

Prof J. A. White

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"SUCCESS CROWNS EFFORT."

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EASTWARD, HO!

Coming, coming, coming!
Led by the hand of Fate
Out from their realm "Celestial"
In at our "Golden Gate."

A host of earnest toilers
Crossing the Western Sea,
Bringing their strength to mine and field,
Asking but liberty.

John Chinaman, the coming man,
The ill-used black's relief;
God grant thro' him wise "Uncle Sam"
Come not again to grief!

The hands of Centuries have wrought,
In ceaseless toil, to bring
This union of the East and West,
This closing of the ring.

Out of the land of pharaohs,
Eastward and Westward flung,
The surging waves of empire
Blood-stained have travelled on.

Stayed by the "Middle Kingdom,"
The Easterns sank to rest:
Reaching our far Columbia's shore,
The Western still spread West.

Yet not a red surge only
Followed the westering sun;
Behind it, with a beaming light,
Truth's growing wave rolled on.

Knowledge and Truth, advancing,
At last have sent their spray
Into those closed dominions,
Under the gates of day.

The proud, blind eyes are opened,
And now that teeming Land,
Hoary with years, takes, child-like,
Columbia's proffered hand.

But Progress stops not, slacks not,
Though one far goal be won,
Ever with strength increasing,
Truth's conquering tide rolls on.

Henceforth all progress leavens all,
For, through an unbroken chain,
Of heart and hand, its current throbs
O'er continent and main.

The circuit closed what hand shall dare
To break the band of peace?
Peace circling earth—what tongue declare
Prosperity's increase?

C.

TWO UNFORTUNATE POETS---HOELDERLIN AND LENAU.

BY PROF. C. A. EGGERT.

It has been remarked that the poetic faculty is nearly akin

to insanity. In recent times this seems to have been repeatedly proven by cases of highly gifted poets who, after a brief career of extraordinary brilliancy, became insane and died in this deplorable condition.

Two German poets, Hoelderlin and Lenau, met with this melancholy fate. The former, after having given the most remarkable proofs of his great talents in the form of poems, unsurpassed in delicacy of conception and eloquence of execution, became insane in 1802, at the age of 32, and remained so until his death, which occurred in 1843. Eluding the vigilance of the watches, he jumped from a third story window and thus made an end of his miserable existence.

Hoelderlin's poems seem to have originated in the atmosphere of Ancient Greece. In spirit and form they were the truest modern reproduction of the Greek tone of thought and artistic feeling. Few modern poets ever succeeded so well in identifying themselves with the genius of Hellenic poetry. None ever reproduced with more success the difficult artistic forms of the Greek verse. The wonderful flexibility and wealth of the German language, which make it such an admirable medium for translations from the ancient tongues, is no where more strikingly apparent than in Hoelderlin's poems. They have the genuine Greek dress,—the peculiar rhythm and characteristic artistic stamp.

If in Hoelderlin's poems the genius of Hellenism may be said to have been reviewed, the works of the equally gifted and equally unfortunate *Lenau* breathe throughout the spirit of modern times. His passionate nature required a corresponding outward form for the manifestations of his genius. It seems as though the depth and warmth of modern emotional life could not be adequately expressed in the cold artistic metres of antique verse. The natural flow of impassioned modern poetic feeling demands a less artificial, though no less beautiful, outward form. The rhyme, unknown to ancient, is an essential element of modern lyrical poetry. The rhythmic beauty of the verse is enhanced by it, and derives from it, as it were, a kind of sensuous lustre. This feature of modern poetry marks the difference between the latter and ancient poetry almost as much as, although in a different manner, the expressive play of the features and the natural gait of the modern actor mark the difference between the modern and the ancient drama. The cothurnus and mask of the latter are no less out of place in a drama by Shakespeare or Schiller than the Sapphic or Alcaic metre is inadequate for modern lyric poetry.

The great charm of Lenau's poetry arises from the poet's tender and deep-felt sympathy with the innermost life of nature, and the exquisite adaptation of his words and poetic

forms to the sentiments, expressions and scenes which he wishes to express or describe.

I venture to give here, in a very inadequate English dress, one of his minor poems, hoping that, in spite of the imperfect rendering, it may give the reader a faint idea of the character of Lenau's poetry.

"THE FOREST."

"I stepped in a forest's sacred gloom
And listened how, amid the sweet flowers there,
A gentle brook was running soft and low,
As 'twere a child that says his simple prayer.

