THE AURORA.

Selected.
Frowning arches rising high,
Spanning all the northern sky,
Pouring from out their darkened portals
Floods of glory over mortals.

Swift the purple splendor rolled
Waves of amethyst and gold,
Flowing tides of violet, streaming
Till they kissed the stars' pale gleaming.

Hyacinthine ripples dash
With an ever-changing flash,
Bordered with prismatic fringes
And the lightning's vivid tinges.

Soon the gorgeous vision fled,
Its unearthly radiance shed;
Ceased its darting coruscations,
Gone its painted undulations.

BUN-HILL-IN-THE-FIELD, OCT. 14, 1860.

Hundreds of years ago, and long before London had reached its present dimensions, the locality bearing the above name was used as an outlying "field" where the dead of the city were buried. Tradition has it that it was an old Saxon burial-place, and a mound is pointed out as evidence of it; and herewith unnumbered dead of the centuries since have been laid. As early as the middle of the sixteenth century the dead were carried out of the charnel-house of St. Paul's Cathedral by the cart-loads and deposited here "in an heap." Their remains made a "Bone-Hill-in-the-Field," the foundation of the modern title, which is sometimes put for short "Bunfields."

The fourteenth of last month witnessed an imposing ceremony at this spot, which carries with it some special lessons. Five centuries ago the owner of the field made it over to the city of London in view of "services rendered to the church." Since that time the city has encompassed it, and the ground even if for no other use than to be built upon, has become immensely valuable. Two acres of ground enclosed by buildings and the great City Road, in the heart of London, could not but be such. Yet it never was a fashionable burial place. The titled nobility of their day, and the ones whom their contemporaries most praised while living, were not laid there, except after they had been forgotten and their room in the charnel house wanted for others.

Not long since an ecclesiastical commission revived a claim to the ground, with the understanding that they wished to use it for other purposes than a burial-place. Never did such a claim meet with such resistance. A feeling was aroused not merely in London but throughout the British dominion, which could not be withstood. In the end the claim was overruled, and the ground assured by Parliamentary decree to the corporation of London, to be used as now.

The ceremony alluded to grew out of this decree. It was the day of re-opening the grounds and re-consecration to their old use. Thousands upon thousands of all ranks took part in the ceremony. Churchmen and dissenters and men of no definite religious belief, vied with each other in doing honor to the departed. The Lord Mayor in official robes presided, and stirring addresses were listened to. From all accounts, it was like a pilgrimage en masse to a consecrated shrine.

And who are these dead who move this multitude to such a tribute? The squires and the kings are not here, are they? Have they ever laid any great warrior here, "to the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation"? No! The humble of their day, ones thought little of, and ones despised and shamefully treated, are here, and have won the day. The acre where they sleep has proven too valuable for all London to buy for the use of her shops. Look around and take account of the now mighty dead who are here, and we can name but few of the number. Do you notice that plain stone? Underneath it lies all that is mortal of Dr. Watts. The roar of London cannot drown the music of his sacred songs, nor her traffic place a loom over his head. There lies "the mother of the Wesleys," and the greed of gain this teeming city dare not make merchandise of the mould uptumed to receive one so honored among women. Yonder lies old George Fox, to whom "it was revealed" that "what other men trampled on" should be his "food," and it having been his "meat and drink" to labor for the down trodden, it is not meet these busy traders "trample on," his grave. Do you see that group around that stone, not higher than the head of many of the children who are part of it? Approach and read the inscription—Daniel Defoe, Author of Robinson Crusoe, who died April 24, 1731. His last resting place must not be invaded. More than chasteur with magic wand, the very children would cry out against the desecration. And somewhere here is where they laid Horne Tooko when dead. Off yonder stood the prison where they cast him, when living, because, along with other acts of like character, he made bold to propose "a subscription for the widows and orphans of those Americans who have been murdered by the king's troops at Lexington and Concord." Thanks! Thanks in the name of our country that his grave is thought precious! More valuable to us that one sentence than all his "Diversion." On one side of this cemetery, and overlooking the grave, are barracks wherein were quartered royal troops. If the late suit had been lost to humanity, I was going to say, it might have been that these soldiers' quarters would have taken in the grave. How unfit!

The British soldier marching and countermarching over the
lips which uttered such words for me! It must not be. One
other grave we must visit, before we leave. It seems
the great centre of attraction. The Lord Mayor is by it, in scarlet
and gold, and other notables with him. All day long, the
crowd come and go; The sculptor’s tool tells the whole story.
Saw, chiseled on this side the pilgrim with his burden, just
ready to sink; on that, the pilgrim kneeling, grasping the
cross, and the burden falling off, whilst on the top reclines
the sculptured form of John Bunyan. He had come up to
London through exposure, to reconcile alienated friends.
Thus finishing the work given him to do, he fell asleep, and
here is where they laid him. Immortal dreamer! Bedford
jail; a Bun-Hill burial; the impressive pageant of to-day; the
sons of persecutors calling the persecuted blessed, and
the commerce of London stayed in its onward sweep by the very
dust of a tinker!

“Verily there is a reward for the righteous: verily he is a
God that judgeth in the earth.”

SHORT-HAND WRITING.

The cotton-gin of to-day will accomplish, in a given time
what would have required the united labor of several hundred
men, fifty years ago. The six weeks of time and the thousand
dollars of money required in 1812, to transfer a cannon from
New York and plant it upon a fort at Buffalo, will at the present
day, if need be, send it round to thunder at the gates of the
Celestial Empire. The winged lightnings catch the warm words
from our lips and whistle them around the world in less time
than is required for placing ourselves in an attitude to write.
New discoveries and wonderful inventions are, day by day, intensitying our lives. Thought takes a wider range and dives
deeper into the mysteries of nature, but all the while dependent
upon the perfection of art for a faithful record of her research.
Wonderful as have been the discoveries in science, and great as have been the improvements in art, that art, by
means of which thought becomes visible and by means of which it is made imperishable, remains in statu quo.

What writing was centuries ago, with few modifications, it is to-day. While other useful arts have been greatly improved or altogether superseded, this has been a fixture, apparently beyond the reach of human ingenuity to improve.

A general orthographic reformation in the English language, many suppose, finds advocates only among the ignorant, or among the mentally indolent. This is a great mistake. Some of the best minds of the age advocate such a measure, and confidently expect at some future day it will be accomplished. Upon the general question, however, we have at present nothing to say, but only wish to say a few words in regard to the reform in the art of writing.

If time proves any thing in reference to written English, it is that its theory as a system, is essentially defective, for the
combined skill of penmen, during the lapse of centuries, has utterly failed to produce a natural and easy system of writing.
And we can hope for no relief from our present slavish chirography short of a radical change in its theory. Horace Mann
says: “English written language is an exceedingly rude instrument; instead of presenting a system of order, symmetry
and harmony, rather seems like the particles of chaos, sudden-
ly arrested in their tumultuous whirl, and petrified into immoveable and hopeless disorder.” Those who labor with the pen, understand the truth of this assertion. The same writer further says: “He who simplifies the means of communicating truth, is, in every respect, as great a benefactor as he who first discovers it.” Here is the deliberate judgment of one who has a right, to speak upon the subject. Horace Mann favored a radical change in our system of writing, not for the purpose of furnishing professional reporters with the means of reporting a speech verbatim, but for the purpose of bringing a new and practical system within the reach of all. He says: “With a system of characters adapted to our system of sounds, any common writer could report a speech, or copy a book quite as easily as a speaker could enunciate the words.

