fond and dear,  
Who to no fault of mine gave ear;  
Now with strangers I must dwell,  
To whom my thoughts I will not tell.

[GAZELLE.]

### THE BRUTUS AND CASSIUS OF SHAKSPEARE.

To the lover of Shakspeare, a short discussion of two characters, that of Brutus and Cassius, as set forth in the play of Julius Cæsar, may not prove uninteresting. Without further introduction then to our discussion.

Throughout the entire play Brutus and Cassius seem to be the leading characters. It seems as if Brutus were revolving some important question in his mind, when Cassius accosts him in the procession that follows Cæsar through the streets, and probably for that reason he says to him:

"I am not gamesome; I do lack some part  
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.  
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;  
I leave you."

The compliment Brutus pays to Antony may be accounted for on the ground of a very general human weakness, in that direction; not that Brutus really intended to under-estimate himself.

Cassius has an end in view; subtly as a serpent, and with the cunning of a fox, he charges Brutus with a coldness and a decrease of love, showing that he was a man of extreme craftiness and penetration. His plans, no doubt, were already matured; he was a man of few words. Even Cæsar seems to have feared him, for he says of him:

"Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;  
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous."

Cassius had no doubt carefully considered the character of Brutus, and satisfied himself how to win him over, before he addressed him. He would never have addressed Brutus as he did, had not Brutus been a man of firm integrity of character, and recognizing high

moral obligations. Such speeches were idle, addressed to a man of moderate mind, and a little soul. Besides, being much together Cassius knows that Brutus once gained would be an invaluable accomplice. As Casca says, at the close of act first:

"O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;  
And that which would appear offence in us,  
His countenance, like richest alchemy,  
Will change to virtue and worthiness."

There are other reasons for this: Brutus was an ardent lover of liberty, and it seemed as if the republican form of government was about to be abolished, and a kingdom established on its ruins. Again Brutus was high in favor with Cæsar, and loved him as one who had spared his life, elevated him to the most exalted positions, reposed in him the highest confidence, despised him as being ambitious and aiming at supreme power. Yet Brutus, with his enviable character, had one weak point; he was a man that could be flattered. For when we read,

Cas.: His just,  
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,  
That you have no such mirrors as will turn  
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,  
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,  
Where many of the best respect in Rome  
(Except immortal Cæsar) speaking of Brutus,  
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,  
Have wished that noble Brutus had his eyes."

we have either to conclude that Cassius had misjudged him on this point, or that he was susceptible of flattery. When, however, we read the play entire, and see how much more sagacious, how much better a judge of human nature Cassius was, we must yield to the opinion that he did not misjudge Brutus.

Cassius, while he is to be admired for his keen knowledge of human nature and thoughtfulness, (Satan should be credited for as much) was a most detestable character, moved by a spirit of envy and jealousy, which amount to a passion, and desiring to rob Cæsar of that which he wished for himself, ready to use any means subservient to this end; and last and most important of all, having no desire to better the condition of his countrymen, his character seems decidedly a repulsive one.

Brutus was himself a fine discerner of human nature, but his mind was not so quick as Cassius'. Cassius studied human nature from a practical standpoint, that is, judged men by their actions. Brutus, being a philosopher, reasoned from an ideal standpoint, judging men from their natural or innate propensities, losing sight of the fact that allowance must be made for association. For instance, a man naturally prefers soberness to drunkenness,

liberality to stinginess, good to evil speech. Brutus reasons from principle, Cassius from fact; Brutus reasons from the ideal, Cassius from the real.

Had Cassius' advice been taken, and Antony killed, the conspirators would have perhaps gained their object. Had they, at the suggestion of Cassius, awaited the triumvirate army, the conspirators perhaps had been victorious. Cassius dies with these words on his lips:

"Caesar, thou art revenged,  
Even with the sword that killed thee."

Brutus shared a similar fate; and with the words,

"Caesar, now be still;  
I killed not thee with half so good a will,"  
still warm upon his lips, the mighty soul of Brutus left him. Mark Antony says of him:

"This was the noblest Roman of them all;  
All the conspirators, save only he,  
Did that they did in envy of great Caesar;  
He, only, in a general honest thought,  
And common good to all, made one of them.  
His life was gentle; and the elements  
So mixed in him, that nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, 'This was a man'."

CALEB.

## ALMANAC FOR EVERY YEAR.

The common year begins and ends on the same day of the week; leap-year ends on the next day.

The following, if committed to memory, will serve as an ever-present almanac:

1st of January and October, }  
2d of April and July, } are of the  
3d of September and December, } same name.  
4th of June, }  
5th of February, March and November, }  
6th of August, }  
7th of May, }

Thus, all the days, above mentioned, in the present year (1877) will be Mondays.

During the year 1876, after February, these dates came on Sunday. For January and February they were on Saturday.

For those who love rhyme, the following may be more easily remembered:

The first of October, you'll find if you try,  
The second of April as well as July,  
The third of September, which rhymes to December,  
The fourth day of June, and no other, remember,  
The fifth of the leap-month, of March and November,  
The sixth day of August, and seventh of May,  
Show the first of the year in the name of the day.  
But in leap year, when leap-month has duly been reckoned,  
These month dates will show, not the first, but the second.

—Univ. Libr.

Now is the time to subscribe for the MISSOURIAN.

## MY GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

BY SYPHAX.

## CHAPTER I.

It was Christmas eve, and we children, with the rest of the family, father, mother, and grandmother, were gathered about the large, old-fashioned fire-place, in which a huge fire of hickory logs was cheerily blazing, eagerly anxious to hear the Christmas story which grand-ma had promised us.

The fire roared and crackled, as if in defiance to the bitter cold winds, which swept with many a whistling blast, over roof and gable-end, or spent themselves in melancholy wails, amid the ice-fettered branches of the trees; while the drifting snow, whirling in fantastic shapes across the fields, or sweeping in blinding gusts against the window-pains, only served to render more appreciable, the warmth and cheer within.

Grand-mother in her fresh white cap, her gold-rimmed spectacles pushed far up on her forehead, her hands idly crossed over the stocking which she had been knitting and which likewise lay upon her knee, sat in her accustomed corner silently gazing into the fire, and apparently, lost in deep meditation.

At length, a sudden gust of wind rushing furiously down the open chimney, scattered the sparks helter-skelter through the room, arousing her from her profound reverie.

The old lady looked smilingly upon our expectant faces for a moment, then turning her gaze upon the fire again, shuddered slightly and began:

Ah me! this is a terrible night, children, just such a night as was that Christmas Eve, many long years ago, when, no older than Bessie there, I left my father's palatial home and went out into the world, penniless and friendless, save one single exception, the man whom I loved, and for whom I forsook all that wealth and rank could give.

It is a long story, and in many respects a strangely sad one, and yet one that proves how constant and lasting are the affections of the human heart, however severe its trials, when once those affections are thoroughly aroused.

Those of you, who have read Tom Moore, perhaps remember how often and how beautifully he has referred to "Erin, Fair Erin, the Emerald of the Sea," in his patriotic and pathetic verse? Well, that beautiful but ill-fated island was once my home. I am by birthright, a daughter of Erin, and I am proud to own it, though my feet have not pressed its sacred soil for many a year, and will never press it more.

Yes, I was born in Ireland, and lived there till my sixteenth year. My father was a nobleman of high rank, and a true Irishman. His castle, built by his ancestors, many hundred years ago, lifts its battle-stormed, weather-beaten battlements as proudly above the beautiful bay and heather lands of Cork, to-day, as when its strong walls first disputed the progress of the British invader. And though its battlements have long been manned only by British subjects; though its halls and pavements have long echoed to the tread of peaceful citizens rather than to the martial tramp of steel-clad warriors; to the song of revelry rather than the cry of battling foemen, it nevertheless descended to my father, in the regular order of inheritance, bringing with it enforced allegiance to England's crown.

But he inherited also, the patriotic memories that clustered about each ivy-grown tower, and could never forget that Ireland was enslaved. Nor could he ever learn to bow with becoming humility and patience to the exactions of the Master power; and though he rendered tithes

to the government, and received its red-coated emissaries beneath his roof and at his board with the characteristic hospitality of his race, he could never learn "to love the hand that smote him," and he never encouraged the friendly approaches made by English officers and their families, socially or otherwise.

My father was a stern man,—stern to harshness, when his ideas of duty seemed to demand it of him, and it is not, therefore, surprising that he discountenanced all efforts made by the young English officers of a neighboring barracks, to become his guests, when I, his only child had grown to the verge of womanhood.

Many were the ruses adopted by the more mischievous among them, to secure invitations to hunt or dine with him, but they all met a like fate—failure.

This was not in accordance with my ideas of propriety, you may be sure, for I was no exception to the general rule; like all young girls, I was giddy and foolish, and full of most extravagant and romantic notions; and then, petted and spirited as I was, I generally managed to have things my own way in the long run, no matter what or who opposed me. It was so in this particular instance. I determined to have my own way, and, I had it. I easily found means to flirt with the dashing young officers, notwithstanding the Argus-eyed surveillance of my father,—a pastime which was as eagerly sought by them as myself, for was I not the heiress of many broad acres and a title? and was not the story of my father's severe restrictions calculated to excite sympathy among the more gallant and chivalrous?

Well, my flirtations grew frequent and numerous, till by and by, they culminated, as such capers always do—in love.

Captain Dunlap of the Horse Guards was young and handsome and brave, and, to put it briefly, he won my heart.

My father, somehow or other, got an inkling of the true status of affairs, and determined at once upon a plan, by which he hoped to put a speedy and an effectual stop to further proceedings upon our part. He became more vigilant in his watch over me, while, through the influence of distinguished friends at court, he procured an order for my lover's regiment to proceed to America at an early date.

This was indeed a cruel blow, the more cruel because wholly unknown to me and unsuspected, till Dunlap managed to acquaint me with the fact a few days before the time set for him to leave. But I did not give way to useless repinings, for my blood, quick and fiery as ever coursed Irish veins, boiled with indignation, and I revolted against the manifest injustice and tyranny thus practiced upon me, as I believed, at the expense of my happiness.

My lover besought me to fly with him, and I consented.

The ship in which the regiment was to embark was to sail on New Year's day. It was therefore determined that I should take passage in another vessel, which was to sail for New York a week earlier—that is on Christmas morning—thus allaying any suspicion that my father might entertain—that I had joined fortunes with Dunlap, and at the same time bringing about that happy consummation, for his vessel was to touch at New York, where I was to await him, and where we were to be married as soon as he should arrive.

The plan appeared feasible enough, and, as the hour for action was close at hand, we lost no time in perfecting it. You will bear in mind that all our arrangements were made through a third party, not my maid, for I could not trust her, but one of Dunlap's servants, a cunning fel-

low, and devoted to his young master's interests, who, at Dunlap's suggestion, took service in my father's household in order to further our designs. From him I received a stout rope-ladder, with instructions from my lover how and when to make use of it in effecting my escape.

My father, in the meantime, satisfied of the success of his own stratagem, and wholly unsuspecting of the fact that I was in daily communication with Dunlap, or that I had the least idea of the steps he himself had taken in the matter, made no complaints at my studied absence from the society of himself and friends, attributing my indifference to what he was pleased to term "a silly sentimentalism" which time would soon right. Hence, when I excused myself early in the evening from the gay company of my father's intimate personal friends, who had assembled on that memorable Christmas Eve, in accordance with a long established custom, to burn the yule log and drink wassail, he made no objection whatever, but, tossing off a bumper to my health—in which he was heartily seconded by the rest of the company, he dismissed all thoughts of me from his mind and gave himself freely to the pleasures of the evening.

Knowing that the revels would be prolonged far into the night, as long, in fact, as a man remained to lift up his voice in song or drown it in the cup, I proceeded with deliberate care to make what few preparations I contemplated preparatory to flight. By midnight everything was ready. A small bundle containing my dead mother's picture, a few jewels which I had hastily gathered together, and one or two little presents I had received from Dunlap, lay conveniently near, while, upon my dressing case lay a brief note for my father, explaining my sudden departure as well as I could explain it without mentioning how, or with whom, or where I had gone.

It was a wild and stormy night, and the winds howled dismally, driving the snow furiously about in every direction, and rattling the casement at which I sat with an ominous doleful sound. You can well imagine the condition of my mind as I sat in solitude and listened to the sounds of merriment—the rude songs, the coarse jests, coming from the great hall below, mingling with and being lost in the tempestuous warfare of the elements. My heart was sad. I was on the eye of forsaking the comforts and the shelter of a luxurious home, to go out into the wild terrors of a dark and stormy night, the fit threshold to the stern realities and hardships of the untried and unknown world which I was about to enter. I was about to sacrifice the protecting care of a devoted parent, and trust my destinies in the hands of an almost entire stranger, though he was my lover, to become, perhaps, an outcast from my father's house, a wanderer and an exile! No wonder I was agitated; no wonder my eyes filled with unbidden tears, and my poor, fluttering heart grew faint and despondent, and almost failed me; no wonder my mind dwelt longingly upon the pleasant memories of the past, or went out in tremulous forebodings upon the unsatisfactory, illusive speculations of the future. 'Tis well, perhaps, that we can not penetrate the future, but had I been able to do so, even to the slightest degree; had I had the least intimation of the sufferings in store for me, how different would have been my fate! But I knew naught of what the future promised, and blindly followed where Love led on. I have often thought since that my guardian angel must have hovered over me in that dreadful hour of doubt, and filled my mind with those shadowy, undefined but awful terrors which haunted me—terrors which I attributed to the timidity naturally excited by my surroundings; by the doubt and hesitancy I could but feel in thus going out from

the shelter of my father's roof so suddenly and and so clandestinely, as by the really frightful aspect of the night.

How long I sat thus, a prey to conflicting doubts, I have never known; I know that when I was aroused from the painful reverie into which I had fallen the last sound of revelry had died away, the house was still as the grave, and without, glimmering through the darkness of the night, I saw the signal light that told me of my waiting lover.

My resolution was already taken, and it was but the work of a moment to drop upon my knees, breathe a hurried but fervent prayer, throw out my ladder, seize my little bundle and descend to Dunlap's anxious arms.

Hastily pressing a warm kiss upon my pallid cheek, and muttering a mild complaint at my delay, he bore me in his strong arms hurriedly to the boat which lay at the foot of the castle, ready to bear us to the ship. "Pull, boys, pull for your lives," he cried. "Laud us on yonder vessel 'ere the anchor swings and a hundred pounds shall be your reward."

The men bent lustily to their oars, but the waves ran high and the fierce wind battled stubbornly with their every stroke, so that it was broad daylight ere we reached the vessel. The storm had by this time increased in intensity and it was with great difficulty that I was landed safely on the deck. This was at length accomplished however, but at a fearful cost. The boat had no sooner cast loose than it was seized by a cruel wave and hurled with terrific force against the vessel and dashed to pieces.

Oh, God, what a sight was that! The poor men, thrown into the water, sank with despairing cries before my eyes. I saw Dunlap lifted high upon the foaming crest of a mighty wave for an instant, saw his arms stretched imploringly to me, as if for aid, heard his wild shriek of agonizing despair ring loud and shrill above the tempest blast, and then saw him swept away from all hope of rescue, out of hearing, out of sight, lost! lost! in the eddying snow and surging waves.

I remembered nothing more. They afterwards told me that I stood for a moment like a statue, wildly, eagerly, hopelessly peering out through the fast-falling snow, searching the dark waters, then as if just conscious of the fearful reality. I wrung my hands in silent agony, turned toward the railing as if to precipitate myself into the sea—staggered and fell senseless to the deck. I was carried below and tenderly cared for, and when I regained my senses the vessel was anchored in New York harbor.

During the entire voyage I had been delirious with fever. The captain was very kind to me, and it was through his earnest entreaties solely—for I cared no longer to live—that I consented to return with him when his vessel sailed a month latter.

Captain Hawser made use of every means in his power to cheer my sad spirits while we remained in New York, but the light of my life had gone out; I was broken-hearted, desolate, sad, and no inducement could influence me to forget, or wean me for a moment from my consuming grief, and he finally gave it up as a hopeless task and left me to nurse my sorrow in melancholy solitude.

[Concluded in our next.]

It is our intention to have the MISSOURIAN bound and placed in the University library, and we desire our readers, if they can, to aid us in this matter. We will be greatly obliged to such as have copies of the MISSOURIAN from 1873 up to 1876, if they will send them to us as soon as possible.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Beyond the stormy Atlantic lies a beautiful island, the home of our ancestors; and there, for many a year, has flourished a noble literature, the sphere of whose influence widens as time rolls on. On this side of that misty ocean dwells a race which speaks the same tongue and reads the same Bible; and here, too, has grown up a kindred literature, which, even in the morn of its existence, has reached a wonderful degree of perfection.

Many names of our youthful race have already become illustrious in story, and will go ringing down the ages, gathering brightness as the years go by; but, of our American poets, the one whose name is most distinguished, and whose brow best deserves the laurel wreath, is Longfellow. Standing proudly on the capstone of the American poets' temple of fame, he is at least the peer, if not the superior of Alfred Tennyson. Longfellow is as decidedly the American laureate, as Tennyson is the English.

Both these masters of poesy belong to what is denominated the German school; both are thoroughly versed in the "quaint and curious" lore of the Fatherland, and their minds have been so deeply tinged with this learning that it finds continual expression in all their writings. The productions of neither of these poets can properly be called sublime or deeply pathetic, but they dwell happily in the regions midway between, finding their way to the heart quietly and unobtrusively. Both are perfect masters of the English tongue, and an exquisite scholarship guides them unerringly in the "sad mechanic" exercise of vers-making.

Longfellow's genius is objective rather than subjective; he delights in beautifully and minutely drawn descriptions which are so pictured that we see only a charming image, not the thing itself. He has not that highest poetic power, the gift of genius, which enables its possessor, in a few brief words, to flash the very object itself upon the mind. He comes not like the wild tornado that raises us, for one moment, to heaven, and at the next, hurls us crushed and bleeding to the earth, overcome with a sense of our own weakness and littleness; but he comes rather as the gentle plant with its green leaves, its dewy softness, its velvet touch, and its sweet and fragrant blossoms.

His poems are not so far above the real that they create within us a morbid desire for something beyond human attainment; yet they raise us above the common level, and infuse into our lives a gentle, social culture which makes us more noble and charitable.

Who that has read "Evangeline," has not had his heart warmed into sympathy with, and love for, the good and the true? Who has not found delight in the quaint old humor of "The Golden Legend," and in the sweet melody of "Hiawatha's Song?" Every heart that has been touched, and every

mind that has been ennobled by his song, can testify to the tender pathos and exquisite beauty of his minor poems.

His life has been one long, sweet lyrical poem, whose gentle music chimes in harmonious accord with the work of his pen; and, when his life's work is done, and the long procession, with its slow and solemn tread, has followed his remains to their last narrow home, there will spring up in the hearts of his own dear American people, a lasting reverence and an abiding love for the name of America's greatest poet—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

D. R. K.

UNION LITERARY OPEN SESSION.

On the evening of Jan. 19th occurred the annual open session of the above society. Notwithstanding it was a cold and disagreeable night, a fair audience assembled to listen to the exercises. The programme was as follows: First, an inaugural address by the president-elect, Mr. J. G. Babb, whose remarks were abounding in rich thought, and presented in a modest and beautiful style. Next followed:

- E. G. Taylor.....Declamation
- J. L. Phillips.....Essay
- G. N. Garnett.....Declamation
- William Bryan.....Essay
- F. Beyersdorf.....German Speech
- Fletcher Cowherd.....Essay

The question, "*Resolved*, That the character of Queen Elizabeth is worthy of admiration," was debated as follows:

- R. B. Garnett, Wiley Jones.....Affirmative
- R. P. Wilson, G. N. Short.....Negative

The President decided in favor of the negative. All the exercises were good, but the debate might have been better.

QUORUM.

EDITORS MISSOURIAN:

Imperfect as the standard is universally acknowledged to be, we are apt to judge others by ourselves, to a greater or less extent. I was accustomed to hear the word *quorum* used many years before I knew its history, and thinking that, perhaps, some of your readers may be as I was, I venture to offer a few lines on the subject.

Blackstone tells us that formerly it was the custom of the king to appoint certain persons "to keep the peace, and any two or more of them to enquire of and determine felonies and other misdemeanors: in which number some particular justices, or one of them, are directed to be always included, and no business to be done without their presence; the words of the commission running thus: '*quorum obliquem vestrum, A, B, C, D, &c., unum esse volumus.*' whence the persons so named are usually called justices of the *quorum*."

The University of Michigan had 1,112 students during the season of 1873-4. Only \$3.00 had to be expended for damages done through malice or carelessness of students—a fact "attributed to the mollifying influence of females in the classes."—*Univ. Libra.*

Allen L. Olive. Aug. 10, 1955

# The University Missourian.

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### TERMS :

One College Year (in advance).....\$1 00  
 Single Copies..... 10

THE MISSOURIAN is published by an editorial corps appointed by the Athenæan and Union Literary Societies.

THE MISSOURIAN is forwarded to every subscriber until all arrearages are paid, and an explicit order to the contrary given.

NO ANONYMOUS communications will be published.

## EDITORIAL

The present semester ends February 5th, and the next begins February 12th, the same as is laid down in our catalogue.

The time for the semi-annual examinations is rapidly approaching, and in the intellectual struggle for "excelsior" standings the MISSOURIAN extends to the students its best wishes for their success.

As the beginning of the new semester is so near at hand, a good opportunity is offered for new subscribers to send us their names. Don't be bashful about it and do not do it from a sense of duty, but pleasure as well as the desire to see our paper prosper. As we have reduced the price for the rest of the year to fifty cents, it is placed within reach of all, and we hope to roll up a long list of new subscribers.

Emerson has truly said: "The first wealth is health. Sickness is poor spirited, and cannot serve any one; it must husband its resources to live." What will it profit a student if he burn the midnight oil at the expense of his health, if he pore over a pyramid of books in order to obtain a sheepskin and present himself on commencement day as the shadow of a shadow of a man. Go slow, but sure, and when apportioning time give nature her share, or she will in after years demand it of you with compound interest. "To be forewarned is to be forearmed."

In speaking of the late intercollegiate contest, which occurred at Liberty on the 22d of December last, our efficient delegate, Mr. A. C. McChesney, says that he found it was really good to be there. Concerning the contestants and their orations, he says that rarely do we find five college orations more meritorious than those delivered on that occasion.

Mr. W. D. Christian represented Westminster College; his subject was "The Latent Influence of Intellectual Development." His delivery was at first mild and easy, but as he entered into the spirit of his theme it became animated and telling. His subject was treated in a plain and forceable manner, and the closest attention was given him throughout.

Mr. Fleenor represented William Jewell College—subject, "Sentimentalism." His oration was well written, the thought was good, and clothed in flowery language. But his delivery was not so good. His voice, though strong, lacked culture.

Mr. Gilchrist represented Central College; his subject was "Man, the Interpreter." He was easy on the stage. His thought was practical, but his language lacking in elegance.

Mr. England represented Pritchett Institute—subject, "The March of a Victorious Army." He showed great descriptive powers; but his choice of subject was unfortunate. His delivery was too dramatic for an orator.

The last speaker was Mr. J. H. Field of our own college. His subject was "The Motto of the Age is Truth." In delivery, he was the acknowledged champion of the evening. His deep musical voice could be distinctly heard in all parts of the hall, and showed great culture; his gestures were graceful; his position on the stage easy, and his oration was rich in thought and unsurpassed in composition. The committee, consisting of J. V. C. Karnes of Kansas City, T. T. Crittenden of Warrensburg, and Prof. Baldwin of Kirksville, after much perplexity, discussion and voting, gave the first honor to Mr. Christian, and the second to Mr. Field. Intellectually the contest was a success, but financially a failure. Though \$110 were received at the door, the association is still in debt \$100. The next state contest will be held at Fulton on the twentieth of December next.

"Anything for a change" is not the principle upon which we act, but when a change in our college affairs can be made to advantage, we are ready to endorse it. It is change as proceeding from sound reasoning and careful experience which quickens the wheels of progress. A long needed change has, at last, been made in the exercises of our commencement. At the suggestion of our President, the "Stephens Gold Medal," which for years has been annually awarded to the finest orator of the graduating class, has been recently removed from the commencement programme and very wisely placed in the hands of the societies, which will henceforth give an annual oratorical contest, and the medal will be awarded to the champion orator from these societies. The reasons for such a change are quite obvious and good. In the first place, as our worthy President remarks, it is supposed that when the senior class reaches its

graduating day its petty and sub-graduating contests are all over. Second, while such a contest was engaged in by the senior class all the members were required to participate, thus forcing many into a situation highly disagreeable to them, in that they were thrust before the public as orators when they made no pretensions toward oratory, and hence they were necessarily compelled to explain why they were not more successful. Under this new disposition of the medal as much if not greater benefit will be enjoyed by the students. It will stimulate the societies to greater action and create a stronger rivalry between them. In fine, we think the disposition a wise and good one. An oratorical contest conducted by the two societies, with the "Stephens Gold Medal" as the prize, would prove to be the most interesting and exciting occasion of the year. The membership of the societies would increase, more attention would be paid to elocution, and we would have better societies and a fairer contest.

### THE CAVALIERS.

In every nation we find some man or party of men ever ready to pursue the follies of this world and to seek power by opposing and ridiculing those who are willing through enduring trials here to reap a rich harvest of blessings in the golden hereafter.

These may always be distinguished by certain characteristics of manner and dress. In their living, they show their attachment to the pleasures of life; in their dress, they show their pursuit of gaiety.

Such were those who, during the reign of Charles the First, espoused the cause of that overbearing and impudent monarch and ridiculed the advocates of a simpler mode of living and a more hopeful hour of dying.

Acting in accordance with the promptings of man's nature when not toned down by respect for himself and his fellow-man, these gay cavaliers were often found in the gambling and drinking rooms of the taverns, spending the greater part of the night making themselves lower than the brute creation by drink, only to be found in some way-side ditch in the morning, their gay clothes all soiled and themselves suffering all the pangs arising from such a night's carousing. How much do such acts on the part of his followers lesson our respect for their leader.

But, with all their recklessness, the Cavaliers were not cowards. The glittering steel, that must often have blushed at its owner's degraded condition at other times, was never sheathed when necessity called for action. In the hard-fought battles between these and their obstinate Puritan foes, what a vast amount of the best blood of old England was spilled. How different the contending parties; one brave in the cause of a tyrant; the other courageous for the sake of freedom. One relying on the unstable strength of man,

the other looking to the great Ruler of all things for help in their righteous cause.

Each of these parties had its representative poets and divines. Lovelace and others wrote such poems as the Cavaliers sang in their drunken carousals, when the brain, crazed by draughts of maddening wine, did homage to anything low and full of revelry and war.

Such witty and sparkling divines as Fuller and Taylor represented the Cavaliers in spiritual affairs. The simple Puritans were the victors. A court of members of parliament tried and convicted Charles. He was beheaded; and, as the gory locks were exhibited to the spectators, it was said, "Here is the head of a tyrant."

