

# The University Reporter.

VOL. 2.

JOWA STATE UNIVERSITY.

No. 2.

IOWA CITY, IOWA.

"SUCCESS CROWNS EFFORT."

NOVEMBER, 1889.

## AUTUMNAL RHYMES.

I have been rambling, wandering  
Out in the forest to-day,  
I have caught the breath of the zephyr,  
As it sported blithe and gay,  
Tossing the bright leaves to and fro,  
Playing coquette with the flowers, I trow,  
Lifting the curls from my weary brow,  
*Now here, then far away.*

I have sat by the dancing brooklet,  
And heard the farewell chime,  
Of the song-birds ere departing,  
For a brighter, sunnier clime.  
And the music notes so soft and clear,  
Methought, as they rang in my list'ning ear,  
Were mingled with grief for the dying year,  
*For this is the autumnal-time.*

I have searched over hill and valley,  
For the few remaining flowers,  
That linger still, while the fair, frail buds  
That grew in our garden bowers  
Have drooped and faded—ah, long ago!  
Gone from our sight like the melting snow,  
Perished with beauty all aglow,  
*Like the loved and lost of ours.*

I have gazed on the autumn splendor,  
Of the tall, old forest trees,  
All wreathed in a brilliant coronal  
Of red and yellow leaves:  
Oh! never did fairy land boast a sight,  
More full of beauty, more fair and bright,  
Bathed in a purer, holier light  
*Than that crown of autumn leaves.*

I have heard the sweet, sad music  
Of the distant waterfall,  
And the happy laugh of childhood  
Rang through the rock-bound hall  
Of that dim old cave, so dark and drear,  
Which sunbeams never reach to cheer,  
But whose rippling waters are soft and clear,  
*And whose wonders the heart inthrall;*

And I come with a few pale blossoms,  
From the scenes that I thought sublime,  
While my heart is filled with the music,  
I have caught from the warblers' chime;  
And I'm thanking *Thee, Father, thanking Thee,*  
For the many beauties of flower and tree,  
For the lesson of life they are teaching me  
*This beautiful autumn-time.* JOSIE.

## LUTHER AND CALVIN.

C. A. EGGERT.

According to a certain modern school of historians, all historical changes are but the result of physical causes. Given the geographical configuration of a country, and the physical influences that combine in producing the men that inhabit it, the historical development of the latter is, as we are told, as

regular as any other natural process. Men like Alexander, Augustus, Frederic II., Cromwell and Washington are but the accidental instruments of great historical movements which progress with all the regularity of a natural event. Instead of an Alexander or Washington, some other instrument would have served the purpose as well. The individual is of little account, the movement of the mass alone is worthy the study of the school to which we have referred.

This view of history may be, in some respects, a very excellent one. It may enable us to explain satisfactorily many changes in the history of the human race, and it certainly is a mode of treating history far superior to that which consists mainly in an enumeration of the personal accomplishments and deeds of princes, generals and other leaders of the masses.

And yet, it is difficult to believe that it is in all respects the true view. When we fix our eyes on such men as Luther and Calvin, men who in that stirring period, the latter portion of the 15th century, rallied large masses of intelligent and earnest christians against the then all but omnipotent power of the pope, masses who but for such leaders would either not have moved at all, or whose efforts would have been scattered and therefore ineffectual;—when we clearly distinguish in the persons of these leaders the remarkable combination of extraordinary qualities by which they were exactly fitted for the great work to which they had been called, and when we trace the course of events which these men inaugurated, and the effects of which are to this day distinctly seen and felt in our very midst,—it is certainly no easy matter to deny in all this the influence of a higher power, a power that is above human understanding, and whose effects alone we may observe and study while we inhabit this earth.

Without Luther, the reformation would most certainly not have taken place at the time it did. Without Calvin, it would probably have been very slow in doing that for the people which the people stood most in need of. Luther introduced no democratic principle in his work of reformation. His was the strong arm that smote the idols of the adversary, his the warm heart that loved the poor with Christ-like ardor, his the beautiful, poetical imagination which made him so apt a preacher, so pleasing a companion, and so perfect a man—but he lacked that enlightened appreciation of the people and their social condition, without which no religious reform can be of permanent service to them; viz: a warm and strong feeling for their rights as members of the state, as men and citizens. This appreciation and this feeling Calvin had in an eminent degree. The adopted son of republican Geneva, and a man of great natural and acquired abilities, his keen intellect was no less capable of carrying on the acutest the ological

disputes and dissertations, than his passionate soul was disposed to make the people's cause his own, and to favor the cause of human freedom at the same time that he advanced the cause of religion. He aimed his reforms not merely at the church, but at the state likewise. It is true that he had to thank his republican surroundings and associations for his interest in the state, and that, had he been placed where Luther stood, he would hardly, with his natural dispositions, have accomplished as much as Luther. As it was, he succeeded, after one unsuccessful attempt, to reform thoroughly the religious and temporal conditions of Geneva, and to impress the stamp of his mind upon large numbers of the French, Dutch, English and Scotch. Like Luther, Calvin was sometimes guilty of intolerant religious zeal, but this was a fault of the times rather than of the men. Toleration was a word of which no one then knew the meaning, excepting a few scholars who, like Erasmus, were far ahead of their century in this respect.

The reformer Zwingli had in vain, and with tears, entreated Luther to make a few concessions for the sake of a union between the Swiss and German reformers. The Swiss had rejected the doctrine of transubstantiation which was eagerly upheld by Luther. The latter would not listen to any proposition until this point was yielded. No matter, if Zwingli assured Luther that his conscience forbade the concession. Luther retorted only the more angrily, and in order not to be overcome by Zwingli's eloquence, he wrote with chalk in front of the place where he was seated: *Hoc est corpus meum.* "This is my body." The union was not effected, and the loss, hence resulting to the protestant cause, considerable.

If we turn to Calvin, we are shocked with his stern religious feeling which made him denounce his friend Servetus to the inexorable judges of Geneva, because Servetus had confessed to him his scruples in regard to the doctrine of the trinity. Servetus had to mount the funeral pile—a sad illustration of theological intolerance.

In Luther's work the monarchical tendency of the time found not only no check, but was directly encouraged. Calvin, on the contrary, embodied in his doctrines so many vital principles of individual rights and freedom, as to leave behind him a race of men who valued freedom no less than they revered their religion. Calvin's spirit reappeared in the heroes of the English revolution—to him Scotland owed in no slight degree her long political and religious superiority in Europe, and in the first settlement of New England, it was again the genius of Calvin that inspired those hardy adventurers with a resolute love of liberty as well as with an almost fanatical devotion to the faith of their fathers.

The life and deeds of that remarkable reformer of Geneva had a great deal to do with the history of England, Scotland, Holland and these United States. It is well worth while to ponder this well. That wonderful power which rests in the compass of a human head is something which it is difficult to explain, but of whose existence we can easily satisfy ourselves when we study its doings in the case of a man like Luther or Calvin.

These two men will be forever associated with the civil and religious history of what we now call the modern era of his-

tory, but which will one day be counted a very ancient one. Both men were the mighty instruments of that higher power to which we all in reverence bow our head. Luther—strength concentrated—an organ, as it were, of unparalleled efficiency in the performance of a work without parallel;—Calvin, the representative of incarnate, inexorable Logic, though starting often from half-true premises, a mind, above all others, to comprehend the intimate connection between civil liberty and religious elevation. In Luther all the elements that constitute the great orator, and the great intellectual warrior were mingled in a remarkable degree; in Calvin, the reasoning faculty always preponderated, and even his apparently most passionate acts were performed in consequence of sober and acute reflection. Both have left the impress of their minds in the history of the principal modern nations, and both eminently deserve our love and admiration. Their lives and deeds can teach us many things, and even from their mistakes we may draw many an important lesson.