All, whose business or whose profession requires much use of the pen, understand perfectly well that various devices are employed for the purpose of lessening the labor of writing, wherever abbreviation is at all admissible; and that not in the orthography of the language alone, but in the rhetoric as well. This culling down process becomes absolutely necessary in many kinds of business writing, from the simple fact that time and space are too valuable to admit of a full representation in the ordinary manner of either the ideas or the words. Much must be left to be supplied by the intelligence of the reader, and so it may safely be left, for so common has the practice become that it is no longer regarded in the light of a necessity, but it is esteemed as good taste. And it is not a difficult task for the private individual to adopt some abbreviated method of writing, for personal convenience; but when it comes to writing for the public, it is quite a different matter, each word in every sentence must be full and complete, however much the labor may impede the flow of thought, or however much it may fatigue and exhaust the physical energies. We would not need to resort to these poor expedients, which necessity compels us to employ, were our system of writing what it ought to be, and were it what it might be.

The mind finds its flights greatly impeded when it attempts to drag the ponderous hand through a thousand tortuous and unnecessary windings; and the hand in the vain attempt to trace, in letters of graceful curve, the flying thought, forgets its cunning, and leaps from point to point, regardless of the character it is forming.

While it is a great blessing to have some system of writing whereby our thoughts may be put in tangible form, it is at the same time exceedingly unfortunate that this peer of arts is so imperfect. In consequence a vast amount of useless toil is entailed upon the race, and the progress of civilization and enlightenment is retarded. The mind is so fettered in the tedious process of writing, that its best thoughts are often lost, and the hand is forced to such unnatural exertion as to exhaust the physical forces, leaving the mental organism unfit for long-continued effort. Can these evils be remedied? is the practical and important question. Several authors are before the public with their systems of short-hand writing, claiming to have given a practical answer to the question.—

In another article we may take occasion to refer to some of these systems of writing, with a view of testing their capabilities.

“Jay.”
TO THE FRIENDS WHO HAVE SO KINDLY GATHERED TO LISTEN TO THE CLOSING EXERCISES OF OUR SCHOOL DAYS, WE BID A CORDIAL WELCOME. WE FEEL BOTH THE ADVANTAGES AND DIFFICULTIES OF THE POSITION WE HOLD TO-DAY, KNOWING THAT MUCH IS REQUIRED OF US, AND, FEARING BEST WE DO NOT EXPECT EXPECTATIONS. YET WE COME BEFORE YOU BOLDLY, SUCH AS WE ARE, AND WISH TO BE THOUGHT NO BETTER, NO WORSE. WE DO NOT WISH TO STARTLE YOU WITH STRANGE NEWNESS OF IDEAS, AND WE ASK YOUR ATTENTION TO THE THOUGHTS WE MAY UTTER, NOT AS WORDS ARRANGED AND ADORNED FOR PUBLIC SHOW, BUT AS THE TRUE SENTIMENTS OF OUR HEARTS.

The time has come when we are to bid farewell to College Halls, Professors and class-mates and enter into a school differing much from this; more practical, more complicated in its plan than this, more extensive in its associations, a school in which we must study, be the lesson taught pleasant or otherwise, till death confers a degree. As yet we cling to the link which connects the clearly defined page of the past to the unfolded one of the future, we find ourselves almost unconsciously asking, What Next? and we would fain read the words so clearly guarded from our view.

To the world in general, to the life before us we bid a welcome, but with the words yet on our lips we hesitate and ask, What are we welcoming? We cannot tell, but imagination is active, and many a shadow within of futurity floats before the mind.

We picture useful, happy days, crowned with bright flowers, and with no clouds of sorrow or disappointment hovering near, but, when in the depths of our spirits calm reflection comes, the answer is, you are welcoming a future, you must make for yourselves. Then 'tis not for us to rest but to be active; to use all the energies of which we are possessed to become what it is given us to be. This we cannot do without earnest labor; but who would shrink when the world is anxiously waiting to know what can be done, with its thousands of doors to usefulness open and inviting entrance! 'Tis not for us to hesitate as to what 'tis best to do—this perhaps we can never really know farther than that with our imperfect judgments, we decide what is right, and acting thus may safely trust results in the hands of a higher Power, but we can ever study—ever learn, and if we will, mould our action after a standard worthy in itself, and whose perfections shall ennoble us—but we ourselves must build the ladder by which we are to rise above the clouds of earth, and breathing the air of purer knowledge, lead more noble lives. Nor is the way so hard that any need despair. Every difficulty met and conquered, is a foothold gained in the path toward earthly success, and every good deed done is a step toward heaven.

Viewing it thus, who can sit idly still while there is that to do which will arouse latent energies, stir the deepest feelings of the soul, and animate human powers to action. It will not answer to pass any thing by, for the items of this earthly existence make up the completeness of eternity, and if the work be great, attempt it still. We may succeed, we can but fail, and surely that were better than not to act at all. One need not expect to pass along as though learning an easy lesson, for through life mortals must work.

Stumbling at best learners will,
Striving to see with close eyes,
Why earth was molded thus and so,
Dying at last not over wise.

Some one has said that life is too short to learn to read; and so it is, to comprehend the extent of a Creator's power, the sinfulness of a fallen race, and the fullness of a Redeemer's love, but it is long enough to answer life's great end. Yet how often do mankind fail, forgetting there is an end to be obtained. We build our faith on hopes, pursue shadowy phantoms, and grasping for treasures scatter a few dead leaves to the wind.

The mind would be unfettered and create scenes untouched by love— fraught with enjoyment purer than the refreshing breeze, and when reality touches the picture, nearing the perfection of its coloring, the hand is evermore staid from action lest its work be disturbed. But why? If the weak visions of our fancy proved prophetic, the longing of the soul would ever remain unsatisfied. No! We may well be thankful that our destinies are placed in firmer hands. Again, some are so fond of walking level paths, that if in their wanderings an elevation lies before them, they prefer going around to climb it; lest the exertion weary them. Such never stop to remove the rubbish from around their feet which forbids the growth of nature's robe, much less do they appreciate any of her works, but rejoicing in the even tenor of their ways, retrace their steps, again and again. They crush the energies which call for action, and hold the noble powers in check, till baffled and wearied they sink back, returning fainter each time to the attempt, until at last exhausted they are laid away and heard of no more. Such is truly an aimless life, and the record is sadly traced above.

And some strive to appear what they are not, and cloaking their pretensions with the garb of frankness and humility, often succeed for a while; but as well fasten fresh leaves to a dead tree and expect them to renew its life, as to attribute motives to the heart it does not possess and expect it to be changed by them. The noontide sun withers the foliage and its beauty is gone; the light of truth fades the garment of deceit, and it ever after disgraces the wearer. True mind speaks for itself and needs no advocate, but the attempt to represent talent in a false light is derogatory to its best interests. To be, not to be thought is the task to stir the soul, and with this end in view, those who strive to reach it, seldom fail. They think deeply, earnestly, pondering the past and noting the imperfections, the failures that lie along its path, strive in future to avoid such, and for sin and sorrow had clouded their sky they do not despair, for humble repentance wins loving forgiveness and brings happiness to the erring heart. Nor need they fear lest because of these dark hours their efforts in the future bear no limit. The flowers that blossom in the night time are more fragrant than those of the day before, for the shadows and the dew have purified and given to them a sweeter life. Then 'tis for mortals to do and do well whatever comes within their reach looking each day to something better, wiser and holier. The world, with its strong mixtures of humanity, praises and condemn till reflection is sometimes lost in the whirl of excitement. But there is a higher tribunal in our own self-consciousness, and if we struggle bravely for truth and right, we rest secure. We cannot calculate results, but if we are firm in our endeavors, approaching a life work with the safeguard of pure motives striving diligently to see where duty lies, glorious results must follow efforts thus nobly made.
our University, and what we think of it.