### MEMORY.

Rogers has written a most charming poem, of considerable length, on the "Pleasures of Memory." But, when we reflect how sweet are the pleasures one experiences as he draws out from the dark shadows of the past the scenes of childhood—the bright and sunny days of existence—we must conclude that it is an exceedingly prolific theme. What a crowd of fond recollections throng the mind at the very suggestion! The veil that separates us from the past is torn away, and a flood of light is shed upon the haunts and resorts of the long ago. We live over by-gone days. Again we mingle with our merry school-mates, sport on the green sward, or wander up and down the bank of a stream, collecting shells, or watching the fish darting about in the limpid water. The woods resound with our happy voices, the birds warble forth their melodious notes, and the barque which has so often borne us over the smooth bosom of the silvery stream again receives us.

Thus, at the magic touch of memory, the mind is hung with pictures of the past—scenes around which we love to linger, and upon which we delight to meditate. Would we hear again the familiar voices of our early companions, see beautiful visions and listen to sweet music, we have but to allow memory her full sway, and "there is a fountain opened at which we may drink again and again; and yet it will flow on as full of beautiful pictures as before; we only enrich the stream by drawing from its depths."

We call attention to a well written story, appearing in this issue under the name of "My Grandmother's Story," and written by our esteemed friend and popular writer, Sypfax. It was written during one afternoon and for the two hundred and fifty dollar prize offered last Christmas by the Kansas City "Times," and through the kindness of the Deacon we succeeded in obtaining it for our readers. It is a true story and therefore will prove the more interesting.

Advertise in the MISSOURIAN.

## CENTENNIAL VISITS.

### NUMBER IV.

#### DOWN THE HUDSON.

We have taken our readers through the most classic range of American mountains, and also through that portion of the river scenery the distinguishing quality of which is beauty. But as we glide along through the ever-changing scenery of the American Rhine, the beautiful is exchanged for the picturesque. "As by woody bluff we steal, by leaning lawn, by palace, village or cot—a sweet surprise at every turn the vision breaks upon," and it seemed as if we were being transported through a fairy land.

At 2 p. m., we passed Poughkeepsie, the Queen City of the Hudson, and so noted for its refined society and excellent schools, among which latter is the far-famed Vassar.

How picturesque indeed! For a distance of 20 miles—from the Catskills to the Highlands—our mountain-bound river seems to play at hide and seek among the ancient, rock-ribbed hills of the American Switzerland. Scarcely is one variety of scenery presented to the eye than another, different in quality but equally as charming, breaks upon the vision. The hill-sides are soon passed, and as we enter the Highlands, which furnish the third variety of scenery along the Hudson, one is struck with the appearance of sublimity with which the landscapes here are clothed.

Formerly the Indians supposed that before the Hudson poured its waters from the lakes, these Highlands formed one vast prison, within whose rocky bosom the omnipotent Manitou confined the rebellious spirits who repined at his control. Here, bound in adamantine chains, or crushed by ponderous rocks, they groaned for many an age, till at length the conquering Hudson in its career toward the ocean burst open their prison and rolled its tide triumphant through the stupendous ruins; an idea not inconsistent with modern science.

Once fairly within the enchanting bay of Newburg and sublimity meets your gaze on every hand. Now we stand abreast the threatening Storm King, whose head seems ever crowned with ominous clouds; while further on is Old Cro' Nest, with rocks on rocks piled high in a towering mass. Most every hill, mountain or bend bears some old Indian name which has immortalized it in American mythology. Here N. P. Willis feasted his eyes upon these pictures of sublimity, cultivating his poetic powers, and he it was who gave names to many of the lofty Highlands. On we speed, till we catch sight of a flag floating restlessly from its staff high upon the west bank of the river. It marks the site of the military academy of West Point, known during the revolution as the Gibraltar of the Hudson. How forcibly it suggests the saddest lessons of those stern old days. As we descend the stream a host of places, immortal in our country's history for being the seat of so many important events, which occurred during the gloomiest days of the republic, crowd upon you on every hand. A few more strides of the Drew's powerful and untiring walking beams and we pass out of the Highlands into the delightful Tappan Zee; out of the regions of sublimity into those of sweet repose. On the east bank, and 43 miles from New York is Peekskill where was born Paulding one of Andre's captors. Ten miles below this, and on opposite sides of the river are Croton Dam and Rockland Lake, the pitcher and ice cooler of New York City. Further down on the east bank is Sing Sing with its cold looking white walls. Its name is derived from the Indian words "ossin," a storm, and "ing," a place, from the rocky character of the river bank, and was built by a band of o'sin-ing mortals imported from Auburn in 1820. To us the next place of interest was the neighborhood eventful to the faithful historian Diedrich Knickerbocker. It is about 24 miles north of New York and not far from Sunnyside. Here were picked up most of those beautiful legends which have come down to us, the chief of which is that connected with the little Dutch Church of Sleepy Hollow, over which a drowsy, dreary influence seems to

hang in mysterious grandeur. It required but a glance to show that this was really the enchanted region so long haunted by the dominant spirit of the headless horseman. The foliage of the trees presented us from catching but a glimpse of the little old church in the distance surrounded by its cluster of bleached grave stones. Not far below this we were shown a monument, which marks the notable spot where Andre was captured; tis said that the tree beneath which he was caught, was struck by lightning the very day of Arnold's death in London.

We breathe a sigh at the thought of this promising young man's sad fate, then turn our eyes toward scenes more congenial to our spirits. We are now in the most classic and poetic spot of America—the home of Washington Irving, who laid the corner stone of American literature. Near the east bank of the river and almost concealed by the dense foliage, is the lovely Sunnyside; its old name was "Wolfer's Roost," and Irving aptly describes it as made up of gable ends and as full of angles and corners as an old cocked hat. Here Napoleon the Third was once a visitor; here Daniel Webster in 1842 bore to Irving his appointment as minister to Spain; here the American Goldsmith passed the most of his life's quietly weaving the poetic graces of his fancy into language which is characterized by that rich liquid music of his own peculiar style; here he lived, studied, wrote and died, universally beloved and lamented; and he now sleeps (in the little Dutch church grave yard) among those of whom he once said, "they rest well." Out of this classic dream-land we glide, and then crossing the broad and beautiful bay of the New Netherlands we enter the most imposing and last variety of river scenery before reaching New York City. All eyes are now turned to the "Palisades"—the Giant's Causeway of America. For fifteen miles the river is walled in on the west side by an unbroken perpendicular wall of trap rock, varying in height from 250 to 600 feet and ending at Fort Lee. All that one can say of the Palisades is that they are grand. From this on till we reach the city our curiosity becomes unbounded. The eastern side of the river is adorned with numerous costly and elegant homes, embracing those of some of America's greatest literary and scientific men. That mansion with the gilded dome glittering among the trees and occupying the site of old Ft. Washington, is the home of the late James Gordon Bennett (father of the present editor of the N. Y. Herald; that castle-like building once known as Fort Hill, was built by Edwin Forest, while a little further on is the residence of Cyrus W. Field.

Some one announces that we have just crossed 65th street, and though we do not yet see the city we feel, on account of the numbers of boats, rafts, schooners and tugs hurrying past us in every direction, that we are pretty close to the great metropolis. A few minutes more and a vast forest of towns and spires bursts into view. Now, as our river trip is ended, we bid farewell to the Hudson whose waters run through hallowed ground, where poetry and romance are strangely blended with the heroic and the historic, and prepare ourselves for entering the Babylon of America. As the gangway is being placed we congratulate ourselves that the various goblins which once infested the river have become civilized, that the winds and tides have been conquered, and that the nine-day voyage of Hendrich Hudson and the "Half-Moon" has been reduced to the nine-hour system of the "Vibbard" and the "Drew."

The "Westminster Monthly, in its account of the Contest, has this to say of our representative:

The last orator was Mr. Field, of the State University, subject: "The Motto of the Age is Truth." This gentleman had the prettiest oration of the evening, indeed he seemed to seek excellence in this particular. He was graceful on the rostrum, and delivered his oration in a well modulated voice. He closed thus: "Bigotry may assail, and persecution smite them, but however surrounded they may be, we know that they will ultimately triumph; and that Science and her elder sister Truth may fold the white drapery of their immaculate purity about them, and walk uncontaminated and unpolluted through pestilence and plague."

# The University Missourian.

## LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

Gone!

Gone!! Gone!!!

The first semester has almost gone!

"Oh, what's the use of repining?"

Christmas was lovely but Oh! gloomy January!

Dr. Leonard has lately added an "L" to his house.

How badly that carpet of the library needs dusting!

One of our boys is known by the startling and euphonious sobriquet "Domen."

Persons writing for the MISSOURIAN please remember and write upon but one side of the paper.

New department in our University—a *Nursery*. Some one suggests Helen's Babies as a course of study.

Fie! Fie! on those boys of the rhetoric class who read those obscene essays before the young ladies.

A young philologist sends us the following etymology of the word virgin. Vir, a man; and gin, a trap—man-trap.

Literary contributions for the MISSOURIAN from the members of the faculty come in as slowly as returning board reports.

Many of the Union Lits were very forlorn on the evening of the 19th. No Christian College cherubs were there to decorate the occasion.

Young ladies and gentlemen continue to ornament the ponds and "festoon" the lake with their glittering skates and comely persons.

We notice that Dr. Laws is to deliver an address in the Missouri house of representatives on the evening of Feb. 1st, on the subject of education.

A gay and accomplished Chesterfield asked a young lady the other day if she didn't think he was a bird. Yes, she says, you are an insipid "popinjay."

The seniors of the law department are getting to look quite "legal." The juniors, so a certain lady says, are gay and handsome. Taste just moderate.

A young ady told a young gentleman not long since that he looked at her with such extravagant slyness that she was forced to affectionately "wilt."

Our eminent and worthy president has recently visited the legislature at Jefferson City for the purpose of opening the eyes of its members to the wants of the University.

The young ladies of Christian College have a short holiday. Many of them started home on the 25th to see their "dear fathers and anxious mamas" and their ——— well we won't say.

We visited Prof. Cole's rhetoric class the other day and had the startling pleasure of hearing one of the members of the class say that Shakspeare was chiefly noted for his prose writings.

The class in International and Constitutional law was more than blessed. It possessed a private cabinet which under the control of Squire Robinson decided all legal questions most Blissfully.

One of our siderially inclined seniors on learning that by travelling westward round the globe his days would be lengthened—remarked, that if he were to continue travelling westward, he would never die. Long life to you young Methuselah!

The mistakes of our life are many. In reference to the local which occurred in last issue respecting Dr. Laws and the medics, we wish to state that we were misinformed and will correct the mistake by saying that Dr. Laws said no such thing.

At the meeting of the board of curators on Jan. 19th, Prof. S. M. Tracy, a graduate of the Michigan agricultural college and now connected with the editorial staff of the *Practical Farmer*, Philadelphia, was chosen assistant professor of agriculture.

A profound debater of the University who was discussing the "woman's rights" question a short time since, said: Woman is nothing but a "side issue." She was made from one of Adam's ribs and of course she is not competent to vote. Invincible logic!

One of our boys came back from "Sweet home" after Christmas with a very bad sore on his cheek. Upon being asked the cause of it, he modestly said that his sweetheart was so overcome with joy at seeing him, that when she went to osculate him she forgot herself and bit him.

A certain fellow has become very serious lately. He fears his ability to elicit a favorable reply and he thus makes known the case to his friend and invokes his intercession. "I have made known my love to her and am expecting a reply but am doubtful of the answer. Oh God! Potter plead my case for me!"

Our Professor of Zoology observes that he thinks it strange that so many of the fair sex should have such a desire for adopting for their forms the three-fold division of the wasp. Come, dear girls, we are all "waspish" enough without resorting to such insectiferous pestiferousness.

One of our reverend seniors while returning home from church one dark Sunday night, notwithstanding the darkness, received considerable light on a tender subject. While feeling his way along a fence with both arms extended like the tentacles of a Mollusk, his nasal protuberance suddenly struck the sharp end of a rail, when he as suddenly exclaimed—"That's the first time I knew my nose to be longer than my arms!"

A certain young gentleman of the University has been striving very assiduously for some time to acquire a vocabulary. Whenever he hears any one use a big word he immediately takes it down in his day book and seeks the earliest opportunity to use it. In discussing the political situation the other day; he said: "Well gentlemen I tell you, Oliver P. Morton is surely a sacerdotal flagellator."

The explorations in the natural world lately begun by "Syphax" around Columbia, and by the celebrated archæologists about Troy, are still going on. The most startling discovery made in the classic world has only recently been brought to light. Deep down, down, in the earth somewhere in the city of ancient Ilium was found a large marble slab bearing an inscription which in English is rendered: "Subscribe for the MISSOURIAN."

On Wednesday a committee of the legislature, to visit the University, arrived here, as follows: Senators—T. J. O. Morrison of New Madrid, John A. Flood of Callaway, M. H. Phelan of St. Louis and A. H. Burkholder of Mercer. Representatives—H. H. Priest of Ralls, James F. Wight of Randolph, Wm. Hall of Vernon, W. R. Wilhite of Boone, R. A. Cameron of Jasper, B. F. McDaniel of Saline. Thursday morning they were present at our chapel exercises, but were too modest to make any speeches. We hope they will return to Jefferson delighted with their visit and determined to do all they can for the good of our institution.

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MOSS & PREWITT.

Dr. A. McCuen, late of Marshall, Mo., has located in Columbia, and solicits public patronage. All work will be warranted to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Good references given. H. D. Doak, J. W. Bryant and J. R. Vance, Marshall, Mo.

### STUDENTS,

You will find it greatly to your interest to buy your school books and stationery at S. B. Kirtley's book store below the post office. Beside school books you will find many miscellaneous books, such as will be wanted by students from time to time. Will furnish you any book published in the U. S. at publishers' price. All kinds of stationery furnished at lowest rates. A new lot of fancy paper just received.

*Ladies' Department.*

EDITORS:

MISS LAURA A. JOHNSTON, MISS IDA HAYES,

## SOLDIER'S REST.

Night winds are mournfully sweeping,  
Whispering oak-branches wave,  
Where your loved ashes are sleeping;  
Forms of the true and the brave,  
Silence reigns breathless around you,  
All your stern conflicts are o'er;  
Deep is the sleep that hath bound you,  
Trumpets shall rouse you no more.

Sweet and serene be your slumbers,  
Hearts for whose freedom ye bled,  
Millions whom no man can number;  
Tears or sad gratitude shed.  
Never shall morn brightly breaking  
Enter your portals of gloom,  
Till the last trumpet awaking,  
Sound through the depths of the tomb.

[SELECTED.]

## MASKS.

We do not propose to discuss the propriety of the popular amusement known as masquerade, but merely to offer a few loose thoughts which naturally suggest themselves upon noticing the similarity between a mask party and human life.

Suppose the lamps are lighted, and the gay participants appear, each dressed in the costume of the character he is to designate. As his features are entirely concealed by the mask, no resemblance whatever between the represented and representative is necessary. Only the external appearance is taken into consideration, and the happy throng gaily while away the hours in social conversation, without seeing each other or knowing with whom they are conversing. This, on a larger scale, is just what constitutes the chief employment of a lifetime. We constantly see others on the stage of existence, who play their part only with an assumed air and represent characters as entirely different from themselves as could be done under the costume of the most complete mask. A man that has spent only a small fraction of his life as a student of human nature, will have noticed that there is little reality in the pretended friendship of the multitude. He sees in many instances that those who bear the boasted name of friends, possess hearts as devoid of the sentiments, as obstinate to the genial influences, and as powerless to reciprocate the tender feelings of friendship, as the cold granite to reflect the sunlight that falls in silence on its unappreciative surface; but if the same sunlight had fallen on the polished surface of a mirror, a flood of reflected light would have been sent back in the direction from whence it came with increased brilliance. So if the warm affection of many a throbbing heart which was lavished upon one wearing the mask of friendship, whose face was radiant with deceitful smiles, whose words were sweet as a song, but whose heart glowed with malice and self-interest, had been bestowed upon a worthy friend, it

would have been reflected in one great flood of happiness.

Still further, we may notice if a man wishes to gain a public office, he dons a political mask and with it endeavors to conceal his own views and appears only on the popular side until his position is obtained, after which he occasionally peeps from behind his mask, but never entirely does he lay it aside.

Religious masks are conveniently put on now-a-days by some to cover scandal; by others to elevate the wearer to some assumed standard; but more frequently to secure the confidence of those whose favors they seek; for base as man may be, he knows that the world acknowledges christianity to be the only safe touch-stone and to furnish the only elective affinity in moral chemistry.

Curious indeed are the different kinds of masks worn, but not more curious than the modes of wearing them. Some are so thoughtful that their real characters remain hidden during their whole lives, but with the majority, at a moment when they least suspect, some little act will reveal their true character; some mystical influence which they do not perceive will for a time move aside the mask and reveal the man as he really is.

## SOCIABILITY.

It is often said of persons, in a complimentary way, that they are friendly and talkative, but it depends somewhat on the character of a persons speech, as well as its quantity, whether his acquaintance is desirable or not. Persons may be ever so well meaning, but if their conversation is only of the prevailing sickness, or the last horrible murder in the paper—unless you incline particularly to such kind of entertainment—they will be likely to prove dull companions in the end.

Or if an acquaintance is prosy, and talks with as dignified an air as if he fancied himself to be delivering a lecture on some moral subject, without any of the familiar language which makes intercourse with friends so charming, you will be as likely to go to sleep during his discourse as you would in a railway carriage while it is in motion, and wake up when he stopped.

Or if your caller should happen to be full of his or her own petty cares, who will treat you to a history of all their little vexations and details of their plans for the present and future, whether you will or not. Sometimes, too, from this kind of sociable people, you will hear nothing but bits of flying gossip about people you are not at all interested in. But when a friend enters about your own stamp and you cannot speak without calling up a response from his mind; when your ideas and experience correspond and your heart grows lighter with the friendly interchange of thought, you are enjoying one of the highest pleasures of social intercourse, such hours need not be counted among the vanishing pleasures, for the recollection of them is agreeable to both ever after.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

While the soft breath of opening summer floated through the woodland, while the bursting roses wreathed the earth with beauty and filled the air with sweetest perfume, the gentle spirit of this authoress burst the bands which held it here and took its flight to heaven.

It seemed a season peculiarly fitting for such a transition. Just at the hush preceding active summer life, when the toil of spring is over, and the short season of calm expectancy arrives, when for a moment we sit down to wait the glad fruit of our labors. She passed the springtime of her existence here in arduous toil and labor for her fellow-creatures.

The summer crown of her rejoicing she will wear in heaven. Her life was one of earnest endeavor and constant effort for the benefit of her race. A period spent in planting seeds of thoughts, oft' times in most unpromising soil, while her pathway was strewn with flowers of kindness and loving sympathy. Her life was not all sunshine; there fell to her lot dark and stormy days of adversity, when from a home of luxury and ease she passed to comparative poverty. Yet her brave spirit never shrank from toil and hardship; she passed through the tempest of affliction and trial, and emerged triumphantly at last. And her season of work is over; she has gone hence forever.

(Written by a little girl thirteen years of age.)

## A GEM OF THOUGHT.

Morning may well be compared to youth or the seed-time of life. There appears the clear, unclouded sky, birds singing in every tree, while everything puts on its most beautiful appearance. Just so in youth. The chilling storms of adversity have never crossed their path; they know nothing of the hidden snares that lie along their way. Evening may be compared to old age. Their life-sun is nearly down. With feeble step they go onward to the grave. What though their sun be almost down, it will rise brighter on the other shore.

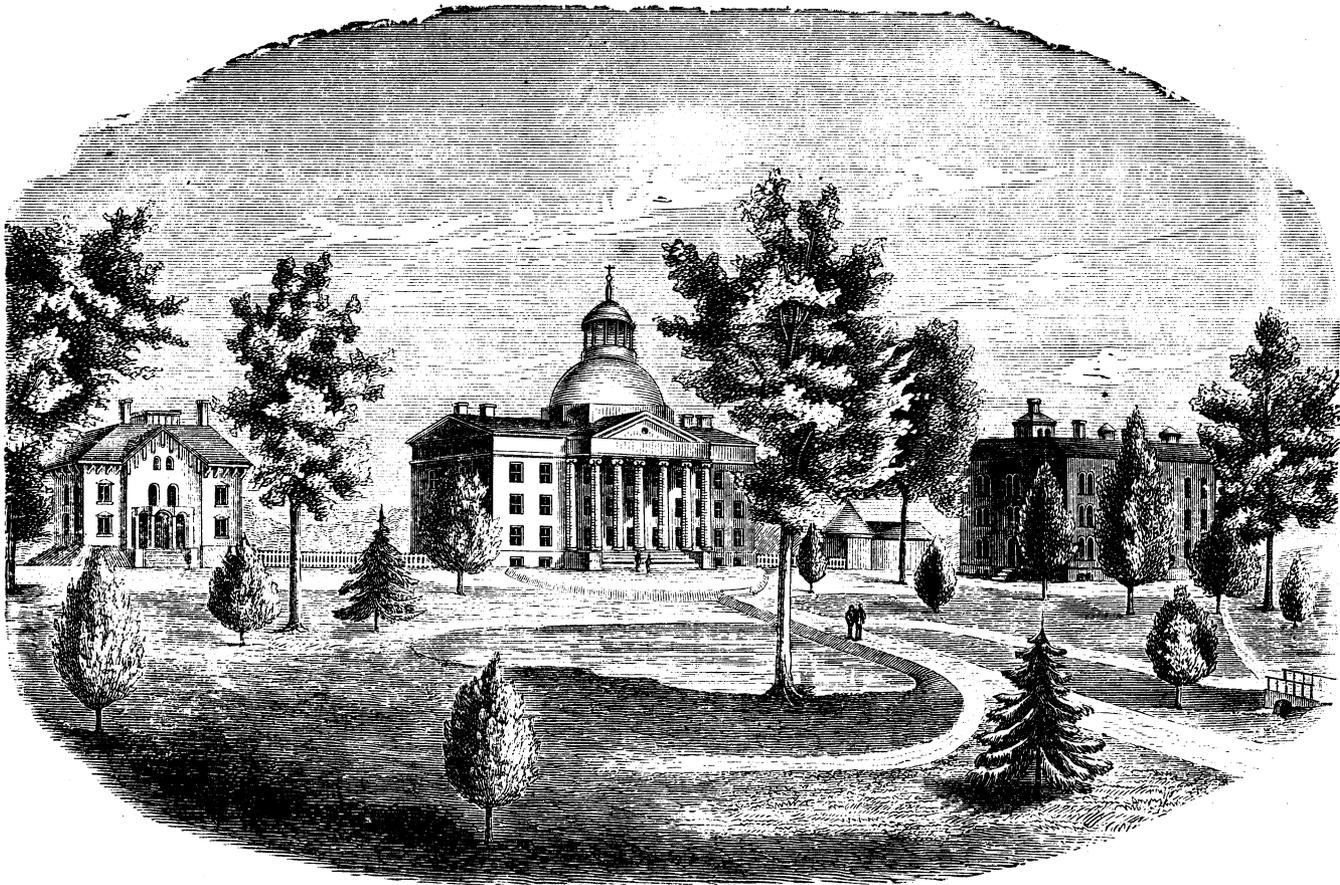
ELLA.

As Senator Christiancy voted for the compromise bill he merits personal mention in the newspapers and so does his little son, aged a few days. Hence is here given the welcome to the young man, as indited by the poet of the Burlington "Hawkeye:"

And if he is a good boy,  
A senator he'll be,  
And follow in the footsteps of  
The elder Christiancy;  
And he'll go to Washington  
And pull the country through,  
And he'll flirt about the treasury  
Like his daddy used to do.

There is no better physic than to be always occupied, seriously intent.

Love is increased by injuries as the sunbeams are more gracious after a cloud.



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# University Missourian Supplement.

FEBRUARY NUMBER, 1877.

## WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

### At the University.

A large audience assembled in the chapel on the morning of the 22nd, to hear orations delivered by members of the Senior Class in commemoration of Washington's birthday. The music was furnished by the University choir. Mr. J. G. Babb, chairman of the Senior Class, presided with becoming grace and dignity. Limited space precludes the possibility of our mentioning the special merits of the several orations, but suffice it to say all of them were couched in happy language, and delivered in an easy, graceful manner. Their enthusiasm being kindled by the holy and inspiring recollections of the great Washington, words of fiery eloquence fell from the orators' lips, often drawing striking comparisons between the patriotism which actuated Washington and the party-spirit which now sinks the patriot in the partisan. The following is the programme:

#### MUSIC—PRAYER—MUSIC.

Will His Influence Survive? . . . E. D. Phillips.  
Surrender of Cornwallis . . . R. P. Boulton.

#### MUSIC.

Patriotism . . . . . A. C. McChesney.  
The Sword of Liberty . . . . . T. Hayes.

#### MUSIC—BENEDICTION.

After the exercises were over, a salute of thirteen guns was fired by the artillery company of the University.

### AT CHRISTIAN COLLEGE.

On the evening of the same day, at an early hour Christian College Chapel was filled by a large and appreciative audience. The young ladies of the Martha Washington Institute entertained their many friends and admirers with an interesting programme of literary and musical exercises. Of course we could not particularize, for all of the performances were almost faultless. The essays were models of chaste and elegant language, and showed that, while their authors were not wanting in deep and

practical thought, they were especially gifted in drawing pictures set off by the gay tints of fancy's brush. The recitations were well received, and proved to be an interesting feature of the occasion. The "Gem" was out in its usual dashing style, and not unfrequently "brought down the house" with its jokes and witticisms. The discussion was ably conducted, and the young ladies acquitted themselves well. Miss M. V. Gentry presided over the exercises of the evening, and at the close, delivered an interesting "anniversary address." On account of want of space we are compelled to omit the music programme, but will say that the musical performances were fully up to the high standard for which Christian College is noted. The following is the literary programme:

#### Roll-Call and Reading of Minutes.

Activity—An Essay—Miss Juliette Harwood.  
Battle of Waterloo—Recitation—Miss Ione Cooper.

Catacombs—An Essay—Miss Laura H. Barton.

"The Gem"—First Reading—Miss Sallie A. Baer.

#### DISCUSSION:

*Resolved*, That the Education of the masses beyond the rudiments is neither practicable nor desirable—Miss M. C. Prewitt, Affirmative—Miss Mabelle Haley, Negative.

The Old Year and the New—A Poem—Miss Maria K. Bedford.

The Sleeping Sentinel—Recitation—Miss Mary E. Waugh.

"The Gem"—Second Reading—Miss Lizzie R. Allen.

Virtuous Discontent—Anniversary Address—Miss Mary V. Gentry.

#### Adjournment.

### Appointment of Prize Declaimers.

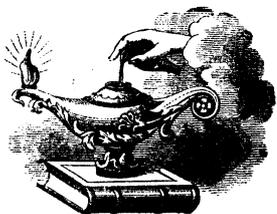
To-day (Saturday) the two societies appointed prize declaimers for the contest of the present session. Both societies were honored and cheered by the presence of large audiences, including many ladies.

