

hither from the Eastern Continent, as our customary views of the past would incline us to believe, it was at so distant a period that no tradition of it seems left to us. In connection with this is the story of the lost Atlantis. Whether it is a myth or not, there is notwithstanding much to be said in its support. Accounts of a tremendous convulsion like this have been handed down by nations on both sides of the Atlantic. It would be irrational to believe that so distinct narratives as these would have been given us by so different and so widely separated nations, had they not had some foundation in fact. The submersion may have occurred at so remote a time, that under the treatment of Plato the narrative assumed an air of fable. If the island really existed, it would have served as a convenient stepping-stone between the Atlantic shores, and thus have rendered the settlement of America easy of explanation. Before leaving the subject we will briefly notice the probable knowledge of America which the ancients possessed.

There remains a clear historical record that a storm driven Tyrian ship visited America, and there saw cities and stately edifices, three thousand years ago. The Tyrians or Phoenicians, as it is well known, were the most enterprising navigators of antiquity. It was their custom to be very secret in regard to their commercial affairs, and were a full account of them given us, astounding views of the past might be the result. It is doubtful if the Romans would have spoken of "a great Saturnian Continent" beyond the Atlantic, if no one had ever seen it. It was there as they said, and as they without doubt knew, but yet it does not appear that anything arose from their knowledge of it.

In conclusion we would say, that the extreme antiquity of our ruins, the long period that has elapsed since their desertion, and their buried history, all surround them with a deep and peculiar interest. We call our continent new; it is old; equally so, perhaps, as the other. Our usual views of antiquity, arising from the habit of following old methods of thinking, occasioned by a venerated but erroneous system of chronology, and by regarding everything found outside of the Eastern Continent as derived from it, hinder us from viewing our relics in the light in which they claim our observation. They present therefore to the persevering investigator a vast field for his labors. Who will be the Champollion to unveil their mysteries?  
M.

### Education, Practical and Professional.

We, as Americans, brag, and perhaps justly, of our schools and school system; and yet no country can show more *lack of education in educated men*. Excuse the contradictory appellation. I mean the lack of education in those who *claim* to be educated. Our country is overrun with men just come from rubbing against college walls, with the degree of B. A., or B. S. attached to their names, and with an idea that they are ready for life's work; ready to cope with all the problems that may come up; ready to earn their daily bread. But alas, how soon they find out their mistake! They find that a college education is a pretty good thing in its place—a good suit of clothes to look at, but rather poor for working in. A college education is the mere foundation for the more

practical,—a necessary groundwork for the whole structure, yet of little use of itself. It gives the student an insight into many professions, but a plain view of none. Yet upon this he expects to build his future fame and prosperity. And, if he is like the average student, he has not only not gone outside of the established curriculum but gets through his course in as quick time as possible and gets his diploma by skipping all he can.

He claims to be educated, but if you ask him what he is educated in, he cannot tell you. Is he a Botanist? Yes, no—that is—he has studied it one term, knows a few of the terms given to parts of plants. Is he a Chemist? The same stammering answer. Perhaps one in twenty studies it three terms—just long enough to get a slight glimmer of the beauties of the science, and is then as far as the college class goes. Is he a Geologist, Meteorologist, Astronomer, or Engineer? No! Then, what is he? A jumbled-together mixed up conglomerated mass of science, art and unspeakable language, having a smattering of many branches of knowledge, but profound understanding of none. Now I have nothing to say against this, as far as it goes, not at all. It is necessary, but not an education by any means.

It was a great honor, twenty years ago, to be a B. A. or B. S. But now! Why the fact of it is, the degree has become so common, so easily won, that the owner of it thinks it of little consequence whether it is known that he has it or not. But let us look at another phase of this question—the literary or general education of men in the professions. I have remarked above that the college education is the foundation for the practical, and here I would repeat it. A physician or lawyer who gets the professional education without the literary, is like a mechanic who has the tools to do certain work that requires skill, but who has never been taught how to use them.

If a young man—perhaps I might say boy—understands a little about the three R's—reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic—he can be admitted to either a law or medical college from which he can graduate in two years study. Study of [what? Of studying theoretically that which can only be learned by practical observation and experience.

Every year hundreds—I might almost say thousands—of medical schools flood the country with an army of neophytes. And why? Simply because the standard is so low that any one with a little common sense—yes, and a fool to—can obtain the degree. To such men we confide our dearest friends in the most severe sickness. In no country is the citizen compelled to trust their lives to such ignorance.

In England the candidate is first examined in all the English branches—high and low—in Greek and Latin, or some of the modern languages in place of Greek. There he has to go through four or five years of hard study; and, before getting his degree, must undergo a severe examination before a committee of the government.

In France the candidate must undergo six to nine years of hard study, before he can qualify.

In Germany the standard is higher still. Fully ten years are required to fit the candidate for the permission to practice. In all these countries the law controls the practice of medicine, protecting both physician and people.

Compare this with our system: Says

Dr. Wood, of Philadelphia, "The ordinary mode of manufacturing M. D.s is 'no preliminary examination.' Many persons graduate who have not received a grammar school education." Although three years are required, nominally for a course yet a year and a half of these slipshod exercises usually suffices. It is said six per cent. of the M. D.s, who were examined by the U. S. Army Commission, stoutly maintained that "an eclipse of the sun was caused by the earth coming between the earth and the sun." I presume it is.