"And a sweet awe took of my spirit hold,—
Mysteriously the forest sighed, as though
In this lone spot it would to me unfold
A something which my heart may not yet know ;

"As though it fain would whisper in my ear
The purport of God's love and divine will ;—
Yet, suddenly, the thought that *He* was near
Seemed to have frightened it,—and it was still."

Lenau was 42 years old when he seemed to have met with the same fate as Hoelderlin. Having been born 1802 in Hungary, he died in an insane asylum near Vienna, Austria, in 1850. Like Hoelderlin, he had felt the gradual approach of insanity long before he became its final victim. Many of his poems contain indications of this feeling. He repeatedly called Melancholy his "most faithful companion through life." He speaks of the "great eternal grief that hangs on the face of nature," and in various other ways his poems give evidence of a state of feeling so deeply tinged with melancholy as to show the poet on the verge of insanity.

This terrible affliction, more terrible, surely, than death itself, never befell two nobler minds than those of Hoelderlin and Lenau. What a pity that such should have been the case, and what an impressive warning in the sad fact, that the most magnificent flowers of human genius may grow on the verge of so awful an abyss.

"WHICH WAY DID YOU COME IN?"

Seated at my window, a few days since, I saw a country man pass in a sled, drawn by two horses. The rig was not, by any means, the tidiest, and yet the sled appeared new. The box, in which was seated the driver and others who were with him, had been dressed smooth, as if for a coat of paint, but the only paint received was what had been used in making the letters in the question, "*Which way did you come in?*" The letters were rudely plastered on with brush and red paint, but they made me think so much of how they came to be there, and why, that they kept in mind the incident. I venture to say the farmer's oldest son had something to do with the inscription, and that he was a bit of a wag. I thought I saw part of the explanation just as the sled was passing by. I have noticed that on days when such visits to the city can be anticipated, certain traders take their stand on favorable crossings and hail every passer-by, who has anything which even barely hints at produce for sale. One can easily imagine, that, at such times, a great many questions can be put; and it is altogether likely that our wag had heard some of them, and felt them. They were in his mind, when he had finished planing and mortising his sled,

and so he picked up his brush and dashed on the rude letters, with a smile, may be, as he thought how we would turn that side toward his questioners, the next time he came to town, and confront them with some of their own words, and to have his fun.

Not a bad question, that, whether on a sled or off it. There are instances in which everything depends on the way of coming in, and some of these refer to matters of the utmost importance. The readers of my moralizing can easily recall a momentous discourse one had on the right way of coming in to certain favors, which the speaker represented as lasting. He spoke of entering by the door and entering by some other way, and made very plain what he believed to be the right way. I make this reference to a far, far-reaching application of the question with becoming reverence, and hope it will be followed, but, after having made it, it is left with better teachers to follow up.

Suppose the question be turned in the direction of the University, which is a very easy thing to do. It is possible some may have the notion that it makes but little difference as to the way of getting in, just so they are once in. They are mistaken. It does make a difference. If the object in getting in were simply fellowship, it might be immaterial how it was brought about. Further acquaintance can be brought about by mere admission, and that is all, but that is a very low view of University life. The truth is, the life cannot be lived with advantage by any, except those who are prepared to take part in its labor. The test of admission may miss the end of its application, but the test of continuance runs few risks. Examination days will come round, and they are many. Exposed places multiply as the student is supposed to get on, and the way of getting in will sooner or later show itself. Reliable experience is in favor of asking early and often, "Which way do I propose to come in?" or "Which way did I come in?"

EDUCATION AT AN EARLY DAY IN IOWA.

I.

It may be that some of the young people who are availing themselves of the opportunities afforded by the University, the theoretical head of our Common School System, and practically more closely allied, would be interested in the effort to trace the history of that system in our State, the benefit of which very many have heretofore enjoyed and in which behalf many are preparing to labor. With the view to gratify such, if any there be, we will in brief review the past legislation on the subject.