The Athauxean appointments are: J. T. Blanks, J. B. Rea, E. Robb, C. R. Salmon, G. W. Wren, C. E. Yeater.

The Union Literary appointments are: J. E. Crumbaugh, G. N. Garnett, R. B. Garnett, W. Robb, E. G. Taylor, C. Tindall.



# University



# Missourian.

"Fax Mentis Incendium Gloriæ."

Vol. VI.

STATE UNIVERSITY, COLUMBIA, MO.---FEBRUARY, 1877.

No. 6.

## TUCKETY TUGMUTTONS QUAIN'T GAME.

BY DIPSE P. HILL.

On old Kentucky's strong soil  
 A house of ancient style,  
 Peeped o'er a hill where it had stood  
 The same for quite a while.  
 With planks and boards 'twas covered o'er,  
 And half-hewn slabs served as a floor,  
 Through the cracks of which the half-bare feet of  
 the school children would slip and slide in a most pro-  
 voking manner.

A maid quartet scarce in their teens  
 And Betsie with the rest,  
 Loved cousin Tuck, and Tuck loved them,  
 But loved Miss Betsie best.  
 Now Tuck a maid-enchanted youth,  
 All four called cousin when in truth  
 They had never seen or heard tell of him until they  
 met him at that country school.

Much time he spent from day to day,  
 With all these cousins dear:  
 The master thought with kin affairs  
 He should not interfere;  
 So loving lips were warmly pressed  
 When present stood no idle guest.

As by custom then every day as regularly as  
 he said his prayers, kissed each of the girls in the ab-  
 sence of all the others, each supposing herself the only  
 fortunate one.

But Betsie gained a double share,  
 And oft at early morn,  
 She met her cousin at the school  
 Before the breakfast horn.  
 Thus fleeting hours came and went,  
 While o'er the crackling stove they beat,  
 Looking volumes of admiration at each other, and  
 talking over their school affairs of course, as is com-  
 mon on such occasions.

The other maids soon learned the plan,  
 And vowed they'd see it through,  
 And if there was some fun on hand  
 They'd have some of it too.  
 At daylight thus the young quintet  
 Before the school room door had met;  
 To the utter consternation of Betsie and cousin Tuck,  
 who little thought their schemes suspected, and now  
 felt that one morning at least must be spent to no  
 profit.

But Tuck resolved he'd have revenge,  
 Now it was Greene and cold,  
 And vowed he'd never light a fire  
 By simply being told,  
 But ere he'd make one turn to this  
 He'd have from each a public kiss,  
 At which the modesty of each to all appearances be-  
 came frightfully shocked, each scorning to be thought  
 guilty of such misdemeanor, and vainly endeavoring  
 to force a blush upon their cheeks already crimson  
 with cold.

And cousin Tuck with chattering teeth  
 Declared that they might freeze  
 If they would grant not one request,  
 Which they could do with ease.  
 Thus kisses came with rapid rate,  
 Expecting four they gave him eight,  
 Declaring as they reluctantly left his side, "Its much  
 easier to do than I had ever suspected."

The match was lighted, but  
 It strangely lost its blaze,  
 Alas for these fair "blushing girls,"  
 No other could be raised (?)  
 And Tuck must go somewhere for fire,  
 But could not go without his hire,  
 Hinting that another quadruple kiss alone could in-  
 duce him to face the northern blast, when to his as-  
 tonishment the girls flew to his side like a flock of  
 geese to an ear of corn.

To his amazement and surprise  
 Another match was found,  
 And soon the blazing fuel roared  
 While all now gathered round.  
 The merry laughter of the five  
 Kept every phase with glee alive,  
 And no one seemed to regret their morning's adven-  
 tures, while the maiden quartet declared that they had  
 not enjoyed so much since the last centennial.

Another hour sped quickly by  
 And Tuck now took his stand  
 Beside the door to see if yet  
 The master was at hand,  
 When lo! a black and smothering smoke  
 His wretched meditations broke.

And as the master came, he  
 hung behind the stove when Betsie with empty water-  
 bucket in hand looking thoughtfully at the stove ex-  
 claimed: "Ho! cousin Tuck, how is that for high?"

## ROBERT BURNS.

The subject of this sketch was born on  
 the 25th of January, 1759, in a "mud cabin,"  
 not far from the Bridge of Doon in Scotland.  
 His father was an humble gardener, and con-  
 structed with his own hands the "clay walls"  
 that first resounded the infant cries of the  
 young poet.

He was sent to school at six years of age,  
 and completed his education at eleven. The  
 young lad, trudging along upon his way to  
 the rude school-building where this limited  
 education was obtained, little knew the many  
 trials and difficulties that were to cloud the  
 few years of his life. The mere elements of  
 learning, acquired in that short period of  
 school life, were all the instructions the poet  
 ever received, except what he obtained from  
 reading in after years, and the precious truths  
 which nature reveals to her diligent and ad-  
 miring pupils.

Nor was it from perusal of classic lore, or  
 from a study of Albion's far-renowned poetry,  
 that he caught his first musical inspirations;  
 but on the "fields of Mossgiel, amid the birds  
 and flowers of a Lowland farm," breathing the  
 perfumed air of the "rosy morn," and listen-  
 ing to the gladsome notes of the lark and  
 the nightingale, his poetic genius burst forth  
 in the sweetest strains that ever charmed the

ear, or cheered the soul of the wearied sol-  
 dier or home-sick sailor boy. His touching  
 poem to a "wee field mouse," exposed to the  
 cold and frosty wind by his "ruthless plough-  
 share," and likewise to a daisy, crushed be-  
 neath the "upturned furrow," evinces the ten-  
 der heart that beat within the rough exterior  
 of the young rustic.

These were the beginnings of those sweet  
 and musical lines, that were soon to gush  
 forth so abundantly, from his native reservoir  
 of poetic genius.

For natural beauty and tender emotion, the  
 poems of Robert Burns are unequaled, per-  
 haps, in the English language. They im-  
 press their "soft and seducing charms" upon  
 the ear of the poet and the novelist, the earl  
 and the philosopher.

Being free from the classical allusion so  
 extensively used by English poets, they are  
 comprehensive to the lowliest peasant, and,

at the same time, touching sentiment  
 strikes a responsive chord in the heart of the  
 most highly cultured. Receiving some en-  
 couragement from these tender ballads, the  
 "Ayrshire ploughman" hastened to Edinburg,  
 where he was entirely friendless and almost  
 penniless. His poems, however, had gone  
 before him, and "unlocked the doors of the  
 first Edinburg mansions" to the rustic, who  
 could sing so sweet a song. For a time he  
 shone in all classes of society, with unsur-  
 passed brilliancy and admiration; but so much  
 praise and flattery seemed to distill poison-  
 ous seeds into the poet's soul. He gave him-  
 self up to dissipation, and in a short time the  
 Edinburg favorite was neglected by his many  
 admirers. At the age of thirty-seven the  
 checkered life of the peasant poet came to a  
 sorrowful close. He lived an aimless life,  
 and died a deplorable death; the last days of  
 his brief existence being clouded by debt  
 and sickness, a result of his dissipated habits.  
 That such a bright genius should thus be  
 blasted in its greatest vigor, is truly lamenta-  
 ble. But let us remember that "Many a flow-  
 er is born to blush unseen," and that many  
 more

Unfold their brilliant colors  
 To the fresh and morning sky,  
 And in the heat of noon-tide  
 Turn pale, then wither, then die.

Then let us console ourselves with the few  
 works he has left us, which place him in the  
 highest rank of the British bards, and with a  
 forgiving spirit, view the short and wasted  
 life of the Scottish lyrist, with a heart full of  
 warmest tender sympathy.

## MY GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

BY SYPHAX.

## CHAPTER II.

"The lingering moments lagged" wearily enough for me before Cap. Howser came to conduct me on board his ship.

"Then horrid silence followed, broke alone  
By the low murmers of the restless deep,"

For the Captain, respecting my grief, did not thrust his attentions upon me, nor did he suffer others to do so, during the entire voyage.

When the ship had nearly completed its course, and the bold headlands of my native land stood plainly out to view, I felt for the first time a thrill of returning joy, but it was only momentary, for right before me was spread the beautiful but treacherous bay, whose glassy depths glistening gladly in the sunlight, spoke to me only a story of desolation and woe.

It was night when we cast anchor in the bay, but I was set ashore immediately, at my request, and declining the kind Captain's offer to accompany me further, I proceeded at once to my father's house.

When I made my appearance at the outer gate I found a strange servant in charge, who refused me admittance, and who, upon my informing him who I was, told me that my father had discharged every one of his old servants as soon as he learned of my disappearance and that their places had been supplied with new ones, each of whom had strict orders never to mention my name, or to admit me or mine to his presence, under any possible circumstances.

No entreaties, no bribes could induce the fellow to conduct me to my father or even to bear a note to him, for said he: "It would be as much as my place is worth miss, to do so?" And with this discouraging answer I was at last I was forced to turn away in hopeless despair. I knew not what to do.

It would be useless to appeal to my father, even if I could gain access to him—which was impossible. He believed that I had brought a stain upon the proud name I bore, and no prayers, no tears could ever soften his heart toward me. I knew his disposition well enough to know that.

I was now, indeed an outcast, though free from guile, and I would only be remembered, if remembered at all, with a scoff and a sneer!

How can I express the agony of my soul at that moment!

Homeless, friendless, hopeless—alone!

"The world had just begun to steal  
Each hope, that led me lightly on,  
I felt not as I used to feel,  
And life grew dark and love was gone,  
No eye to mingle sorrow's tear,  
No lip to mingle pleasure's breath,  
No tongue to call me kind and dear—  
'Twas gloomy, and I wished for death!

Wished for death! Aye I grappled with the grim monster, earnestly, determinedly, madly, but he, cruel despoiler of other's hopes, fled before the intensity of my grief.

I rushed frantically back to the sea shore, and without stopping to consult advantages, hurled myself from the pier into the water, hoping to die. But by chance, a boat's crew, belonging to a small English privateer, lying in the offing of the harbor, was passing just then in close proximity to the spot where I fell; I was rescued by them, and carried on board their vessel, which, being under sailing orders only awaited their boat's return in order to put to sea. It was therefore impossible to send me ashore again, so I was assigned to a spare state room in the main cabin, and once more I found myself, under these peculiar circumstances, afloat upon the broad

Atlantic and bound as before for the North American coast.

I shall not weary you with details of the varied fortunes which befel us, how that we were tossed in fearful storms, endangered in battle, and finally chased into the Chesapeake bay by a large French man-of-war, to which our Captain preferred 'showing a clean pair of heels,' as the sailors termed it, rather than the muzzles of his guns.

The Captain being ignorant of my story, permitted me land, and though he proposed to secure my return passage if I desired it, he made no objection to my wish to remain.

Nor is it worth while to enumerate the hardships I endured, and difficulties I encountered in making my way among strangers, with none to encourage or assist me. Suffice it to say, my education being ornamental rather than useful, availed me but little among the rough fishermen of the coast, so I determined to go to Philadelphia, a neighboring city, where my attainments would have a more ready market, and thither I went the following May. I soon had a class in music, painting and embroidering from which I derived an income amply sufficient for my support.

The French and Indian war was then the excitement, and it was a gala day with the citizens of Philadelphia when Gen. Braddock arrived in the city with two thousand men, en route for Fort Duquesne. Everybody turned out to see the army as it paraded through the streets on its ill-fated mission, and I too had been prevailed upon by several of my pupils to witness the pageant.

We were standing at a point near which the soldiers were to pass and from which we had an unobstructed view; but I took little interest in the flaunting banners, the gay uniforms and prancing steeds as they filed in martial array before me. Indeed, my feelings were more sad than otherwise, for all this gilded pomp, which delighted and amused the multitude around, was only suggestive of melancholy memories to me, and I was about to turn away and seek the solace of solitude when my eye caught sight of a noble form in an officer's uniform, which was just now opposite and about to pass me.

There was something strangely familiar about that graceful carriage, that strong and springing step, and I looked again, and behold it was—it could be no other—it was Dunlap!

Regardless of the proprieties of the occasion I tore myself from my companions, I ran, I flew to his arms.

Gen. Braddock who knew our story, having heard it from Dunlap, on learning of our unexpected reunion, determined to halt his columns long enough to have our marriage solemnized in compliance with our expressed desire. And right there, in the open street, the ceremony was performed, while citizens and soldiers, looked on with surprise.

The march was then resumed, amid the acclamations of thousands—for our story was soon generally known—and side by side, each mounted upon a gaily caparisoned horse, my young husband and I, left Philadelphia; and as we thought, left our sorrows also far behind us, pushing forward, happy in the present and hopeful for the future.

As we rode along, Dunlap explained how that he had seized a portion of the wrecked boat, and thus managed to keep afloat till the waves washed him up on the beach; how that the impression prevailed, that he had thus come near losing his life in the heroic effort to save others, no one supposing that his adventure had any connection with my disappearance; how that my father circulated the report that I had been sent to France to finish my education in a convent, and

and others were none the wiser save Dunlap himself and I; how that he set out in company with the regiment the week after my departure, happy in the expectation of meeting me in New York; how that the vessel was wrecked off the coast of New Foundland, and the days and weeks of anxiety he passed before reaching New York; how that after the most persistent and diligent search he could learn nothing of my whereabouts and finally, how broken hearted and discouraged he sought and obtained a command in Braddock's army, just ready to march, hoping to find at least the consolation of a soldier's death, the oblivion of a soldier's grave!

All this he told me, with much more of thrilling interest to me, because indicative of his tender and loyal affection for me. He was anxious, too, to hear my story, and as I related it, his noble heart swelled with emotion and tears coursed freely down his bronzed and weather-beaten cheeks.

Day after day passed thus delightfully, till we drew at length near Fort Duquesne, and if I were simply relating a, right fiction here would be the point for me to terminate the story, but I am telling you the actual occurrences of my own life, and though I shudder to this day when I think of what I had yet to endure, I will narrate the main facts of my subsequent history as briefly as I can.

It was a bright June morning and all nature was alive with the fresh loveliness of spring; the air was resonant with the songs of birds and loaded with the fragrance of woodland and meadow, and the face of nature wore the smile of peace, as we entered a narrow ravine only a few miles distant from the fort.

Suddenly the sharp crack of the rifle broke harshly upon the air, warning us, who were in the rear, that the head of the column was being attacked. My husband, who always spent his spare moments with me, put spurs to his horse and, waiving me a hasty good-bye, was soon in the thickest of the fray. That was the last I saw of him. I heard afterwards that he had been killed.

Death held terrible carnival on that fearful day. Blood ran like water. The woods around us belched flames of death, and in an astonishingly short period the greater part of that noble army lay lifeless upon the field or remained captive in the hands of the Indians. I was among the latter.

I saw men dropping around me faster than I could count, and horrified, terror-stricken, I fell senseless from my horse. I remembered nothing more 'till I found myself lying in a blanket, held by four stout Indians, who were dipping me up and down in the river, in order to revive me to consciousness. One of them, I recollect, was endeavoring to facilitate the matter by addressing to me such endearing expressions as "Wake up, white squaw, wake up! Injun loves white squaw!"

The Indian who thus expressed his solicitude for my recovery, took charge of me immediately upon my giving signs of life, while the other three set about plundering the dead.

There were perhaps two hundred prisoners. We were compelled to walk, but that did not prevent our captors from driving us hurriedly, by long forced marches, across the mountains into Ohio, near what is now known as the Miami Settlements, and where their principal village was located. Then commenced those barbarities which Indians always practice upon prisoners. We were all forced to run the gauntlet in turn, but no one was killed in the operation, though many were cruelly wounded. As for myself, I escaped with a few very slight bruises, thanks to the favor of the chief whose individual prisoner I happened to be. The other prisoners were

put to the torture, and I was compelled to look on them as their flesh blistered and blazed in the cruel flames; to listen to their agonizing screams for the aid, which I was powerless to give them, and for the mercy which the Indians could not feel.

Three years I remained with them, an adopted member of the tribe, before I found an opportunity for escape, but I never despaired; I was so inured to misfortune, that nothing could crush out hope entirely.

Near our village was a mineral spring to which the sick of the tribe were sent to drink of the waters, while employing the time in curing venison and parching corn for the hunters. Feigning sickness, I spent much of my time at this spring where I secreted a considerable quantity of provisions in case an opportunity for escape should ever be presented.

By and by the long wished for opportunity came. Two Frenchmen who had long been prisoners in the tribe, and who were often employed as hunters determined to make the effort, and inviting me to go with them, I gladly consented.

The effort was made under favorable circumstances, and though we were closely pursued, and encountered terrible hardships, we finally arrived at Montreal, Canada, in safety, having been nearly three months on the road. Here I learned from an old soldier who had served in my husband's command at Braddock's defeat that he had not been killed, as I had 'till then believed, but that he had escaped with Colonel Washington, and was then stationed at Philadelphia. The soldier was a man of means, and he readily advanced me sufficient money to defray my expenses, so that I lost but little time in hastening forward on my journey.

In due time I arrived in Philadelphia, and learning the locality of the barracks, I hastened there immediately. On inquiring of the servant at the door for Captain Dunlap, you may well imagine I was horrified to learn that "the captain was out, but that his wife was at home!"

Merciful Heaven! another holding the place which was *only* mine! Alas, it was too true! My husband supposing me to be dead, for he had been told by one of the soldiers who stood near me on that fatal day, and who had seen me fall from my horse, that I was dead,—“for he had seen me killed,”—and so believing had but a few weeks before my unexpected return taken another wife!

The thought was more than I could bear, and turning wearily away I fell fainting into Dunlap's arms, who was just then entering the house. I knew nothing more for many, many weeks of sickness and suffering.

There was quite a scene, of course, when the true state of affairs became known to the other woman, but it resulted in my being reinstated in my proper place as Dunlap's wife, while she was obliged to content herself with an ample income, which a legacy my husband had recently received, enabled him to settle upon her.

My husband and I lived happily together after that many years, till he was captured in one of the battles of the revolutionary war—in which he fought on the side of his adopted country—and confined on board the Jersey prison ship, where he died.

My father died, it was said, of a broken heart, soon after my disappearance, and there being no known heirs, his vast estate reverted to the crown, though I have no doubt that it could yet be recovered if the proper legal proceedings were instituted.

And so, said the old lady, smilingly, ends your "Grandmother's story."

THE RAPHAEL POET.

Before us is a beautiful painting. Light and shade, lines and colors are so exquisitely blended that nature herself seems pictured there. Every lineament and angle find their proper place, so that the breathing canvas presents the very image of thought. But while viewing the charms of nature we wonder at the triumph of genius in transferring, as by some magical art, the features of still life to the canvas. This, we are told, is one of the immortal productions of Raphael, the Prince of Painters. Yet many such are found in various parts of Europe, visited and admired as the highest attainments of skill in the art.

As Raphael was prince in the art of painting upon canvas, so in the realm of literature Shakspeare stands unequalled as a portrayer of character. Raphael was not a greater genius in his art than was the author of Hamlet. With words for his colors, the page for his canvas, and human nature his subject, he painted beings which no other dramatist has equaled. Throughout his splendid picture gallery is every grade in the wide range of human character, all differing from each other, yet all bearing the impress of his towering genius. Each is a perfect mirror of nature. The natural world in all its various moods finds through him a befitting expression. The tempest in its fury, the wild, impatient ocean and the varied-landscape with its winding brooks and sloping banks, honor him as their interpreter. Yet his portraits are more interesting than his landscape paintings. Human nature is his realm, and in it he shows himself a king. He pictures every passion, every emotion which can thrill the human breast.

As we enter the immense gallery which contains his portraits, we are first impressed by the delineation of Macbeth. Grasping ambition and an irresolute will sit upon his countenance and stamp the stealthy murderer of Duncan while reposing in sweet, unconscious sleep. There is Hamlet, noble in look, but his eye is glaring with pretended madness, while the thirst for revenge burns within his breast. Next is Brutus, bearing the imprint of honest patriotism and true nobleness of soul upon every feature, of whom "all the world might stand up and say, he is a man." Dark and malignant treachery blackening the face of crafty Iago, while by his side the bright and playful humor of Falstaff shines out.

While this tragical Titan storms the gate of heaven, threatens to tear the world from its hinges, and "make each particular hair to stand on end," and congeals the blood with horror; displayed at the same time all the loveliness of the sweetest poetry; soft sounds and airs break upon the ear in mellifluous sweetness, and songs die away like melting sighs. Love pervades many of his most striking pictures, and lends its softening tints

to many scenes. Within this gilded frame is Juliet, fair and beautiful in person, whose very breath perfumes the air with sweetness, yet burning with the most rash, rapid and devouring passion. Here is gentle Ophelia, possessing the grace and beauty of a nymph, with sad perplexity written upon her contracted brow. There side by side are the lovely countenances of Imogen and Rosalind.

On and on we wander, through the vast corridors of the magnificent hall, hung with portraits innumerable, presenting human life in all its aspects, yet always true to nature. Here, students and admirers of mental portraits will resort in succeeding centuries, when Shakspeare shall be ranked "one of the old masters," and his immortal works, "models in his art."

JEAN.

PETITION TO THE LEGISLATURE.

At a meeting of the students, of their own free will, on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 17th, 1877, the following petition was drawn up:

*To the Honorable, the General Assembly of the State of Missouri:*

We, the students of the State University of Missouri, representing all its various departments, desire hereby to appeal to you on behalf of our University. We have heard with deep concern of your contemplated refusal to grant the annual amount allowed by the constitution of the state. While we realize the stringency of the times, and the responsibility resting upon you, at the same time, we hereby most respectfully petition you, not for any appropriation to extend the present operations of the University, but for that appropriation, simply, which is necessary to sustain it, and without which it cannot possibly be sustained in all of its departments. Our University is not an aristocratic one, as some seem to think; on the contrary, it is as free from this element as any University in the United States. Most of us are from farms, and of limited means; and are here preparing ourselves for the various vocations of life. We are here in perfect harmony, engaged in the pursuit of our studies, and are thankful for the excellent opportunities we enjoy, and proud of our State University. We most respectfully appeal to your honorable body, and pray you to consider carefully the propriety of crippling the leading educational institution of the state which has been in successful operation for nearly forty years, and which is so rapidly acquiring the reputation of being the best institution of learning west of the Mississippi. [Signed.]

Committee {  
 R. B. OLIVER,  
 Law Department.  
 J. S. SHERMAN,  
 Medical Department.  
 F. M. BROWN,  
 H. T. CURTWRIGHT,  
 R. N. GENTRY,  
 Academ. Department.

COLUMBIA, Feb. 17, 1877.

Gift of Allen R. Oliver, Aug. 10, 1955

# The University Missourian.

PUBLISHED FOR THE  
**STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY**  
 AT THE STATESMAN OFFICE.

TERMS. - - One Dollar Per Year.

**E. D. PHILLIPS** - - - Editor-in-Chief.

E. G. TAYLOR. } ..... ASSOCIATES.

F. M. BROWN. } ..... ASSOCIATES.

FLETCHER COWHERD..... LITERARY EDITOR

J. G. BABB..... LOCAL EDITOR

J. A. JONES..... BUSINESS MANAGER.

TERMS:

One College Year (in advance).....\$1 00  
 Single Copies..... 10

THE MISSOURIAN is published by an editorial corps appointed by the Athenæan and Union Literary Societies.

THE MISSOURIAN is forwarded to every subscriber until all arrearages are paid, and an explicit order to the contrary given.

NO ANONYMOUS communications will be published.

We repeat our request, and again ask all who have back numbers of the MISSOURIAN from 1873 to 1875, to please mail them to us, as we wish to have each year bound separately and placed in the University Library.

We feel a deep interest in the welfare of the young ladies and hope they will this semester show greater concern for the welfare of the MISSOURIAN. Ladies, if each of you would do what you can for the benefit of the paper, either by writing an article for it occasionally, or by inducing others to write, or by getting us subscribers, you have no idea how much good you would accomplish for the MISSOURIAN. We have a Ladies' Department for your especial benefit, and you should feel some pride in keeping it up. Don't shirk duty and place all the work on the hands of your two representatives, but do all you can to aid them and try to make the Ladies' Department the most attractive part of the paper. Come, what say you? Don't all speak at once.

The semi annual report of the Business Manager of the MISSOURIAN to the two societies, has been made. It shows that we have not quite enough, if all of our subscribers and advertisers pay up (and it is earnestly hoped that they will) to insure the paper through the rest of the year. It is our contract with the publishers to pay up each month as we go along. But unless our patrons pay us, we cannot meet our obligations. It is our sincere wish to publish the paper every month of the present semester, but unless the students come up manfully and help us we will fail to do so. We are endeavoring to do our part well and if more of the students would subscribe, we would be encouraged in our work which should also be their work.

In accordance with the MISSOURIAN rules and regulations, recently embodied in the constitutions of the two societies (a matter which should have been done when the paper was first established) the semi-annual election of the officers of the corps, occurred at the close of last semester. The only changes made were in the offices of Associate Editor, Local Editor, and Business Manager. But since that election Mr. Montgomery, the re-elected associate, having resigned his position, Mr. E. G. Taylor, of the Union Literary Society, was elected to fill the vacancy. We are sorry to lose Mr. Montgomery. He has stood faithfully by us from the beginning of the year, but congratulate ourselves on being permitted to welcome such an efficient assistant as Mr. Taylor to fill the place. Mr. Brown's former connection with the paper, is sufficient proof that he will discharge well and faithfully the duty imposed on him. With two such worthy and competent men as the present associates, we feel assured of our future success in keeping up the reputation of our college paper. Our readers are generally acquainted with the entertaining style of Mr. Babb's writings, and hence they may anticipate good and witty locals from Jerry. And as for Business Manager, though we think it would be difficult to find a more active officer than Mr. Davis has proved to be, still we are satisfied that our "new man," J. A. Jones, is a driving man, and our subscribers will find the parson after them to pay up right away—now—"bretty quick"—soon. Long association with each other had drawn the members of the old corps close together, but times change, and regretting as we do the loss of our former officers, we hope that the same cementing ties of friendship and good feeling may exist in the present new corps, and that our little bark will sail on smoothly through the rest of the year.