We have heard our elders speak in praise of the scholar's attachment to his alma mater, always referring to it as if the feeling was the most natural thing in the world. Are we right in supposing that such a feeling is a growth and not a sudden impulse? The period of actual connection with the institution is that in which the seed of this, as well as of many other good things, is sown and springs up, so that in this respect our editorial corps and their associates in the University have some advantages which are denied others. We hope we will be permitted to refer to some thoughts which arise in view of our relation, provided we do it soberly.

And in the first place, it strikes us that after making due allowance for youthful fervor and hopefulness, the spirit of the corps is pretty nearly what it should be. There is certainly more than satisfaction with one another and our instructors and our work, in the great majority of cases. There is an impression that in providing the means and appliances for instruction which are within our reach different ones have done well for us, and that the increase of these means is to some good extent keeping pace with the demands. How far we improve them is not for us to say.

We find some time to think of what a University is and are conscious of an inclination to entertain the thoughts and give them shape. The idea that there is here an institution offering to us facilities for graduating in that line of study which we prefer, and for following it up, even beyond graduation if we wish, under the instruction which the State provides, and that we are part of it, has a stimulating effect. We take our place in a great body whose members are reckoned by thousands, and who are in the line of advancement.

We are not ashamed of what is special to our University. Not all Universities open their doors to as many as may choose to come, who are prepared to take advantage of what is before them, and this without any distinction whatever. The propriety of teaching sons and daughters together, after leaving the common school, is questioned by some, we know. Indeed, as we learn from our exchanges, it is just now a vexed question in the management of some of our sister institutions, but with us the question is settled. The managers of our University seem never to have thought of any other arrangement than the one existing at present, and they have gone forward, we believe, without a shadow of regret in this particular. Their experience has given them assurance. And why should it not have done it? If a management of near half a score of years, with the good of some four hundred students annually to be provided for, and not a single case of discipline in all that time, which can be traced to this special feature—as we have heard a Professor say—does not assure, we do not know what would. And the thing has been done without blowing of trumpets over it. Perhaps the friends of the University have been a little too modest in the matter, for it is certainly worth knowing; and we have reason to believe that there are many who think themselves pretty well informed upon matters pertaining to University instruction in our country who are ignorant of it. Even Appleton's Journal, we notice, has fallen into the error of stating that such a feature is quite a new one in University instruction and that Cornell has the problem of co-education, as it is called, in higher institutions yet to solve.

We have an impression too that there is an influence for good upon us from the connection of our University with the State. Now we are not about to affirm that a man is born to honor by being born in Iowa, nor that one in choosing it as his residence becomes learned simply because of his choice, nor that those who are with us from other states of the Union and elsewhere, are of an inferior order of talent, for we know better. Have we not all access to the same advantages? Long may there be such mingling of residents of different localities. To the praise of the good State be it spoken that, in this particular as in many others, she tends her privileges to all who may come.

And yet the thought that one's own State makes the provision has a potent influence. We do not know anymore favorable condition under which love of country can be imbibed and strengthened than the one in which we are. All that we see and hear is so full of her beneficent presence that none but the most insensible can remain indifferent to her claims. We take it that in such surroundings there is not that need of textbooks from which to teach these claims, that there might otherwise be. Every day and every hour we come so near them that we must feel them, and the exhibition is such as to win. Elsewhere the State makes provision for checking disorder; here she provides for the cultivation of every thing that is good and true. She invites her children to partake of her store with the understanding that they will spend their strength in a profitable service. By what she offers she says as plainly as can be said, "I do not want ignorant service." We accept her offers and are glad.

Woman's Mission.

Home is the magnet of every true life, around which all the finer feelings of our nature are attracted, and to which memory clings the most fondly. It is the horizon in which all our affections seem to rise and set, indeed the word falls with a musical sound upon the ear.

Who has not felt the thrill of rapture kindle in his bosom when for a length of time he has been separated from home as he again finds himself nearing this sacred spot? What pleasant memories do we cherish of that home of our childhood, which in looking back through the misty past seems to have contained so much of real enjoyment.

This is indeed the case where home is made what it should be, and is not distorted and embittered by family broils and dissensions, which have driven many young men and even women from their homes, and been the means in too many cases of bringing them to miserable and ignoble ends.

These things all speak to us of the powerful influence which they exert for good or evil over the life and character of every one. Within the home circle does every true mother find her highest mission. It is hers to impart the first lessons of the mind; to form the habits, mould the character and shape the destinies of those committed to her care. It is hers to care.
fully prune every evil principle that may spring up in the youthful mind and to properly train and encourage those that are right. To early instill those principles of religion which will insure stability and fixedness of purpose in the man, and Christian graces in the woman. Truly, woman's mission, when properly understood, is great and noble one; and the influence which she may and does exert over the human race, no less important.

We are all ready to admit that the condition of our nation to-day might have been very different, had not Washington possessed such an excellent mother.

This influence of woman is well understood by the Church of Rome, and we see her endeavoring to beguile young ladies of Protestant families into her various female seminaries, where sisters of charity are engaged in winning them over to the Romish faith, and thus whole families are in the end gained to that church.

Governments of the old world that have hitherto kept woman in a condition of ignorance, are awakening to the fact that she wields a mighty influence over the nation by controlling the minds of the young, and are therefore giving to her a more liberal education; and we look on and rejoice at the fact and hail it as an omen of a brighter future. And we say too that every University and College of our own land should throw open wide their doors for the admission of woman, and that she should have every advantage for the cultivation of her faculties, and having obtained this, we believe that woman will not look upon the ballot box as the means whereby to accomplish her mission in life, nor seek for glory and renown in legislative halls and upon judicial benches, but in that higher sphere of educating the mind and molding the character of the young. In so doing she will win for herself her highest honor, and by giving to the world great men, will erect to herself her brightest monument.

We discard the assertion as false, that the present condition of a mother is degrading and that she does not command the respect of her sons, for every true mother is enthroned in the affections of her children, and every true son holds that mother in becoming reverence.

GEORGE PEABODY.

On the 4th ult., at his residence in Eaton Square, London, died the distinguished George Peabody, a man whose patronage of learning, and munificent charity have earned him grateful remembrance, both here and beyond the Atlantic. A brief notice of one who was so truly the student's friend will not be out of place in the columns of the Reporter.

Geo. Peabody was born at Danvers, Mass., Feb. 18th, 1795. He had no advantages of early education, as we commonly accept the term, but spent much of his boyhood clerking, in his native town and elsewhere.

He had been for sometime in business with his uncle, in Georgetown, D. C., when the war of 1812 broke out, and, though under age, he joined the army as a volunteer. After the war he returned to Georgetown, and entered the drapery business in partnership with a friend who kindly furnished the capital.

This proved the beginning of his life-long success; a foundation on which he steadily built. At the age of 31 he was at the head of the establishment, including branches in New York and Philadelphia, with headquarters at Baltimore. He now made frequent business trips to England, till 1837, when he became a permanent resident of London. Six years later he established there a commission agency and banking house and gave up his American business.

Throughout his life, Mr. Peabody was noted for his liberality. He seems early to have resolved, that, if blessed with success he would scatter blessings, and was wise enough, in fulfilling this resolve, not to defer his benefactions till death should deprive him of their oversight.

The following condensed list of his principal donations attest both the liberality and wisdom of the giver:

In 1831, he bore the entire expense of the American Dept., at the Crystal Palace, $2,500.

In 1832, he gave for some Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, $10,000.

Subsequently:

For the Peabody Institute, at Danvers, over $200,000
For an educational institution in Baltimore, $1,400,000
To various libraries in the U. S., in all, $11,000
To the Peabody Institute of Archeology, Cambridge, $150,000
To found a Geological branch at Yale, $150,000
To various other institutions of learning in the U. S., in all, $230,000
Gift to the London Poor, in all, about $2,000,000
For a Southern Educational Fund, in all, $2,500,000 Total, over eight million dollars.