#### THE EARL OF DERBY.

Since our last issue, the telegraph has announced the death of the distinguished man bearing the above title. Perhaps it cannot be said that the announcement has awakened many emotions in this country, and yet the place in the literary and political world filled by the departed was such as to justify a passing reference.

His career as a statesman was a long one, extending over a period of nearly fifty years. In all the important events of his government during this time (and they are many) he took an active part, and in most of them, a leading one. Beginning in 1821, at the age of twenty-two, with a seat in the House of Commons, he advanced through an under Secretaryship for the Colonies to the Colonial Office in chief, and a place in the Cabinet; thence to the House of Peers, and at three different times to the head of the administration as Prime Minister. In the mean time, upon the death of the Duke of Wellington in 1852, he was chosen to succeed him as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, his *Alma Mater*.

The Earl of Derby will be remembered as a most favorable type of the English nobility. He was intensely true to his caste, but never relied upon mere title for success. Though possessed of large wealth, his activity and industry would seem to have been as great as if his daily bread depended upon them. His great strength lay in his skill as a debater. It was during the discussion on the Reform Bill of nearly forty years ago, that he first came into distinguished notice, and established his reputation as one of the ablest speakers in the House. Some of the readers of this may remember that Lord Macauley, who came into prominence during the same stormy period, in one of his essays, cited the Earl (then Mr. Stanley) as an exception to the proposition that extraordinary skill in Parliamentary discussion can be acquired only by assiduous and persistent effort. With him it was an *instinct*. Cool, ready and fluent, his keen eye detecting every defect in his adversary's argument, he bore down upon the point at issue with a wealth of diction and a well attuned warmth of manner, almost irresistible. Few men had such a command of the English language as he, a command perfected as far as

possible by a diligent study of the best models within his reach. As an indication of his literary habits, we have his rendering of the Iliad, first published in 1865, and since gone through six editions. Upon those pages the "Rupert of debate," as he has been called, has left his impress in the remarkable felicity with which he has rendered the *discussions* of the poem, in particular that between Achilles and Agamemnon, found in the first book.

Recalling the ability of the departed, his labors as a man of letters and a statesman, and the honors put upon him, one is ready to ask; why these limited emotions over his death? Even in his own country they are limited. The answer to the question is detected in the spirit and substance of his dying protests against movements which a British public has forced under the leadership of men of liberal views. As reported, his later views in this respect were just his earlier ones intensified, and were too much for a class. One of his first speeches was upon the subject of the Irish Church, and the same subject met him again on his dying bed, his views in both cases being of the same tenor. Meanwhile liberal opinions had advanced, but they found no voice in him. The march of reform had left him far behind, with all his signal abilities, and one can readily suppose that when he came to die at seventy, but little, politically, was left of the England of his youth from which it was a pain to part. He had lived too far back in time, and for too few.

#### WILHELM VON HAIDINGER.

The rapid growth of the scientific institutions of Austria during the past thirty years is without parallel in any country, and mainly due to the untiring activity of *Haidinger*. Quietly he commenced in 1840 to train numerous promising young men in mineralogy and molecular science, organized in 1847, the society of "Friends of Natural Sciences," was instrumental in the creation of the great Imperial Academy of Sciences of Vienna, and caused the foundation of several special societies for the advancement of particular branches of science.

But the greatest work which *Haidinger* has accomplished almost alone, is the famous *Geological Institute of the Empire*, (*Geologische Reichsanstalt*), the headquarters of which are now in the Lichtenstein Palace, at Vienna. This institution was founded in 1849, on the recommendations and in accordance with the plans of *Haidinger*, who on the first of December of that year was installed as the Director of that institution. It is entirely and liberally supported by the State.

The Geological Institute of Vienna sends every summer a number of exploring geologists and mineralogists into the different parts of the empire; during the winter, the observations thus made are sifted and arranged for publication. The specimens obtained on these explorations are dressed, classified, described and deposited in the great Museum of the Institute, while in the chemical laboratory, the necessary analyses are made.

The publications of the institute, printed in the imperial printing office, consist of the following:

1. *Transactions* of the weekly meetings of the geological corps.

2. The *Yearbook*, published quarterly, forming a volume of 800 to 1000 pages, large 8vo, accompanied with charts and drawings of all kinds.

3. The *Memoirs*, published in quarto.

4. *Geological Maps*, special and general.

These publications, which already now form a valuable library on geology and mineralogy, are in part distributed by a systematic exchange with other scientific bodies. In return for its own publications, the Institute has thus accumulated a great library of all the best works on geology, paleontology and mineralogy which have appeared since its foundation. In 1864, the library contained already 13,060 volumes, and 3,820 maps.

The *Museum* contains the specimens collected by the officers of the Institute, and those specimens which have been obtained by exchange from other institutions against duplicates. In 1859, the Museum contained already 60,000 arranged specimens, some of which were quite large or otherwise remarkable, and many of which were type-specimens. At the same time, 532 different collections had been sent by the Institute to different schools of the Empire—so that the labors of the Institute are brought home to the people of the realm. At the present date, all these figures are at least to be doubled. A particularly interesting feature of the Museum is the rich and beautiful collection of artificial crystals, prepared by *Bottger* and *K. von Hauer*.

The building occupied by the Institute is two stories high, fronting two hundred feet on one street, and running three hundred feet along another. Besides a great number of halls open for the collections, the building contains two large halls, extending up through both stories, for larger gatherings, a lecture room and an analytical laboratory; also, in the upper story, rooms for the draftsmen and other artists.

At present the distinguished Paleontologist *Franz Rotter von Hauer* is Director of the Institute.

*Haidinger* was born February 5, 1795 in Vienna. His father was a naturalist of some reputation. The young *Haidinger* studied Mineralogy and Crystallography under Mohs at Gratz, and later at Freiberg. Crystallography and Mineralogy remained *Haidinger's* specialty, and in these two sciences he has gained his great scientific renown. He has studied and taught these sciences not as independent branches of knowledge, but with constant reference to *molecular science* in general. In this field, he discovered the peculiar phenomena of *Pleochroism*, or the exhibition of different colors by the same crystal. He has spent many years on the study of the laws of these most remarkable phenomena. *Haidinger* continues, notwithstanding his advanced age, to follow the researches of younger men with kind attention. Indeed, one of the most beneficial sides of his nature has always been the stimulating and encouraging influence on younger men; and in 1865, at his seventieth birthday, his friends from all parts of the world united in showing him their gratitude, while the Emperor rewarded *Haidinger's* services by creating him Baronet.

But a faithful synopsis of *Haidinger's* life and labors would require a book. Our aim was merely to call the attention of the young students in our University to a name which is frequently mentioned in the Mineralogy classes. Many of *Haidinger's* works and also a large portrait of this master may be found at the chemical laboratory of the Iowa State University.

GUSTAVUS HENRICHS,

IOWA CITY, IOWA, - NOVEMBER, 1869.

## POLITICAL ECONOMY.

The laws that govern this science have much to do with the prosperity or gradual downfall of nations. The nation which adopts the true policy acquires wealth and enjoys it, for honest industry is rewarded in every department.

Yet in the light of all history, including the downfall of dynasties, kingdoms and republics leading statesmen are divided in opinion with regard to the true principles of the science. Also professors of leading institutions in this and other lands, where it is taught, do not agree. With this diversity of opinion we believe that we can apply the familiar adage,

"When Doctors disagree,  
Disciples are free,"

with some force.

