

student by giving the measure of its acquirements in arbitrary numerals. We merely state, however, as a matter of information, that, with the most improved modern appliances, one skilled in the art makes rather less than a square yard of tapestry in a year. For this labor the workman receives about 2,000 francs. The cost of the material must be considered, and this is no small item. It is the finest silk, with, sometimes, gold and silver threads intermingled. This expenditure would not be made if the finished product did not possess great ornamental value, and what is truly ornamental is as truly artistic. But you will find an abundance of literature on the subject by consulting the library.

We may be, to a certain extent, given to idealizing. That seems to be a common thing with students the world over. We wish only to submit our humble opinion for consideration and to have it taken for what it is worth and no more. We esteem a man according to his uprightness and wisdom; a woman according to her purity and devotion. Uprightness and wisdom are pre-eminently the qualities that are requisite in a statesman, whether we refer to the ideal or the practical. Hence we are prone to believe that it is men and not women that we need to control our public affairs. The men are willing to do this, and most women are willing to let them. A few of the women, however, are anxious for the privilege they esteem as so great, that of sharing this so-called honor with the men. We believe this is a perverted sentiment and will die a natural death, as did the Bloomer costume craze of years gone by. This we believe, in spite of the many enthusiasts who delight in prophesying a contrary result. Our belief is not without reason. Men are not happy without some one to cherish and protect. Instance the western miners of a few years ago. How recklessly those men threw away life, as though it were of the smallest importance whether they lived or not, provided they took several others with them on their journey to the unknown world. But let a little boy, a waif, come among them, and notice the pleasure of the brave giants in revenging the slightest insult to the helpless one, or even in manufacturing an insult merely for the sake of deceiving themselves into the belief that they were the boys protectors. Neither are women happy without the love and protection which are due them. Now, we admit that, as a rule, the influence of woman is pure, yet we believe that the purity of the influence would be lessened by the very means by which some agitators seek to increase it. Ask a student whether his mother's face, though she speak not a word, has not a greater influence for purity than all the female lecturers he has ever heard.

LITERARY.

In the February *Atlantic* there is a rich satire upon the Roman system of pronouncing Latin. The writer takes the ground that if we pronounce the Latin words according to the Roman method we should do the same with the English derivatives. Whatever one's views are upon the matter the article will be found amusing. It is somewhat gratifying to recognize under "Yulius Keyser" an old acquaintance, or to see behind "Wayny weedy, weeky" that old war correspondence. Neither of these examples, however, gives a fair idea of the result of such a reform, because everybody has heard them pronounced in every conceivable manner, and their oddity in the present guise is due to the spelling, not to the pronunciation. It is only in such a word as "wiwakity" that we realize the full force of such a change. The communication is quite short, and those interested in the matter will miss a rare treat if they don't read it.

The other day I picked up a little volume, "Peter Schlemihl," by Adelbert Von Chamisso, and was induced to read it by the translator's preface and by Cruikshank's illustrations. I found it a most pleasant half-hour's diversion. Chamisso was a contemporary of Fouque, the author of "Undine," upon whose shoulders indeed he at first placed the responsibility for this production. It is the old story of selling one's soul for money and power, but is told in the most pleasing and unique manner imaginable. A young student just out of university, wandering about hunting his niche in the world, in the manner so characteristic of young students just from a university, meets at a garden party a long, gaunt man with a beard and a gray coat. Someone expressed a wish for a telescope, and the gaunt gentleman reached into his inside pocket and produced one. A little later a rug was asked for and provided in the same easy, unassuring manner. Then a pair of horses were needed and the capacious pocket afforded also these.

Although the company seemed to take these performances as a matter of course, the young student was so wrought up by them that he withdrew to a distance, trying to account for the phenomena. Here he was joined by the spare gentleman in the grey coat who expressed great admiration for the beautiful shadow which the student cast, and asked whether he would be willing to part with it. He offered Fortunatus' wishing cap and fortune bag in exchange. The agreement was made and the long gentleman stooped down, cleverly loosed the shadow, rolled it up, put it in his pocket, and walked off with a slight chuckle.

Then began the troubles of Peter Schlemihl, or The Man Without the Shadow. The complacent way in which people speak, just as if the everyday affair of a man without a shadow being the mark of some crime was scarcely worthy of mention; is most amusing. His servants, after a time tell him he is a good kind master, he pays good wages, and they would like to stay with him, but they couldn't think of working for a man who has lost his shadow. One servant only could be induced to remain in his employ. In despair he determined not to venture out in daylight, and at night, only into rooms lighted from all sides. Then he met a beautiful young maiden and fell in love with her. She was not insensible to his charms, for he was learned and witty. One evening they were enjoying a quiet promenade in a pleasure-garden and the conversation was just at an interesting point when, alas, the moon came out brightly from behind a cloud and only her shadow was to be seen. She told him she loved him—madly in fact, but, really, she couldn't think of marry