Mr. Peabody was a courteous kindly, well-built man, and whether or not to his credit, a life-long bachelor. When we look on the portrait of this real lover of his race, the many form and genial features of one who could take to his heart the suffering poor for a family; could walk in the blinding dust of wealth from youth to old age without growing cold and selfish; such an one demands our highest respect and admiration for the strong soul within which kept him thus noble in so dangerous a course.

Some men, like Washington, are born to advance the human welfare by soldier's sword and counsel; some, like Watts and Morse, by calling into useful activity long hidden natural forces; others by uniting zeal in the learned professions or uniting physical toil. Each is honored for his especial work but from them who, gifted with the tradesman's talent, stand as the middlemen of commerce, we are wont to expect but little humanitarian labor. If but honesty be observed in buying and selling, we look for no more. Such noted exceptions, however, as Lawrence, Girard, Peabody and Stewart must teach us to make less hasty generalizations:

Men like these, working boldly, skillfully and honestly on the sea of trade, as civilization makes it, bring in cargo after cargo of fairly earned treasure, which, by the process of accretion, becomes possessed of a most wonderful power. Very many have this talent of acquiring wealth, but too often they suffer its hoarded strength to break in unforseen ruin on themselves and their friends and be scattered once more by the ebbing tide. It is the merit of men, like those above enumerated that they have wisdom to apply their dangerous talent. They stand in the gateways to giant reform, scientific research and humanitarian projects, and give courage and aid to those who are fit and longing to enter.
From lips shrill
But all with it pour
Blind rage goes within that world untried?
To love illia
My heart at the rising day
Can not make and marred me
At least, I may not hate,
What wonder it is
Deep grief that separates
The quick and dead?

No horror hangs
Around the soul at Dissolution's touch,
To bow
My spirit, wrings my heart so much,
As do Bereavement's pangs
That torture now.

I would forego
My hope of Heaven, could I thus restore
This one
And bind him to me evermore:
Then would we dare the wo:
Of souls undone!

My fiery breath
Grows icy on his brow; upon his cheek
No flame
Enkindles at my kiss; I shriek
In vain; the throat of Death
Laughs back his name.

Hear me! hear me!
—Break from the durance of this damned sleep
And spurn
And brave and thwart the foes who keep
My going hence to thee
Or thy return!

Not powerless!
I yet can hate, defy, and even curse
The Power
Who made and marred me thus! What worse?
And more I can do—yes,
And from this hour
I'll take thy hand:
A hungry fire feeds on my throbbing brain!
So sick
Is this my heart with crying pain?

Here stings do poison, and—
My love, be quick!
Give me thy hand:
What dir of rushing waters do I hear?
Be still!
I did not think the flood so near!
It leaps up where I stand,
And, oh! how chill!

Thy hand—out—stretch!
The light—who blotted out the shining day!
O, Heaven—
He calls me—I have missed the way!
I cannot come!—O, wretch—
In dying—even!

Heard he her voice of pleading as he walked
To the Shadowed Valley! Earth Love defied
Does it go with us thro' the Dark Between?
And there is it the mightiest of all?
I answer not: But yet Harlewyn lived.
A cold, stark face pressed hard against his brow;
Still, Iced fingers clasped his wrist around;
And he sat up, as one would in a dream;
He listened for the music of her words;
He looked for welcome in her stony eyes;
With failing lips he murmur'd: "Here am I!"
But she had gone before—

The grave-men entered saying: "Here we are,
And will not go again without his corpse."
With dying lips he murmur'd, "Here am I!"
These words, for other ears, amazed they heard;
And marked the risen and the fallen one;
Then, haunted by a sickening terror fled
The house, and left the dying with the dead.

Music

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."
And when darkness had been changed to light, when order had come out of chaos, when the vast deep had received its limits, when all the inhabitants of the sea had been formed, when life had been given to birds and beasts, and when twigs and flowers had been fashioned, and when man stood in the midst—the crowning work—the image of his Creator; then the morning stars sang together for joy. From that grand jubilence through all succeeding ages, the whole Universe has been filled with music.

The poet has sung of the music of the spheres.
"Forever singing as they shine, The hand that made us is divine!"

Though but a sweet dream of fancy, what wonder that the bard was inspired by the thought? We can imagine the harmony produced by the sublime orchestra. Brisk little Mercury and Venus carrying the Soprano, the graver, deeper Alto swelled by Earth and Mars, while from Saturn, Herschel and Jupiter pours forth the mighty Bass, The Satellites with all the very tone supplying trills and variations. How must the region of space resound with the echo of such a song! But we need not go beyond our own little world—Listen to the music of the ocean. Proudly, triumphantly it boasts of the treasures within its depths—of the precious freights of richly laden ships, of the coves of coral and stores of pearls. But these are not all. Beneath these surging waves are thousands of pale sleepers.
And as we listen, the music is changed. The majestic tones are softened, saddened, and now a solemn dirge ascends.

Fierce old Boreas, sweeping over our prairies, tossing the snow and whistling about our dwellings, has a wild weird music of his own. And who has not been impressed by the strange and music of these falling Autumn leaves? Truly Nature has done her part to make this a world of song.

We hear it in the warbling of birds and the hum of bees, in the roaring of the cataract and the silvery tinkle of the tiniest brook, in the bowing of winter blasts and the sighing of summer breezes.

But man, not satisfied with all these, brings art into requisition. Long ages ago, the first musical instrument was formed by Tubal Cain, from a single reed. This would seem but a poor attempt at melody, compared with the flutes and guitars and pianos and melodones that have succeeded. But no doubt its music was as pleasing to the ear of its inventor as the grand tones of the organ to the cultivated taste of the present day.

The finished performer who has played our music to the most difficult compositions, perhaps takes no more delight in it than does the beginner in the simple first walks. By practice and culture we learn to appreciate higher types, but although the lofty strains of the great masters may touch our hearts and stir our very souls, those do not detract from the beauty and power of the simple melodies so dear to all. That is not a true musical taste which can only be gratified by intricate combinations, scorrning the homely ballad—the people's songs.

Perhaps no one realizes the great influence exerted upon him by music. Imagine yourself deprived of it. Suppose no praises were hymned to God, no home songs sung, no merry glees, no joyous choruses, no note of music breathed by human voice. What tides of emotion would be stifled in the breast, for feelings may be poured out in song which feeble words cannot express. You may love your country, but what can so thoroughly arouse or so fully express your patriotism as the thrilling tones of "Hail Columbia" or the "Star Spangled Banner?" A musical voice may justly be regarded as one of the sweetest gifts of heaven. But if any of us are deprived of this, there yet remains the utterance of gentle words, which are as music to a sorrowing spirit.

Then with music above, around us, may our hearts be filled also, that we may be prepared to join in the ceaseless anthem of Eternity.

**November Meteors.**

The report of the "star shower" this year is necessarily short. At the request of Prof. Leonard a company of observers was organized consisting of the members of Prof. L's former classes, together with Prof. Gow and members of his classes. These divisions were formed to watch respectively on the nights of the 13th, 14th and 15th of Nov.

According to the observations last year, the greatest number of meteors was not expected before the morning of the 14th. On the morning of the 14th, however, a party of students collected at the University for the purpose of tracing constellations, counted 40 meteors between 4 and 5 o'clock A.M. The duration of the meteors was generally very short. A number left trains, but few seemed to emanate from the same point in the heavens. They had all the characteristics of the "Nov. meteors." Some left colored trains and as they traced their lines of light across the sky they seemed like old friends.

At this time the sky was clear with the exception of a few clouds along the northern horizon. Every thing indicated that the earth had entered the meteoric stream and that the display would be fine. But it was the only observation made. During the three succeeding nights the sky was completely veiled in clouds. Not a break occurred that we might know what was passing behind the curtain. Nor at the present writing do we have any reports from other places which would enable us to form an opinion in regard to the breadth of the meteoric stream, though the observations of the morning of the 18th would seem to indicate a shower nearly as extensive as that of last year.

