

VICTORIA University, of Manchester, England, has decided to grant academical degrees without demanding a knowledge of Latin and Greek.

THE presence of the women students at the University of California has, the *San Francisco Bulletin* says, contributed to establish a wholesome standard of conduct on the part of the young men. These young women have been among the cleverest students of the institution. They have carried off a large proportion of the prizes and honors, and they are working with great zeal.

At Yale the Faculty protect Freshmen from subscription lists until after November 1st. By that time the excessive "gullibleness" is supposed to have worn off.

It is expected that Mr. Edward A. Freeman's historical lectures at Cornell will draw large audiences, and a plan is proposed of issuing tickets to admit a limited number of the outside public. The students of course are to be allowed the best seats.

A NEW department is to be established at Cornell University—one of History, Political Science, and General Jurisprudence. It is to be a full undergraduate course, pursuing literary and scientific studies for general culture, but especially to give training to young men who intend to take up the law or follow journalism.

THERE are 156 college papers published in the United States. Twenty-six States and two Territories are represented.

It is said that there is a movement afoot among the Germans in the United States for the erection of a native university on the model of that in Berlin. Milwaukee is mentioned as the proposed seat of such university.

THE Oxford cap is now worn at Princeton, Williams, Amherst, Trinity, University of the City of New York, and Brown University.

THERE are many American boys in the preparatory schools of Germany, and in the universities and higher schools there were 130 American students last year. While foreign training is of benefit to young men whose characters are in a measure formed, and whose plans are definite, it is questionable whether the ideas, the discipline, and the sentiment of German preparatory schools are good for impressional youngsters whose future lives are to be spent in a republic.—*New York Tribune*.

OLD VOICES.

The past never comes back ; what we fancy are but the ideal ghosts of things that were.—PROF. YOUNG.

I stand on the confines of the past to-night—

The world that is gone before ;
And in the dim flicker of the parlor light
Old shadows steal before my sight
From its strange and misty shore.

And bygone murmurs are in my ears,
And sweet lips touch my cheeks ;
And old, old tunes, that no one hears,
That steal to me from the sad old years,
And sweet words that no one speaks.

But only the rhythm of an old-time tune,
That steals down the halls of time ;
And comes so soft, like the far-off rune
Of a stream that sleeps through the afternoon,
Or a distant evening chime.

And in the silence that intervenes,
Sad voices whisper low :
Come back once more to the loved old scenes—
To the dim old region of boyhood's dreams—
The sweet world you used to know.

And, loved old shadows, I fain would go,
For hot fires sear my breast ;
The wild, fierce passions of human woe,
And sad, sad longings ye may not know,
That make me wish for rest.

But through all the seethe and mad'ning roar,
Stern voices call to me :
"Vague dreamer, seek the past no more,
For a nobler region lies before—
Life's grand reality."

THE EPISTLES OF PLINY—II.

The perusal of history often brings to our mind the reflection as in days gone by the men of the past made by their own account, so the men of to-day are engraving on the scroll their account by which they will be judged. Hour by hour grows ; the sun reaches the meridian ; the shadows lengthen ; falls ; another day has gone ; another niche in the gallery of victories is filled. Whatever has happened during those hours become the property of the whole human race. A kingdom may be fallen ; a great man died ; a continent discovered ; a crime may have been committed ; a blunder made ; an empire lost ; the fate of millions changed. What is done cannot be undone : the decree of Fate has been accomplished ; and in due course another day shines forth, to blossom, bear fruit for good or evil, then die and pass away.

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time."

How should this reflection influence our lives. What necessity there is that our public men, of all others, should be subject to such a restraint. They should be trained ; well read ; filled with the feeling of responsibility to the future ; careful of their reputations ; willing to suffer all rather than lose their self-respect, or the respect of those who will come after them. How constantly should they remember that the place in history which they might wish to occupy will not be given them for temporary prominence gained by successful trickery, but that a calm, cold critical investigation will be made after they themselves have passed away, which will try by the test of truth and honor all their actions. How petty then will appear the subterfuges ; the broken promises ; the sacrifices of principle ; the corruption ; the want of personal honor ; the mean revenge ; which, alas ! have been witnessed in our time and country. History will deal with all these things, and some future Hallam, weighing with cold impartiality the good and bad which men have done, will say of this one : "He was a patriot and a statesman ! he is worthy of honor !" And of that : "He was a trickster ; a breaker of faith ; he sacrificed his principles for place ; he pandered to the ignorance of the mob ! He got the place. He kept it ! He is dead. What profited him that he gained what was to him the whole world, while he lost his own honor and good name ?"

There is, after all, among men an innate recognition of what is just, and true and right, and although individuals are led away by ambition, or folly, or pride, still, taking men in the mass, they are ever ready to welcome the triumph of virtue and the defeat of vice. Go to a play : how the gods are pleased when the villain is baffled, when the hero and the innocent heroine are united ; how they applaud the noble sentiments, the fine speeches. How they unite in their dislike and detestation of the cheat, or the forger, or the rogue. Do not the boxes share these feelings. Is there not the story of Macready, who once brought on a play in which was represented a striking instance of treachery, where a character, conquered by a generous foe and having his sword returned to him, turned round and buried it in his opponent's breast. The burst of execration from the whole house was so great that it seemed for a moment as if the man's personal safety was endangered ; the curtain was rung down, and the play was never acted again. Is not reading history like looking at a play ? We are the spectators, they the actors. We weep for the innocence distressed ; we smile at the blunders ; we love the frankness, the geniality and the manliness of the victorious general or statesman ; and we detest the villainy of the rogue or the cheat, however successful, exactly in the same spirit as we do when we sit before the stage in an orchestra stall, or among the gods.

Of all the infamous men whom Rome produced, possibly the most infamous were the informers. Every country has had an experience of this class. England, during the time of the Dangerfields and the Oates ; France, during the time of Louis XI. ; unhappy Ireland, perennially ; the familiars of the Inquisition reduced Spain from the first power in Europe to the weakest and most insignificant. We ourselves know something of these gentry. Our system of giving half of the penalty to the whiskey detective has led to more perjury and more disgraceful scenes in our courts of justice than almost any other cause. But it seems to be tacitly admitted that some such protection is necessary for police purposes. But the very idea of a detective—an informer—makes most men pause, and even a casual meeting with such a person gives one an indescribable feeling of curiosity, admiration, fear and loathing. If this is the case in a country like ours, where if a man is not satisfied with his surroundings he can go elsewhere, and at all events can count on a fair trial, what must it have been at Rome, the very centre of the known world ; no hope of escape, no hope of justice ? The system, like most other bad systems, grew from a perversion of a good one.

Under the Republic there was a *lex majestatis*, which was a law against High Treason, whether it took the shape of treasonable betrayal of an army, or seditious conspiracy against the people, or generally a