Aided by reason, the student has a right to make a careful investigation, and having considered the arguments pro and con, to establish himself in his belief. And looking at the subject thus carefully does not the thoughtful student find in free trade a system of exploded theories, while in protection he discovers new truths which, being accepted and put in practice by the various governments, tend to make the richness of the earth exhaustless. It places the wealth of the nation in the hands of the great mass of the people, dethrones the aristocrat and dispenses with the services of the landed proprietors. It diversifies employment so as to offer work to all classes with reasonable compensation. And if it accomplishes this, surely everything must move along harmoniously. Misery and crime would not be so frequent. In England the gorgeous apparel of the officers of State would disappear, their magnificent parks and broad domains might become the property of the honest laboring man, and with his industry become more useful and appear more truly beautiful.

Much of the suffering in our large cities is owing to the fact that employment cannot be given to the multitude who ask for it. Large investments are often made by moneyed men. The demand for laborers is great and that demand is supplied. But how often for the want of proper legislation does the investment prove a failure. Perhaps they cannot compete with foreign markets where labor is cheaper and, in consequence, suffering greater. Some others have been more successful and many of the laborers thrown out of employment here can find it again in other fields. But when failure follows failure, when great corporations are crippled or broken down, then suffering and wretchedness are the result. When the rich man fails in his enterprise, if he can retrieve his loss by oppressing the poor man, he does not usually have many scruples about the course to be pursued. The laborer is either thrown out of employment entirely, or his wages are so reduced as to deprive him of a portion of the food and clothing which his physical constitution requires for the preservation of health. Owing to the cheapness of labor caused by oppression on the part of aristocrats in England, America has been compelled to protect her manufactures with a tariff.

If the free trade policy had been adopted, no manufactur-

ies would have been established here, and we would have been dependent on England. Proud England would have gloated on her prey with content and satisfaction, and when once under her iron grasp, the price of commodities would have risen far above the cost of manufacturing them in our own land. We believe no man acquainted with the policy of Great Britain will deny this. Then if it be true, is it not better for us to protect home institutions, and by so doing create diversity of employment in our several States, and in the counties if need be of those States? And by so doing, the products of our soil would be consumed at home, and the refuse could be returned from whence it came, thus preserving the original richness of the land.

The farming communities of this great western country need to become better acquainted with the laws that govern the material universe. No person, even of limited experience, has failed to observe that a succession of crops from the same seed results in the exhaustion of the soil in a startling ratio. And especially is it so when nothing is returned to the soil. Yearly, millions of bushels of products, and numerous droves of cattle are shipped to eastern markets, and after consumption, yield for eastern lands valuable fertilizers. How long shall this exhaustion with no return continue?

Since there is so much land uncultivated, it may continue many years, but if it does, just so surely will the crisis come, and the agricultural laborer, instead of being acknowledged as the "independent man," will find himself thrown upon the mercy of those who control the prices of his products, and whose pockets for years he has been lining with gold, while his own have been drained, and perhaps in many cases become ragged. What we need is to have the consumer and producer brought together. Then the farmer will not be dependent on one crop, but will be enabled to diversify them, and to return to his soil nearly all that has been taken from it. If, as Carey expresses it in his Social Science, we could have more "local centers" established, we would find that the value of land would be increased, and the laborer would command higher wages, and the producer receive more in return for his products.

## XENOPHON.

Xenophon was an Athenian of the Attic race—the son of Gryllus—born at Erchia—a town of the tribe of Aegeis, B. C. 445. He was particularly distinguished as a historian, philosopher and commander. Though he flourished in the decline of Greece, at a period when his associates were fast sinking into a state of degradation—manners becoming unpolished—morals impure and governments corrupt; yet he cultivated and sustained a pure and chaste character such as few before or since have done. The world may boast of authors, philosophers and generals, who have awed men with their learning, their scientific researches and brilliant military exploits—yet but very few individuals have entered upon the world's great theatre and performed so successfully so many different relations in life, and maintained at the same time as pure a character as did the accomplished Xenophon. It is not of unfrequent occurrence that even the master minds, especially in periods of great excitement, when the life of a

kingdom is depending upon their honesty, skill and wisdom, waver to and fro—give unbounded latitude to their passions, and treat with neglect the responsibilities of their position. But far be this from Xenophon. Though he occupied positions where many love to cherish a spirit of pride and haughtiness, yet he only assumed an air of dignity and gracefulness, unmingled with bigotry and ostentation—though great, he was not elevated by any broad conceptions of his own importance.

In the earlier part of his life, as a pupil under the guidance and tuition of Socrates, he exhibited those marks of genius—of virtue and refinement which have rendered his name immortal.

“The elements  
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, ‘This was a man.’”

First, as a manifestation of devotedness to country, we see him marching forth by the side of his master Socrates, into the Peloponnesian war, fighting with fearless courage and valor. Afterwards he entered the service of Cyrus the younger, and distinguished himself in that eventful campaign known in history as the “Retreat of the ten Thousand.”

The army marched from Sardis through Asia Minor, Syria and the barren shoals east of the Euphrates to Cunaxa, where Cyrus fell. Xenophon now came forward, and it was during that memorable retreat that he displayed the greatest discretion and prudence. The master generalship blended with the noble traits of character exhibited on that occasion have been justly admired through all succeeding time.

As a historian, he has left to us monuments of Grecian literature in which are set forth striking illustrations of his superior qualities. He mingles gracefulness with simplicity—clearness and purity with those beautiful forms of expression peculiar to the Grecian dialect. He imitates closely the principles of his illustrious instructor, and commanded by his integrity and fair dealing the esteem of his fellows. It is pleasant to contemplate a man whose name is crowned with the historian’s palm, the philosopher’s triumph and the warrior’s wreath: each additional accomplishment only serving to develop his polished manner; each successive achievement adding greater lustre to his well-earned fame. With Attic erudition beaming from his truly classic face—genial and dignified without pomp or display—great, yet unconscious of his greatness—he manfully played his part in life—preserving friendship and harmony among his peers, and leaving but few defects in his chaste acquirements open to the scrutiny of the learned critics of modern times. From his life, we derive all that is reputable and elevating. He looked upon labor as honorable and ennobled the task before him however trivial its importance might be. His life teaches us that virtue and intelligence may exalt any vocation—and that it is not so much what a man does that deserves praise as the manner in which he does it. He could sit at his desk and wield the pen with the ease and alacrity of a Franklin, or with the patience and mildness of a Bernard Palissy, he could plod through the desert wilds and snows of Armenia.

R. H. K.

The centenary of Humboldt has given an impulse to biographical literature in Germany, and caused the announcement of no less than seventy-four new books about this great scientific man.

Bayard Taylor has a simple little poem entitled, “My Dead,” which is full of unpretending pathos, all the more touching for its very unconsciousness. He recalls his light-hearted, sensitive, credulous childhood, long since passed away with all its innocence and freshness; his ambitious, impulsive youth, gone too in its undaunted energy; and finally in the present, speaks of his living manhood, climbing with the sinews, not the heart.”

There are some of us, perhaps, who have put enough years behind us to feel the chord on which the poet plays. We may look through his picture upon a clear-cut reality, and see faces, aspirations, dispositions, yes, and characters, familiar yet strange; ours yet not ours; ourselves as we once were yet shall never be again; our own dead. This retrospection is painful sometimes, for we have not all the faith of Miss Proctor that “We always may be what we might have been,” and we may find that we too are climbing with the sinews only.