In another column will be found the resolutions drawn up, adopted, and sent by our students to the general assembly of the State of Missouri. The MISSOURIAN is as it should be, deeply interested in the welfare of our college, and when anything like a death blow is aimed at our institution, it will be found among the first ranks to aid in warding off everything that looks the least suspicious of being harmful to the University. The State Constitution provides for the maintenance of the State University. Then how in the name of reason the legislature can make liberal appropriations for so many other less important institutions and utterly ignore their University, which they have promised to support and without whose support it could not exist and prosper, we utterly fail to comprehend. We, as students, with hearts beating with pride for the glory of our State and the success of its educational institutions, do not presume to dictate to the powers that be; but interested as we are we feel it our duty here to express frankly our humble opinion, and

give expression to the anxiety which now hangs over us. We are no extremists. We know well the importance of handling the State moneys carefully; that the State funds have of late years been squandered by corrupt officials. Nevertheless, great injury would also result by going to the other extreme and withholding the money from such institutions as the constitution promises to support. The University does not ask for an extension of its appropriations, or of its departments, but simply that which constitutionally belongs to it, and without which, its principal support being cut off, it would certainly perish. Other States show great pride in sustaining their Universities. Then why not Missouri, one of the largest and wealthiest States in the Union, especially when her constitution plainly says that the University shall be sustained? We will venture this far, that if our legislature now refuses to support the University, the rising generation will remember this "unkindest cut of all," and will some day in the future, when they take up the reins of power restore with compound interest what now rightfully belongs to the University. It is to be hoped that they will carefully consider this important matter and not leave the University out in the cold.

## JEAN INGELOW OPEN SESSION.

It is not often we are permitted to attend a meeting of this society, but when they do throw open their doors and invite us in, we are made to feel at home and sent away happier and wiser youths. The alumna open session of our "Los Angeles" maids occurred on the evening of Feb. 9th. The evening was in keeping with the air and qualities of our cousins—bright and beautiful. It was held in the third story of the Scientific Building, where more room was obtained, though in case of a fire or even a false alarm of fire, with but one place of egress, and three flights of narrow stairs to descend, the greatest confusion if not injury might have happened the large audience which had assembled at an early hour to listen to the exercises. The card invitation plan was a good one, as it cut off that element, which is so often a nuisance at our public exhibitions. At 7 ½ o'clock our reporter with his "admit one" made his way through the attractive audience and seated himself in the dress circle to witness the approaching performance. The commodious stage, brilliantly illuminated hall, and gay audience reminded us of the opera. Presently keeping time to the pleasant stealing march so well performed by the organist, Miss Emma Anderson, the little band of twenty-six blooming, blushing, smiling angels appeared upon the rostrum amid the applause of the delighted audience. Had they not left behind their wings, we fear that the timid creatures would at this juncture have flown away and left us in disappointment. But as it was, they had to face the music and right

bravely and admirably did they acquit themselves. Want of space will not allow us to give a full account of the exercises, which though lengthy, were varied, interesting, instructive, witty, dramatic, pathetic and musical. On the whole, it was a success, and we congratulate the young ladies on their efforts to improve their time and talents; and we only wish that they would more frequently open their doors and hearts.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The *Rochester Campus* is a good paper. Its editorials are especially interesting.

We have received the first two numbers of the *Collegiate Journal* published at Sedalia, Mo. It is gotten up in good style and reflects much credit on its editors.

The *Centre Student* is a new paper, published at Danville, Ky. Mr. E. E. Phillips, formerly a student of our University, is one of its editors.

The *Central Collegian* contains Mr. Gilchrist's contest oration, but has very little to say about the contest. The *Collegian* is a good paper and is always read with interest.

The *Westminster Monthly* always contains something worth reading. We notice that it treats its exchanges with candor and fairness, a thing that few college papers do.

The *University Monthly*, of East Tennessee University, is on our table. It contains some articles of merit, and we very willingly place it on our "ex" list.

It appears to us that the *Southern Collegian* has fallen from grace. It contains few literary articles worth reading, and is printed on inferior paper.

The *Irving Union* is a regular visitor. It presents a neat and tasty appearance, but the greater number of its pieces are too lengthy for a college paper, of small dimensions.

The *College Courier*, since the beginning of its present volume, has been improved in many respects. It has put on a new and more stylish dress, and its literary department is ably conducted.

In addition to our college exchanges we receive regularly the following: *Missouri Statesman*, *Waverly Sentinel*, *Our Fireside Guard*, *Brookfield Chronicle*, *Central Baptist*, *Germania*, *Pen and Plow*.

The *Fewell* is full to overflowing. It contains almost everything from "Contest Orations" down to "Laughing Gas." It is however a good paper and merits continued prosperity.

The *College Chaplet*, from St. Joseph, is one of our liveliest and most entertaining visitors. The number before us contains the valedictory delivered by Miss Minnie B. Williams at Stephens' College Commencement last year.

The *Qui Vive* has two good articles, one on "Battle Fields," the other on "Philosophy the Handmaid of Faith." We admire the

manner in which it treats its exchanges, especially when speaking of the *Niagara Index*, it says: "Its renown is akin to that of Boss Tweed—the renown of rascality."

We are in receipt of No. 3, Vol. 1 of the *School and Home*, a journal of education, literature, science and art, published at New York City. The number contains "*The Captain's Last Love*," one of Wilkie Collins' best short stories, and also the initial chapters of "*Cherry Ripe*," a novel by the authoress of "*Comin' Thro' the Rye*." Besides these it has several articles of interest on educational subjects. It is issued semi-monthly, and costs only \$2.00 per year.

CENTENNIAL VISITS.

No. V.

REPOUSSE WORKS OF ART.

Appreciating the fact that the same article of food (however delicate and rare it may be) will, if served up too frequently, become unpalatable, we will no longer weary our readers with descriptions of scenery, but hurry them rapidly from the great metropolis of States over the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, to the Quaker city with its big show, and cite some of the special points of interest that are here presented. Formerly we had considered P. T. Barnum the greatest showman of the age; but now as we stand in the midst of the unrivaled Centennial, the great humbugest dwindled into insignificance and Uncle Sam is acknowledged as the champion. Not having heard anything of P. T. lately, we presume he has either retired from the field or is secretly making efforts to eclipse his uncle soon with something still greater. Where shall we begin? "Ah! there's the rub." But once begun, where shall we end is the next weighty question. The entire exhibition is full of interest from beginning to end, but here we can only allude to some of the most remarkable selected from the vast display. In the United States Department of the main building, we were more entertained in studying the beauties of the Bryant Vase, which is made from silver and designed by Mr. Whitehouse, of Tiffany & Co. It is not a very ambitious production and in its severity of form and its careful and exquisite details there is a combination of simplicity and beauty. This piece of silver means William Cullen Bryant, the living father of our literature, and it suggests the America in which he has lived, labored and sung. It is wrought out of silver by the "response" process—that is to say the whole of the exquisite work is hammered out of the flat metal entirely by hand, and according to the model in wax, thus making the cost, which is far beyond what the makers receive for it (\$5,000), some forty or fifty times the price of the silver of which it is made, so much is there of mind and so little of matter

in its composition. In a few words, the vase is of the Grecian form, surrounded with country scenes—the crossing of boughs of trees, the display of plants and flowers, as well as life scenes of the poet, as the young student of nature, the journalist, and the translator of Homer. It is entirely covered with a delicate basket work of apple branches and blossoms, which so well expresses Mr. Bryant's poetry, in its fragrant bloom and its wholesome fruit. Interspersed among these are primroses and amaranths. The body of the vase thus formed and enriched, bears elaborate and expressive medallions of the poet, showing the above aspects of his life and works. Besides this are the lyre suggesting his art, the printing press representing his career as a journalist, the elaborate water fowl which presents God over nature, and the two female figures representing poetry contemplating nature. These last balance wisely the somewhat severely masculine character of the other designs. The handles are richly decorated with the fern, cotton and Indian corn, while the bobolink represents the whole tribe of his fellow songsters, and does honor to the poet and his humorous verse. The neck is surrounded by primroses and ivy in token of youth and old age. The base bears the lyre, the crossed pens and broken shackles, which so represent the poet as a patriot and emancipator. Thus the robe of flower-work, with its cincture of medallions, the golden fillet emblazoned with the famous line, "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again," the arms of the nation's wealth, the corn and water-lillies at the foot, the solid base with the lyre and broken chains, the printing press, and the Bible—all these details gather round the life which they express, and make this piece of silver a work of ideal and historical art. There is here a full year's work of the best workmen, with the help of the artist who designed and of the master who represented the work. Such is the commemorative vase offered by the American people as a tribute of honor to William Cullen Bryant on reaching his eightieth birthday, and it is a gift which they should not be ashamed to offer, and which our venerable poet can receive with a just pride in the years and the country which it commemorates.

Other articles of the same character were to be seen in the British section, such as the Century Vase, the base of which is five feet long and its height four feet, and weighing 2000 ounces of solid silver; the Helicon Vase, illustrative of music and poetry, and damascend in gold. This greatest piece of silver work, which has been produced in our day, is from the hands of Morel Ladeuil, who spent six years upon it besides \$30,000 in money. Then there is the \$15,000 Milton shield, also by Morel Ladeuil, who here represents the subject of Milton's Paradise Lost. Lastly, comes the Pompean Toilette by the same artist. It represents a Pompean lady at her toilette. Its value is \$7,500. So much for the Repousse works of art.

# The University Missourian.

## LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

The Law Lyceum flourishes.  
 The Tyros—where are they?  
 Stephens College is again occupied.  
 The medical men seem cheerful as ever.  
 The Union Lits are filibustering generally.  
 Mites are a common luxury just now.  
 The Jean Ingelows spread their genial influence on all sides.  
 The faculty recently tabled three juniors.  
*Quid est* the lesser young ladies secret society?  
 The Athenaeans openly sit under difficulties. For a true account, see *Statesman* Feb. 15.  
 Hebrew is said to be easier than English.  
 Many students heard Father O'Brien prove the infallibility of the Catholic church.  
 The 22nd of February as a legal holiday, is to be numbered among the things that were.  
 Nearly all the professors have taken the notion to lecture their classes.  
 Since Monday, Judge Krekel has been lecturing to the law students and the "senior class below."  
 "Too large an amount of undigested Hebrew produces nausea and an indisposition to Greek."  
 Prof.—The sun never sets on the British dominions. Student—Then, Professor, when do they sleep?  
 Combativeness and destructiveness are well developed in our students. Mars is not dead yet.  
 "Hope springs eternal in the human breast."—Pope. "Hope lives as long as a man has one cent."—Judge Krekel.  
 McClelland Mansion has disgorged its lively occupants in order to make room for the new professor of agriculture.  
 "Scott's character" announces himself as a candidate for the linguistic chair of C. C.  
 New student: "I say, Bill, those college girls look mighty ugly with their green bonnets on; but when they came into the chapel on the 22nd with them little fixins on their heads, they struck me all in a heap."  
 What kind of scenery do you like best, said a young idea to a high-headed senior? "Oh, pine forests," was the reply. "No you don't," retorted the young hopeful, "you like to look at Brooks best."  
 Some seniors want the class to get plug hats, Let these hats be crowned with blue glass, a good developer of the mental faculties.  
 The "Haymakers," conducted by Prof. Ripley and joined in by some of our students, is now being prepared for the public.  
 Jacob had twelve sons, and each of these sons had one sister. How many sisters had they all? A sophomore says twelve.  
 Young gentlemen, don't roll the cannon into the pond. It requires two mules, three darkies and one hundred and fifty lookers on, to pull one out.  
 Said a promising young debater, "Mr. President sweep back in your memory twenty-two centuries." The president didn't sweep.  
 A bill has been introduced into the legislature creating a constitutional amendment which provides that a tax of one dollar per head be levied, on all the voters of Missouri for school purposes. Such an amendment would give the University a large annual income. Vote for it boys.

The senior course isn't so hard after all. One of the class, speaking of the tuition, says he would at any time, give twenty dollars for the rest he has had this session.

Dr. Laws has been ably advocating the poll tax theory. We heartily concur in his views as published in the *St. Louis Republican* and elsewhere.

A certain junior says he has no intimidating scrupulosities about making hymeneal propositions; he will just ask his girl to take a—"Walk."

Those societies which wish their exhibitions written up in splendid style, should send special invitations to editors. No others need expect any uncommon rhetorical display on their performances.

Our last examination week was a notable one. Outside of the regular routine of, business said week was solemnized by no less than three fights, four quarrels, with numerous minor unpleasantries.

In these latter days bribery is becoming very common. A committeeman to appoint prize declaimers can now furnish himself with many small articles. We expect to see several come out with new hats next week.

A youth was lately persuaded to serenade some young ladies stopping at a residence on University street. The ladies proved to be students of the tougher sex who complimented the Jews harp performer with a tub of water over his head and shoulders.

The Latin class book was carried off by some facetious gentleman (or lady?). The professor said it gave him an easier time, but those "sub-preps" who carried off the book would fare poorly with no other standing than that of examination.

The old spring time seems to have come rather too early. For some time past the fever has been slightly spreading, and now the voice of the prize declaimers rings through the hitherto quiet halls. Spartacus dares his comrades to a contest on the bloody sands, while the drunken man and his companions go swearing over the rapids.

Saturday, Feb. 3rd, was a memorable day. The sheriff of the University circuit court summoned a majority of the seniors as jurors in a murder trial. Notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion, the prisoner was unmoved and wore a serene smile upon his countenance. The scene was dramatic in the highest degree. But fortunately the jury, instead of hanging the prisoner, hung itself, and so the matter ended.

If all the world a garden were,  
 And women were but flowers;  
 If men were bees that busied there,  
 Through all the summer hours;  
 Oh! I would hum the garden through  
 For honey, till I came to you.  
 Then I should *hive* within your hair,  
 Its sun and gold together,  
 And I should hide in glory there,  
 Through all the changeable weather.

[—Joaquin Miller.

Now, this is not a local, but may be localized by the attention of the young ladies being called to this romantic idea, viz., a woman with a beehive in her hair. But perhaps our friend Joaquin is only anticipating the time when it will be strictly *a la mode* for ladies to indulge in this very soothing luxury.

By invitation of the Law Class, Col. James R. Shields delivered a very interesting and instructive lecture in the University chapel, Friday evening, Feb. 16th; subject, "The Modern Law Giver." Such lectures were formerly quite frequent, but this is the first we have had this year. We wish to thank Col. S. for this treat, and hope he may favor us again soon with the fruits of his rich store of knowledge and fine eloquence.

The faculty, students and friends of the University are all rejoiced to learn that the legislature has dispelled our anxiety, which we so greatly displayed in the leading editorial of this issue, by passing the following appropriation bill in the house on the 21st inst.: \$5,000 per year for two years to each of the state normal schools, including Lincoln Institute; \$5,000 per year for two years to the School of Mines, and \$18,500 per year for two years to the University. The precedent which this act of the legislature establishes is to the University worth more than the money itself. Being convinced that the legislature is a strong friend of the educational interests of our state we are ready to throw away our sack cloth, and look forward with great hopes to the future growth of the University. So much for the untiring efforts of our President and Maj. Rollins.

### THE TEMPLE OF PHARMACY

Has in its capacious rooms anything needed by the students. Stationery, pens, ink, &c. Pocket memorandum and miscellaneous books, toilet soaps, perfumery, brushes of all kinds, and a thousand other articles that the students constantly need. Dimmitt & Bro. are also experienced druggists and will give courteous attention to all who favor them with their patronage.

Gold pens a specialty. Gilman, Dorsey & Co. Society badges, Athenæan, Union Literary & Co. for sale by Gilman, Dorsey & Co.

Slates, steel pens, paper and envelopes, record and other blank books in great abundance, for sale by Gilman, Dorsey & Co.

Students will bear in mind that we will furnish anything in the drug line to make them feel sound and healthy. Those who trade with us soon grow fat. GILMAN, DORSEY & CO.

A regular first class clothing establishment.  
 A regular first class Boot and Shoe Store.  
 A regular stock of gents furnishing goods—boys', youths' and mens'.  
 Rubber overshoes: can furnish the student with whatever he may need in the dry goods line. SAMUEL & STRAWN.

Joe & Vic Barth, of the Star Clothing House, respectfully call the attention of everybody to their full line of clothing for men, boys and children. Suits of all styles and grades. The best lot of paper and linnen 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.

We offer our entire stock of white shirts, that cost us from \$1.50 to \$2.25, for \$1.50, and a large lot of unlaundried white shirts at \$1 each, worth \$1.50; mens' net drawers from 50 cents to \$2; mens' best British sock, 3 pairs for \$1. Gents' ties, cravats, collars, and everything in the furnishing line at the very lowest prices. Fine suits made to order. The best assortment of stationery at one-half the usual price. MOSS & PREVITT.

### STUDENTS,

You will find it greatly to your interest to buy your school books and stationery at S. B. Kirtley's book store below the post office. Beside school books you will find many miscellaneous books, such as will be wanted by students from time to time. Will furnish you any book published in the U. S. at publishers' price. All kinds of stationery furnished at lowest rates. A new lot of fancy paper just received.

*Ladies' Department*

EDITORS:

MISS LAURA A. JOHNSTON, MISS IDA HAYES.

## THE MOUNTAIN FLOWER.

INSCRIBED TO MISS ELLA SMITH.

In deep recesses far and wide,  
Upon a mountain's rugged side,  
A tender flower fair did hide  
To greet the silent eye.  
No hand its tender coral pressed,  
But one sad looker saw and blessed  
Across the deepening chasm's breast,  
While no approach was nigh.

Beyond, the dreary Alpine height  
With golden bars shut off the light,  
And made the future dark as night,  
Where gloom was never known.  
The chasm, until now sublime,  
And fit to grace a muse's rhyme,  
Served well to separate a clime  
Where budding life is blown.

Around glad nature had before  
An aromatic fragrance bore,  
And still might serve from out that store  
Food for a slumbering soul.  
But now that soul with living fire  
Was waked to life, nor could the lyre  
With all its melodies aspire  
To bring back that dull control.

## INSANITY OF LITERARY MEN.

There is a peculiar sacredness about insanity. The traditions of every country seem to throw a halo of mysterious distinction about the unfortunate individual stricken with so sad and so lonely a visitation. The immortal Shakspeare has never caused our souls to thrill with more intense sympathy, than when his characters are brought before us bereft of the guidance of reason.

We know that among the rude and untutored, insanity is of rare occurrence; it more frequently afflicts the literary and refined. Man is the climax of God's creation; the divine impress has placed him above all created things. But let us contemplate our own frailties, and acknowledge that with all the fastidious pride of fancied superiority, and in the full plenitude of our undimmed reason, we cannot face the breathing ruins of a noble intellect undismayed. The broken sounds, the vague intensity of that glaring eye, those whisperings that seem to commune with the world of spirits, the play of those features still impressed with the signet of immortality, though illegible to your eye, strike us with unspeakable awe. 'Tis sad, sad indeed, to contemplate what was once so great and resplendent, but now so completely wrecked. Yet, it is not an unprofitable exercise of thought to muse over reason itself, fallen and prostrate, which should teach us our utter deficiency.

If to dwell among sepulchres, if to contemplate the ruins of ancient times, if to soliloquize amid the forests in the decaying season of the year, which is ever reminding us that "all that is bright must fade," if these things produce that state of mind in which the suggestions of heaven find readiest adoption, how forcibly must the wreck of mind itself, and the aberration of that faculty by which most we assimilate to our Maker, hum-

ble our self-sufficiency, and bend down our spirit in adoration.

It is, in truth, a sad bereavement, a scene melancholy to witness, when the reason of man takes its departure, an outcast from its earthly tenement which it once animated with intellectual fire, and wanders astray, cheerless and friendless.

It has long since been laid down as a maxim, that the most active and literary minds are in greatest danger of insanity. It is said Newton was mad when he wrote his comment on Revelation. Nathaniel Lee, the dramatist, was more than once laboring under delirium. Sophocles was accused before a tribunal and bravely acquitted of insanity. The poet Cowper, and the philosopher Rousseau, were subject to lunacy. Cervantes died raving in a hospital at Madrid, and Byron's blood was deeply tainted with maniacal infusion.

The most splendid talent often becomes its own executioner, and the best gift of heaven frequently supplies the dart that deprives its possessor of all that makes existence valuable. The very intensity of those feelings which refine and elevate the soul, has been found to operate the work of ruin. Jonathan Swift was one of the most gifted of all the sons of Ireland, yet gloomy insanity took permanent possession of his mind, and he seemed to know that he would die a maniac; and some years before his death he built an asylum where his own lunacy might be protected from the inquisitive gaze of mankind. He felt the approach of the malady, and, like Cæsar when about to fall at the feet of Pompey's statue, he gracefully arranged the folds of his robe, conscious of his own dignity, even in that melancholy downfall. Such was the destiny of Swift, the greatest, literary man of his time, the effusions of whose mind were a great blessing to his native country. The overflowings of his strange genius were looked on by his contemporaries with delight, and welcomed as an oasis in a desert.

## "JOHNY APPLESEED."

Fresh in my memory is a steel engraving of the above named person, which I saw when quite a child. Well do I remember my feelings of admiration as I gazed upon the picture of that eccentric, yet good man, and in childlike wonder listened to the recital of his many deeds of kindness. I see him now as I saw him then, standing barefooted beside a small apple tree, holding in his right hand a pruning knife, while in his left lay a small twig which he had just severed from the parent branch. Upon his head, in the place of a hat, he wore a pasteboard box, to which was fastened by rude stitches a visor; in his belt was placed a small Bible, which was his constant companion.

Jonathan Chapman, or better known as Johnny Appleseed, was born in Boston, Mass.,

in 1775; his first appearance before the public was in 1806; he did not come as a statesman, nor yet as an author, his was a more humble calling—he was an appleseed planter. For several years, from time to time, he might have been seen gliding up or down the Ohio river, his frail canoe lashed to a more stable one, and both filled with apple-seeds. Out of that rich freight he planted nurseries far and wide over the uninhabited country, saying, "These are for those who will come after." Occasionally he visited these nurseries, and the young trees, thriving under his skillful management, bore their annual fruit over a surface of about one hundred thousand square miles—extending from the Ohio river up to the northern lakes.

Thus this good man spent his life, sowing for others to reap. When Ohio was in a measure settled, and supplied with apple trees, he removed to the "far west," there to enact over again the same career of humble usefulness.

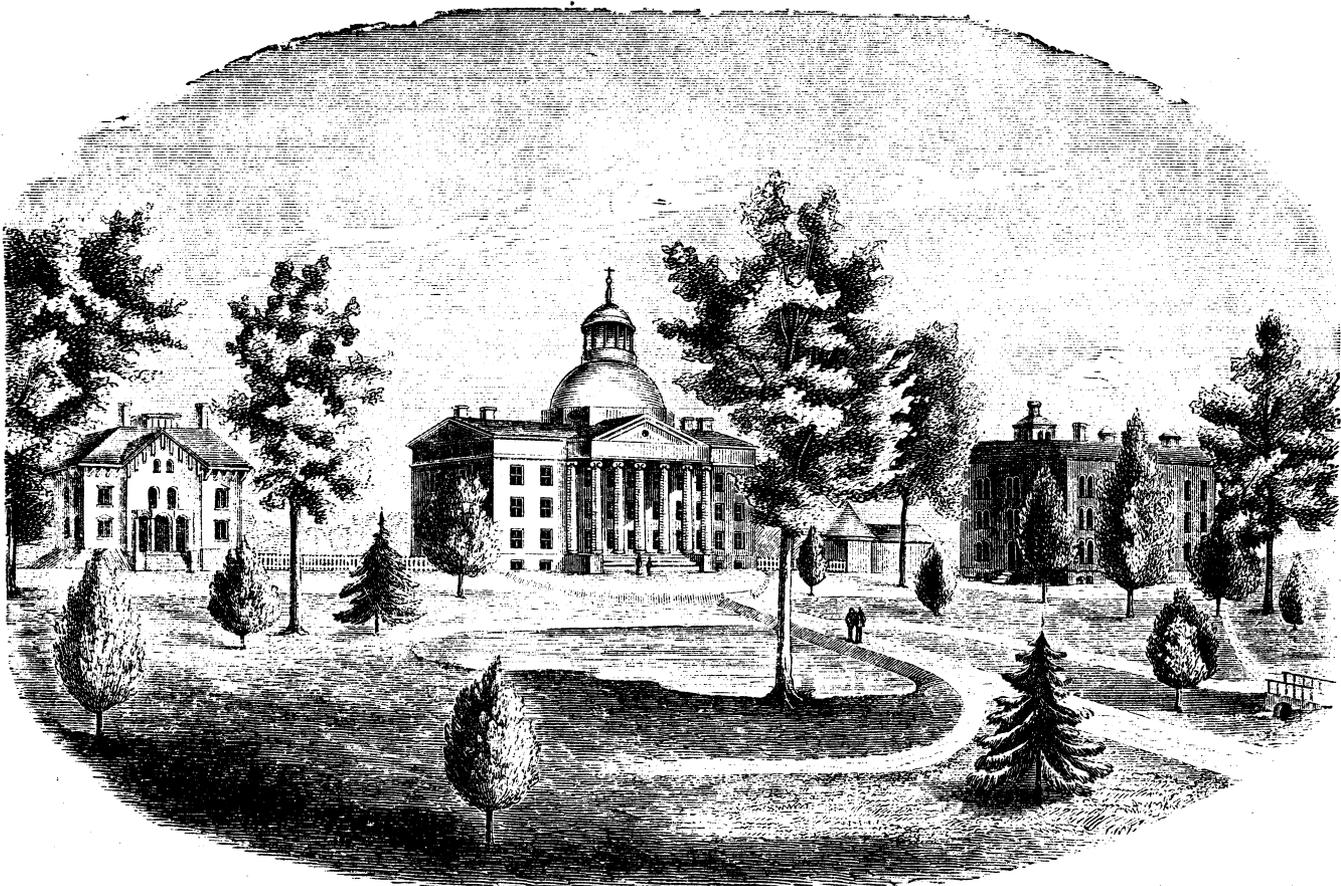
The personal appearance of Johnny Appleseed was very striking; he was small in stature, quick and restless in motion and conversation, his beard unshaven, his hair long and dark, his eye black and sparkling; truly such an appearance could not readily be forgotten. His life was noble and blameless. He thought hunting morally wrong, and he never intentionally injured any animal. Once he is said to have quickly quenched a fire which he had built for his own comfort, when he saw some mosquitoes fall into it; saying, as he did so, "God forbid that I should build a fire for my own comfort that should be the means of destroying any of His creatures." He was seldom known to wear a shoe; having once been presented with a pair, by some generous man, he was seen a few days after traveling barefooted through snow and ice; when asked why he did not wear them, he replied, "I found a man traveling west, and thought he needed them more than I, made him a present of them."

Thus the life of Johnny Appleseed was spent in self-sacrifice.

He died near Fort Wayne, Indiana, in 1848, a stranger among strangers, who kindly took the barefooted pilgrim in, and cared for him in his last illness; he died as he had lived—a true patriot to the cause of the American people. So long as his memory lives will a grateful people say, "He went about doing good."

A darkey who was stooping to wash his hands in a creek didn't notice the peculiar action of a goat just behind him, so when he scrambled out of the water and was asked how it happened, he answered: "I dunno 'zactly, but 'peared as if de shore kinder h'isted and frowed me.—*Union*."

101 female students in the University of Michigan. In medicine, 37; law, 2; homœopathy, 2; literature, 60.



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or address me at Columbia. *THEODORE LOHF, East of Christian College.*

Dr. A. McCuen, late of Marshall, Mo., has located in Columbia, and solicits public patronage. All work will be warranted to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Good references given. H. D. Doak, J. W. Bryant and J. R. Vance, Marshall, Mo.