The Territory of Iowa was organized July 4th, 1838, and Robert Lucas of Ohio, for two terms executive of that State, appointed (first) Governor. Ohio had only the year before re-organized her school system and provided for the election of a State Superintendent of Schools. Gov. Lucas was an earnest advocate of that measure and a warm friend of the Public School System. Hence we are not surprised that in his first Message he should take strong ground for the transplanting of it into Iowa, his new and adopted home. Among the early measures recommended to the consideration of the first Legislative Assembly is this, in the following language: "There is no subject to which I wish to call your attention more em-

phatically, than the subject of establishing at the commencement of our political existence a well digested System of Common Schools; and a preparatory step towards effecting that important object, as well as the consideration of numerous other advantages that must flow from the measure, I urge upon your consideration the necessity of providing by law for the organization of *Townships*." One would suppose, at least at the present day, that these recommendations, so wise and good, would have met with a hearty response from the body to which they were addressed, but not so. Now the township system is the basis of our school system, and one of its best features, and has ever been so regarded by our best educators. A large portion of the early (as well as latter) immigrants into our State have been from Pennsylvania and Ohio, and all such favored the township and also the School System, but there were those from other States that opposed both—the latter because the system was as they said premature, as there were too few children to educate in a population of 40,000 *worthy bachelors* (not of Arts or Sciences—but single-blessedness.) Both were however adopted, and Iowa thus commenced a system which laid the foundation of her national as well as moral and intellectual growth.

Too much praise in this connection cannot be awarded to him who so early conceived and so earnestly urged these measures upon the legislature. Gov. L. quotes in that message a sentence from the 3d article of the "Ordinance of '87" the "rights, privileges and immunities of which were secured to Iowa" by its Organic Act, in the following words, "religion, morality and *knowledge* being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, *schools* and the means of education shall forever be encouraged." The famous clause in that ordinance which declares that "there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said Territory," &c., is often quoted, but the consequences growing out of the former provision are far greater, as they have led to the abolishment of the latter where it before existed.

The Legislative Assembly passed January 1, 1869, "An Act providing for the establishment of Common Schools," by which one school at least was to be established in each of the (16) counties of the Territory. This act provided that the legal voters of any district might levy a tax for the support of schools, not exceeding one half per cent. As there was no Public Fund for the support of schools, the act remained a dead letter upon the statute book for some years. It was however the first legislation and in the right direction upon this important subject.

HISTORICUS.

THE PERCEPTION OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

Science has a stern, unsympathetic heart—a cool, calculating grey eye. With an un pitying hand he tears down those graceful structures—reared with magical skill, and adorned with mystic charms—by a fond imagination.

The native woodlands and vales of the Ancient were peopled with myriads of invisible forms;—every wooded recess was a hall whose solemn arches echoed to the rude dance of Satyrs, or revels of the more graceful Fairies. To him every streamlet that varied its way amid sunny fields and scented groves, or stopped to rest itself under the shade of cool-drip-

ping rocks, was the crystal abode of happy Nymphs. And if howling winds were the flapping shrouds of Furies, loosed from their chains, the Zephyrs of evening were the fanning of fairy wings over the brow of the weary day. If the thunder and glancing lightnings were the voice and arrows of Jove, soft sunset clouds were the veils of celestial forms; and the raindrops of April were sent by the angels for their flowers. The Moon was a queen among hosts of fiery gods, and the Sun drove his chariot among them—chieftain of all.

Conceptions like these, tended to inspire the mind with the sense of an all pervading Deity. The quivering leaf was a thing of life; the laughing breezes of springtime betrayed their joy; and plaintive autumnal winds told their sorrows abroad.

Then there was deep spiritual meaning in Nature for man, which led him to muse on the Infinite and Mysterious; and then it was that Poetry—eldest daughter of Imagination—was born with native grace.

Imbued, somewhat, with the feeling of the Ancients, I stand in the glimmer of fading twilight to hold converse with the spirit of yonder silken cloud,—away off, in the serenest ether, it floats, and I can almost hear the cadence of angel songs dying upon the distance, when, at once, the charm of my dream is broken by the approach of a student of science. I bid him gaze upon the beautiful vision, wondering, meanwhile, if his boasted science will not be forgotten; but fixing his eye steadily for a moment on the celestial picture, he breaks the brief silence by saying in terms, slow, calculating, and exact: If that cloud were stationary, I could compute its distance from the earth! Perhaps he could, but why should he exile for me, thereby, the spirit and beauty from the cloud?

Soon he points toward a distant star;—one that had often called me heavenward;—that had seemed to smile with my joy, and weep with my grief, one that had long been to me as an angel form awaiting my arrival at the portals of a better world. That star, he says, is of the first magnitude, and belongs to the constellation of Ursa Major. It is many millions of miles distant; and by means of Spectrum Analysis is found to contain Sodium, Magnesium, Iron, &c.