There is something thrilling with awe in every sound of the words, never and forever. They seem to bring us face to face with an infinity of nothingness, and eternity of fulness. It is not strange then, that tracing our lives from the beginning, and seeing the emotions, capacities, and feelings, gone forever, we should feel, I was but am dead, I am but how changed. Yet through the poetic melancholy hovering about this idea, there shines a beam of hearty, practical sunshine. It were a singularly ill-contrived world otherwise. A poorly concocted plan, unworthy the being who devised it, ’twould be, if man came into the world as now, and went out again as fresh and innocent, but as ignorant and undisciplined and pliant as when he first knew life. Surely our seventy years are not for smelling buttercups and dabbling in dew. Sin and temptation and suffering are not mere miasmas, killing our flowers, poisoning our cups, deadening our moral natures, and stifling our souls. By trial we gain strength, by fire is the gold tried. He who has been tempted and has not sinned, he who has fallen and risen again, is tenfold wiser, tenfold stronger, tenfold more a man.

Though we lose the innocence of infancy, having known wrong, we may exchange it for the integrity of manhood, the ripe fruit of Eternity.

Shall we grieve when the harvest comes home, that calyx and corolla have faded forever?

Shall we, less wise, mourn our dead past, when each death marks the birth of that which we may make a stronger, brighter, better life, and each grave the beginning of a new path of a being so much nearer the attainment of the grand culture for which existence is given him? G.

One pound of gold may be drawn into a wire that would extend around the globe. So one good deed may be felt through all time, and cast its influence into eternity. Though done in the flush of youth, it may gild the last hours of a long life, and form the brightest spot in it. “Work while it is day; the night cometh.”

A member of Congress said in a speech: “*Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates sed major veritas,*” which was next day reported, “I may cuss Plato, I may cuss Socrates, said Major Veritas.”

## MARBLE AND ITS USES.

Did you ever look upon a marble quarry in Vermont, where the air that lingers among her hills is startled by the voices of a hundred workmen, and answers solemnly to the smothered ring of scores of heavy instruments; while the huge masses of rock, unshapen, as yet, by art, lie, silent and glistening in the whiteness of their native purity?

The marble is beautiful as it lies there, sending back the gleams of the morning sun. Nor does it lose its charm among the decorations of the great metropolis; while its molded slabs and chiseled columns—standing in quiet grave-yards to tell, like mantled priests of purity and Heaven—make their own appeal to the passer-by.

Of the many kinds of rock, this fair species, more than any other, would seem to have been formed, not for the *useful* only, but for the enshrinement of the beautiful and holy. Hence, it has ever been sought and employed as a chosen medium for the expression of the highest human conceptions of the beautiful and divine. Far back in the centuries of Egyptian art, this "Flower among rocks" was held in highest honor. Among Grecian artists of a somewhat later period, we find the belief—full of poetry—that marble was "dear to the gods;" and when it came from the hands of a Phidias or Praxiteles, it was clad with forms, so perfect in charms of living symmetry and grace, that even the "gods" might claim it as their own.

In the fashioning of marble by a skillful hand, we have a most pleasing illustration of the power of Genius to seize the *ideal* and transmute it into the *real*. Before him is placed the rugged mass of rock, having within itself, as an ancient sage once affirmed, every variety of form that could haunt the mind of the artist. From it, he may carve what he will; and when, at last, his work is complete, and that which was once a mass of shapeless marble, now stands forth like a spirit crystallized in its flight by the magic touch of his skill, he has enshrined in that marble form the fadeless realization of his own ideal.

MARMOR.

## SATURDAY NIGHT.

There's a peculiar significance associated with the idea of the close of the seventh day of the week, which is not found in connection with any other day in the calendar. It is something similar to that which clusters round New Year's eve, only on a smaller scale, without the awe of that time, and with a home feeling of comfort all its own.

Saturday night in the University. The rooms are vacant, the halls blank. Everything used in the last week's work is carefully put in place, everything required for the next week's work is in order and waiting. The fuel boxes are piled high, and the floor swept clean. The quiet of the place is intense. The walls catch at sound, even if no more than that of an insect, and toss it back as though happy for the relief. How much more silent is silence when it falls on places which we have known as resonant with sound? Involuntarily we listen for the stroke of the bell, the hum of voices, and the tread of feet; but the place is very still. The air itself seems to say, the work of one week is done, let us rest and prepare for another.

Saturday night in the home circle. How bright the fire is,

and how the brass knobs on the shovel and tongs glow in its light! The tall brass candlesticks on the high mantelpiece fairly quiver in radiance. The little bits of floor round the carpet are marvels of whiteness. What happy games the children play to-night, and how father and mother seem to enjoy them. The largest apples are eaten, the best stories told. Saturday's mail is always the largest of the week, and the papers on Saturday night give a two-fold enjoyment. Mother seems to have forgotten that wonderful pile of mending she did to-day, and father has left all thought of his account book down town. 'Tis a social family re-union; and whatever of trouble may come home on other evenings, all seems to vanish before the coming hours of the first day of the week.

Saturday night in the "Old Maid's Hall." Lessons have been faithfully conned, exercises carefully written, and books are piled neatly away ready for an early review on Monday morning. The weekly house cleaning is finished, the weekly marketing done. Potatoes and bread stand side by side on the shelf, and just above is that terribly unfortunate compound of flour and eggs that unconditionally refused to "rise" this morning. The lamp is resplendent from its encounter with soap and water. The stove shines and glitters, all unmindful that the place of its missing fourth foot is supplied by a brick, and that one of its front doors has come to grief. The curtains are drawn close, and the inmates of the domicile sit down with a glad sense of freedom in their choice of an evening's occupation. To-night that letter may be answered which gave such a lively rehash of events at home, or that article in "Putnam," which has been such a temptation all week, may be safely read. There's a dress to be mended, too, and an apron to be trimmed, and the droop of the plume on that hat is far from satisfactory. What an amount of undischarged fun has accumulated during the week, and how much sharper it is for the repression. Repartee never was wittier nor play of words freer. And after a while, as the fire burns low, what a delicious luxury is it, to dreamily build air-castles on the foundation of its glowing embers.

Saturday night down town. Early this evening the working men went by, dinner pails in hand, the week's wages in their pockets. I fear some of this hard earned money was spent in those bright saloons, but much of it went to the grocer, the clothier and the book vender, and a part to the savings bank. A little later the master mechanics went by, the contractors and manufacturers. The walks are crowded. Here is a mother with her bare-footed boy on her way to the shoe-store. I wonder if she sewed her life-blood into the contents of her lean purse. There goes the anxious father of a family, with a hungry looking basket on his arm. I'll warrant the fourth commandment will be broken in that house to-morrow, by the cooking of an elaborate dinner. See this creature on a last flying visit to the milliner shops. There is a boy wanting a cent's worth of matches. And now the bustle dies out of the streets. The shutters are put up early to-night. One by one the lights go out, and tired clerks drop their keys in their pockets with a triumphant thought that this is Saturday night. How suddenly still it grows! The moon seems sole possessor. Yonder comes a rollicking group from choir meeting. Those high G's have been sharpened at last to suit

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the cadaverous looking singing master, and to-morrow will be rasped over the congregation with about as much music as devotional feeling. There goes an officer of public safety. How distinctly his footfalls ring down the street. The hours go slowly by. Saturday night at the "Syn' Trap."

Darkness comes gently round, and lights appear, casting their genial rays upon the outward world through various media at the windows. Supper is over and the labor of the day done.