And in the profession of law it is the same. "No preliminary examination" is the rule, and the candidate reads Blackstone, or Kent for two years, is admitted to the bar and is a—humbug.

Sharswood, in one of his notes to Blackstones Commentaries says, "There is a great—perhaps an overdue—haste in American youth to enter upon the active and stirring scenes of life. Hence it is true that many men are found in the profession without adequate preparation. This prevents permanent success, and confines the unlettered advocate to the lower walks of the profession, which promises neither profit nor honor."

The Regents have under consideration the establishment of a medical and law college in connection with the university, both of which I hope to see accomplished. But if they should be established fully half the students will leave their scientific and classical studies, and rush into one of these new colleges, and graduate, calling themselves *educated men*. Heaven save the mark!

### AESCULAPIUS

#### Is the Love of one's Country an Opinion?

"Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,

'This is my own, my native land?'

—What mortal hand

Can ere untie the filial band

That knits me to thy ragged strand—  
Caledonia?"

Such was the novel idea advanced by a gentleman sometime ago. He seemed to carry the impression that all ideas on the subject of patriotism were merely selfish. If he was not a gentleman of general and liberal culture, one might pass such a statement as paradoxical, when the histories of most countries teem with such exalted examples of patriotism. Recall the noble one of a Regulus, of a Tell, of an Emmett. Nay, where is there not a country in which men of pure, honest, earnest lives have not freely rendered up all for their country's good? How can such a love, (for love it is), be called an opinion? To argue from such a standpoint, to many, will seem idle.

An opinion is merely an idea, nothing substantial. We form opinions on every subject and change them as readily. We do not form them after considering a question candidly, but from reports, hearsay; it simply means to think. Do we always stop for reasons why we think so and so? I cannot believe one's love to his country is based on so weak a foundation.

Again will anyone suffer martyrdom for a mere opinion in distinction from I know, I believe? After we have thought, reasoned, judged and accepted conclusions, then an opinion becomes a belief, and what one honestly believes to be right, no amount of physical torture will compel him to retract.

To love one's country is one of the

strongest, noblest instincts of the soul. 'Tis not education, 'tis not sentiment, 'tis not like love between the sexes; for that may contain nothing but selfishness—a desire to gratify passion, to gain worldly means. We do not love our country because its laws are just and good, its institutions broad and free. Not because we were born here, reared from infancy to manhood's prime, where the friends of childhood with their pleasures and joys, where home with all its tender memories and associations are found, where fathers, brothers and loved ones lie sleeping on many a sunny hillside. Not because Liberty with her broad pinions broods over it. Each and every one of these may be strands in the cord which binds us so strongly to her, so that persecution and exile cannot destroy it.

Again, you cannot explain on the ground of an opinion, that feeling of intense longing—homesickness of those away from their native land. There are other countries just as free. The sun shines just the same, more beautiful plants and flowers may deck its landscape, birds may sing sweeter songs, fairer vales and loftier mountains it may possess, yet amid all these conditions the heart turns with longing for its native shore.

Whither are we tending? We must give up our bibles, give the Sabbath to amusements and debauchery, believe man an improved ape. Dismiss a first cause from creation. Accept communism in order that we may have a survival of the fittest. Honesty and virtue are at a discount. Since man is nothing but matter, why trouble ourselves about what we are and how we live. Since there is no immortality, no hereafter, why need we struggle so hard here. "Come let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die." Ruthless hands are tearing every conception of what is ennobling, every longing for better lives, all that makes life worth living for from us. I believe we shall soon see a breaking of the dark, humiliating cloud hanging over humanity—a breaking in a bright, fairer day. G.

—A few days ago, it happened that a number of students had collected in the janitor's room in the basement. There was popcorn, popper and stove, but no fire. A dignified Senior, Mr. M—, proposed to the boys to draw lots, who should build the fire, stating that in his wanderings he had observed a fine lot of kindling in the other end of the building. The lot fell on Mr. M—, and he proceeded in search of the kindling. In the meantime, the other boys had drawn to determine who should shell and pop the corn, which resulted in Mr. W's undertaking this task. Just as Mr. M— had loaded himself with shavings and wood for the fire, business—or something else—compelled the Chancellor to go in search of the janitor, and he of course started for his room. As the Chancellor was wending his way among the halls of the basement, whom should he meet, in turning a corner, but the Senior with his load of kindling. "Ah—ah—Mr. M—, material for some experiment, I suppose." The Senior did not venture to reply, but throwing his bundle at the Chancellor's feet for a peace-offering, made a most precipitate retreat. The Chancellor proceeded on his way, and as he neared the room, the boys supposing it was their comrade returning, greeted him with such cries as "Well, Boss, what luck?"—"Come, hurry up the fire." etc. But the Chancellor, not embarrassed in the least, entered, and simply inquired if any one had seen George lately. A modest Junior replied he had not been in, "but if you wish to leave—" The Chancellor, taking in the situation, concluded that he did. But there has been no more corn popping in the janitor's room since.