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We especially direct all of those that desire a neat and comfortable fit made out of the finest material to call at sign of Boot "76" on University street, opposite post-office. Repairing cheap and neatly done. Ladies' fine shoes a specialty. I invite the public before leaving their orders elsewhere to inspect my stock and prices, as I keep none but the finest of workmen. Respectfully,  
P. PETRE.

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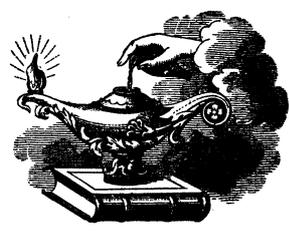
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# University



# Missourian.

"Fax Mentis Incendium Gloriæ."

Vol. VI.

STATE UNIVERSITY, COLUMBIA, MO.---MARCH, 1877.

No. 7.

## LINES ON THE DEATH OF GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

BY J. W. HATTON.

The reaper, Death, whom none can brave,  
Still gleans our wide domain;  
Still garners in the silent grave  
Our best and ripest grain.

And Prentice, worn by toil and years,  
Was late his harvest home;  
And now, secure from worldly cares,  
He slumbers in the tomb.

The famous "dark and bloody ground,"  
Now holds his sacred dust;  
And as his fame is her renown,  
She'll guard her sacred trust.

No more this grand old state will thrill  
At his soul-stirring blast;  
But she will love the poet still,  
Who loved her till the last.

Being true to her, while yet alive,  
She'll keep alive his fame;  
And not abate a single tithe  
Of merit due his name.

Nobly wise, and truly great,  
Was Prentice in his day—  
The chosen champion of his state,  
The bosom friend of Clay.

A jovial wit and generous bard,  
A peerless son of song;  
The champion of the right, he dared  
To battle 'gainst the wrong.

Unawed was he by Church or State,  
Generous, just and bold;  
He followed but the prompting of  
His kind and genial soul.

Born in a far-off eastern state,  
He sought and found a home  
Among a people proudly great  
As those of ancient Rome.

And he the noblest of them all,  
And nature's favorite child,  
Was gentle as the dews that fall  
Upon the flowers wild.

His harp, unstrung, lies sadly mute;  
The master's hand is cold;  
'Twill never more be strung to suit  
Those strains that melt the soul.

And some with hearts as black as night  
May try to blast his fame;  
May meanly drag his faults to light,  
Without a blush of shame.

Good people of the saintly sort,  
With faces long and grave,  
Will have their day of pious sport—  
Howling over his grave.

When the eagle folds his wings to die  
The rooks may mock in scorn;  
When the lion's limbs are still in death  
They're by the vultures torn.

## CENTENNIAL VISITS.

No. 6.

### CURIOUS WORKS OF ART.

In this sketch we propose giving our readers a brief account of some beautiful and exquisite works of art of two of America's most original and enterprising female artists. We will speak first of the production of Mrs. Caroline Brooks, whose husband is a farmer and who resides at Helena, Arkansas. When we say that her production was a piece of art—a beautiful female bust—no one would at first realize from what material her statue was carved. Well, she is a butter artist, and the work she produced was a butter statue, in *Alto Relievo*; and was undoubtedly one of the most unique, beautiful and interesting works of art on exhibition. It is at once poetic, prosaic, exquisite, and displays true genius. The subject—"The Dreaming Iolanthe"—is taken from the rare poem, "King Rene's Daughter," by Henry Kerz, and is a lovely head of the beautiful blind daughter of the good King Rene of olden time. It is made of the yellowest butter in an eighteen inch tin pan, and is entirely an idealistic creation, suggested by the artist's own genius, and executed without instruction with a camel's hair brush, a butter paddle and broom straws. The substance of the poem is as follows:

'The good King Rene of Anjou, was born at the castle of Angers, in France, in 1409. He reigned for a short time over a province in France, and a short time as King of Naples. But misfortune overtook him and his dominions were reduced to a petit ruler in France, where he spent the rest of his days in perfect peace surrounded by a band of happy subjects. He possessed but one daughter, upon whom he had centered all his interest and affection. But by the burning of his castle, at midnight, in the infancy of Iolanthe, her eyes were injured to blindness. With a consideration more than royal in its beauty, and an unutterable affection, the king so guarded and provided for his unfortunate child, that she could not realize the need of her sense of sight, and for sixteen years her narrowed world was complete without it. But by chance Count Tristan came upon her beautiful retreat, discovered the charming recluse asleep and her attendants absent, was smitten with her royal grace, awaited an opportunity for an interview with her on awakening; discovered, in that momentous meet-

ing, that the eyes of this charming one were sightless. In the brief interview in which he helplessly revealed to her spirit the awakening of the new life that love inspires, he also revealed to her comprehension the fact that she was blind.'

Mrs. Brooks very happily chose her subject when the princess had fallen asleep after the new emotion brought forth by Tristan's interview, and has depicted the expression of a dream fraught with joy, and the delicate sensitiveness of a pure, innocent nature in the sleeping face. As one stands before the little glass-topped refrigerator and glances down upon that lovely, smiling countenance he thinks only of the real, a smile of pleasure naturally creeps over your face and you long to seize the entrancing, loving face and (not bite it, though the butter itself is tempting) but caress and kiss it. The butter head attracted a great deal of attention and was the subject of much comment and great admiration. Mrs. Brooks began to model several years ago, in this plastic evanescent material, and it was her custom, after churning, to work her butter into varied forms of beauty, and these were put on the table and consumed. Just to think of not only eating time and labor, but thought, beauty and imagination. May she live to carve her inspirations in more enduring form.

We next conduct the reader over to the Colorado State building where in one corner is exhibited the workmanship of another artist, which though far different from that of Mrs. Brooks, still is equally as novel and interesting. It is the work of Mrs. Maxwell, of Colorado, who has become famous all over the world as the great American taxidermist. Her genius is as great as Mrs. Brooks' but it works in another direction, and with equally as great success. Sauntering up the middle way through the building one is suddenly confronted by a mimic mountain which, on account of its natural appearance, seems to have been transported from the Rockies to give the stranger an idea of the picturesque mountain scenery of the rock-bound state. The skillful ingenuity of Mrs. Maxwell had enabled her to construct this imitation mountain with the most pleasing effect. Beginning at the floor it rises ruggedly and jaggedly, with now and then overhanging ledges, sharp pointing peaks and gentle sloping sides, displaying here and there several caves until the summit is reached. The sanded material of

Continued on Fifth Page.

Now is the time to subscribe for the MISSOURIAN

## Ladies' Department

EDITORS:

MISS LAURA A. JOHNSTON, MISS IDA HAYES.

### THE FARMER.

Abroad as I roam, through the country or city,  
Through high life and low life of every degree,  
The grave or facetious, the gay or the witty,  
Alike have but slender attractions for me.  
I wish for a friend who will never deceive me;  
Who steals my affections, I cannot tell how,  
I instantly leave the gay circle, believe me,  
And seek for the farmer who follows the plow,  
The true-hearted farmer, the high-minded farmer,  
The plain, honest farmer who follows the plow.

The merchant may talk of his ware and his treasure,  
The lawyer may prate of the suits he has gained;  
The statesman in schemes of finance may take pleasure;  
The warrior may boast of the fields he sustained;  
Each one, if with prudence he fills up his station,  
Sometimes may be useful, we all must allow,  
But still the success of each one's occupation  
Depends on the farmer who follows the plow;  
The true-hearted farmer, the high-minded farmer,  
The plain, honest farmer who follows the plow.

Ye fair, in whose bosom some tender emotion  
Impels you to wish for a change in your life,  
Who long to experience, with ardent devotion,  
The social endearments of husband and wife—  
If you're for the lad who will never deceive you,  
But still will be constant and true to his vow—  
Fly, fly from the coxcomb, whose folly may grieve you,  
And wed with the farmer who follows the plow;  
The handsome young farmer, the sprightly young  
farmer,  
The kind-hearted farmer who follows the plow.

His fields and his meadows, his garden and dairy,  
His flocks and his lambkins that frolic and play,  
His orchards and woodlands so gay and so airy,  
All breathing the balmy, sweet fragrance of May;  
Amidst such profusion of sweets,  
With love in his heart and a smile on his brow;  
Such, such is the pleasure that will constantly greet  
you,  
If wed to the farmer who follows the plow;  
The handsome young farmer, the sprightly young  
farmer,  
The kind-hearted farmer who follows the plow,

POETICUS.

### THE JEW.

Who can look in the face of a Jew, its high  
pale forehead, dark, flashing eye and raven  
locks, without calling up a thousand touching  
scenes?

While the mind dwells on these interesting  
scenes, it wonders from whence traces the Jew  
his ancestry. Well might it wonder, for there  
is much boasting among us of ancient ances-  
try; but what ancestry has the Jew? It has  
been long since the Romans appeared in their  
pomp of martial array; and the Grecian  
gloried in his arts, and still longer, since the  
Assyrian exulted in the resources of his  
kingdom; yet, when the most ancient of them  
were beginning to rise, the Jews could trace  
their genealogy through centuries gone by.

Where then can we trace the history of the  
Jews? Only with Terah, the son of Shem,  
the son of Noah, the father of the post-dilu-  
vian family. They have lived through many

centuries and among many nations, yet, they  
are still a distinct people.

Marvelous, indeed, is the tenacity with  
which they cling to their race. As one of  
them has said, "A Jew I am, and a Jew I  
must always remain; we never have lost, and  
never can lose, our national character."

They are trained from early youth the art  
of economy and industry, and they never  
forsake that training. Their great economy  
does not exclude charity and benevolence  
from their midst. No, there are many good  
works that stand as living proofs of their be-  
nevolence. Only one example of their char-  
ity will we mention.

Meissel was a wealthy Jewish inhab-  
itant of Prague, but was not left any inher-  
itance from his father. He procured his liv-  
ing by trading in old irons, and he continued  
in this trade till death. He built the Jewish  
council house at Prague, built four syna-  
gogues, paved six streets, and fed every week  
sixty poor persons. Truly did his old iron  
yield him greater profit and pleasure than the  
riches of many professed Christians. They  
are very early risers, for their Rabbi tells  
them that man must wake day, not day man.  
They have many religious forms which they  
observe with strictness. The Jews are gener-  
ally very rigid in observing the Sabbath. It  
begins with sunset on Friday and lasts till  
sunset the next eve. The house must be set  
in order, the victuals prepared, and even the  
lamps must be lit before sunset, as all work  
is forbidden on the Sabbath. The parents are  
considered responsible for the sins of their  
children until they are thirteen years old.  
That day is spent in rejoicing, feasting, music  
and dancing; and from thence the son is  
granted extra privileges. Girls are considered  
of age at twelve years and one day old.  
Eighteen is believed to be the proper age for  
marriage. It is necessary for the bride and  
groom to be engaged a year or six months.  
The betrothal is recognized by great feasting  
and rejoicing; soon after it is made known to  
connections. Women are not included as a  
part of the congregation in their religious  
worship in the synagogues. They remain  
in the galleries and are separated from the  
main part of the building by trellis work. In  
Prague they are separated by a wall a foot  
and a half thick. It has many little crevices  
in it, which are about two inches long and  
one broad. All they hear is through these  
holes. Nor do Jewish women ever go with a  
corpse to the grave; but their mourning  
often excessive.

This nation, of seven millions of people,  
whether at home or abroad, is one of the  
most remarkable on the face of the globe.  
No scholar or Christian can contemplate the  
Jews without intense interest; while it be-  
comes the young to study their character and  
investigate their history.

Now is the time to subscribe for the MIS-  
SOURIAN

### LOVE THE HUMORISTS.

Although proud America boasts of bask-  
ing in the noonday splendor of the literature  
of all preceeding ages, she should with con-  
sideration give her tenderest feelings to those  
who have contributed the largest mite toward  
the grand store house of her peoples happi-  
ness. And first on this glorious roll should  
be written in flaming letters the names of the  
humorists Addison, Steele, Fielding, Gold-  
smith, Hood and Dickens, who, as literary  
benefactors to the world's charity, must rank  
very high indeed, contributing so largely with  
the means with which Heaven supplied them  
to our harmless laughter, to our scorn for  
falsehood and pretention to the cause of love  
and charity, to the cause of the poor, the  
weak and the unhappy; the sweet mission of  
love, and tenderness, and peace, and good  
will toward men. It is true, we may see  
many flaws in the moulding of their charac-  
ters, many instances in which they have de-  
parted from the path of duty; but we should  
forget these in the thought that "none are  
perfect, no not one," and regarding our au-  
thors as human beings endowed with human  
passions and frailties, cease to expect in them  
perfection, and learn to love them for the  
good they have done. For we know that a  
Pharisee may put pieces of gold into the  
charity plate out of mere hypocrisy and os-  
tentation, but the bad man's gold as well as  
the good man's feeds the widows and orphans,  
the value depending on the purity of gold  
not the mint in which it was coined.

Some one has said "Humor is wit and  
love," let the definition be as it may, I am  
sure the best humor is that which contains  
most humanity, flavored throughout with ten-  
derness and kindness; it is the kind and gen-  
tle spirit's way of looking out into the world,  
or the reflection of a genial heart filled with  
a sweet friendliness toward humanity. The  
humorist not only sheds cheerfulness to the  
surrounding atmosphere during life, but long  
after his ashes have mingled with their moth-  
er dust, his sparkling wit is as fresh as in the  
morn of its existence, and is just as efficient  
in lifting the veil of melancholy from the  
brow of age, brushing the briny tear from the  
fair cheek of timid youth, or drowning in the  
well of forgetfulness, manhood's despondency  
and disappointments. Who does not feel  
happier, wiser and better after an evening  
spent with Dickens? And have not all a  
reason to be thankful to this kind friend, who  
soothed and charmed so many hours brought  
pleasure and sweet laughter to so many  
homes; made such multitudes of children  
happy; endowed us with such a sweet store  
of gracious thoughts, fair fancies, soft sympa-  
thies, hearty enjoyments?

Few there are who have so little appreci-  
ation of literary works as not to be interested  
in Goldsmith's pleasing narratives, and are  
eager to thank the kind spirit which created

these charming figures and devised the beneficent fiction which speaks to us so tenderly. While traversing with him fancy's fairy land, we forget reality; and with his Vicar enjoy a hearty laugh or with fair Orphelia shed tears. We may sometimes quarrel with the style of the humorists, think something else would suit better. But we can but wonder at their talents and recognize in them a generous commission from that divine beneficence whose blessed task we know it will one day be to wipe every tear from every eye.

Thankfully I take my share of the feast of love and kindness which these gentle and generous and charitable souls have contributed to the happiness of the world. I take and enjoy my share, and say a benediction for the meal.

### HOME.

There is, perhaps, no word which expresses as much as the simple word "home." There is certainly not one around which twine so many fond remembrances, and which suggests so much that is beautiful and attractive in human thought. It is associated with the objects we hold most dear; when we speak of home the images of father, mother, brother and sister are connected with its utterance.

The forms of those whose voices have long been hushed in death rise before us; old recollections are awakened, and in memory we live over again the years of the past. We call to view the familiar things of childhood's days, then without interest, now replete with tender memories and speaking the most eloquent language.

Hearts grown cold and hard, impervious to almost every feeling of sensibility and refinement, are touched by thoughts like these. The sailor, as he paces the lonely deck, amid the ice of polar seas, or breathing the perfumes of the tropics, thinks of the loved ones far away and yearns for his cot beside the sea—the humble place he calls his home.

So universal is the love of home that it seems to be an impress of the divine nature on the mind of man. We are told that the Jews, during their Babylonish captivity, wept for their old homes, and "hung their harps on the willows." The Swiss exile will burst into tears upon hearing his native songs, so strong is his affection for the land of his birth. Man may mingle in the active scenes of life's great drama, be dazzled by the successes and depressed by the defeats of its changeable panorama, but the memory of home and childhood will be inseparable from his existence. Banished from the active mind, it will return unbidden and touch a responsive chord in the breast of the most thoughtless and unfeeling.

The soldiers who were enemies on the bloody field of battle, as their life-blood ebbed out upon the green sward, thought of their homes—the one among the quiet New Hamp-

shire hills, the other across the Georgia plain—and the memory of those watching and waiting there, clasped their hands in friendship, and they died forgetful of the animosities of the past.

It is the love of home and its influences which renders the works of Goldsmith so dear, and enables him to reach directly the hearts of his readers. It manifests itself on every page of the *Vicar of Wakefield*; and these lines from the *Deserted Village*,

"I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
Here to return, and die at home at last,"

show the gentle poet's sweet memories of his old Irish home.

We should have the liveliest sympathy for those who have been denied the hallowed influences of home. Just in the degree that the institution of home is exalted and made attractive will the morality and patriotism of a people be elevated. Then we should love and cherish our homes and be less ready to part with them to satisfy the desire of speculation and gain.

### JAMES FRANKLIN BABB.

Many of our readers will receive with sorrow the intelligence of the death of J. F. Babb. He died at his home in Columbia on Sunday evening, March 18th, at 9½ o'clock, of typhoid fever. In recording the death of such a person, as all know him to have been, we feel that, while life is dear to us all, he was prepared to meet his God, and in the dying hour he was consoled with the blessed thought that while leaving earth with its mingled joys and sorrows, he was going to a land of purity and bliss.

James Franklin Babb was born July 25, 1850. At an early age he manifested a great thirst for knowledge. As soon as he learned to read, the Bible became his favorite study, and this frequent perusal of scripture, which he kept up through life, had its effect in producing a pure and upright character. In 1872 he moved to Columbia and entered the University. As a student he was punctual in the discharge of all his duties, and by his courteous bearing and gentlemanly deportment soon endeared himself to his class-mates and associates. He was a zealous, active member of the Union Literary Society, and participated in all its exercises with enthusiasm. In 1874 he was elected editor-in-chief of the MISSOURIAN, and was re-elected to that position at the beginning of the fall term, but soon resigned. He graduated with the class of '75, receiving the honor of salutatorian. Last October he entered the law department of the University, and would have graduated with the present class had he been spared a few weeks longer. But while just prepared to enter upon the duties and responsibilities of active life, God has seen fit to remove him from us. In contemplating this dispensation of His providence we feel like exclaiming, in the language of the prophet, "verily thou art a God that hidest thyself."

All will sadly miss the presence of this our former school-mate, whose future, but recently, appeared so full of promise.

At the regular meeting of the Union Literary Society, on March 24, the following resolutions were adopted regarding the death of Mr. Babb:

WHEREAS, It has pleased God, in His infinite wisdom and goodness, to remove, by death, our much esteemed friend and brother, J. Frank Babb; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in his death there has been taken from us one who gave promise of great usefulness in life, and whose character was marked by a devotional spirit, a true manliness and Christian bearing, worthy of emulation.

Resolved, That we hereby bear public testimony to the regularity of his deportment and the zeal with which he discharged his duties while a member of this society.

Resolved, That we extend to the family of the deceased our heartfelt sympathy in this their sad bereavement.

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be sent to the UNIVERSITY MISSOURIAN, *Columbia Herald* and *Missouri Statesman*, for publication.

LEWIS B. WILKES, President.

S. W. SIMCO, Rec. Secretary.

At a meeting of the law students of the State University, hold on Monday, March 19, 1877, to take action on the death of one of their class-mates, Mr. J. F. Babb, resolutions were adopted as follows:

WHEREAS, In the Divine Providence of Almighty God, it hath pleased Him to take from our number our friend and class-mate, J. Frank Babb, therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the law school of the State University, are deeply afflicted by the loss of one who, by his warm social nature, his industrious habits, his brilliant talents, and his Christian, exemplary deportment, had won our admiration and highest esteem.

Resolved, That in him we recognized one who gave promise of being an honor to the profession and an ornament in society.

Resolved, That while we humbly bow to the divine will, we deeply sympathize with the bereaved family in this their great affliction.

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be tendered the family of the deceased, the UNIVERSITY MISSOURIAN, and the papers of Columbia, and also spread upon the records of the Moot Court.

R. BURETT OLIVER,  
WARREN SWITZLER, } Committee.  
L. L. KIRK,

The "new man" of the *Fewell* mounts the editorial stand in a very self-confident manner. We wish him success, and hope to see his "elephant" prosper as well under him as it did under its former keeper. We are glad to see that the *Fewell* agrees with the MISSOURIAN in endorsing the late change made in regard to the Stephens Gold Medal. But as regards the chapel exercises being held here on Sunday mornings, we will simply say that no such change has been made. The *Fewell* is simply laboring under a grave misapprehension; we have no such exercises on the Sabbath. Furthermore, we explained this matter fully in our October number, and hope that our good sister "over there" will make the necessary correction in the matter.

The *Reveille*, of Chester, Pa., the *College Mercury*, of Racine, Wis., and the *Wittenberger* of Springfield, Ohio, are on our table for the first time. We give them a hearty welcome and hope to find much pleasure in reading their pages in the future.

# The University Missourian.

PUBLISHED FOR THE  
**STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY**  
 AT THE STATESMAN OFFICE.  
 TERMS, - - One Dollar Per Year.

**E. D. PHILLIPS** - - - - - Editor-in-Chief.  
 E. G. TAYLOR, }  
 F. M. BROWN, } ..... ASSOCIATES.  
 FLETCHER COWHERD..... LITERARY EDITOR  
 G. N. GARNETT..... LOCAL EDITOR  
 J. A. JONES..... BUSINESS MANAGER.

TERMS :  
 One College Year (in advance).....\$1 00  
 Single Copies..... 10

THE MISSOURIAN is published by an editorial corps appointed by the Athenæan and Union Literary Societies.

THE MISSOURIAN is forwarded to every subscriber unless all arrearages are paid, and an explicit order to the contrary given.

NO ANONYMOUS communications will be published.

We must return our sincere thanks to Mr. Robert Fagan for the back numbers of the MISSOURIAN, which he was so kind to send us, and which we hope soon to have bound and placed in the University library.

We suggest that a better picture of our University be secured for the next University catalogue. The present one is a failure, as are all we have ever seen of our college and grounds. Let's have one that will do justice to the institution or none at all.

We are sorry to state that since our last issue Mr. J. G. Babb was forced to resign his position on the corps as local editor. He was a most agreeable and efficient officer. At the same time, we congratulate ourselves on receiving into our sanctum Mr. G. N. Garnett, who will henceforth dish up the "chit chat and budget" of the University.

It strikes us that a mistake is made when no means are provided for securing for our library the prominent literary works of the day as they issue from the press. We mean books written by standard authors, such as Lowell, Holland, Tennyson, Bryant and a score of others whose works are now so popular and are upon everybody's lips, but not to be found in our library.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Yes we have had a literary feast, at last. On the evening of March the ninth it was our pleasure to listen to the popular lecture on Geo. D. Prentice, which was delivered in the University chapel by Maj. James H. Wright, a prominent lawyer of Carrollton, and a graduate of our University. At the appointed time in the presence of a large and appreciative audience composed of University students, Christian College girls, and many of Columbia's lovers of literature, Col. Switzler, of the Columbia Statesman, in his usual pleasant

manner introduced the lecturer, who, after a brief survey of the progress of this wonderful age in which we live, proceeded to paint in words of eloquence and beauty a most pleasing panorama of the life and achievements of this great American orator, journalist, wit and humorist. He drew a beautiful parallel between Prentice and Byron, showing that while Byron was the bard of the world, Prentice was the Byron of America. As a literary production the lecture was a success. The close attention and prolonged applause of the delighted audience at the close of the hour, showed that it was highly appreciated. It was not profound, but was abounding in rich information regarding this noble son of Kentucky's bloody ground, while many of his witty and humorous sayings were thrown in to give variety to the lecture. From the excellence of this lecture we infer that the author has been giving much time and study to literary work.

This is the first lecture of the kind we have heard this year. We should have them often, and hope that we may have more of such literary treats before the close of the present term.

## SOCIETY CONTEST.

While our literary societies can perhaps compare favorably with those of other institutions, it is yet a lamentable fact that they are not what they should be. The societies evidently need a stimulus of some kind. Every student in the academic department ought to be a member of a literary society, and the society work should engage a considerable portion of his attention.

We say nothing against the general efficiency of our societies, for they are very good, but we think they might be better. We have spacious and well furnished halls, good libraries—in fact every convenience and requisite for first-class societies; but the majority of the students do not seem to appreciate the real value of the societies in the University.

The medal formerly given to the Senior class, we understand, will be transferred to the societies, and hereafter will be contested for by them, though no definite arrangement has yet been made to that effect. With this medal for oratory, and the prizes given by the societies for declamation, we hope to see a revival of interest in them.

The Athenæan and Union Literary societies have decided to hold a "literary contest" on the first Friday night in April; each society to be represented by a declaimer, an essayist, a debater, and an orator. There will be no prizes given, the glory being deemed sufficient recompense for the "labor lost." As there has not been a contest of this nature in the University for several years, we anticipate a lively interest in the result. This contest will be all the more interesting as it is of so friendly a nature. We are happy to see that all the preliminaries have been conducted with

marked courtesy and manliness. The judges have been selected without any of that petty wrangling usually characteristic of such proceedings; and if the remainder of the programme be executed with as much gentlemanly generosity as has been exercised by the committee of arrangements, we believe there will be created a friendly rivalry between the societies that will do them good.

We like to see jealousy of an honorable nature, and rivalry linked with generosity; but nothing is more contemptible in students than to be eternally wrangling for advantage; and it is a suggestive fact that those who engage in such work are not generally those whose merits entitle them to honor.

This contest will probably be the most interesting event of this session, as it is something different from the usual exhibitions given.

## THE INTER-COLLEGIATE CONTEST ASSOCIATION.

At a meeting of the students on Friday evening, March 16, it was decided to pay the debt we owe the Association and then withdraw from it.

There are many important reasons why we should sever our connection with the Association. The matter has been thoroughly discussed by the students, and we think that their action in the matter was dictated by reason and common sense.

In looking over our various exchanges from other states we observe that the inter-collegiate associations are growing into disrepute. The *University Press* of Madison, Wis., in a long and able article, heartily opposes such associations. And it will be remembered that the next inter-state contest, under the auspices of the Northwestern Inter-State Oratorical Association, of which our state is a member, will be held at Madison, where this paper is published.

A state association has been formed in Virginia of which Washington and Lee University was the leading spirit, and now that institution is taking measures towards withdrawing from it. The *Southern Collegian* says: "We have considered this matter well and cannot see how in any way the interests of Washington and Lee University could be advanced by our continuance in the Association. These contests are fast falling into disrepute. They engender jealousies and rivalries between colleges which cannot be conducive of any good to those engaging in them." In speaking of the State Association of New York, the *Rochester Campus* says: "It contains certain elements which will ultimately accomplish its overthrow."

It is a fact worth noticing that the larger and more influential institutions of the East stand aloof from these associations. Harvard and Yale have nothing to do with them. Special training schools such as Cornell and

others take most interest in them, and generally come in for a large share of the prizes.