Through the lofty halls and spacious apartments of the noble old building, the young men are scattered as pleasure and inclination may direct. Here is a picturesque scene. A youth, prone on the floor in the careless attitude of tired nature at rest. His face is a pleasing one, yet it bears marks of intense application. Those lines on his forehead are too deep for one so young. Poor boy! That game of leap-frog this afternoon was exhaustive.

The washing came home to-day. Observe the satisfied complacency of that young man as he draws one article after another from his valise. How affectionately he smooths down that shirt bosom. How serenely he contemplates the well darned heel of his sock! How his face beams as he thinks of the morrow!

Great contrast is he to the occupant of the next room. Note him as he stands before his shaving glass. The stupid razor has cut where it should not, and has not cut where it should. In his eyes his face is a miniature wheat field, trodden down in spring-time. Now his neck-tie won't work. His collar has been ironed down the thirteenth of an inch too narrow. There's a spot on his handkerchief too. What an execrable washerwoman! Evidently he is giving special attention to his appearance to-night.

Here is a young man toilingly dividing his attention between the thimble that won't stay on his finger, and the needle that will go into it. Between the two, the drawing up process seems likely to progress.

Yonder at the back door is another industrious genius. That brush and boot seem on the road to an intimate acquaintance.

Here goes the steward. Personification of happiness! How the pleasure dimples and ripples and waves all over his expressive countenance! I wonder if the coffee and kraut come in extra rations to-morrow. Mark the elasticity of his step, the elevation of his head. Ah, hard enough is his task sometimes, but to-night he seems revelling in bright anticipations. What an air of subdued quiet invests the place as the night wears on, suggestive of great strength at rest, of power in waiting.

Peaceful slumber falls on the world. If ever Earth reaches the millennial state, it seems to me 'twill be preceded by a feeling greater, fuller, grander by far, yet still like that of Saturday night.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

(Concluded.)

In natural scenery Colorado is unsurpassed. So say those who have traveled in the new and the old world. During the progress of a survey, which embraced some of the highest peaks of the snowy range, I had an opportunity of seeing some natural scenery, of which I had read. In passing through wild gorges into whose depths the sun's rays scarcely penetrate, in ascending and descending mountains and precipices thousands of feet in height, in passing from almost tropical heat to a snow-storm in a few hours, in climbing over banks of snow hundreds of feet in thickness, and where age can only be numbered by the thousand years, in viewing the brilliant hued flowers of the wilderness growing in the very edge of a snowbank, in rising above the limit of vegetation and gazing at the distant plains spread out like a map at one's feet, or in the chase of some denizen of the forest, one feels nature, and if he is a lover of nature's beauties, it almost causes a sense of pain to think that at no distant day these hills will resound with the

clicking of the miner's pick, the rattling of machinery and the continuous thump, thump of the stamp mill. I do not wonder that already hundreds of visitors are annually pouring in from the east to visit our peaks and mountains, to hunt and fish in their wilds and bathe in their hot-springs. As yet, game, fish and berries are abundant, and the sportsman or health-seeker can enjoy his hunt or bath almost undisturbed. But each succeeding wave grows larger, and at length these wilds will become a new Saratoga. The light, dry, pure atmosphere of these elevated regions make health almost a matter of necessity. Is it then any wonder that with all these advantages, with inexhaustible mines, with agriculture, with a climate peculiarly healthy, thousands are now leaving their homes in the crowded east for better ones in the west? With the completion of the two railroads, (the Denver Pacific and Kansas Pacific, the first to be completed within two months and the next within a year,) this country will assume its position among the States of the Union.

But there is yet a wide field for men of energy and perseverance. Labor is in great demand, and will be for time to come. With the introduction of John Chinaman (and he is coming) skilled labor will be essential to direct his movements. Teachers, assayers, engineers, mechanics and the learned professions will always be welcomed to the west, and amply remunerated. But to come here with the false idea (that many have) that a fortune can be scraped up by wits alone is to commit a grave error. Such are rarely successful and return only to denounce the country. I can not impress too strongly upon the minds of those studying the Natural Sciences, the great field for scientific research that is open before them. But little is really known of a great portion of our continent. To the south and west of this place is a vast region reported to be a magnificent country, but nearly all that is known is gathered from the stories of wandering trappers and hunters. There will be opportunities enough for men of ability to write their names on the page of history, but preparation is necessary, and that preparation can best be obtained in such places as the Universities of our different States. The wonderful canyons, mineral springs and buttes are but a few of the numerous objects of interest which science must account for, and with honor to him who leads in discovery.

I hope in time to see the names of some of my former acquaintances in the State University of Iowa among those who shall develop the west.

But I am already crowding your space and will close for the present.

With my kindest regards for old friends, I remain,  
W. R. M.

THANKSGIVING occurs on the 18th inst. Students should see that arrangements for the University festival are perfected in good season. Let no pains be spared to make this a success even better than those which have preceded.

Mrs. Matilda Fletcher, the Iowa Poetess, recited her Poem entitled "Tear off the Mask, or Who is to Blame," to a small audience at Metropolitan Hall on the 26th ult. It was well received, and many prophesy for her a bright future.

Rhetorical Exercises occur in the Chapel every Friday afternoon. All are invited to attend.

## The University Reporter.

IOWA CITY, IOWA, - - - NOVEMBER, 1869.

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Terms, Invariably in Advance:

One Copy, one year,..... \$1 00      Six Copies, one year,..... \$5 00

Published the first of every month. Subscriptions received at Beach & Allen's Book Store opposite University Square, and by the Editors.

All communications must come through the Post Office or the Contribution Box in the University Hall, accompanied by the real name of the author, in a separate envelope, sealed, which will not be opened unless the article is accepted.

Communications are requested from our friends on matters of interest.

All articles of a political, partisan or anonymous nature are rejected.

Address, THE UNIVERSITY REPORTER, Box 279, Iowa City.

JOHN A. PICKLER, and J. C. MATTHEWS, Financial Agents.

### THROUGH THE LABORATORY.

The laboratory of our institution, from a very small beginning, has increased until it compares favorably with most of the laboratories in leading colleges of the East.

Recently we called on Prof. Hinrichs, who has this department in charge, and were shown much that is of interest. On entering the North building, we observed that the hall leading to the students' laboratory has been closed by a double door neatly framed, over which is to be inserted a window of semi-circular form, with the symbols of the principal elements inscribed thereon. We found Prof. H. at work, as usual. Everything, however, looked neat and fresh. Due appreciation of the professor from abroad was seen by reference to numerous scientific works which he has received in return for his own publications; in many of which he receives flattering notices. We saw a Diploma recently sent to him by one of the German learned bodies, in appreciation of his services rendered to science. Also, a beautiful portrait of Von Hardinger, of Vienna, the greatest mineralogist living, which has been presented to him by his friend Von H. Portraits of other prominent scientific men were seen. The distinguished chemist Hofmann has sent to him a description of his laboratory at Berlin, the largest in the world. In the students' laboratory, new cases have been fitted up, with new apparatus for the students' use. Neatness and most perfect order was observed. We saw much new apparatus purchased by Prof. H. when east last summer; a new analytical balance, a series of models of crystals of glass, and a collection of finely crystalized minerals. We were shown an Arsenic apparatus, invented by the professor himself, which in regard to accuracy is far superior to any heretofore constructed. A hundredth part of a grain can be detected by it, even if diffused in a large quantity of liquid. A description of the apparatus will soon appear in some of the Journals of Chemistry.

In conclusion, we believe it but justice to say that when we took our departure from this review, we did it feeling prouder of the department, of the University and of the State. We hope that the funds will be forthcoming, so that the original plan for the laboratory can be carried out. The wants of the State demand this, as well as those of the institution.