I remember once to have seen a little girl hold out a handful of freshly-gathered flowers toward the family cow, evidently thinking to awaken, thereby, her admiration. The gentle animal tipped them slightly with her nose, and put forth her tongue; but, instead of kissing them, as the artless child had anticipated, rolled them quietly into her mouth to mix with her cud! And I knew then, by the witless look of the old cow, and the tearful eyes of the child, how different, on the part of the two individuals, was the standard for measuring the value of the flowers.

It is significant that the mere vision of grass and flowers, green fields and dark groves, running streams and picturesque banks, hills and vales; ever-changing skies and rainbow hues—seems never to minister to the enjoyment of any creature, other than man. And we think it could be shown that the men of loftiest and purest intellect ever find their richest delight in the cultivation of their taste for those beautiful forms that deck the universe of thought and matter.

While desiring, then, to take nothing away from the practical use of things, we would most warmly recommend a higher training of the sense to appreciate the lovely attire to which they come to us to please.

IMAGO.

IOWA CITY, IOWA, - JANUARY, 1870.

OUR UNIVERSITY AGAIN.

Continuing the same train of thought as before, we will add that it takes time for an institution like ours to perfect itself. Universities are a growth and not a sudden impulse. Among the best of them are those which have centuries on their side. Nine hundred years ago and that association of teachers and students who gathered in Salerno for the study of medicine, took the ambitious title of UNIVERSITY. We might call such an institution to-day a MEDICAL SCHOOL. A little farther on and the Faculty and students at law at Bologna claimed the title. We might call that a Law School. It was near the close of the first quarter of the thirteenth century when the nearest approach to the University of to-day was had in that of Naples, founded by royal bounty. Five hundred and fifty years ago, and the whole period since marked by University organization, the first half of it witnessing the organization of some of the most renowned in England, France and Germany! What is half a score of years compared with so many? Our University will not boast over her age. Her great interest lies in her future, and we can make this fact serve certain uses.

One is against hasty conclusions. What is in a formative state must not be held responsible for the impression which completion alone can give. A half chiselled block of marble may be a very unsightly thing to the passer by, but to the one who stops to study the lines already drawn, to weigh the meaning of this cut of the chisel or of that, the whole may become instinct with a part at least of that beauty which fills the soul of the sculptor. In that case as in this, we need to see how the results group themselves, and for this we must have time. In the matter of the University, the responsibility of those who have its management is very great, seeing that all things pertaining to it are taking shape, and a wrong direction now is easy. But it is only so far as their policy becomes manifest that we weigh their doings. In this way each one can make their work matter of study if he will.

That policy seems to have as its main features:—admission to the privileges of the institution upon evidence of qualifications for using them to advantage, without reference to any distinction of rank, sex, or race; instruction to be given as a supplement of what is afforded elsewhere under State supervision, to be both general and special, the student having a voice in the selection of his studies, and the means of instruction to include everything attainable in the way of illustration or application of principles mastered, all which are certainly good. We cannot see that any part can be omitted, and it does seem that as a foundation for something better, the outlines are broad enough.

But what of the filling up of the outlines? Our aspirations may dictate one answer to the question, and the possibilities of the case within the immediate future may dictate another, but a common conclusion in both cases will be—"Hold fast anything good which is had, and keep enlarging." In the matter of the Librarian for instance our wishes are for collec-

tions which are exhausted upon every point of interest presented on the printed page. This cannot be realized at once but we think we notice that of some of those points the collections already *approach* completeness so far as present publications go. As to scientific collections and apparatus, the work cannot go too far, seeing that we are always learning. Herein is the expensive part of the University's equipment, but we cannot afford to spend nothing. We rejoice in what we have, but we want to come nigh specimens of minerals, and rocks, and plants, and animals, which we do not now see. We would like too, to have grouped for our study, some of those remains of the earlier connection of the human race with the region around, and indeed the whole continent which reproduce the life of the past so far as they go, better than written history. We would like these for our own sake and for the sake of others. Why should they not be almost complete of the scientific scholarship of our highly favored State?

And we would like even more than these, more than space will permit us to enumerate. May it please those who control the supply to give heed to our wants with a liberality at least equal to that of the past, whose good results we most gratefully acknowledge.

MAMMOTH CAVE.