We present these facts for the consideration of our readers so that they may know how these contests are regarded in other states. But to bring matters nearer home, we may say that we have not been benefitted by our connection with the Association, and have no reason to suppose that we ever will be. It is a contest simply in oratory; and there is no more attention paid to oratory in the University now than there was before the formation of the association. If the contest has any effect at all on the reputation of the University, it makes that reputation depend upon oratory; whereas, this is a minor consideration in the training of our students. If then, these contests do not affect the reputation of the University, they cannot be beneficial; or if they do affect its reputation, it is made to depend upon a branch of study scarcely recognized in the University. And we do not believe that the good derived by the individual who represents us will ever counterbalance the evils arising from loss of time, neglect of other duties, and the anxiety and disappointments which are always connected with these contests. If there is any good to be derived from the Association it surely should have developed itself in three years; but if the University has been in any way benefitted we fail to see it.

Another matter deserves notice. The Association has clearly shown that it is not capable of self-support. At the meeting at Liberty there was reported a total deficit of \$101.00, and this sum must be paid by the members of the Association. The amount we have to pay is \$29.90. And this is not the first time that we have been called upon for money to support the Association. At the same meeting a committee was appointed to request Christian University and other chartered institutions of the state to join the Association and take part in the contests. But even if Christian University does join the Association the receipts at the contests will not be greater than they have been, and there will be the additional expenses of the representative and delegate from that institution to be paid. Thus it is clearly evident that unless there is a radical change in the management of the Association, it will be plunged deeper into debt.

These and other considerations have led us to withdraw from the Contest Association of Missouri.

#### PHONOGRAPHY IN THE UNIVERSITY

Messrs. Editors:

Permit me to say a word in your columns upon the above caption. It will be remembered that sometime last semester our worthy President was seriously contemplating the establishment of such a department in the University. Since then we have heard nothing

more upon the subject; we sincerely hope it will not be abandoned.

The value of such an acquirement can not well be over-estimated. Every day, as students are laboriously engaged in trying to take notes upon lectures in the various departments of the University, the absence of this art is more keenly felt. In physics, in chemistry, in medicine, in law, in mathematics, in the languages, and especially in the President's room, its necessity is apparent. And not only this; it is an accomplishment which will be of value in all future life. It is one which should be possessed by every scientific, philosophic, literary and other public man. No thinking man who has the opportunity of acquiring it will fail to embrace it. Why not teach it here, and that without delay?

#### AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

The *Targum* is quite readable. It devotes very little space to literary matter, but always has a full supply of college news and jokes.

The best article in the *Fewell* for February is the one on Tennyson. It seems as though the boys have marrying on the brain. There are two articles on the subject in this issue. We notice that Mr. J. H. Garnett, a former student of our University, has been elected one of its editors.

The *Institute* is on our table again. It contains some good articles, but is evidently a failure at getting off jokes. In speaking of the contest it says, "So nearly equal were the two victors" (referring to Mr. Christian and Mr. Field) "that a reverse of judgment would have occasioned little, if any, discontent."

The *Collegiate Journal* seems to be determined to make its mark in the journalistic world. The present number contains an article on Emerson, upon which it requests special criticism from its exchanges. All that we have to say is that, while it is good, we have seen better.

The principal article in the *Christian University Record* for February is an editorial on co-education. The editor-in-chief, G. A. H., advocates co-education with considerable enthusiasm, which may be accounted for in part by his love of "Peaches (ie.)"

The *Virginia University Magazine* is always welcome. We admire its make-up and the zeal with which it is conducted. The present number contains a good article on The Arabian Knights. But, Collegiana, a conglomeration of short items and jokes, is the most attractive part of the paper.

We would say that the *Yale Literary Magazine* is our best exchange, but as such compliments are so common they have become stale. While reading it one will notice the plain, terse style in which most of its articles are written. It discards the "flashy" style which often finds its way into the columns of smaller papers.

#### CENTENNIAL VISIT.

which it is made gives the whole a natural and massive look. Then this is all most handsomely decorated with grasses, ferns, mosses, bushes and occasional pines, while down the mountain side, with many a little water-fall, rushes a mountain stream whose constant prattle and sparkling waters lend a most enchanting, not to say, wild appearance to the scene. But this is not all. Beginning at the foot of the mountain let us scan it closely and see what genius has done. First we notice a couple of large buffalo and several calves lying down or quietly grazing along the brow of the mountain. Then at the mouth of a large cave, into which the little stream finally runs and disappears, there sits a large grizzly, calmly surveying the scene, while near him in a tuft of grass lies a rattle snake beautifully and frightfully coiled. Just above the cave and crouched under a bush sits a wild cat, whose eyes glare like two coals of fire, and which has every appearance of life. Farther up the mountain a panther is seen in mid-air springing upon his prey, a tired out deer, which is about to make its last leap for life across a mountain chasm. Its tongue lolls out, its head is thrown backward, and its eyes bear the look of utter despair. So artfully is the panther suspended in the air that no sign of support is seen, but the outstretched limbs and piercing eyes make it look frightfully life-like. We can only notice a few of the most attractive animals here displayed. So we call the reader's attention to the eagles' nest far up the mountain on an isolated peak, where one of the kings of the feathered tribe has just alighted with a lamb in its talons, while the mother perched near by is quietly looking on, and the hungry eaglets are poking their heads out of the nest eager to devour the refreshments which the parent has just brought. So all over the mountain are distributed in the most pleasing and natural manner, to do which certainly required much skill, the numerous and various animals, large and small, which this brave woman herself killed and dressed for the exhibition. This collection she had been ten years getting together, and in doing which has experienced many amusing and almost tragic adventures. She is a Pennsylvanian by birth and though at her marriage was comfortably fixed in a pleasant home in Wisconsin she followed her inclination to go west, where she could enjoy the beautiful scenery and study animated nature. Since then she has except when the Indians were troublesome, been spending the most of her time in the mountains. No one not intimately acquainted with her can form any idea of the labor and self-denial it has cost her in collecting, preparing, mounting and arranging so many specimens, including as it does the whole fauna of Colorado. Her power of making the dead live is truly wonderful.

She at first engaged in the work as mere recreation to satisfy the longing of her soul, but now her collections bring her a handsome income. Distinguished foreigners, appreciating her work have been delighted to notice her with honor. She has won fame by her untiring efforts of which she may be justly proud. Both of these lady artists clearly illustrate what a woman can do, who is devoted to something, having a capacity for it, and a purpose to achieve, and still be womanly.

# The University Missourian.

## CRUMBS SWEEP UP.

Next!

The Contest,  
The first Friday evening in April.

The "lovely spring"—fever has arrived.

Subscribers, please pay up; we need the almighty \$.

Our legislators have seen fit to reduce the number of curators to nine.

Why don't they fix the pump at the chalybeate spring?

Look out for the "mental combat" in the beginning of April.

Wanted, by the Junior class, a first prize. Also a bowl and spoon for the second orator.

Don't festoon the street corners with your beautiful personages.

Base ball is now in order. Get ready for Fulton; they are coming.

Poor Regulus! Would that he had never returned to Carthage.

The Seniors will not have "plugs" this year. "Scott's character" thinks it would be a disgrace.

That boy who began to stamp in the chapel, on the morning of the 19th inst., ought to be sent back to nature's mint, and re-issued, as a counterfeit on humanity, &c.

WANTED.—Some fellow to tell Montgomery when Dr. Laws finishes reading in the chapel. We suggest Wade.

There is something new under the sun. Prof. F. has a new joke to tell his classes. Watch out, boys! it is in regard to making a mistake in the sign, of course.

We advise Union Lits. to bring Athenæan girls to the contest, and *vice versa*. In this way, young gentlemen, you can get up a bet—"bet 'em" a pound of candy against a k—s! Don't you see?

Davis (janitor) charges a chew of tobacco to let a prize declaimer in the chapel. How much tobacco will Crumbaugh use up this semester?

The young lady who has been wearing a star and crescent badge for a year or two, has returned it, and now she wears a U. L. Hurrah for Curtright!

A young Spartacus, issuing from the analytical class, the other morning, was heard to exclaim, "O, Ficklin! Ficklin! thou hast been a tender nurse to me!"

The gentle tones of the prize declaimer float melodiously on the morning breeze, as Spartacus tells the gladiators what they ought to do with the Romans, or Regulus relates to the Carthaginians how he ran away from his mother at Rome rather than tell a lie.

So much for science: Dr. Norwood's assistant Professor in Physics informed the class that "the north pole is now supposed to be in Hudson Bay." Who knows what a day may bring forth? Especially "Friday!"

Socrates expressed himself in words to this effect: "One of the noblest sights in nature is that of a young man just turning out his moustache." Don't our Juniors look noble?

Dr. Tipton, on being asked recently what he proposed to do, now that he flaunts two M. D. diplomas, replied that he intended practicing medicine in New Mexico. And what will you do, Sam? was asked of Mr. Elkin, who was standing near. Oh, I am studying engineering, and expect to be kept busy surveying off ground for Tipton."

Prof. S. S. Hamill, lately our instructor, is now teaching elocution in Cincinnati.

Who, but *The Institute*, ever thought of calling us *she*?

An editor can't see why a college president should buy so many tickets to a lecture unless it's because they are cheap.

Eight to seven stood the grand high joint, but six to five stand the prize declaimers. Partisan spirit runs high.

A Junior wants to know how he can get to see a Freshman at C. C. We refer him to Pres. Rogers.

One of the committee to sell *Jewells* had splendid success. He sold one to himself and has the other in a fine state of preservation.

The President, pro tem., knows how to make the students attend a lecture. Just announce that President Rogers has bought a hundred tickets in advance.

The almost forgotten Junior exhibition is revived. This time no one will appear on compulsion, but there is evidence that some Juniors will disappear on compulsion.

If those young men persist in firing artillery and shattering the window, the faculty should make them pay damages or gird up their loins and depart hence.

Dr. Duncan lately showed to the President's class an idiot's brain weighing forty-four ounces, about as much as the average female brain. This latter statement signifies nothing.

As is generally the case, two or three prize declaimers want to speak the same piece. One of these unfortunates has troubled dreams on this subject. He was lately heard to cry out in his sleep, "I'll do it! I will speak it! I won't be bulldozed!"

The greatest sensation of this dull season is caused by two men, wearing plugs, going round through all the departments, cutting holes in the walls, etc: These are architects planning to fix the building so that the library may not fall under its burden of books and students.

It will be seen elsewhere that the University has withdrawn from the Missouri Collegiate Association. Our opinion is that the whole thing ought to die without benefit of clergy.

Dr. Laws submits to the mathematical department, for solution, this problem: Whether the noise made by passing up and down the steps is not in the inverse ratio of the size of the student. A proper problem, but when we come up to the big fellows the noise varies directly as the bulk.

We have heard it rumored that a certain young lady, temporarily residing in Columbia, is engaged in writing a novel entitled "Creve Coeur." It will soon be completed, and we hope will appear in print; as it is understood that several of the characters are well known persons in Columbia society. The title is a suggestive one.

If our boys are going to play ball any this season, it is time they were making preparation. There is some very good material in the University, but we cannot expect to have an efficient nine without practice. Go to work, boys!

The appropriation for the University has been cut down to \$16,250 per year. This change was brought about by the report of the visiting committee. In the report it was stated that the above mentioned amount would be sufficient to pay expenses, and, of course, as the bumps of economy are largely developed on the legislative crania, their first impulse was to take back part of the appropriation. We hope no more such miscalculated reports will be made.

"The new departure"—teaching physics by parliamentary laws.

Little boys may make more noise on the stairs, but the big ones can hold them level in the library.

A young lady suggests that all the students who are endeavoring to cultivate moustaches, try the effect of blue glass specs.

The law commencement will take place in the chapel, on Thursday evening, March 29. All are invited.

Every time the cannon is fired there is a shower of glass. A good time for the glaziers.

We noticed several young gentlemen from Fulton in town during the month, "on private business," we understand—just so, some of our boys think it was rather too private.

What is the difference in the effect of blue glass and green bonnets on boys? Blue glass develops the intellect, while green bonnets—well, we don't know, ask Alex.

We are pleased to see that gas pipes have been laid to the scientific building, but we would be more pleased if our chapel could be lighted with gas, and hope that gas fixtures will be put up there before our public exhibitions come off.

The ladies of the gallery are prevented by the curtain from seeing a great part of the songsters of the lower regions, but can hear the tremendous basso profundo, sometimes on time, again coming in on the home stretch only fifteen steps behind.

Dr. Laws gets off this story on the Mormons: When they were living in Illinois, two of them went one day to a farm-house and drove away a cow. The landlord, on coming home and finding his cow gone, pursued the marauders and overtook them before they had gone a great distance; said the owner, "what are you doing with my cow?" "Because we had a revelation from the Lord which told us to take the cow." "But," said the owner, "I've seen the Lord since, and he told me to take her back."

## LAW COMMENCEMENT.

This, the fifth session of our law school closes Thursday, 29th inst. Hon. A. W. Terrell, a distinguished lawyer, of Austin, Texas, and former student of the University, was expected to deliver the annual address before the class; but he lately telegraphed that he could not be here.

Addresses will be delivered, however, by Judge Bliss and Dr. Laws. Mr. Elgin L. Runyan, of Columbia, will deliver the valedictory address. The exercises occur in the evening and promise to be quite interesting; the public invited.

The candidates for graduation are thirteen in number, as follows: G. W. Allison, Sturgeon; O. H. Avery, Troy; W. L. Beacock, Lewistown; P. D. Haistain, Warsaw; J. B. Harrison, Lebanon; W. M. L. Irvine, Fairville; L. L. Kirk, Wellsville; R. B. Oliver, Jackson; J. W. Peebles, Crab Orchard, Ill.; J. W. Quisenberry, New Frankfort; J. DeW. Robinson, E. L. Runyan and Warren Switzer, Columbia.

Dr. Laws will entertain the members of the class, with their friends, at his residence, after the exercises are over.

## THE PAINS-TAKING OF MACAULAY.

"Oft turn your style if you would write  
Things that will bear a second reading."

—HORACE.

A brilliant writer of our own day, in speaking of the noted gifts of the nineteenth century, says "it has given to rhetoric Macaulay." And none who have read any of his charming works can deny that in the elegant use of our mother tongue, he was indeed a master.

His precocity compared favorably with that of John Stuart Mill or Robt. Hall. That he was a genius of the highest order is, I suppose, universally conceded. But how little did he trust to his gifts! It would seem that no one could have realized more fully the force of the couplet quoted above. He furnishes an illustrious example of what Bishop says of the works of geniuses: "The celestial forms which walk the earth under the name of the higher productions of the human mind, are really the progeny of genius married to toil."

In the *Religious Herald*, some time since, Dr. John A. Broadus, in writing of Macaulay, says: "Among the archives in Calcutta, an explorer said he soon became able to recognize Macaulay's manuscripts at a glance, because they were so thickly blotted with erasure and interlineation. From an autograph sheet of his history, preserved in the British Museum, we ourselves extracted a brief sentence with its alterations which may be represented in print by repeating the sentence in the successive forms he gave it. 'The stupid Judge asked Garth what he had to say to what the seamen had deposed.' Here the repetition of 'had' and of 'what' is awkward, and the alteration began 'what he said to what the seamen had deposed. What he could say in answer to the facts asserted by the seamen. What he could say in answer to the testimony of the seamen.' And so we get the smooth and agreeable sentence, 'The stupid Judge asked Garth what he could say in answer to the testimony of the seamen.'"

Now for the application, as the preachers say: If Macaulay thought it necessary to take so great pains in writing, how great must be the necessity for us, *tyros* in literature, to turn our "styles" often if we "would write things that will bear a" *first* "reading!"

S.

P. S.—To the general encouragement of those of your readers who are disposed to become discouraged at their want of progress in mathematics and have been led to believe that without mathematics a man is apt to be a failure as a scholar, I will quote from Dr. B. again: "Macaulay hated mathematics and quite neglected science. Not only physical science did he neglect, but he liked nothing in a scientific form. Treatises on rhetoric and logic he spoke of with contempt, maintaining that these can be best learned from good literature—which is a suggestive half-truth."

S.

## NOTES ON THE SENIOR LAW CLASS.

The University has fourteen Law Seniors this year, hopeful fellows, each confident of his "sheepskin," which, by the way, is a very proper thing for the most of them. No one, who has observed the legal air with which they elevate their feet in the class-room, can for a moment doubt their qualifications for admittance to the bar.

Allison heads the list; nice fellow, looks as learned as a German University, carries a book under his arm, and dreams of golden victories in Justice courts.

Avery is the class politician; political complexion "eight to seven"—has too much dignity for a lawyer, personal appearance imposing.

Beacock wears a "plug" and a chronic smile; he sometimes sports a moustache, which, like the "commission," has a short existence and stands eight to seven.

Hastain is also a Senior with anticipations; he thinks the proper study of mankind is woman—he Shields himself from the cares of study and looks happy.

Harrison is naturally fitted for Norwood's room—he can sleep well in any temperature, and wake at the first tap of the bell, he looks judicial and speaks with force.

Irvine is a devout worshipper of Kent—he glories in the contemplation of springing uses and contingent remainders, he attacks Columbia beefsteak with a resolution bordering on desperation, has a weakness for the girls and a good voice for whistling.

Kirk is lately imported from Texas, is a little wild but taming down, wears big whiskers and plays the fiddle—unfortunately is afflicted with a stoppage in his speech—has to stop three times a day for refreshments—too modest for the profession but may outgrow it.

Oliver is good in the class-room, but too timid to make a speech in Moot Court; plays sometimes, and always leads a King; realizing that ladies are dangerous to students, he improves every opportunity to gain their favor; is also an ardent admirer of Judge Krekel.

Squire Peebles is the representative from Illinois; he is rather theoretical in his views and lacks decision; is in constant danger of being thrashed by Chancellor Quisenberry.

Chancellor Quisenberry is the pugilist; when he speaks in Moot Court he cracks the window-lights: he assumes a devotional attitude in the chapel and keeps his eyes on the gallery, and carries his own tobacco.

Robinson, like Squire Peebles, is a married man; he is charmed by Kent's frequent references to the Revised Statutes of New York, and says he is learning fast.

Runyan carries his pockets full of cracked hickory nuts, and is a favorite; knows he has a sure thing on his diploma.

Switzler stands alphabetically last on the list; next to Ficklin, Parsons is his favorite

author; he takes notes on Norwood's lectures on insanity, while through his mind are fitting visions of sweet music, bright eyes, merry feet, &c., &c. He, too, fears the ladies.

The Seniors are all sprightly fellows, to a certain extent; are all morally certain of going to congress, which they will undoubtedly do, unless destiny calls them elsewhere.

Unlike necessity, the majority of them know some law.

Hurry up, ye delinquent subscribers, and send us or hand us your subscriptions. Law students must leave their addresses with us before leaving.

## PERSONALS.

R. A. Grant, '44, is Professor of Mathematics, Christian University, Canton, Mo.

John F. Williams, '48, is Speaker of Missouri House of Representatives.

Warwick Hough, '54, is a Judge of the Supreme Court of Missouri.

W. R. Rothwell, '54, is Professor of Theology and Chairman of the Faculty, William Jewell College, Liberty, Mo.

Alex. Johnson, '55, is Professor of Mathematics, Iowa University.

J. C. Risk, '55, is Professor in Christian University, Canton, Mo.

George M. Catron, '58, is Superintendent of Public Schools, Lexington, Mo.

Thos. B. Catron, '60, is U. S. District Attorney, New Mexico.

S. B. Elkin, '60, is Delegate to Congress, New Mexico.

Prosser Ray, '69, is practicing law in Carrollton, Mo., and will deliver the alumni address this year.

H. W. Ewing, '72, is Clerk of the Supreme Court of Missouri.

J. H. Duncan, '76, is pastor of the St. Joseph Christian Church.

J. W. Horner, W. R. Tipton and W. E. Jones, medics of '76, have just graduated at Jefferson College, Philadelphia.

The following ex-students of the University are members of the Law School, Washington University, St. Louis: A. W. Chamberlain, Ernest Davis, Walter Crenshaw, W. R. Jeffries, J. W. Matson.

John S. Harris is ranching in Jack county, Texas.

J. A. Yantis, '75, Law, is practicing at Brownsville, Mo.

W. J. Babb, '73, is Public Administrator of Boone county.

G. W. Burroughs and H. B. Babb have just returned from Audrain county, where they have been teaching the past winter.

Ed. Sherman now "wastes his sweetness" on a farm in Mississippi county, while the "University Blues" wail for a first-baseman.

E. L. Runyan, '75, is valedictorian of the Law Class of '77.

## THE ALAMO.

Deeds of heroism stand boldly out on the pages of every nation's history. Greece had her Marathon and Thermopylae which have been the themes of poetry and song. Waterloo and Balaklava will ever remain examples of English bravery and renown. But America has had few chroniclers of some of the most splendid actions of her sons.

Pre-eminent among the instances of American valor stands the defense of the Alamo in the Texan war for independence. It was here, on the 6th of March, 1836, that the last of a little band of Texans laid down their lives in defense of their country. From the pass of Thermopylae one Grecian escaped to tell the story of a glorious death; but there was no fugitive from the Alamo. Bravely its defenders resisted the army of Santa Anna, "the Attila of the South," and died to a man, inscribing their names high upon the bead-roll of fame.

Here perished David Crockett, the almost mythical hero of wit and humor. It is not the truant school-boy of Tennessee, the roving drover of the Middle States, nor the eccentric and genial member of Congress, "half horse and half alligator," with which we associate his name, but we think of him as the hero of the Alamo—one of those who watered with his blood the tree of Texan liberty, and furnished an example of how to die.

We are in receipt of No. 1, Vol. 1, of *The American* which has just been started at New York City. It is a sixteen page, illustrated paper, and has departments devoted to the discussion of the following subjects: Literature, fine arts, music, society, politics and the drama. It is a weekly and can be had at \$4.00 per annum.

STATE  
UNIVERSITY,  
Columbia, Missouri.

**Opens September 11th, 1876.**  
**LAW AND MEDICAL DEPARTMENTS OCTOBER 2D, 1876.**

Departments of instruction are College and Preparatory, Normal, Agricultural, Law, Medical and Analytical Chemistry. The University is open to young women. Entrance fee, \$10, with incidental of \$5 for each semester. Fee for Law and Medical Departments, \$40. Board in private families, \$3 to \$4.50 per week; in clubs it is had at one-half of these rates. In the means of instruction and illustration, few institutions of learning, East or West, equal the Missouri University. Send for report and circular.  
SAMUEL S. LAWS,  
Aug. 25 '76-ds. President.

## THE TEMPLE OF PHARMACY

Has in its capacious rooms anything needed by the students. Stationery, pens, ink, &c. Pocket memorandum and miscellaneous books, toilet soaps, perfumery, brushes of all kinds, and a thousand other articles that the students constantly need. Dimmitt & Bro. are also experienced druggists and will give courteous attention to all who favor them with their patronage.

Gold pens a specialty. Gilman, Dorsey & Co. Society badges, Athenæan, Union Literary & for sale by Gilman, Dorsey & Co.

Slates, steel pens, paper and envelopes, record and other blank books in great abundance, for sale by Gilman, Dorsey & Co.

Students will bear in mind that we will furnish anything in the drug line to make them feel sound and healthy. Those who trade with us soon grow fat. GILMAN, DORSEY & CO.

A regular first class clothing establishment.  
A regular first class Boot and Shoe Store.  
A regular stock of gents furnishing goods—boys', youths' and mens'.

Rubber overshoes: can furnish the student with whatever he may need in the dry goods line. SAMUEL & STRAWN.

Joe & Vic Barth, of the Star Clothing House, respectfully call the attention of everybody to their full line of clothing for men, boys and children. Suits of all styles and grades. The best lot of paper and linnen 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.

We offer our entire stock of white shirts, that cost us from \$1.50 to \$2.25, for \$1.50, and a large lot of unlaundried white shirts at \$1 each, worth \$1.50; mens' net drawers from 50 cents to \$2; mens' best British sock, 3 pairs for \$1. Gents' ties, cravats, collars, and everything in the furnishing line at the very lowest prices. Fine suits made to order. The best assortment of stationery at one-half the usual price.

MOSS & PREWITT.

## STUDENTS,

You will find it greatly to your interest to buy your school books and stationery at S. B. Kirtley's book store below the post office. Beside school books you will find many miscellaneous books, such as will be wanted by students from time to time. Will furnish you any book published in the U. S. at publishers' price. All kinds of stationery furnished at lowest rates. A new lot of fancy paper just received.

Dr. A. McCuen, late of Marshall, Mo., has located in Columbia, and solicits public patronage. All work will be warranted to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Good references given. H. D. Doak, J. W. Bryant and J. R. Vance, Marshall, Mo.

## COLUMBIA DRUG STORE.

DUNCAN, HURT & CO.,  
Proprietors. South Side Broadway.

HUBBELL & QUARLES,  
LIVERY, SALE and FEED STABLE,  
WALNUT STREET,  
Near Court House, Columbia, Missouri.

## BIG BONANZA!

We especially direct all of those that desire a neat and comfortable fit made out of the finest material to call at sign of Boot "76" on University street, opposite post-office. Repairing cheap and neatly done. Ladies' fine shoes a specialty. I invite the public before leaving their orders elsewhere to inspect my stock and prices, as I keep none but the finest of workmen. Respectfully, P. PETRE.

*Boone County National Bank,*  
COLUMBIA, MO.

CAPITAL, - - - \$100,000.

R. B. PRICE, Pres't. I. O. HOCKADAY, Cash'r.

DIRECTORS:  
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J. Sam. Moss, Jas. Harris, David Guitar,  
T. B. Hickman, J. L. Stephens, R. B. Price.

J. H. WAUGH, President. R. L. TODD, Cashier.  
J. S. CLARKSON, Assistant Cashier.

EXCHANGE NATIONAL BANK,  
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Capital paid in, - \$100,000.

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J. L. PRUETTE'S

## GEM CIGAR STORE.

For Cigars, Pipes, Tobacco, smokers etc., go to the Gem Cigar Store, Court House Street. The finest cigars, the nicest pipes, and best tobacco always on hand. J. L. PRUETTE.

## 'THE BIG BOOT'

Is the place to buy all styles of  
BOOTS AND SHOES  
AN AT ALL PRICES.

Custom work a specialty, and good fits guaranteed  
Repairing done on short notice.

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First class work of all kinds made and finished in the latest style of the art. A full line of Frames always on hand.

## FLORAL DECORATION

Parties desiring cut flowers, button hole bouquets, flat bouquets, round bouquets, or other floral decorations can not do better than to call at my

Winter Garden,  
or address me at Columbia. THEODORE  
LOHF, East of Christian College.

## SAVE YOUR MONEY!

BY BUYING YOUR  
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, ETC.,

—OF—  
ELI HODGE.

AT THE CORNER STORE.

## CASH GROCERY

## PROVISION STORE!

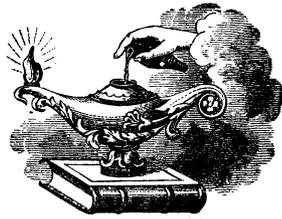
J. T. Nichols proprietor, one door east of J. & V. Barth's store, will sell you goods right down at bed rock prices. Call and see me.