Observations of the Nov. meteors have been yearly made at this point since 1866 and have heretofore been very satisfactory.

It would perhaps be not uninteresting to give a short summary.

Those of 1868 under the observation of Prof. Hinrichs were the first. 33 meteors were counted the morning of the 13th, 440 the morning of the 14th. That year the shower was not as great in America as in Europe.

In 1867 and 1868 the observations were under the direction of Prof. Leonard. In 1867 occurred the great shower; the number actually counted in 4 hours was over 5000, estimated by Prof. L at one-twentieth the number which might have been seen had not the moonlight interfered.

The earth passed through the meteoric stream or ring between 1 o'clock A.M. and 7 o'clock P.M., Nov. 14th.

In 1868 observations were made at two points (Iowa City and Blairstown) for the purpose of obtaining data to compute the height, velocity, &c., of the meteors. The number was not considered material, though the display was brilliant. It was estimated that the breadth of the stream passed through by the earth was twice that of the previous year. The results of the computation of the heights, &c., were very satisfactory and are now in the hands of Prof. Leonard. Standing alone the observations of a single year are barren, but in Meteoric Astronomy, as in other branches of physical science, it is only when facts have been first laboriously accumulated that general laws can be deduced.

J. H. KOOGLER.

General Jackson was once "stamping it" in Tennessee, and labored a long time to get his audience electrified. It was no go; they wouldn't cheer worth a cent. Finally one of his friends behind him whispered: "Tip'em some Latin, General, they won't be satisfied without it." "Old Hickory" was for a moment nonplussed; but happening to remember a few phrases he knew, he straightened himself up, waved his hand majestically, and shouted, "E pluribus unum! Multum in parvo! Ad quad damnum! Pro bono publico, versus vani; veni, veci, quantum, quantum, quantum!" The effect was marvelous. Men clasped each other frantically around the waist, while tears streamed down their cheeks. Then, from that dense throng rolled a shout of applause, which was heard for miles around.

J. E. Patterson, Prof. of Latin, Kentucky University, says:

"From a cursory examination of Bulloin's Latin-English Dictionary, I would pronounce it the best Academic and College Lexicon before the American public."
Thanksgiving Day, in accordance with the time honored custom at this institution, was observed with a festival.

When we laid aside our books, on the Wednesday preceding, we could think on the morrow with a degree of satisfaction, which was somewhat increased because there were to be no more recitations until the following Monday. The morning was pleasant and those of us who attended the union services at the M.E. Church were led to reflect with attention upon the greatness of our country and upon the many blessings which, as a nation, we have received from the hand of God during the past year. About noon the snow commenced falling and at evening it had covered the ground to the depth of six inches. This occasioned many anxious inquiries concerning the Festival. But a snow storm was not the thing to dispense with festivities. And when all had assembled, they formed a joyous company apparently all the merrier because of the cold blasts without. The band employed to furnish music added much to the merriment of the occasion.

At 10 o'clock refreshments were announced and all invited to repair to the South Hall, where we found tables nicely arranged and decorated and supplied with a great variety of good things pleasing to the palate. The selections of the caterers were truly commendable and the duties of the entire Committee performed in a creditable manner. After spending an hour in the room of plenty, we returned to the chapel, enjoyed a pleasant promenade and then separated for our various homes, each one rejoicing over the festivities just closed.

Y. M. C. A.—A few changes have recently been made in the constitution and by-laws of the association in this city, changes which have brought the associate and active members nearer on an equality of privileges. Heretofore the former were denied several privileges by the constitution which now grants to them equal privileges with this distinction, that they are ineligible to office. The initiation fee was also reduced from $2.00 to $1.00. We are glad to see these changes. They indicate improvement, and will have a tendency to widen the field of labor and usefulness in the cause of Christianity. By the newly revised constitution there is a more favorable inducement extended for non-members of the different evangelical churches to join the association, thus bringing themselves into a more intimate relationship with and under a greater religious influence of professed Christians.

Students, file your papers, and when you have one or more volumes, bind them. We have had the pleasure of examining last year's volume bound by W. J. Medes, and we pronounce it a very neat little book. It is quite interesting even at this early date to look over the columns of the first volume. You see there many familiar names of your old associates, many of those with whom you have made daily recitation, and whose voices were frequently heard in the Society halls, and occasionally at public rhetoricales; but who are now engaged in various pursuits in different parts of the State and country. Interest in these papers will increase as time rolls on. After you have gone out into the world and settled down in life, even though you may continue your subscription, yet you will ascertain that the old numbers are ever readable, and you will peruse them with many happy thoughts and pleasant recollections of by-gone days.

LAW DEPARTMENT.—The following items of personal interest relate to graduates of the Law Department, when not otherwise expressed.

No less than five members of the class of 1866 are members of leading law firms in the capital of the State. Edgar T. Ensign is in partnership with the well-known Adjutant-General of the State, under the firm of Baker & Ensign. Geo. L. Godfrey is in the firm of Grant & Godfrey. Benjamin F. Kauffmann is a partner of C. C. Nourse, formerly Attorney General and District Judge. Wm. J. Sherman is in the firm of Smith & Sherman, and Thomas S. Wright, formerly a student of the Academic Department also, is a partner of Thomas W. Withrow, Esq., formerly Reporter of the Supreme Court. Two other members of this class held similar positions, but have been removed by death at the very outset of a promising career. Jasper Woodford, of the firm of North & Woodford, and Melville C. Wright, of the firm of Williamson & Wright.

S. S. Etheridge of the same class, is also practicing at Des Moines, and Joseph Lyman at Council Bluffs.

Of the class of 1867 Wm. W. Baldwin, (a graduate of the Academic Department also, in the class of 1866,) is connected with the well-known firm of J.C. & J.B. Hall, of Burlington. R. N. Baylies is in Kansas. T. R. Ercanbrack is in partnership with C. R. Scott, late District Attorney of Judicial District, at Anamosa. Matthew Phelps and Edward Preyn are both practicing law at Grinnell, Poweshiek county, and David and Robert Ryan are both at Newton, Jasper county. J. D. Rivers is a partner of D. O. Finch, Esq., of Des Moines, and T. B. Wilson is practicing at Ashland, Saunders county, Neb.

Of the class of 1868, E. R. Alsop, J. W. Brown, and H. M. Kirkpatrick are practicing in Missouri. W. J. Deweese and Thomas Ryan are in partnership at Pella, Marion county, Ia. James B. Donnan is in the firm of W. G. & J. B. Donnan, Independence, Ia. John W. Harvey is in that of Young & Harvey, Leon, Ia. Samuel Holmes is practicing at Fremont, Fremont county, and Craig L. Wright (graduate of Collegiate Department also, class of 1867,) is in partnership with Wm. L. Joy, at Sioux City. One member of the class, Mr. Ellis W. Lamb,
A QUESTION OF INTEREST.