A short time since while passing through Kentucky on the Memphis and Louisville R. R., I concluded to "lay over" a day at Cave City and visit the "big hole," which is but seven miles distant from the village. Upon inquiry at the hotel I found that six others were registered that morning for the Cave. In a few minutes the coach that was to carry us over drove up to the door. Being "rather thick" inside we perched ourself upon the "boot" along aside the driver, who, by the way, I soon discovered to be *slightly* (?) talkative and *profoundly* versed in the history of that part of Kentucky lying between the station and the Cave.

The country near the village is level, but not far off in the direction of the Cave are seen what the "natives" call Green River Mountains, and our genial friend informs us that "we's got to go over dem bluffs to git dar." The day was intensely hot and we were a long time climbing over those almost barren hills, which appeared to be literally shingled with flat stones.

Reaching the summit of the hill we drove along the top of the ridge at a rapid pace and were soon in sight of the Mammoth Cave Hotel—a large white frame structure, capable of accommodating four or five hundred guests. Groups of gayly dressed ladies and gentlemen are seated beneath the trees, others promenading along the walks in the adjoining grounds; while the band seated on the veranda is dispensing sweet music, and everything presents the appearance of an isolated place of resort.

As the coach nears the entrance there is a general centralization of the numerous groups to see if there are any familiar faces among the new comers. Unlike Artemus Ward, we were not mistaken for "my dear Charlie," and fondly "embraced" until we wished we were Charlie "some more," but were allowed to pass quietly to our room where we partook of a small portion of rest.

After dinner we prepare for our subterranean trip, our company numbering four ladies and twelve gentlemen. Our guide taking the lead we follow him through the garden at the rear of the hotel, pass out into the woods and descend a steep hill into a deep narrow ravine. Green river with its towering cliffs is hard by upon our left; turning to the right we catch our first view of Mammoth Cave.

It was the 18th of July, the thermometer standing at about 100°, and our short walk had caused us to perspire quite freely. As we come opposite the mouth of the Cave we are greeted with an outward current of air at the temperature of 59°. Suddenly there is general rushing back, all as anxious to *regain* the hot oppressive atmosphere as we were at first *eager* to get rid of it. Our guide then told us to "take it cool" in coming into the current; and we did take it just that way.

I concluded that the Mammoth Cave must have a tremendous pair of lungs for it takes it "all year" to breathe once.— During the winter season, or when the atmosphere of the external air is below that of the Cave there is an *inward* current, or in other words the Cave might be said to inhale. In the summer when the temperature of the outer atmosphere is above 59° it might be said to exhale, and hence we found in July a strong outward current. The respiratory mechanism of the Cave ceases operations during the Spring and Fall, or when in the outer air mercury stands in the thermometer at 59° which is the constant temperature of the Cave.

The entrance to this "big hole" is about twenty-five feet in height, by about thirty in width.

While we were undergoing the gradual cooling off process, the guide had lit the lamps, and each of the party taking one, we commence our dark trip, descending rapidly at first for twenty or thirty yards, we come to the "Narrows," so-called because the loose stones have been piled upon either side forming a passage way wide enough to drive through with a wagon. Leaving the "Narrows" we enter the main Cave, which is six miles in length, varying in height from forty to one hundred feet, and in width from sixty to three hundred feet. Going on a little farther we reach the Rotunda. The ceiling is one hundred feet high, and its average diameter about one hundred and fifty feet; but leaving off figures and merely stating that one of the University buildings might be turned round in it, would give you a more *practical* idea of its immense size.

On the floor of the Rotunda are strewn remains of vats and water pipes used by the saltpeter miners of 1812. The wood of which they are made shows no apparent indication of decay. The old wagon ruts and prints of the oxen's feet are plainly seen, although made fifty years ago.

Audubon's avenue leads off to the right of the Rotunda; after we enter a short distance we pass upon our left several small cottages built I believe about the year 1845, for the residence of certain consumptives, under the impression that they would be benefitted by a uniform temperature, but after remaining two or three months they learned the folly of their course of treatment, which proved fatal to a majority of them.

Returning from the avenue we proceed in the main Cave and soon reach the Methodist Church, a chamber forty feet high and eighty in diameter. Here the Gospel was expounded

more than 60 years ago. The logs then used for benches are still lying here. Farther on we pass upon our right the Giant's Coffin, a large rock about forty feet long, which by a tight stretch of the imagination is made to resemble a coffin. Continuing our course in the main Cave for a short time, we again turn to the right and descend a steep flight of steps and enter Martha's Palace, couldn't see the appropriateness of the name however. Just beyond it we reach a spring of clear, potable water, and here, of course, we all halt, and take a drink.