## HARDWARE

I keep on hand a complete stock of  
SUPERIOR COOKING STOVES.

Bridge, Beach & Co's. Cooking Stoves, also a great variety of Heating Stoves for coal or wood, besides all other useful articles of Hardware.

C. C. NEWMAN.



"Fax Mentis Incendium Gloriæ."

Vol. VI.

STATE UNIVERSITY, COLUMBIA, MO.---JUNE, 1877.

No. 8.

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C. C. NEWMAN.

## LITERARY.

THE FASHION QUEEN.

[The following poem was written in 1860 by a young lady while attending college and has never appeared in print. By permission, I have transcribed it, and send it to the MISSOURIAN for publication. B—.]

Saxe sings in rhyme of the "Money King,"  
And through all this land his praises ring,  
A theme most mete for this age of gold,  
Nor in prose nor in verse can the whole be told.  
But the Fashion Queen joint honor claims  
As o'er the world in grandeur she reigns;  
My muse aspires to sing her fame,  
And with laurels green to wreath her name,  
Not hoping, not dreaming with Saxe a station  
To take in this wise and wonderful nation,  
But simply to tell of an empress fair  
Who, in government, claims an equal share.  
A tyrannical queen is the Fashion Queen,  
But courted and caressed by all I ween,  
She rules each kingdom and rules each king;  
Empires to her their tribute bring.  
And republics boasting of freedom from thrall,  
Go at her bidding and come at her call,  
Each and all her dominion admit,  
Rulers and ruled in her council-room sit.  
The Empress of France her reporter is chosen,  
And other inferiors more than a dozen,  
Who make known her wishes on every subject—  
About what to receive and what to reject.  
America bows to the high command  
Of this sovereign ruler of every land,  
From the little lad not yet in college  
To the old man skilled in human knowledge;  
From the proud possessor of wealth and beauty  
To the meanest object of public pity.  
All and each her high favor craves,  
And cringe at her feet the meekest slaves.  
To her is essential both dollars and dimes,  
And slender purses are unpardonable crimes.

In the summer season her court's at the springs,  
And thither all wealth and wit she brings;  
But when winter comes with icy hand  
And binds in fetters both sea and land  
She speeds her course to the gayest city,  
And reigns supreme in majestic beauty.

Very fond of show is this Fashion Queen,  
Seeing all and by all being seen.  
She arrays the belle and arrays the beau,  
And makes all appear quite "comme il faut."  
She's extremely fickle and foolish in mind  
And to the ladies sometimes is very unkind;  
Bidding them wear the smallest of hats,  
Giving them neuralgia and all such as that;  
Introducing hoops so very extensive  
To cause the gents to act on the defensive,  
For when walking the pavements and sidewalks up  
town

They're obliged to step off or rumple the gown.

This, all will admit, is exceedingly wrong,  
For many have told it in prose and in song;  
But after all it's plain to be seen  
The ladies are debtors to the Fashion Queen,  
Her toilet is covered with perfumes and paint  
(Quite sufficient to shock any worldly saint);  
With the aid of these she makes pretty faces,  
And then with her satins, her silks and laces,  
Her costly velvets, and fabrics so rare  
She employs the modiste and robes the fair;  
Through all the land she sends the decree  
That America skilled in learning shall be,  
And forthwith the people begin to erect  
Colleges, boarding and day schools select,  
Employ a monsieur and mademoiselle  
Who, in languages, music, and painting excel,  
A dancing master, a teacher of English,  
And every accomplishment one could wish;  
Then from the fountain of knowledge we freely  
partake,

But regret it is much for Fashion's sake.

Into the depths of classical lore we dive  
And for honor, fame, and distinction we strive,  
Simply because our Empress declares  
That learning of her praise justly claims shares.

A handsome library she says is due  
To each fine marble front on Fifth Avenue;  
The owners quite willing her wishes attend,  
The shelves prepare, and the measure send  
To a book establishment, there to be filled  
With works of authors in composing skilled;  
So histories, novels and poems rare  
Each, of true genius, claiming a share  
Are selected, arranged, and not delayed  
But to Fifth Avenue are quickly conveyed  
In muslin, paper and cloth they are bound  
Of every color and hue to be found.

But Mrs. Grundy has an objection  
And prefers herself to make a selection,  
"For really," says she, "Queen Fashion has said  
That only the knowledge that's bound in red  
On our library shelves a place should find  
And those you sent were of a different kind."  
So Mother Goose and Milton together are placed  
Because in red bindings both are encased;  
Genius, no longer, a requisite is thought,  
But books for their coverings merely are bought.  
Young America, still in leading strings

The Queen's praise asserts, and eagerly clings  
To her chariot wheels, at her bidding content  
To dance, smile, flirt, and compliment,  
To drive fast horses, cigars to smoke  
Till his cash is out, and the governor broke.  
For her patronage each and every one vies,  
The high, the low, the simple and the wise;  
We all are her subjects loyal and true,  
And admitting the fact we bid her adieu.

## INTER-COLLEGIATE CONTESTS.

The "Popular Science Monthly" for May, commenting on the suicide of Emil Schwerdtfeger, at Cornell, some time since, says:

The Inter-collegiate Literary Association now appears as a new force well calculated to thwart this beneficent tendency. It works by prizes and honors in the most mischievous forms, by blazoning the victories of students through all the newspapers in the land; so that one might almost infer that the very object of its establishment is to encourage and strengthen the worst feature of educational practice. It is not an organization to improve the college by giving encouragement to neglected studies, or by bringing their schemes of instruction into completer harmony with the claims of modern knowledge or the necessities of modern life; but it offers its sensational rewards for proficiency in just those subjects which have long usurped undue attention in the collegiate education. It applies increasing pressure in those directions in which pressure is already excessive. Hence, if there are any students already shaken by struggles to get the leading positions in the colleges, the Association tempts them to come forward and fight it out with each other before the whole country. It will remain true to the end of time that those who sacrifice all the rest of their nature to the attainment of any one object will win it as against those who regard the claims of their whole nature. The Inter collegiate Association bids for the best cases of one-sided development. If a student has sacrificed his bodily health to brilliant scholastic results, the Association wants him for exhibition. Johannot says that Schwerdtfeger, "in preparing for the late intercollegiate contest, made no extraordinary effort;" yet he beat all the healthier fellows out of sight, and the Association gave him a prize for his disease. If it killed him, no matter; that was but an incident. Do not horses often die on the race-course? and are not men often killed in the prize-ring? Aspirants must take their chances. To the earnest protest of a correspondent to its encouragement of the Inter-collegiate Association the editor of the *Tribune* replies, "Even if young Schwerdtfeger's death could be directly traced to overwork in connection with the recent competition in this city, we should hesitate before condemning the inter-collegiate literary contests." This is a little startling as an illustration of the foothold that sporting ethics have got in the field of education; but we can admire that pluck of opinion which does not recoil from its logical consequences.

## COMMENCEMENT.

Another session, attended with the best and highest success, has just closed at the State University, giving fresh evidence that the institution is attaining a higher plane among the educational colleges of the land. The friends of the University and the people of our state may justly be proud of her success, and she has every assurance of a still higher and nobler destiny. The session just closed has been one of the most prosperous in her history. Evidences of the most constant and well directed labor are amply abundant. Golden fruits have been gathered, and the future is brighter than ever. The late public examinations and the literary exercises of the past and present week afford abundant reason for the assertion that the University is destined to wield a mighty influence in the west, and that soon the youth from all sections of our country will crowd her halls. With the great and rapidly increasing advantages afforded by the combination of the Agricultural College, the Law College and the Medical College with the University and with a wise and energetic faculty such as the present one, the University is destined to be a grand success. Now let the people of this state turn hither to this fount where their sons and daughters may come and acquire wisdom and knowledge.—[Statesman.]

The literary exercises of commencement week had a most interesting beginning in the annual exercises known as

## PRIZE DECLAMATIONS.

This interesting exercise occurred in the University chapel on the evening of June 1st. The chapel was full though not crowded. There were twelve speakers, the two literary societies being each represented by six.

R. B. Price, Esq., presided. Rev. G. W. Horn acted as Chaplain. Committee on awards: Col. J. R. Shields, Rev. Dr. J. S. Grasty and Shannon C. Douglas, Esq. The exercises progressed according to the following

## PROGRAMME:

Music—Prayer—Music.  
Curse of Regulus, J. T. Blanks.  
Power of Habit, G. N. Garnett.  
Spartacus to the Gladiators at Capua, Edmond Crumbaugh.  
Music.  
Emmet's Defense, Wm. Robb.  
Centennial Celebration of American Independence, J. B. Rea.  
Spartacus to the Gladiators, Edward Robb.  
Music.  
The Dying Traitor, R. Brodie Garnett.  
The Roman General, C. R. Salmon.  
National Monument to Washington, E. G. Taylor.  
Music.  
Return of Regulus, W. C. Tindall.  
Eulogy on LaFayette, G. W. Wren.  
Bell of Liberty, C. E. Yeater.  
Music.  
Awarding of prizes.  
Music—Benediction.

We have one criticism: The speakers wearied the audience by the rehashing of Spartacus and Regulus. The former was spoken twice, and the later three times. One gentleman remarked, with emphasis, that those two speeches should be ruled out for ten years. We suggest that a law be passed that no speech shall ever be spoken two years in succession.

After several minutes of consultation the committee returned with the following decision: J. E. Crumbaugh, Columbia, was awarded the first prize; C. R. Salmon, Cameron, Mo., the second; G. N. Garnett, Columbia, the third.

## BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

On Sunday evening the 3d inst., ere the appointed hour, a large and attentive audience had assembled to hear the Baccalaureate sermon to be delivered by Bishop P. J. Ryan of St. Louis. It was thought by some that the introductory remarks were somewhat unnecessary, but having read various articles concerning the discourse,

which we consider beneath the common sense and dignity of any paper, we think that the introduction was altogether proper and to the point. After these remarks he came in a very striking and pleasing manner to his subject: "Christ." He spoke of Christ as our "Model," and as possessing all those many virtues which make up a perfect being. Especially were we attracted by the purity of diction, elegance of expression, and profundity of thought. We think that it can be safely and truthfully said that it was one of the finest discourses which we have ever heard in our chapel. We congratulate ourselves on having had the pleasure of listening to such an able discourse. We will ever remember the treat of last Sunday evening, and be mindful of the many kind and instructive remarks of Bisop Ryan to us who are just commencing to battle with the stern realities of life. However, we must refrain from saying more, as time and space in our paper will not permit, other than thanking Bishop Ryan for the very able discourse and hoping that he may often favor us with such a treat.

Respectfully, SENIOR.

## ADDRESS BEFORE THE SOCIETIES.

On the evening of June 5th, Hon. Chas. P. Johnson, of St. Louis, delivered the annual address before the Athenæum and Union Literary Societies—Subject: "Character in Murder." The chapel was well filled with a select audience who, by their good attention, showed the high appreciation with which they received the address. Mr. Johnson is a fine speaker, and treated the subject in a masterly manner. He spoke of the influence of the passions upon the human mind, causing the commission of murder, and illustrated his remarks with striking and interesting instances, taken from his extensive experience as a prosecutor of criminals.

The address, as showing the motives and mental actions prompting murder, was certainly a very excellent production, and being the fruit of experienced observation, was not only interesting, but also contained many facts that may be noted with profit by those expecting to engage in the practice of law.

## THE ALUMNI ADDRESS.

On Wednesday night the Alumni Association of the University was addressed by one of its members, Prosser K. Ray, Esq., of Carrollton, class of '69. The chapel was filled with an attentive audience, in which we noticed several distinguished visitors, curators, and a greater number of Alumni than usual. Eld. L. B. Wilkes, president of the Association, directed the proceedings, which were opened with prayer by Rev. G. W. Horn. The orator chose as his theme, "Flirtation with Criticism." The address abounded in beautiful and striking thought, clothed in elegant language, adorned by the choicest flowers of rhetoric. He drew well the distinction between the soft, stealing, silent influence of magical poetry, and the cold, lifeless splendor of the rhetorical. On the whole, it was interesting and entertaining, and received an attentive hearing throughout.

## COMMENCEMENT DAY.

At an early hour on Thursday morning the University chapel was crowded with a highly cultivated and fashionable audience. Every seat was occupied; the aisles were filled with chairs and still some were unable to secure seats. The chapel was tastefully decorated, and everything looked bright and cheerful. We will not make any special comment on the exercises, as all who were in attendance formed their own opinions. To those who were not present we will only

say you missed a rare treat. Below is the

## PROGRAMME.

## MUSIC—PRAYER—MUSIC.

Oration—Alps to Italy, A. E. Douglass, A. B.

Oration—The Mastery of Man, J. J. Collins, B. S.  
MUSIC.

Oration—Progress, Wiley Jones, B. S.

Oration—Power of Ideas, R. P. Boulton, B. L.  
MUSIC.

Oration—Unity in Diversity, E. D. Phillips, Ph. B.

Oration—Sublimity of the Scriptures, F. W. Houchens, A. B.  
MUSIC.

Oration—Our Position and Duty, Trew Hayes, B. S.

Oration—Utopia of Science, J. W. Beatty, A. B.  
MUSIC.

Oration—Man, the Monarch, J. H. Field, B. S.

Oration—The American Statesman, A. C. McChesney, B. L.  
MUSIC.

Oration—H. E. Sherman, B. S.

Oration—Freedom of Thought, Elijah Jones, B. S.  
Thesis—Potable Water, W. D. Johnston, B. S.  
MUSIC.

Oration—Irrepressible Conflicts, Valedictory, J. G. Babb, A. B.  
MUSIC.

Oration—Death, Valedictory of Medical Class, G. I. Cason, M. D.  
MUSIC.

Conferring Degrees, Awarding Prizes, &c.

Before the exercises began it was announced that the \$50 Stephens Gold Medal would be awarded as usual to the best orator of the graduating class. The committee of award consisted of J. V. C. Karnes, Esq., of Kansas City; T. J. Lowry, of College Mound, and Judge John Hinton, of Columbia. Mr. Karnes, the chairman, after stating that the committee had spent considerable time in discussion and mathematical calculations, announced as the recipient of the medal, Mr. J. J. Collins, of Texas.

## GRADUATES OF 1877.

## ACADEMIC—DEGREE OF A. B.

Jeremiah Glenn Babb..... Columbia.  
John William Beatty..... Columbia.  
Alexander Edwards Douglass..... Columbia.  
Fielding Wilhite Houchens..... Sturgeon.

## DEGREE OF B. S.

James Johnson Collins..... Columbia.  
John Hardin Field..... Columbia.  
Trew Hayes..... Columbia.  
William David Johnston..... Benbow.  
Elijah Jones..... DeKalb.  
Wiley Jones..... DeKalb.  
Henry Edwin Sherman..... Charleston.

## DEGREE OF B. L.

Robert Perrine Boulton..... Columbia.  
Arthur Clay McChesney..... Mt. Hope.

## DEGREE OF B. PH.

Edward David Phillips..... Columbia.

## NORMAL—ACADEMIC DEGREE.

Henry Belton Babb..... Columbia.

## DISTRICT SCHOOL DEGREE.

Irvin Maupin..... New Haven.  
James Morris Potter..... Gainville, Texas.  
James Allen Rathbun..... Procterville.  
Frank Otis Shepard..... Arrow Rock.  
Frank Henry Taylor..... Pond.  
George Washington Wren..... Savannah.

## CERTIFICATES OF PROFICIENCY.

William M. Britt..... Freeman.  
Bettie Smith..... Columbia.  
Hannah Smith..... Warrenton.

## AGRICULTURAL—DEGREE IN HORTICULTURE.

George William Clawson..... Savannah.  
Candy Hawkins..... Weston.  
Joseph William Payne..... Brownsville.  
James Allen Rathbun..... Procterville.  
Gerard Robinson Walker..... White's Store.  
John Finis Young..... Harrisburg.  
John Breckenridge Rea..... Savannah.

## CERTIFICATE OF PROFICIENCY.

Joseph William Payne..... Brownsville.

## LAW—DEGREE OF LL. B.

George W. Allison..... Sturgeon.  
Omer H. Avery..... Troy.  
James F. Babb..... Columbia.  
William L. Beacock..... Lewiston.  
Pleasant D. Hastain..... Warsaw.  
James B. Harrison..... Lebanon.  
William M. L. Irvin..... Fairville.  
Louis L. Kirk..... Wellsville.  
Robert B. Oliver..... Jackson.  
John W. Peebles..... Crab Orchard, Ill.  
John W. Quisenbury..... New Franklin.  
John DeW. Robinson..... Columbia.  
Elgin L. Runyan..... Columbia.  
Warren Switzer..... Columbia.  
\*Deceased.

## MEDICAL—DEGREE OF M. D.

John Thomas Butler..... Monticello.

George Isaac Cason.....Lawrence Co., Miss.  
M. F. Moore.....Cap au-Gris.  
William R. Smith.....Columbia.  
E. P. Talley.....Wentzville.

MASTER'S DEGREES—A. M.

J. G. Anderson, A. B. 1873.....Keokuk.  
R. Dryden, A. B. 1873.....Keokuk.  
A. J. Thomas, A. B. 1860.....Vincennes, Ind.

M. S.

A. P. Barton, B. S. 1873.....Mexico.  
E. F. Walker, B. S. 1873.....Versailles.

HONORARY DEGREES.

Prof. G. C. Pratt, C. E.....St. Louis.  
Prof. J. K. Hosmer, Ph. D.....St. Louis.

On Thursday evening, between the hours of eight and eleven, President Laws threw open the doors of his mansion for the reception of the graduates, the students and friends of the University. Many were those who improved the opportunity to enjoy the hospitality of the President and his accomplished lady. Among others present we noticed the curators of the University. After spending an hour or two in social converse, we were led into the dining hall where refreshments of the most palatable character were spread, and where, too, we may say, all did justice to the table and themselves. Long will this pleasant evening spent in the hospitable mansion of our worthy President be remembered by us students.

MARRIED.

DUNCAN—YOUNG—At the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. F. A. Young, in St. Joseph, Mo., on Thursday, April 24, 1877, by Eld. J. J. Wyatt, Eld. J. H. Duncan, formerly of Columbia, Mo., of the class of '76, and Miss Maggie Young, of St. Joseph.

Attendants—Rev. C. B. Edgar, Plattsburg, and Miss Annie Johnson, and J. B. Johnson and Miss Lutie Trice. The affair was very select, only a few of the most intimate friends of the contracting parties being present.

EARLY—GREENE—At the First Christian church, Clinton, Missouri, on the evening of April 4, 1877, Mr. T. C. Early, of Sedalia, class of '75, and Miss Adelia A. Greene, of Clinton, Mo., class of '74 of Christian College.

CHRISTIAN COLLEGE

This month marks an epoch in the history of this college. Pres. J. K. Rogers, who has so ably and efficiently discharged the duties of president for twenty years, finds his health will not permit him to continue his labors, and has, therefore, resigned. In his stead Prof. Geo. S. Bryant has been elected to fill the presidency. While we deeply regret the causes necessitating Pres. Rogers' withdrawal, and while we feel that it is hard to find one in whom could be confided, more satisfactorily, this noble trust, yet the future does not look all dark for our sister institution, for Prof. Bryant is widely known over the state as a gentleman in whom are all, the qualifications of a thorough educator. A man in the prime of manhood, energetic, a deep and original thinker, and above all thoroughly interested in his life work, is one in whose hands the college may be placed without a single fear of its success, as far as that success depends upon him. While we part with regret from the one, we see with pleasure the promotion of the other.

The examinations begin to-day, (June 8th), and commencement day is upon June 14. We are sorry the University closes first, for only one reason, *i. e.*, the MISSOURIAN will not have the pleasure of reporting the closing exercises of the college.

PERSONAL.

J. W. Peebles, '77, (law), is practicing in Crab Orchard, Ill.

R. B. Oliver, '77, (law), has hung out his shingle in Jackson, Mo.

O. A. Keithly is practicing law in Wellsburg, St. Charles county.

E. E. Coddling, is reading law in Sedalia.

Miss Lulie B. Robnett graduated this year at Fulton Synodical College.

J. T. Harness, formerly a student of the University and now an editor of the *Journal of Agriculture and Farmer*, St. Louis, attended the plow trial in May.

W. M. L. Irvine, '77, (law), is reading law in the office of Letcher & Son., Marshall.

Warren Switzler, '77, (law), has located in Omaha, Neb., where he intends to practice his profession.

Walter Sydnor, '76, (law), has returned to Richmond, Va., to practice law.

S. T. Harrison, who has been attending the State University this year, is back again in Fulton, studying law in the office of Hon. J. A. Flood. His vocabulary is still "complete" with "prodigious" words.—*Westminster Monthly*.

Orlando Hitt, formerly a student of the University, graduated this year in law at Lexington, Ky., and is now at his home in Mexico, Mo.

J. D. Andrae, who has been attending medical school in St. Louis the past session, was present at the commencement exercises.

Prof. A. P. Barton, '73, has been re-elected to the principalship of the Wellsville, Mo., school.

Mrs. T. S. McChesney and Mrs. L. M. Ramsey, of LaFayette county, mother and sister of Mr. A. C. McChesney, '77, attended commencement exercises.

Mr. James Laws, of Cincinnati, brother of our worthy President, was present during examination and commencement exercises.

We noticed the following old students at commencement: G. W. Burroughs, M. Castlio, J. W. Sandusky, Royal J. Burge, J. L. Torrey, Prosser Ray, J. V. C. Karnes, Miss Mary Dimmitt.

'76—W. E. Payne is practicing medicine in St. Louis county; R. H. Stevens is farming in St. Louis county; F. F. Rozzelle is reading law in the office of — Breckinridge, Lexington, Ky.; Miss Ida Aldrich is teaching in Kansas City; Miss Ella Dimmitt is teaching in Boone county.

We noticed quite a number of ladies from a distance attending the closing exercises, among whom were the following: Misses Anna and Elizabeth Laws, of Cincinnati, O., visiting Dr. Laws; Misses Susie F. Carr, St. Louis, and Emma and Jennie Edwards, of Kirkwood, visiting Miss Todd; Miss An-

nie McBaine, of Carrollton, visiting Miss Mary Shields; Miss Brent, of Boonville, visiting Miss Davis; Miss Ida Bradley, of Paris, visiting Mrs. O'Rear; Miss McKinley, of St. Louis, visiting Mrs. E. C. More.

Mr. R. B. Harwood of Dallas, Texas, attended the closing exercises of the University.

G. A. Hoffman, who is attending Christian University, Canton, Mo., will, we understand, spend part of his vacation in Columbia.

T. C. Wilson, '74, who has been very ill at his home in Auburn, is, we are glad to learn, recovering.

Among the alumni present at the commencement exercises we noticed the following: H. C. Jones, Ralls county, '57; H. C. Cockerill, Glasgow, '51; Col. A. F. Denny, Huntsville, '47; J. T. Ridgeway, '74, superintendent of public schools, Macon City, Mo.; T. J. Lowry, College Mound, '70, who has been on the United States coast survey for several years.

EXAMINATIONS.

This year the examinations have been carried on under a new system. Only one class has been examined at a time, thus enabling, not only visitors to attend all examinations, but giving the professors opportunity of doing likewise.

Heretofore each professor has been confined to his own classes and room. We like the system and hope it shall be adopted permanently. It allows the president and each professor to inspect the work of their colleagues, and has a tendency to cause more thorough preparation on the part of the student and a more rigorous examination on the part of the professor. The examinations began Monday, May 28, and ended Wednesday, June 6. They continued each day from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m., Sunday excepted. They were generally well attended by both professors and visitors. Among the latter were persons from nearly all portions of the state.

We hope they were pleased with the work exhibited and, carrying good reports with them, will send us re-enforcements from every farm, town and city.

It is generally conceded that any one may learn to play ball if he practices long enough. We know of one, however, who can never be a player. His nose is too long, and he has to throw his head so far back to escape being hit that he loses sight of the ball.—*Ex.*

An up-town girl sat on her lover's hat the other night and kept him three hours over time. The next time that young man goes to see his girl, he should hang his hat on a nail, instead of holding it in his lap.—*Ex.*

The *Beacon* mentions some "new college buildings, capable of accommodating two thousand students of the most improved style of architecture." Are they ladies?—*Ex.*

# The University Missourian.

PUBLISHED FOR THE  
**STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY**  
 AT THE STATESMAN OFFICE.  
**TERMS, - - - One Dollar Per Year.**

**E. D. PHILLIPS** - - - - - **Editor-in-Chief.**  
**E. G. TAYLOR,**  
**F. M. BROWN,** } ..... **ASSOCIATES.**  
**FLETCHER COWHERD**..... **LITERARY EDITOR**  
**G. N. GARNETT**..... **LOCAL EDITOR**  
**J. J. COLLINS**..... **BUSINESS MANAGER.**

For the satisfaction of many of our friends we will here state that on account of the want of sufficient means we were compelled to drop one number of the MISSOURIAN; hence rather than have no paper at the close of the school it was decided to omit the April number and to issue the May number immediately at the close of the session.

We are glad to see the faculty taking a more lively interest in the permanent establishment of a University journal or magazine. That a college journal conducted by both faculty and students would meet with greater success is unquestionable, and we regret that we cannot here present a matured plan for a paper of this character. All we can now say is that the idea is highly entertained of having published from the institution, sometime during the first semester of next session, a periodical for both faculty and students and in which the latter are to enjoy the same privileges that they now exercise in our little monthly. But of course as nothing definite is yet done in this direction the societies will proceed to make their customary arrangements for the publication of next year's MISSOURIAN.

As the time has come for us to cease slinging ink for the MISSOURIAN, mingled feelings of joy and sadness pervade our spirits. We rejoice that in the midst of so many discouragements we have been permitted to edit the MISSOURIAN with at least some degree of satisfaction to all, and with but a single exception have issued all the numbers up to the present one. We rejoice that we have succeeded in following the principles which we laid down in our first issue and have ended our work without any jarring. Being conservative in our views we have always tried to do our duty regardless of consequences. For any success that we may have met in this work we are much indebted to the patronage of the students, and other friends of the paper, including those who have so kindly contributed to our columns. We are sorry that we are to end this pleasant work, because the ties which have so long bound us together as students and co-laborers on the paper must soon be loosened, if not severed. As we for the last time glance over the proof, handle the manuscripts, or knock off a local, we feel a deeper anxiety for the future success of the old college paper, over which we have so long

and so pleasantly presided; and we sincerely hope that those who are to come after us will endeavor to keep the paper alive and be able to wield the pen with greater success than we have had. To insure this success the societies must take a deeper interest in the paper, for as they are its parents they should be its supporters. The value of a college paper seems to have been underrated among our students. It should be their pride and we hope that they will soon learn how to appreciate its worth. With this the MISSOURIAN bids farewell to its host of friends and wishes them all a happy vacation.