The Lecture on the eve of Oct. 19th by Rev. Dr. Spear, on the Chinese was quite entertaining and instructive, yet the

voice of the speaker was so weak that he could not be distinctly heard in all parts of the room. He compared the physical outline of China with that of the United States. Spoke of the manners, customs and dress of the people, and compared and contrasted them in a very happy manner, with those of Americans. They paint their tees with Prussian blue. In their large cities, there as here, are to be seen many handbills and advertisements. The Chinese count with great rapidity, with the aid of balls, and if one makes a mistake, you may be sure it is in his own favor. Their dictionaries are very accurate, some seven or eight thousand characters being in common use and each one of these expresses a word. The written language is the same throughout the Empire, but their spoken language consists of many dialects. Their histories are very minute and contain many valuable facts, extending back to 500 B. C. There is a high state of morality there, and the precepts of Confucius are accepted by them. Our shipmasters first created the desire among them to visit California, by telling them there was gold there. From statements made to them, many expected on reaching this shore to pick up large lumps of gold. Their treatment by Americans has been barbarous in years past. When they have succeeded in securing a little gold, they have been shot and robbed. This is the way many have sought to Christianize them. His remarks concerning their religious sentiments all go to controvert reports that it is impossible to Christianize this people. The Dr. has labored among them as a Missionary for many years, and he is confident that they will be of great service in developing the resources of our country.

It is a noticeable fact that the citizens of this city appreciate more each year the advantages derived from having an institution of learning located in their midst. When the Capitol of the State was moved from here to Des Moines, all felt that nothing could take its place. But many see that they have been mistaken, for they find among them a class of young people who are doing much toward creating a high moral sentiment in all circles in which they move. They aid in sustaining a noonday daily prayer meeting; they take a deep interest in the Y. M. C. A. of this city; they visit the poor and perform many other acts of charity. They do it all freely and cheerfully, and it is cheering to them when they know that their work is appreciated by those whose duty it would be to perform the same were they not here. We are glad to be able to say that most of our leading citizens are warm friends of the University. It is true it should not be otherwise, and in the future we do not believe it will.

Citizens, we leave home and friends and come among you; if we receive favors at your hands, rest assured that in the future you shall not be forgotten by us. It is true, we may not be able to reciprocate them now, but hereafter we will be able. Do you not realize that hundreds of students go from here yearly into various parts of the State, and that words of praise or of condemnation fall from their lips concerning your actions?

They go, and exert an influence permeating the entire system of government, both of the church and the state.

Nothing so adorns the face as cheerfulness. When the heart is in flower, its bloom and beauty pass to the features.

THE FIRST CLASS of the collegiate department received an invitation from Prof. Parvin to take tea and spend the evening of the 27th ult. at his home. The evening was pleasant and there was a full attendance.

As is perhaps well known, the number of ladies in the class is not equal to the number of gentlemen; so that we were all highly pleased to find that the professor had made provision for this, by inviting some who are not members but whom we were very glad to accept, on this occasion, as associate members.

It was a merry company that had assembled, and as we gathered around the table, neatly arranged and furnished with choice viands and various kinds of pastry alluring to the taste, the busy conversations bespoke happy frames of mind and the busy forks a relish for the good things.

After supper, the remainder of the evening was passed in social intercourse. Jokes were free, plans for next commencement discussed and hearts beating in unison gave expression to happy emotions. And when time for departure came all took their leave feeling that the Professor and his good lady had furnished the class with a rare entertainment such as students well know how to appreciate.

At such gatherings, professor and students are brought nearer together and appreciate all the better their relations to each other. We are glad the custom has been inaugurated and hope it may long prevail.

The Sociable on the eve of the 9th ult., in the University Chapel, passed off with the usual amount of pleasantry.

We were glad to see so large an attendance and especially glad to see so many new students. As usual, promenading was the principal order of the evening. We observed that among some, this amusement seemed to be irresistible. And we have seen the same couple gyrate for an hour at a time, with apparently a good deal of composure, yet unquestionably with a degree of embarrassment; while most of the others would be moving about from one to another, and in this manner they were enabled to exchange a few pleasant words with nearly all present. This latter seems to us to be the proper way to enjoy these sociables and if all understand, that the committee on introduction take pleasure in performing their duty, and take advantage therefrom, we believe the enjoyment of all will be enhanced.

SILENCE.—On the eve of Oct. 13th, a meeting was held, per chapel announcement, by two Quaker gentlemen, late from England. The meeting was opened with a long silence, which from general appearances was not very entertaining to most of the audience. Then came speaking by said gentlemen, which was nothing more than religious exhortations. We have great respect for the society of Friends and are sorry that we cannot speak in complimentary terms of these representatives who saw fit to visit us. In the future, we suggest that some guarantee be had for the reputation of lecturers before they are recommended to the students and permitted to appear in Chapel.

A MAN GONE!!—Yes, C. L. Mozier has gone east to lay in a large stock of Fall and Winter Goods. If you would save money, call and examine his stock.

The Chemistry Class were considering the subject: "Reduction by Substitution," and the professor having the class in charge, showed by actual experiment that when an iron nail is put into a copper solution the particles of iron give place to the particles of copper and produce a copper nail. One of the students asked, will it always come out a nail? The Professor replied, yes. A copper nail? Yes. If you put in a nail it will come out a copper nail; if you put in a wire it will come out a copper wire, and if you put in a head it will come out a Copperhead.

SENIOR—(without any books.) Halloo Freshy! what are you trying to do?

FRESHMAN—(with all the books he can carry.) Why—I am trying to get these books up to class, and they are so heavy I fear I shall be late. Won't you —

SEN.—Better procure a dray; Bradley will do it for a quarter.

It is estimated that the students of the University spend annually, in this city, cash to the amount of not less than \$115,000.

#### A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT IN AMERICA.

From the French of Chateaubriand.

An hour after sunset, the moon appeared above the trees in the opposite horizon. A perfumed breeze, which she brought from the east, seemed to precede her in the forest as if it were her fresh breath. The queen of the night slowly ascended the heavens. Now she followed peacefully her azure way, now she reposed on the groups of clouds which seemed the summits of lofty mountains crowned with snow. These clouds, furling and unfurling, rolled out in transparent zones of satin white; dispersed in light flakes of foam or formed in the heavens white banks of dazzling down so pleasant to the eye, that one seemed to feel their softness and elasticity.

The scene upon earth was not less ravishing. The blueish and velety light of the moon descended in the openings of the forest, and shot sheaves of brilliant rays into the depths of the densest shade. The river which rippled at my feet wound away and was lost in the forest, then re-appeared all brilliant with the constellations of the night, which were mirrored in its bosom. In a vast prairie, on the other side of this river, the brightness of the moon remained, without a movement, upon the grass. The birch-trees, agitated by the wind and scattered here and there through the savannah, formed isles of shade floating on an immovable sea of light. Near by, all was silence and repose, save the falling of a few leaves, the brusque passage of a sudden wind, or now and then the intermittent sighs of the owl; but from afar was heard the solemn rumbling of the cataract of Niagara, which, in the stillness of the night, was prolonged from wild to wild, and expired across the solitary forests.

The grandeur, the striking melancholy of this picture can never be expressed in human language. The most beautiful nights in Europe can convey no idea of it. In vain, in our cultivated country, the imagination seeks to expand; it encounters on every hand the habitations of man, but in those solitary regions the soul loves to dive deep into the ocean of forest, to wander to the shores of immense lakes, to hang over the abyss of cataracts; and, so to speak, to find itself alone with God.

ZOTT.