What will the Legislatures, convening the present winter, do for the advancement of education in their respective States? This is a question of special interest to all. Never, perhaps, since the organization of our government have the people been so generally interested in educational matters as at the present time. Immigrants, in so small numbers, and of every nationality, are on our shores and myriad's more only await the responding notes of success from those already here. The Chinaman will soon mingle with the citizens of Iowa and Massachusetts as he does now with those of California. Ignorance and civilization are meeting face to face. If the former receives the ballot the conflict will be for the preservation of Republican principles. These depend upon the intelligence of the people. Ignorance has prevented the rise of Republicanism in Spain, and the same, if not tried, in the crucible of the educator, may cause the brightness and glory of America's best hopes to fade before they bloom. Then, before none do these considerations come more directly, than before the legislators of the several States. For, whether this new element exerts an influence upon American society, depends the advancement of learning and science among the masses. And, to this end, cannot each State well afford to support at least one University, with the doors of all the schools comprising it open and free to all. The country needs better educated teachers, lawyers, physicians and ministers; and the University should be the place to bring them out. Let denominations and private individuals establish the best schools possible, according to their means. But let the State establish and furnish with the proper appliances the crowning center of the educational system. Ohio has two State Universities; but they are weakly because not properly supported. No appropriation can be made to one without provoking jealousy on the part of the other. What they need is consolidation. Michigan, Indiana, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Virginia and Iowa, each have a State University, and even the territory of Nebraska has appropriated $128,000 for the erection of a University building. All, no doubt, will say it is well they have been established, for in most cases they have received liberal endowments from the general government.

But having admitted this, if requests for money are made of the Legislature to promote the efficiency of these institutions, there are those who contest them with great ardor. They do so on the ground that the mass of the people are not interested? How is this? Does not the early history of men of prominence controvert their theory? It does. Numberless examples come to mind at once. In Chicago and our larger cities men of eminence who have come up as rich men's sons are rarely found. Many of the youth from our own State who are to occupy positions of honor and trust will come from the farm on the prairie, or from the mill by the river, or perchance from the log cabin in the backwoods. These are the ones for whom those interested in education ask appropriations from the Legislature.

It is said that other Colleges can do this. It is true there are numerous Colleges in the State. Some rank well and are doing a good work. But do they furnish the required facilities for scientific research? We claim they do not. Many are merely academies and none offer advantages to those desiring a professional education. A University that shall meet the educational demands of the State is what we want. Will our legislators give the subject their candid consideration?

WHAT IS GOING ON IN GERMANY.

We find under the above title, in the Moniteur Scientifique, August 1, 1869, an excellent account, briefly summarising the history, progress, and present state of the Prussian universities. The most ancient of these is that of Greifswald, founded in the year 1456; the youngest is Bonn, founded in 1819. Leaving the Austrian dominions altogether out of the question, Germany, that is to say, the North German Confederation and the Southern Independent German States, contain together 19 universities, with 773 ordinary, and 940 extraordinary professors, and 842 repetitores, and, collectively, frequented by an average of 14,983 students.

Some of these institutions have large revenues; foremost among these is Tuebingen, Wartemberg, with an annual revenue of 100,000 florins (about $60,000). All of these universities are under government control, and the expenses are met by regular grants made with great liberality. The population of this portion of Germany amounts to about 36,000,000, and the area, in German geographical square miles, amounts to about 10,000. — Chem. News, Oct., 1869.

Mr. Tilton, in answer to a correspondent, defines his position in regard to the classics:

"We believe that to house a young man in a university which, like Oxford, makes it his chief business to devote the best part of his youthful years to the reading of Latin and Greek authors is a great perversion of scholarly ambition and a great squandering of human endeavor. Nevertheless, to say that the Greek and Latin tongues are dead, and to forget that they still live in the vital breath of our English speech, is to overlook out of sight one of the fundamental elements of a good English education. It must always be true that a man who has never opened a Latin reader or a Greek grammar, who has never mastered a Latin declension or attacked a Greek verb, must suffer all his life-long the lack of a certain fine, interior knowledge of our own immortal mother tongue. Anglo-Saxon, as we are, our daily speech nevertheless resounds with a never-ending echo from Greece and Rome."

We are not to be commended so much for the high moral and intellectual plane we are now on, as for the progress we are making toward a higher.

Mr. Eliot is the seventh President Harvard University has had in twenty-five years. Four of them — Quincy, Everett, Sparks and Felton — are dead.
**MARRIAGE.**

Nov. 11, 1869, at the residence of W. C. Linton, Farmer-
ensburg, Iowa, by Rev. Wm. Cobb, of the M. E. Church, Wm.
C. McNeil, Monona, to Miss Jennie C. Barber.

We clip the above from the *North Iowa Times.*

Mr. McNeil was a member of class ’22; is a genial fellow
and made many warm friends while in attendance upon the
University.

We wish him all the joys of a married life.

**OBITUARY NOTICES.**

Died, at the residence of her father, in this city, Nov. 9th,
1869, Miss Nellie Griffith, aged nineteen years. She was
a former student of the University.

Gentle, sweet voiced Nellie! So you too are gone! Never
again shall we hear that merry laugh of yours,—never again
be cheered and inspired by the beautiful sympathies of your symp-
thath voice. Your delicate spirit—bright and full of promise
like a spring day—died at the approach of winter, to enter
those regions of everlasting beauty, where winter is unknown
and which are the true home of such as you.

Died, at the residence of her father, near Iowa City, Nov.
26th, 1869, Miss Mary E. Colburn, aged nineteen years.

How sadly the words fell upon the ear of Teachers and Stu-
dents, "Mary Colburn is dead." We knew she was ill, very
ill, but it did not seem possible that one so full of bounding
life and so beloved could so soon pass away. Last June she
graduated from the Normal Department with the second hon-
ers of her class. How hopeful, how full of life and vigor she
seemed. Her hopes, her ambitions, her whole soul may be known,
by reading her graduating essay, given in another column.
But that long, useful life, of which she fondly dreamed, was
not for her. Her imagination painted not an early death,
and yet it came. 'Tis sad to see the young and hopeful—those
whose lives are consecrated to truth and religion, turn aside
from their companions and lie down in death. We are glad
to know, that, if Christians, they die to live again. They ex-
change the imperfect loves, and joys and labors of earth, for
the perfect bliss of heaven.

As a student, Mary was faithful, earnest and successful. Her
intellect was clear and vigorous, her recitation accurate and
complete—as a companion she was affectionate and kind, ever
ready to sacrifice her own happiness for that of others—as a
Christian she was active and earnest, in the Sabbath School,
the social meetings and the church,—wherever duty called she
was always to be found. In the inward moments of her illness
she was soothed and sustained by the presence of her Savior—
and trusting in Him, she passed away. Thus ended her brief
life of nineteen years — nineteen beautiful years.

"Beautiful as the earth is, it is not the home for immortals.
Beyond the azure depth, where Arcturus leads his rons and
Orion bathes in his sea of tinted light, the All-Father has
spread the flowery fields and planted the fragrant groves
amidst whose innocence and love they shall ascend the ever-
lites."—

**RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.**

Since in the Providence of a Merciful God, a life, which
from indications of the Past, gave promise of a brilliant Fu-
ture, has been extinguished, and our beloved sister, Mary E.
Colburn, has been removed from our midst, just as she was
entering upon a career of usefulness. Therefore,

Resolved, That we, the members of the Eradolphian Society,
while recognizing the wisdom of an all-wise God, yet feel
deeply the loss of one of our number, who was an efficient
member, an earnest Co-worker, and a loved and loving friend.

2. Resolved, That as a manifestation of our feeling, we
make him all the joys of a married life.

3. Resolved, That we tender to the bereaved parents, broth-
er and sister, our heartfelt sympathies in this hour of deep
sorrow.

4. Resolved, That we send a copy of these resolutions to
the friends of the deceased, to each of the city papers, and to
the University Reporter.

S. V. Graves,
L. Griffith, Com.
S. C. Blood,

**OTHER COLLEGES.**

Chess is a favorite game at Amherst.

Samuel A. Hitchcock has given $40,000 to Amherst College.

The building of the Nebraska State University is contracted
for, at $125,485.

Dartmouth Students are to be assessed $4 per annum for the
Literary Societies.

Harvard Boat Club is to have a new boat house. The es-
timated cost is $7,000.

The income of Harvard College last year was $212,000; that
of Michigan University a little over $85,000.

The late Franklin Pierce was a classmate of Longfellow and
Hawthorne, in Bowdoin College in the class of '24.