## OUR MARKING SYSTEM.

It has been our policy to leave as much as possible those who are charged with the care of the University to conduct it in accordance with their own views, and without any interposition of opinion on our part; but the marking system as pursued in the institution is of so much importance to us, and to us alone, that we hope to be excused for saying a few words. That there is dissatisfaction, is too well known to need mentioning; and that there is a need of reformation is generally conceded.

The principal trouble seems to be that the student's standing is made to depend too much upon the marking that he receives, while this marking is performed in too loose a manner by the Faculty. We speak of the marking *system*, and yet there seems to be but little system about it. Under some professors, every absence is counted as a zero unless made up, while under others an absence is not counted at all in summing up the grade. In some departments, let a student be ever so good he will scarcely reach 8.5; while in others he may gain 9.5 with but little trouble; and again, it is often the case that a good student who goes to his recitation, recites his lesson perfectly, and attends to his own business will get a comparatively low mark; while one of these smooth tongued, honey-around-the-professor fellows, who does not know half as much about the subject, will receive a higher mark. And if to these irregularities in the marking of the professors, we add the differences in the cheating propensities of students, it may be easily seen that the present marking system is the very poorest criterion by which to judge a student's real merits. And yet it is upon this basis that we are to stand for judgment, and upon this basis our friends are to estimate our work at college.

It is necessary, perhaps, that we should have some standard by which to be guided; but for a graduate to have stamped upon his diploma the grade of his class, or for a student to have printed opposite his name in the catalogue the standing that he may receive under the present style of marking, is, to say the least, in many cases rather unjust. If our merit is to be determined by this standard,

certainly there should be some uniformity in the marking of the different professors. At present, a class under one member of the Faculty, may average as high as 9; while the same class under another professor will not average more than 7.5. Under such marking as this, there cannot but be injustice done to some in comparing the grades of students in the different courses.

There can really be no true comparison between scientific and classical students, with the present discrepancies in the marking of the different professors. Of course, no correct estimate can be made of a student's merits by comparing his grade under one set of professors, with that of another under a different set of professors. And yet the present graduates, comprising those in Arts, Science and Letters, are to have their grades placed in the catalogue, and upon their diplomas to show, we suppose, the standing of each in the class; and the honors, if there be any, are determined by this standing, which, we must insist, bears upon its very face the stamp of injustice. If this method of comparison is to be continued, we hope something will be done to gain greater uniformity in the system of marking.

## UNION LITERARY EXHIBITION.

On Friday evening, May 18th, a large and select audience assembled in the University chapel to witness the annual exhibition of the Union Literary Society. The evening was a lovely one, and the elite of Columbia were out *en masse*, expecting the Union Lits. to give them a treat, and we believe they were not disappointed. The hall was well lighted, and ornamented with paintings, cedar and artificial flowers. The house was called to order by the president, Mr. Cowherd, who, with a few appropriate remarks, introduced Mr. J. H. Field who had been chosen to preside over the exercises.

The following programme was then presented:

ORDER OF EXERCISES,	
MUSIC—PRAYER—MUSIC.	
ORATION.....	The Golden Mean, R. B. GARNETT.
DECLAMATION.....	American Disregard of Youth, H. T. CURTRIGHT.
MUSIC.	
DEBATE—Question:	
Resolved, That the Government of England is better than that of the United States.	
Affirmative, L. B. WILKES.	Negative, H. B. DAVIS.
MUSIC.	
ORATION.....	The Love of Power, J. G. BABB.
DECLAMATION.....	The Polish Boy, G. N. GARNETT.
MUSIC.	
DRAMATIC SELECTION—The Deceiver Deceived.	
Quiz, TREW HAYES.	Sir Christopher, A. L. ROSS.
MUSIC.	
PAPER—Union Literary Bombshell.	
Editor, FLETCHER COWHERD.   Ass't Ed., T. L. MONTGOMERY.	
MUSIC—BENEDICTION.	

The orations were well written, and embraced some fine thoughts. Mr. Garnett's delivery was somewhat cramped, but his oration evinced considerable thought and reflection. Mr. Babb's voice was not strong enough to be heard well in all parts of the room, but his oration was an excellent one,

and the audience showed by their marked attention that they appreciated it.

The declamations were up to the usual standard; Mr. Garnett's rendition of the "Polish Boy" was especially good, his delivery showed culture, and his personation of the different characters was very good.

The debate was short and to the point. Mr. Wilkes' remarks were logical and well constructed, showing a mind of considerable analytical power. His delivery was hardly forcible enough in some places, but was still attractive. Mr. Davis had a good speech, and delivered it in an emphatic manner. Though he became confused in his language, we still feel safe in congratulating him upon his success.

The dramatic selection was a happy feature of the evening. It is only necessary to say that Mr. Hayes was equal to himself, and Mr. Ross, being a new man, surprised everyone.

The "Bombshell" lived up to its motto—"Brevity is the soul of wit"—and reflected much credit upon its editors, and upon the society. Mr. Cowherd read in a clear and distinct tone, and brought out the thought in a forcible manner. The paper was comparatively free from personal allusions, and possessed a high journalistic tone, abounding in wit, humor and good sense; and was, as it should be, the feature of the evening. The intervals were filled with *soft strains* (?) of music from the "Columbia Orchestra." All went away happy, and we believe will join us in pronouncing the Union Lit. exhibition a success.

ATHENÆAN EXHIBITION.

Despite the very inclement weather on the evening of May 4th, a large audience greeted the members of the above society on the occasion of their annual exhibition. Mr. D. R. Kemble, president of the society, welcomed the audience in a few appropriate remarks, and then introduced as the presiding officer of the occasion Prof. G. S. Bryant, president-elect of Christian College. The following is the

PROGRAMME:

MUSIC—PRAYER—MUSIC.

DECLAMATION.....Pennsylvania's Heroes,  
F. H. AUSTIN.

ORATION.....The Safeguard of Republics,  
J. J. COLLINS.

MUSIC.

DEBATE.—Question:  
Resolved that Circumstances make the Man.  
Affirmative, C. L. DIVEN, | Negative, G. W. WREN.

MUSIC.

ORATION.....Our Nation's Futurity,  
R. W. GENTRY.

MUSIC.

PAPER, "Athenæan Joker,"  
Editor, J. A. JONES; Ass't. Editor, C. E. YEATER.

MUSIC—BENEDICTION.

Mr. Austin's declamation was short and well delivered. The speaker's voice was smooth, his gestures, with a few exceptions, graceful, and his general style pleasing. The oration of Mr. Collins was written in a thoughtful and forcible style, and was, to a considerable extent, free from the gaudy in rhetoric. In point of delivery, Mr. C. was

doubtless the best speaker on the programme. The question for debate was an old and hackneyed one. Mr. Divens' speech was rather too long, which circumstance detracted considerably from its effect on the audience. Mr. Wren consumed about half as much time as the first speaker, and with a little spice in his style and delivery, his speech met with a more favorable reception than the more logical one of his opponent. The oration by Mr. Gentry was by some considered the best exercise of the evening. His patriotic peroration elicited hearty applause. The paper, while it contained many good jokes and mirth-provoking witticisms, was entirely too long. The editor consumed one hour and fifteen minutes in reading it. With about one-third its length and the objectionable part out, the paper would have added to the evening's entertainment rather than detracted from it.

INTER-SOCIETY CONTEST.

The contest was a success—never have we witnessed such a charming as well as interested audience in our "old chapel." The committee consisted of Col. J. E. Hutton of Mexico; Prof. J. J. Rice of Fulton, and Rev. G. W. Horn of Columbia. Col. J. R. Shields presided with his usual dignity. The music was furnished by the Columbia Orchestra.

The following is the programme:

MUSIC.

Prayer by Rev. Dr. J. S. Grasty.

MUSIC.

Declamation.....TREW HAYES,  
Curse of Regulus.

Declamation.....F. B. ROLLINS,  
Sparticus to the Roman Gladiators.

MUSIC.

Essay.....FRBD. W. KUMPF,  
Scientia Regina Mundi.

Essay.....FLETCHER COWHERD,  
Imaginative Literature: Its Mission.

MUSIC.

Debate—Question:  
Were the Southern States Justifiable in their Secession in 1861?  
Affirmative, E. G. TAYLOR. | Negative, R. W. GENTRY.

MUSIC.

Oration.....J. H. DAVIS,  
Mutability Alone Constant.

Oration.....J. H. FIELD,  
Our Epic.

MUSIC—Awarding of Honors—MUSIC.

The result, as announced by the chairman, was as follows:

Declamation.....Trew Hayes, U. L.

Essay.....F. W. Kumpf, Ath.

Debate.....R. W. Gentry, Ath.

Oration.....J. H. Field, U. L.

We all went away feeling that a friendly contest between the two societies is a good thing, and we hope to see it repeated next year.

OUR UNIVERSITY'S FUTURE.

Who that has ever had any connection with the institution does not feel a deep interest in its future? It is an interest based upon a consideration for self, people and state. There is scarcely a county in the state but looks to us now and asks us what are its condition and hopes.

To satisfy this inquiry we will make a few plain statements. We say in the beginning that we intend to say some things which some people will not like, but we propose to say

nothing that does not accord with truth and the welfare of the institution.

It seems to us that a grand future, a glorious success, awaits our University. Our President is too well known to need comment, and with such a man at the helm we may rest assured that his part of the work will be nobly done. Already the results of his indomitable will and indefatigable labors are discerned. A legislature that at first ignored the institution, has been led, not only to see its mistake and appropriate the usual amount, but many of the lukewarm members have become its earnest advocates.

Measures have been originated and started upon their passage, which will doubtless meet with the hearty approbation of all the friends of education in our great state. True the institution has not the means it should have, but means will soon come when the people see we are in earnest and that each one has a personal interest in the support of that institution, which is the crowning glory of our commonwealth.

Soon we shall have a "Missouri system of education." A system of beautiful mechanism, a system accomplishing a grand work, a system of which every Missourian will be proud. This is no "white-washing," no "tale of the hour," but an expectation to be realized in the near future.

But there are obstacles to be overcome, retarding influences to be neutralized.

1. It must be looked upon by all as a state institution, and receive support as such. The people should, as no doubt they will, recognize it as their child, claiming their parental care and attention.

2. With all due respect to the honorable gentlemen composing the present Board of Curators, we hold that at least two-thirds of the Board should be made up of alumni. It is evident that the Board should consist of warm, earnest friends of the University, who will consider it not only no sacrifice to devote a few days in its behalf, but will seize every occasion to promote its interests. We naturally expect to find nowhere more earnest advocates than the alumni. As it is, the University's business is frequently considered so unimportant as to make it difficult to obtain a quorum.

3. The alumni need to evince their faith in the institution by more organized and thorough work throughout the state.

4. Coming nearer home, we affirm that which is self-evident, that nothing is so vitally important as the selection and retention of a thorough, competent corps of professors. A failure in a single instance at this point tends to mar our success. In fact, it prevents success. While the majority of the colleagues of our able and esteemed president are the men for the places, we are sorry to say that a respect for truth and a love for the Univer-

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

## LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

Farewell!

The parting word must be spoken.

One of the young ladies in the French Class defines "tete-a-tete" to be a "courting chair."

Prof. E. H. Twining will address the Alumni of Wabash College, Indiana, at the close of the present session.

The following was received from a subscriber to the MISSOURIAN, after our B. M. had "dunned" him twice:

SEDALIA, MO., June 4th, 1877.

SIR: You go to h—l with your papers, for I can do without them.

L. H. KAHR.

Poor Business Manager!

One of the seniors of '77 was seen in the Library sometime since with the following label on his back: "University Library, No. 1,000, Case 15, Shelf 10, presented by the publishers." He must have been taken for an almanac!

Dr. N. (lecturing on Magnetism.) "It takes the needle about 246 years to complete one circuit—that is, to go from its farthest distance east, to its farthest distance west, and return." Joe. (who has just been asleep,) "I hope the bell will ring, before she takes another trip."

A Soph., whose girl lives in "Jim Town," returning from a visit to his devoted, exclaimed, "I must have been magnetized to-night, a darned cat followed me all the way from out there." We submit the following solution: A cat is a positively electrified body; the Soph. attracted the cat; *unlikes* attract, *ergo*, he was *negatively electrified*.

The acoustic properties of our chapel have been greatly improved by the hanging of sheets around under the gallery and by a wire ceiling. We have felt the need of some improvement of this kind for a long time; it has been almost impossible for a speaker to make the audience hear him and consequently it is embarrassing for a tyro to attempt to declaim from the stage. All honor to our noble President for the interest he takes in our welfare, as students.

We notice in the Library a life-sized crayon portrait of Dr. Norwood, drawn by Mr. Frank Thomas. It is a fine picture and we hope to see it remain on the Library wall.

The resignation of Prof. Charles P. Williams, as Director of the School of Mines at Rolla, has been accepted by the Curators, and the executive committee for the School of Mines ordered to fill the vacancy.

The premium—Loudon's Encyclopedia of Farming—given by the Boone Grange, to the Freshman class in Agriculture for the best essay on pruning, was awarded to John B. Rea, of Andrew county; J. T. Payne, of Saline, received a diploma for second best essay.

The following members of the Board of Curators were present at their late meeting: Hon. J. S. Rollins, Judge John Hinton, John S. Clarkson, Esq., Columbia; Dr. A. M. Dockery, of Gallatin; Dr. S. H. Headlee, of St. James, Dr. Wm. E. Glenn, of Rolla, and Dr. H. H. Middelkamp, of Warrenton. The absentees were Hon. John D. Perry, of St. Louis, and Hon. J. C. Cravens, of Springfield. Officers of the board, President, J. S. Rollins; Vice-President, Dr. Wm. E. Glenn; Secretary, R. L. Todd.

The following shows the number of graduates in the various departments of the University. Academic College, 14. Normal College: Academic degree, 1; district school degree, 6; certificates of proficiency, 3. Agricultural College: Degree in horticulture, 7; certificate of proficiency, 1. Law College, 14. Medical College, 5.

Frank Thomas will not be able to take any more pictures for several weeks; he broke most of his apparatus trying to take the seniors, and what was left by them has been totally ruined by the college girls.

Wren says he thinks his piece on Prize Declamation was as well written as those of the other boys, but his worst fears are realized—they beat him on delivery.

We did think that it only required a sigh (Si) to buy a King; but we find that a greater Price was charged.

At the late meeting of the Alumni Association, a communication was addressed to the Alumni, offering them a department in the MISSOURIAN, and requesting their aid and cooperation in sustaining the paper. The communication was referred to the executive committee and we hope will receive prompt and favorable attention. The Alumni are of course, interested in the paper, and should be represented in its columns; but without their aid the editors can do little to make it interesting to them. We only ask that they shall furnish us with items, and give us encouragement by subscribing for the paper, and by advertising their business, where it will justify them, in its columns. This we believe every one is willing to do; but each thinking that his little will not effect much, fails to perform that little, and thus we are neglected by all.

We earnestly hope that the Alumni will take a deeper interest in the MISSOURIAN, and promise on our part to do all we can to make it a creditable exponent of their *Alma Mater*.

## LATEST BY TELEGRAPH.

CENTRALIA, June 8, 1 A. M.

The wildest excitement prevails. The whole city is in a state of hilarity. The Columbia train arrived at 12:30 having aboard a large number of University students who were in a high state of glee. The uproar occasioned by their entrance caused an uprising of the citizens who armed and rushed *en masse* to the depot. Pres. Hayes was telegraphed to for re-enforcements and in answer Wade Hampton started west. Gen. Sherman has ordered 50,000 infantry and 10,000 cavalry to be ready for action. On the arrival of the trains on the trunk, the cars were entered and the inhabitants of the Palace Sleepers were awakened. News of Gen. Sherman's orders being received from fellow-conspirators, the engineer fired up and the whole mob departed, with bright hopes of a happy vacation and firm resolutions to recuperate and return in September, prepared for earnest and thorough work.

Bishop P. J. Ryan of St. Louis has consented to deliver the Baccalaureate sermon in the chapel of the University on Sunday afternoon, June 3d.—*Columbia Statesman*.

That's a stroke of policy, purely. Let us build up our denominational colleges. There's need of them in this state. Remember that in 1877 the Baccalaureate sermon was preached in the Missouri State University by P. J. Ryan, a Roman Catholic bishop.—*Central Baptist*.

It is surprising to note the mean, little things that some men will say and do to injure the University. Of course no man of intelligence can claim that the State University should discriminate between sects or parties; and such exhibitions of childish prejudice as the above can only be viewed as willful efforts to damage the institution. Be it said to the shame of the friends of denominational colleges in Missouri, just such things as this have done more to injure the University than all else.

## BASE BALL.

WESTMINSTER VS. UNIVERSITY.

The regular annual game between the above clubs was played in Columbia, April 28. The Westminsters felt that they had a sure thing this time, and seemed determined to regain the laurels taken from them last year by the University club. As will be seen by the score our club was defeated, but it is but proper to state that every body expected it, as they had never played a single practice game together. The club however is not a weak one by any means, and with one or two changes and a little practice could be made a formidable nine. As it is so long since it came off, we will make no remarks on the game, but simply append

## THE SCORE.

WESTMINSTER.	O.	PO.	A.	R.
Marion, s. s.	5	2	0	3
Buckner, 1b.	4	6	0	2
King, 2b.	3	4	2	3
Trimble, 3b.	8	4	0	3
Benton, r. f.	1	0	0	4
Mitchell, c.	2	11	4	5
Scott, l. f.	3	0	0	3
Settle, p.	3	0	4	4
Miller, m.	3	0	0	2
Total	27	27	10	29
UNIVERSITY.	O.	PO.	A.	R.
Ellington, 1b.	4	7	0	0
Rollins, c.	2	5	1	2
Collins, s. s.	5	3	0	0
Taylor, p.	1	3	5	4
Rea, 3b.	4	1	0	1
Baker, r. f.	5	4	2	0
Cauthorn, 2b.	2	3	0	3
Bates, l. f.	1	1	0	3
Nix, m.	3	0	0	1
Total	27	27	8	14

Westminster.....6 8 1 6 2 1 4 1 5-29  
University.....2 2 2 1 1 2 4 0 0-14  
Umpire—G. N. Garnett, of Columbia.  
Scorers—J. C. Jones, of Fulton, and F. Cowherd, of Columbia.

The officers-elect of the societies for the first term of next year are as follows:

## ATHENÆAN.

President.....	F. W. Kumpf.
Vice-President.....	J. A. Jones.
Rec. Secretary.....	F. M. Brown.
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Amherst College gives away each year, in scholarships and prizes, thirteen thousand two hundred and ninety dollars, or more than forty dollars to each of her students.

*Ladies Department.*

EDITORS:

MISS LAURA A. JOHNSTON, MISS IDA HAYES

## SCULPTURE.

Sculpture is the creating out of shapeless forms the realizations of fancy. It is indeed, the grand sublimation of masonry, this chiseling out of crude materials, forms of strength and beauty. This art of image-making opens to us new fields of thought and action, tempting the imagination with ever growing delights. Sculpture may have originated in the desire which men have to create something which will outlive them. The sculptor stands before his marble block, with a form of beauty engraven on his mind. Day by day he carves the image upon the stone, until the symmetry of the parts, the beauty of the figure and loveliness of the face are perfect, then the "work stands up a growing thought."

It has been said a people may be known by its conceptions, morally and physically of the Deity. Looking at the minds of ancient art, we read upon sculptured marble of their divinities. As a nation progresses in civilization, its idea of God is elevated. In the earliest periods the gods were uncouth in shape, partaking of the form of a beast, or man and beast combined. But as time rolled on, the idea of God took a more exalted form, that of a perfect man, which is in the image of God. So the sculptor fashions images of sublimity and beauty, his loftiest conception of a divinity. Is it not human to form our ideas of God by earthly things, and worship the thing created, rather than the Creator?

The Greeks, perhaps more than any other people, attained perfection in the plastic art. Their sculptures are ever new, and always give fresh pleasure. None have ever surpassed, and how few approached them.

As years fled, the Grecian art waned, but to tell of its fall from the pre-eminence to which it had attained, would be but a "grief and regretting." They sang their sweetest songs, only as caged birds, and wasted their powers in gradual weaker and weaker echoes of their primeval greatness.

We are all sculptors, chiselling in materials more lasting than granite, our lives.

The unshapely stone, ere the chisel had cut it, was destined to become an image of beauty. So were our lives for some great and noble purpose. As the sculptor carves niche by niche, each day, through long years of patient labor, he is unnoticed by the passing throng for none see design in the huge mass of stone, till he adds the last stroke to the figure, then it stands as a beau ideal of loveliness. So must we, by patient toil and waiting, carve us out a beautiful character. Keeping ever before us our pattern, not one of our own imagination, but the perfect model, which God has given us. With the eye of faith steadily fixed on him, and the assur-

ance of success given to us in his word, we labor on unceasingly, with bright hope, looking forward to the consummation, when we shall stand in His glorious image.

"Sculptors of life are we as we stand,  
With our lives uncarved before us,  
Waiting the hour, when at Gods' command,  
Our life dream passes o'er us,  
Let us carve it then on the gilding stone,  
With many a sharp incision  
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,  
Our lives that angel vision."

MIGNONNETTE.

## ENCOURAGEMENT.

What a treasure! It is a gem infinitely dearer to us than was the great ruby to the King of Zeilan for which he refused to take the wealth of a whole city. And if questioned concerning its price, we would answer as did he, that we would not give it for the treasures of the world.

Some one has said my mother's kiss made me an artist, and it is proverbial that from the sweet root of encouragement, springs the true nobleness of character.

As the flowers so delicately painted and penciled by the Great Artist of the universe beautify, and shed their fragrance on the passing breeze, thus wielding a powerful though silent influence upon all around them, so a word or a smile of approbation just where it is most needed, fires the ambition, gives us an object in life, and renders society amiable and lovely.

We are so constituted that to do without it, would be to live without the oars with which to guide our life-boat. And our little barques would then be like those which the Maldivian islanders send adrift at the mercy of the winds and waves, loaded with perfumes, flowers, and oderiferous wood, as an offering to the spirit whom they call king of the sea.

In this respect, we are all dependent upon each other. For encouragement is a species of charity, which every christian heart should possess. To the weak and faint, it is a precious pearl, dearer than all the perfumes of Arabia.

While it heals most every wound, and better fits us for life's rough conflicts, it smooths the rugged parts of life and lends enchantment where otherwise there would only be thorns.

I am persuaded to believe that encouragement can *almost* make a musician where there is no talent for music. But I will go still further and say that under its genial influence we might be persuaded to write for the press, even though it should be for the MISSOURIAN.

In familiar usage, the macaronic still lingers only in such childish jingles as

Parvus Jacobus Horner  
Sedebat in corner,  
Edens a Christmas pie;  
Inferit thumb,  
Extraherit Plumb,  
Clamens, quid sharp peur am I.  
Parvula Bo-peep  
Amisit her sheep;  
Et nescit where to find 'em;  
Defere alone,  
Et venient home,  
Cum omnibus caudis behind 'em.

-Repository.

## ALUMNI MEETING.

COLUMBIA, Mo., June 7, 1877.

The society of the alumni of the University of Missouri met at the county court room in the court house, President L. B. Wilkes in the chair.

The minutes of the preceding meeting, held the 3d day of July, 1876, were read and adopted.

Reports from committees appointed at last meeting of society being next in order, the committee to memorialize the legislature in the interest of the University, failed to report, its chairman, Jerre C. Cravens, Esq., being absent. The committee on constitution and by-laws, through its chairman, S. C. Douglass, then made its report, which, on motion of J. V. C. Karnes, Esq., was adopted in full and committee discharged.

On motion of A. F. Denny, Esq., enrollment of members under the new constitution was then had; and when completed the election of officers for the ensuing two years was entered into with the following results, viz: President, S. C. Douglass, Esq., Columbia; 1st vice-President, J. V. C. Karnes, Esq., Kansas City; 2d vice-President, Prosser Ray, Esq., Carrollton; Secretary, Scott Hayes, Esq., Columbia; Treasurer, John S. Clarkson, Esq., Columbia.

Election of orator for the annual re-union in June, 1878, being in order, J. V. C. Karnes, Esq., of the class of '62, was unanimously elected.

On motion of William S. Pratt, Esq., the executive committee were directed to nominate at the next annual meeting in June '78, an orator for the annual re-union of the society in June, '79, this nomination to be then acted upon by the society.

On motion of H. Clay Cockerell, Esq., the executive committee were authorized to audit whatever accounts may be presented against the society, to approve the same at their pleasure, and when approved draw warrants on the treasurer for their payment.

On motion of C. L. Buckmaster, Esq., the executive committee were authorized and ordered to make all necessary arrangements for the next annual meeting, and vested with full power to act for the society in all matters in the interim.

The communication of E. G. Taylor, editor-in-chief of the University MISSOURIAN, was read and referred to executive committee for reply.

On motion of A. F. Denny, Esq., the present President, Dr. Samuel S. Laws, and the several members of the faculty of the University were elected honorary members of the society, and the secretary requested to inform them of their election.

The society then adjourned subject to the call of the President.

L. B. WILKES, President,  
S. C. DOUGLASS, Secretary.

## OUR UNIVERSITY'S FUTURE.

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

sity compel us to say there are men in the faculty who are unfit to occupy their positions. All will admit that the professor who does not command the respect of his pupils, (not "dead beat," but first-class or "hard students,") is out of his proper sphere. A professor who is compelled to confine himself to the information contained between the lids of a single book, or, what is worse, who knows only the ten pages of history to-day—forgetting the lessons of last week, and being entirely unacquainted with what is to come—is not the man for the chair of English in the University of the State of Missouri.

It matters not if four years have been spent among the French and Germans, if their languages have not been thoroughly acquired and the professor have not the ability, (or, if he have it, does not display it), to give thorough instruction, he is not the man for the place.

And, again, the state has no money to spend upon, nor have we patience with, a man who has no particular department and does nothing of visible importance. Or if he have classes, finds it convenient to neglect them and spend day after day upon dramatical entertainments which have nothing whatever to do with school work, other than taking numbers of students from their school duties to take part in such exhibitions. We have what is called a Normal Department, but it is a misnomer. Look at many of its graduates, who are sent out as thoroughly drilled and proficient teachers.

These professors ought to be somewhere else and some body else in their places. This is the belief of our students. It is the truth.

5. We hope that some action will be taken toward pensioning off our exhausted yet noble old educators. It matters not how efficient a man may have been in his prime, old age destroys that efficiency. Let us respect what has been done, and, in our gratitude, take measures to throw comforts around the evening of life; but let us also consider the interests of the present and future. We mention no names here, but we all feel that a change should be made. Our progress demands it.

These words have been penned by one who feels deeply his indebtedness to our noble University. Many of them should never have found utterance except through a heart overflowing with filial affection, patriotic aspirations and a desire to see his *Alma Mater* go on unequalled in success, unparalleled in progress, untrammelled by the impediments so manifest to those who have the best opportunities of observation.

You that owe the MISSOURIAN come forward and settle at once.

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