## UNIVERSITY PERSONAL.

E. Green, Graduate '69, is teaching at Dardanelle, Ark.

J. S. Clark, Law Graduate, '69, is practicing law in Des Moines.

L. W. Billingsley, Law Graduate, '69, is married, and practicing law in Council Bluffs.

E. J. Rhodes, Normal Graduate, '69, is teaching in Ark., sixteen miles southeast from Clarksville.

Miss S. V. Graves, Normal Graduate, '69, has entered the First Class of the collegiate department.

## MARRIAGE.

On the 14th of October, at the Methodist parsonage, by Rev. E. K. Young, Mr. B. F. HARRINGTON, Iowa City, graduate of class '69, to Miss JENNIE HARRISON, a former student of the University.

Soon after the ceremonies of this happy and we trust congenial marriage were pronounced, the loving pair took the train for Atalissa, at which place Mr. Harrington is now principal of the Public School, assisted by efficient teachers including his worthy and faithful helpmate.

We wish this couple exceeding great joy, happiness and prosperity, hoping that their souls are harmoniously blended together, and knowing that the greatest good and highest hopes come to those whose hands, hearts, lives and destinies are linked by chords of divine love.

## QUERY ANSWERED.

*Editors Reporter:*

In your last issue you ask, "cannot phonography or short hand writing be introduced into our Academies and High Schools in such a manner as to be of advantage to the students who desire to take a collegiate course of study?" We answer with the utmost confidence, it can. There is one difficulty in the way, viz: students will not devote a reasonable amount of time to the study of the art. They seem to think that writing is too trifling, it will come of itself if left alone, hence it gets no attention.

Short hand-writing can be more readily learned than the common system. It is more legible, and will save a vast amount of time and labor, and were it generally introduced, our literary productions would be much finer productions, richer in thought, than they now are. Our best thoughts are often lost for want of the ability to transfer them to paper as they come fresh from the mint of the mind.

If desired, in a future number of the REPORTER, we will give some description of the systems of short hand in use, with some suggestions as to their practicability. "J."

[We shall be glad to receive communications on the subject above named.—Eds.]

At a meeting of the First Class, the following officers were elected for the present school year:

President, J. C. Matthews; Vice President, Miss K. F. Shepard; Secretary, W. Hoffman; Treasurer, L. Twining; Historian, C. H. Preston Orator, J. A. Pickler; Toast Mistress, S. V. Graves.

## OTHER COLLEGES.

We understand that one hundred and fifty students have entered the Freshman class of Yale.

Kentucky University has funds to the amount of \$332,389, and 41 professors, instructors and tutors.

The students of Middleburg College, Vermont, have gone to the Northwestern University, Evanstown, Ill.

Prof. Elton, of Brown University, has founded a scholarship of \$1,000 in the institution, to the memory of his wife.

The members of the literary societies of Trinity College are talking seriously of presenting their society libraries to the college.

The University of Deseret, in Salt Lake City, contains one hundred and twenty men and one hundred and three women students.

Sixty-seven colleges, last year, sent out 2,540 graduates; fifty-two colleges conferred 184 degrees, of which 99 were D. D.'s, and 44 LL. D.'s.

Anna Dickinson, and two other ladies have applied for admittance to the Michigan Law School with fair prospects of success.—*College Standard.*

The ladies' Literary Society of Albion College, has received permission from the Faculty to hold its sessions in the evening instead of the afternoon, as formerly.

A junior student at the Cornell University in rendering an account to his last term's expenses, entered an item: "Charity, \$30." His father wrote back: "I fear that 'Charity covers a multitude of sins.'"

Benjamin Brown, a graduate of Harvard, offers to give \$5,000 towards defraying the expenses of the Oxford crew, if they will consent to run the Harvards on either the Hudson or Charles rivers, next autumn.

## "DOWN BREAKS."

This was the subject of a lecture delivered by Miss Anna Dickenson, on the 28th of September, before the Y. M. C. A. of this city. It was truly a beautiful lecture. The irony and bitter sarcasm, which has characterized many of her former efforts was wisely omitted, and she spoke with a calmness and candor that was really charming and eloquent. She did not attempt to portray the grandeur of the scenery, which she beheld on her journey across the continent but gave a brief description of the country from Omaha to the Ocean, and remarked that the imposing thought was vastness and endlessness. A grasping, greedy spirit, she says, is manifested by the people of the West. Such as, "this country is mine," "these mines are mine," and they all labor to obtain the cream, thinking that they leave nothing but skim milk, but in reality, as yet, the cream has not begun to rise. She referred to the immense wealth of the Western country, and of the laborers who are to develop it. The Chinese are coming by thousands and will continue to come. And they are wanted notwithstanding newspaper reports to the contrary. Americans think themselves too well educated to do the drudgery of work. Mills and mines, which before immigration commenced, could not

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be made to pay, on account of the high price of labor, are now worked at one fifth of their former rates. Chinamen are doing the work and Americans are taking the lead, making twice the amount they could before, and in many cases becoming landed proprietors. She claimed that soon people from all nations will be pouring in here, that this rich country is God's inheritance to the nations of earth, and asked; what shall we do with them? We have brains but they have numbers, and asks, are we ready to be governed by Asia as New York is by Ireland? Are we to submit our questions of government to such men? Claimed that it is the duty of Americans to educate and Christianize them. America must raise China and Africa up or they will tramp America down. But, she said, Americans will not teach them, for they do not teach themselves, many of them do not even attend primary meetings, without which no man can do his whole duty at elections.

She claimed the tendency of government was to give the ballot to men of different nationalities, and prophesied that in '72 Salmon P. Chase will be carried into the White House on a negro platform. She then explained her subject as meaning Female Suffrage, and claimed it in order that the vote of America might outnumber that of Asia, Europe and Africa. We presume that under her dispensation the wives of our foreign brethren would not be allowed to vote?

She closed with eloquent appeals for the ballot and in behalf of the women of our country.

Miss Dickenson delivered a second lecture before the Y. M. C. A. on the eve of the 29th of September, on the subject, "Whited Sepulchers or Salt Lake City."

A large audience assembled to hear her.

She commenced by quoting the old proverb: "See Rome and die." In contrast she remarked; See Salt Lake City and live. For there is work to be accomplished—work for humanity. There is no cause for indolence on any part of the continent. Out west are huge plains and deserts, spots of which with little irrigation have brought forth abundance. God is a good worker but he loves to be helped. On a beautiful day of June, she first beheld the city of the Saints. One can scarcely behold a scene so beautiful, grand and majestic as that presented by the scenery around this city, but within lie the "Whited Sepulchers." The city is quiet, but it is the quiet of slaves. Hatred toward the United States and free institutions abounds. No man can be found so absolute as Brigham Young. He is more absolute than is the Czar of Russia over the destinies of his people. There are no gambling places; no rum holes, and no fighting is seen in the city. There are no public schools, but there are family schools, in which are educated the children of Brigham Young and those of his officials of State. There is no home feeling. Marriage is not a matter of love, but merely a union to multiply the race.

Upon beholding such loathsome and disgusting scenes, she exclaimed, "would to God I could die," but the afterthought was, no, I will live, there is work for me to do. She disapproved of the remarks made by certain government officials, in whose company she traveled, concerning Polygamy, and

especially of a speech made by one of said officials upon being serenaded by the inhabitants of Salt Lake City. "Nothing but religious enthusiasm could have brought you to this retired country," and he pledged the support of the government in building up their material interests. She went to the tabernacle, and there saw Jno. Todd, a man who is supposed to preach the Gospel. Upon being solicited, he arose and said: "We are all sinners together," and implied by his remarks that in the great hereafter, there will be no religious sects but all will be one in their heavenly Father's kingdom. What means such encouragement from Americans?