Prof. Julius Seelye, of Amherst College, declined the Presi-
dency of Michigan University, which was offered him.

An enterprising youth has entered Cornell College with the
awarded determination of becoming the foremost poet of the
nineteenth century.

A Brown Soph. has been fined $5 and costs in the Prov-
dence Police Court, for undertaking to prevent a Freshman
from wearing a tall hat.

Seventy-nine Yale freshmen have joined the Delta Kappa,
and forty-two the Sigma Epsilon, both secret societies, and
twenty the Gamma Mu, anti-secret.

Ovid Butler, of Indianapolis, has donated $10,000 to endow
a chair in the Northwestern Christian University of that city
on these conditions: 1st. The chair must be called the De-
mina Butler Chair. 2d. It must always be occupied by a lady
professor.

DIEE ENOUGH TO FLOAT A NAVY.

A learned professor of Munich publishes some curious sta-
tistics concerning the amount of beer annually consumed in
Europe. The total amount manufactured is estimated at the
prodigious sum of five millions of litres. More than enough,
as he asserts to float the whole Prussian navy. The average
number of litres consumed per inhabitant in 1883, was in Ba-
varia, 134; England, 118; Belgium, 80; Austria, 27; France,
20; Prussia, 19; Spain, 2; Russia and Italy, 1. Referring to
the large quantity drank in his native country, the author
owns that he is personally responsible for 6 litres a day, or
2,190 litres per annum.

From the proceedings of the United States Brewers' Con-
gress, held in St. Louis, Oct. 22d-26th, 1889.
gress, we obtain the following statistics of the brewing business in this country for the year ending June 30th, 1868:

Barrels of Beer brewed,
Bushels of barley used, 26,000,000
Capital employed, $55,856,330
Men employed, 7,817
Acres of land planted in barley, 729,825
Value of barley used, $84,000,000
Capital employed in malt houses, $13,800,000
"Cultivating Hops," $1,276,290

Summing up the whole thing we have the following surprising figures:
Total Capital employed, $105,935,590
Number of men employed, 56,664
The average number of litres consumed per inhabitant in the United States is 23. (A litre is almost a quart.)

Those who think that men are better with beer than without it, have here an opportunity to figure out an answer if the yeasty fluid's cost does not exceed its benefits. One hundred million dollars would relieve a large proportion of the misery and suffering that yearly sends thousands of our fellow Americans into prayerless burials in Potter's fields.

SOCIETY REPORTS.

ERODEPHIAN SOCIETY, Nov. 26th, 1868.—The Erodophilian Society holds its regular meetings at 3 P.M. every Friday, at which time it is in readiness for the reception of visitors. It is composed of over thirty active members who are engaged in cultivating the mind by means of Essays, Orations, Debates, Declamations, Selected, Historical and Biographical readings and the reading of "The Literary Gem," supported by the members Progressive in their plans, earnest in their efforts the Erodophians move on over the roughness of the road, with steady advancement, and with the prospect of continued success.

CARRIE BALLARD, Cor. Sec.

HERSPELIAN SOCIETY.—The members of the Hersperian Society seem to have chosen the motto, "Upward and Onward is the only road to success," and are working earnestly and well. The rhetorical exercises show a decided improvement.
The question, "Resolved," that Mary Queen of Scots suffered more during her life time, than the Empress Josephine," was discussed Nov. 12th. Affirmed by Misses Williams, Dick and N. Seales, denied by Zimmerman, L. Seales and Brown. It was decided by the judges that those on the negative produced the best arguments. A large number of visitors were present. The question, "Resolved, That the sense of sight is of more value to man than the sense of hearing," will be discussed Dec. 4th.

ANNIE PAIGE, Cor. Sec.

HALL OF IRVING INSTITUTE, Oct. 8, 1868.
Resolved, That none but American born citizens shall be allowed to hold office in the U. S.
Resolved, That denominational schools should be discouraged.
Resolved, That the so-called conspiracy of Aaron Burr in the South-west was not reasonable.
Resolved, That the revocation of the edict of Nantes has proved beneficial to the world.
The above questions were recently discussed by the Irvingians, and in general the debates were animated and commendable. The rhetorical exercises have proved more interesting and beneficial than formerly, owing somewhat to an organized course of study upon which the Society entered at the opening of the present term, in which the essayists and orators were assigned historical subjects. Thus far the newly adopted system has met with entire satisfaction and proved a success. The Society has given considerable attention to the consideration of historical questions believing that there is no better and more efficient method of studying history than in preparing for discussion on these subjects.
Nov. 5, 12 and 26.—The questions before the Society at these meetings were those pertaining to the redemption of the national debt; the supplanting of the rule of Charles I. by Cromwell; and the removal of the National Capital.
After the debate of the last question it was decided that the Committee should be removed to the Missouri Valley.

W. H. B., Cor. Sec'y.

ZETAGHIAN SOCIETY.—The very large increase in membership this term, has made the arranging of a suitable program rather more difficult than usual; it should not be too long or so short that members would be deprived of the discipline the Society is expected to afford; not monotonous, nor so varied that no time would be left for discussion; remembering these points, changes have been made which we have no doubt will prove acceptable to our friends, while greatly increasing the value of the Society exercises.

Since our last report we have had the usual number of orations, essays and declamations, most of them fully sustaining the good reputation of the Society and the following questions have been up for discussion.
"Is the organization of a third party demanded by the political condition of the United States?" "Is a prohibitory liquor law right and expedient?" "Is the doctrine of the unity of the human race sustained by fact and proofs?" "Was the execution of Mary Queen of Scots justifiable?" "Would a monarchial be preferable to a republican form of government for Spain at the present time?" "Should Chinese immigration be discouraged?" "Has sectarianism done anything for the progress of Christianity?" "Was the French revolution favorable to the progress of liberty?" "Is party spirit beneficial to a nation?"
The Society is working, and the energy of the members promises pleasure and profit for this year, while our present condition declares the wisdom of the policy that appoints new members to immediate duty.

W. B. CHAP, Cor. Sec'y.

EXCHANGES.

Our exchange list is larger than ever before, and includes all the best College Papers and Magazines published in the United States, besides many State papers and popular magazines of the day.

The Cornell Era, which favors us with an exchange for the first time, is the standard college paper of the land. It contains the current college news, and numbers among its contributors the Presidents of all the leading Colleges.
The Havard Advocate contains many well written articles.
The Yale Lit. Magazine always contains a number of literary productions of real merit.
The Trinity Tablet is a choice sheet and well edited.
The Cornell Era contains much of college news and has for motto the words of its founder, "I would found an institution where any person can find instruction in any study."
The last number of The Chronicle, Michigan University, contains an interesting account of "University Day," as it was inaugurated at that institution Nov. 17th. All departments assembled together and listened to short addresses from Acting President Friese, and Hon. Judge Campbell. A general feeling of good will prevailed in all departments.
The Hamilton Lit. Monthly contains many well written essays and good localis.
The Griswold Collegian is published at Davenport and in point of excellence, ranks with many older magazines.
We shall notice other of our exchanges as time and space will permit.
Exchanges received since our last issue:
The Union College Magazine; The Union Lit. Magazine; Yang Long; Cup and Gown; Index Universitatis; Nauvoo Lit. Magazine, and others.

Among our magazines outside of College lines are the following: The Western Home. It's new frontispiece is a work of great artistic merit. It's contents are varied. It is purely a literary work and deserves the highest success.
The Musical Independent is a first class magazine and those having a musical talent will find it to their interest to peruse its monthly contents. Tucker's Monthly maintains its well earned standard of excellence.
BLOW YOUR OWN TRUMPET.