She said there are fewer women in the territory than men. The men who have the money have the wives, while six out of ten of the poor men have none.

She then spoke of the degradation of the women and of the sickly children. She contrasted the women of Salt Lake City with the women of America, and claimed that the condition of the latter was equally as bad as that of the former.

She gave some very forcible illustrations showing that woman's dress is not what it ought to be. Claimed that it should be free and easy as that which man wears. And closed with her usual exhortation in favor of Female Suffrage. Some of which was entirely unbecoming for a person of genius and refinement. We have given our notes thus full, because the lectures contained information of interest to all classes. From such thoughts as were presented one can form some estimate of the greatness and grandeur of our country and of the future of our Republic.

The above was prepared for publication last month, but for want of space could not be inserted.

EXCHANGES received since our last issue: *Yale Lit. Magazine*, *Brunonian*, *Packard's Monthly*, *Musical Independent*, *College Standard*, *McKendree Repository*, *Polytechnic*, *Hamilton Lit. Magazine*, *Western Home*, *Western Collegian*, *College Courier*, *Bethany Guardian*, *Denison Collegian*, *Southern Collegian*, *Madisonensis*, *College Review*, *Indiana Student* and *Mt. Vernon Collegian*.

This last, from our own State, is a new and welcome visitor. It is a neat sheet and well edited.

Why don't students subscribe for the REPORTER? Every member of the University ought to take a copy for himself and send one, at least, home.

We ought to have a circulation of two thousand. Every section of the State is interested in our institution and should receive a monthly report therefrom through the columns of its paper. The circulation in this city is not up to the full standard. Will not each one of you make a little effort in this direction? By so doing, we believe our circulation can readily be doubled.

FIRES.—During the past month no less than nine buildings have been burned to the ground, in this city. The incendiary is in our midst and it behooves the City Council to furnish protection against the fiend by procuring fire engines. No move seems to have been made, as yet. Truly, this is an enterprising city—thousands of dollars' worth of uninsured property destroyed in a single month without creating any special excitement.

## "IT IS LIFE--IT IS LIFE!"

The other day, a young man just in the prime of life, was passing down a street of our city, reeling from one side of the walk to the other, under the influence of intoxicating drink. On being asked why he allowed himself to be sunken to such depravity, exclaimed: "It is life—it is life!"

Such is the apology now almost universally made for every phase of human conduct.

The officer who swindles the government, counts himself an honest man, and when a sense of shame creeps over his being he exclaims: "It is life—it is life!"

The student who neglects his studies and seeks the gaming table for amusement, and is reproached for his conduct, exclaims: "It is life—it is life!"

The young lady, who wakes up at noonday, after a night of fashionable excitement, burdened with an ache and wearied from loss of sleep, consoles herself by exclaiming: "It is life—it is life!"

And of the thousand varied crimes committed against nature and nature's God in our midst all are accounted for by pleading: "It is life—it is life!"

But what is life? Precisely such as we make it. "The vices, crimes and corruption of life are only inevitable as our own self-abasement is inevitable—only inevitable as the influential cease to hold up the model man to the admiration and imitation of the youth of our land." We imperceptibly imitate the manners of those whom we admire; without any studied design on our part, we resemble those of the past who have gained our affection by greatness and renown, or those of the present by their generosity and esteem, and who justify our regard by the degree of their excellence. It is so between man and man, though the most consummate human character is but the shadow of perfection. How then, shall we abate the corruption and vices of life? A moral change must take place before this can be done. None but honest, virtuous men must be placed at the head of nations. None but men of strict integrity must be encouraged by our approbation and esteem. And then only at a dim distance in the future can we see the time when a stupendous moral revolution will take place in all civilized nations. The young and the gay, the rich and the noble will be no longer prejudiced against the Gospel of Christ, as if it were too strict a rule of duty for them to walk by consistently with happiness. The old and forgotten Gospel of Judea will wake up to new life in the hearts of the rich and the learned. The people everywhere will leap from their degradation with joy, and like the sun dial, all things will mark the bright heavens above. W. J. M.

A former Class in Physiology were one day considering the gradual change constantly going on in the physical constitution of man, and in connection therewith the professor remarked that it had been estimated that the body underwent an entire change once in seven years. The next day one of the students asked of the professor the following questions: You say that a man has a new body every seven years? Yes. So, if a man lives to be 70 years old, he will have had ten bodies? Yes. Well, now at the resurrection which body will he have? This was a stumper, and he was referred to a treatise on theology.

## BOOK TABLE.

HOME PICTURES OF ENGLISH POETS. Pp. 7-291.—This is a charming book for the fireside and school room. The writer is a woman; and with true womanly tact, she introduces us to a choice company of worthies: Chaucer, Spencer, Shakespeare and a dozen other later poets, the last of whom is poor "Rabie" Burns. The introduction is made without stiff bows, set speeches and freezing formalities; and the young reader will finish this book with the resolve to know more of his new acquaintances.

To bait such a reader to a fuller feast, the writer selects a few sweet morsels from the poetry of these authors.

Their reputation as men and as writers is set down in a number of the best English and American criticisms. As here presented, the life of each poet is made a winning story and a useful lesson.

The publishers have done their part in making the book what it is—*Home Pictures*. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

CONYBEARE & HOWSON'S LIFE AND EPISTLE OF SAINT PAUL. *Complete Unabridged People's Edition*. Pp. 5-917.—The first, or Scholar's edition, of this truly great work was issued from the English press nearly twenty years ago. It was received into favor from the first; and among Christian scholars it has ever since been considered a work of extraordinary value. Perhaps no other work of its kind has received such high praise; and perhaps none other has deserved more.

The *successful life* of a great man in a great period of the world's history is largely the subject of this book. The book has all the attractiveness of fiction with all the certainty of truth. The early life of the apostle, his education, conversion, teachings, labors, travels, sufferings, perils, persecutions and missionary career are here presented to our view under the light which learning, research and criticism throw upon them. Thanks to the authors whose sympathy with their subject, whose candor, ability and learning have given us a book, a model in spirit, faithfulness, thought and style. But the scholar's edition, on account of the many Greek, Latin and German quotations, was confined to a narrow circle of readers. A "People's Edition," therefore, was contemplated by the authors; and, after the death of Mr. Conybeare, was given to the public by Mr. Howson. Reprints and abridged editions of the work are now offered to the American public. Of all others which we have seen, we prefer the edition which heads this notice. It is "an *exact reprint* of the latest English "People's Edition;" and *differs from all others*, by the substitution, by the author, of translations and notes in English in place of numerous quotations and notes in foreign languages." This edition has also an able and eloquent dissertation by Prof. Leonard Bacon, of Yale College, and is commended by the most eminent divines and ablest scholars in all parts of the country.

The publishers are worthy of much credit for the make-up of this reprint.

The maps, charts and other illustrations, numbering over fifty, the strong white paper, the clear bold type and the neat binding are all in keeping with the internal merits of this valuable book.

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A "Bachelor's Club" has been organized at the Michigan University. The object of which is to hasten the day when women shall "think, act and plan for themselves." Will the ladies feel complimented? If so, cannot a chapter of the great and good brotherhood be established here?

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Fall term commences Sept. 16th and closes Dec. 22d.  
Vacation of two weeks, Dec. 23d—Jan. 6th, 1870.  
Winter term commences Jan. 6th, closes March 30th.  
Vacation of one week, March 30th—April 7th.  
Spring term commences April 7th, closes June 29th.  
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