In the days of my childhood, a disposition to rely upon the efforts of others, often called forth from my elders the ad
monition "Faddle your own canoe." Then this terse sentence
worthy of Poor Richard in his happiest moment of inspiration
had a recognized value. The world has grown wiser now.—
We do things better in this generation. No longer need you
waste your strength in propelling your bark over the
stormy waves of life, but in lieu thereof "Blow your own
trumpet." Blow it long and loudly. In this age of brass one
which gives forth an uncertain sound is doomed. If yours is
such, or if a lingering remnant of modesty prevents you from
giving forth a sonorous blast, hang it up like "de fiddle and de
bow" of uncle Ned and go to stage driving. Stage drivers'
horns being obsolete now-a-days you will probably succeed in
this line.

To be sure, much of this trumpeting is legitimate. Skillful
and persistent advertising is recognized as an important el-
ement of success in business. The average human mind is so
constituted that if it be told nineteen times with a judicious
use of capitals that the patent, back-action, indestructible pen-
holder is just what it wants and can't do without, the twen-
tieth time conviction is insured and the pen-holder is bought.
Advertising brings the purchased and the purchaser together.
True, it becomes rather tiresome when for miles you read on
the fence boards, even such interesting bits of information as
"Go to Snagby's for Hardware," "Best Groceries at Bickley's"
&c., &c. Occasionally, however, a horrid "spell" suggesting the
schoolmaster abroad, relieves the monotony, which relief is
furthered by the native humor of small boys with large jack
knives, who go around scratching out letters here and there,
thus presenting amusing combinations not intended by the
advertiser.
No, we have no quarrel with the advertisers. Their instru-
ment is very loud and very brassy at times, but "business is
business."

But, oh! the blasts that in other lines may be blown upon
one's own trumpet. Are you engaged in discussion? At the
beginning and end of your argument call your opponent a fool,
and the effect will be immensely heightened, if you can do this
in a foreign tongue, giving the translation afterwards. Heap
up epithets. With the average human mind heretofore men-
tioned, calling names is a most efficient argument. Lay down
that "I and my followers believe thus and so—who are
you to dispute it?" Keep up a vigorous tooting, and with
plenty of brass, moral and material, victory will surely perch
upon your banners.

Do you wish to prove the superiority of your calling over
any other? Brand your achievements, and get others to help
you if you can. Get somebody to call you a savant. A great
many people won't know just what it means, but introduced
with a proper flourish it will impress them as a big thing.—
Represent the learned of every nation as waltzing with eager
attention for the oracular utterances that fall from your lips.
If humble inquirers come to you seeking a knowledge of the
way by which you have climbed, from your eminence sneer at
them with a lofty disdain. If all could climb, all would be
equal.

Have you by chance stumbled upon the semblance of an
idea, rush into print with it. (Thank you, I know it is just
what I'm doing.) In passing, let me advise you to cherish
tenderly this "semblance"—you may never have another. Or
you may have prepared a paper schilltering with wit, stuffed
with profundity as a Christmas pudding with plums and—im-
possible supposition—an infatuated editor may reject it—
Then you may find another able to discern a budding genius.

Are you of the musical fraternity? Newspapers may be
found which will insert your eulogistic accounts of your own
performances written in the third person. Have you been en-
gaged in any undertaking, musical or other, a place somewhat remote from the center of population? It would
be well to send to some metropolitan journal a glowing ac-
count of your success and ask that it be published as a news
item. The editor may object to giving you gratuitous ad-
vertisement and in revenge for your little game, may publish
your accompanying letter with its modest request. But the
exposure brings you that notoriety which is the arduous ob-
ject of all trumpeting.

I might instance many other cases in which the proper ob-
servation of this maxim leads to most desirable results, but I
forbear. Only let me reiterate in conclusion, that, whatever
may be your calling in life, success requires that, in addition
to all other efforts, you shall long, loudly, and persistently
"blow your own trumpet."

TOMPKINS, J.

BOOK TABLE.


President Milligan has had long and wide experience as a Teacher.

He is an earnest student, a ripe scholar, a polished gentleman, and a finished writer. It would be expected of him to write a good book; and this expectation is met in "The Scheme of Redemption." The theme, the design, the plan, the order and arrangement, and the filling up of the book are good. From the Introduction the following extract is made: "In this work there is no attempt to cover any subject of any kind. This has already been done, and done perfectly, by that Spirit which searches all things, yes, even the deep counsels and purposes of Jehovah. And whatever serves to draw away the minds and hearts of the people from the constant, earnest and prayerful study of this Divine System, whether it be in the form of catechism, creed, a periodical, or a newspaper, I cannot but regard as an unqualified curse to our race. But whatever, on the other hand, serves to clear away the rubbish, the mist and fog which human traditions and speculations have thrown over and around this system; whatever serves to lead and to incline the people to study it more earnestly, comprehend it more fully, love it more ardently, and reverence it more profoundly, I can not but regard as a great blessing to our race. The author has, in the main, been faithful to his design; and has therefore given us a book truly valuable for its many helpful hints in the study of the plan, development and perfection of the scheme of redemption as taught in Revelation. The author shows the wisdom of a teacher, not by thinking it all out for his readers but by educating his readers to think rightly for themselves.

It is a student's book and it should be in the hands of all lovers and haters of the Bible.


The December number of this new and beautiful monthly is a credit to its publishers.

As articles which seem to be of special interest, we mention William B. Allison. Shall the Capital be removed? The Use and Abuse of Words. Theodore Tilton as a Poet. This number contains an engraving of Mr. Allison.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL of December 4 is as handsome and as interesting as the numbers usually are. This Journal is growing very popular, and it merits its popularity.

Practically, you offer no resistance neither as man nor as woman in the Sea.
THE CHEAPEST AND THE BEST.

S H R O C K ' S

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Practical Penmanship

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By J. Sirmace, Prin. Shrock's Writing Academy, Iowa City, Ia.,
and Teacher of Penmanship in Iowa State University.

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Set 3, ......... $0.30

Set 4, ......... $0.30

Book of Instructions. ..... $0.30

The above complete in one book, for Classical and Com- mercial Colleges and for Teachers, Colomes, Iowa, and all leading schools and professional men who are familiar with it.

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We invite everybody to call and see us at our new place of business. If there are any

BARGAINS!

in the market, we intend to have credit for giving out our share of them.

W. B. DANIELS & CO.

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Largest in the State. Established in 1847. The old is reliable. First Premium awarded at State Fair, over all competitors. Gems and Pictography in all variety. Old pictures copied and colored. Instruction given to students in coloring in oil. The new Canvas Embroidery offers a line of line drawings. Just introduced from the Hub by Charles W. who has just returned from his studies in Pictography at Boston. Gallery entrance at Blue Fox Avenue near Lewis Brothers Grocery Store, Clinton St., Iowa City, Iowa.

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G. A. MYERS, Proprietor.

The present proprietor having lately purchased this house offers rooms and board at reasonable rates. Students will do well in examine before leaving here.

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SALESMEN TO THE BBL.

General Auction and Commission Merchants.

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COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, AND

Shrock's Writing Academy.

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The full course of instruction embraces every department of Book-keeping, together with commercial correspondence, commercial arithmetic, commercial law and business permanence, and offers superior inducements to all who wish to prepare themselves for practical business life. To meet the demands of those who cannot spare the time necessary to complete a full commercial course of study, and yet wish to obtain sufficient knowledge of Book-keeping, in connection with Arithmetic and business permanence, to keep books for all ordinary business purposes, students will hereafter be admitted to the commercial department of this Institution by the month, paying in proportion to the amount or instruction they receive.

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This department includes a thorough course of instruction in all branches of a common English education, and is well adapted to the wants of those who wish to pursue these branches, either in connection with or independently of a commercial course. It also furnishes an excellent opportunity to those who wish to qualify themselves to enter the University.

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J. SHROCK, Prof. of Academy.

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