The next place of importance that we visit is the Bottomless Pit, a misnomer, by the way, for it is only one hundred and seventy-five feet deep. Shelby's Dome, sixty feet in height, rests directly over the Pit. The two, in fact, form but one continuous cavern, the avenue of the cave having made merely a breach in its side. An iron guard is placed at the edge of the Pit, and a few of the most venturesome of the party step up to the railing. Our guide crosses upon a wooden bridge, that is thrown over a deep chasm at our right, and climbing up the rocks, lights the dome from an aperture near the top. Now leaning over the railing and looking upward, what a grand sight! The crystals in the rocks, and tiny drops of water trickling down the Dome, are vying with each other in their radiant colors. He next throws a light into the dungeon below, driving darkness before it, and bringing to our view a frightful abyss.

After visiting numerous other places of minor importance we come to the Star Chamber, situated in the Main Cave. It is sixty feet in height, seventy in width, and nearly five hundred in length. The ceiling is composed of black gypsum, studded with innumerable white specks, which, by a dim light presents a striking resemblance to stars. Here we are all seated and the lights of the party put out. When the guide takes his lamp and descends behind a ledge of rocks, by which a cloud is made to pass slowly over the ceiling, it is difficult to divest ourselves of the idea that a storm is approaching. Now the light is entirely gone, and we are left in *total* darkness. We involuntarily cease chatting, and what an awful silence! While the guide is passing along through the lower archway, several hundred yards in length, we can not help thinking that we have placed ourselves at the mercy of a single individual. After a while he re-appears, at the eastern extremity of the Star Chamber, and as he slowly elevates the light from the cavern from which he rises, the illusion of the rising sun is complete.

Our lamps are again re-lighted and we return to the mouth of the cave, having made a tour sub-terra of about nine miles. The first breath of the hot, sickening outside atmosphere at once banished all my earlier romantic ideas of the "fresh country air." X.

At a meeting of the Third Class on the 4th ult., an organization was effected to be known as "The Class of '72" and the following officers were elected for the ensuing term:— Pres't., G. F. McClellan; Vice-Pres't., Miss M. E. Underwood; Cor. Sec'y., D. S. Wilson; Rec. Sec'y., Miss Lida Eaton; Treas., E. R. Carr; Historian, P. N. Gordon; Orator, J. A. McCall; Poet, E. B. Cousins; Toast Master, G. D. Butler; Marshal, M. R. King.

THE STAR-GAZER'S VISION.

Oh, Muses all, your gracious aid,
I earnestly implore,
To sing of one, a perverse fate
Has late afflicted sore.

A noble youth, who to the cause
Of science gave his time,
And sought her secrets to explore,
Of him shall be my rhyme.

You readers all have doubtless heard,
How, on November night,
The stars from their accustomed place
Are wont to take their flight.

He wished to view this vision fair,
And so resolved that he
Would watch the starry sky that night,
To see what he could see.

The sun, behind the western wood,
Had scarcely hid his head,
When, having done his evening meal,
He took himself to bed.

Enthroned within a cloudless sky,
The moon, with silvery ray,
Diffused her splendor 'round the couch,
On which our hero lay.

With sleepy eye, of many a star,
He caught the witching gleam;
He saw their winking from afar,
And then began to dream.

With glittering jewels thickly set,
He sees the azure vault;
His eyes, in admiration raised,
The brilliant gems exalt.

The boundless arch above his head,
Imagination, skilled
In classic lore, with monsters dire
And heroes great, has filled.

There gleams Orion with his belt,
Most stalwart of his fellows;
There Ursa Major wags his tail,
And maddened Taurus bellows.

The Argo Navis leaves the shore,
And plows the shining spray;
The greater Leo, with a roar,
Leaps down upon his prey.

In dreams he sees with leashed hounds,
Old Bootes chase the Bear;
And bloody-handed Persius grasp
Medusa's snaky hair.

But now the stars forsake their place,
And shoot across the dome;
Those, that for ages have not stirred,
At once begin to roam.

From East to West, from North to South,
In thousands now they fly;
With varied trains of green and gold,
They flash across the sky.

The Dog star, through the dazzling crowd,
Is followed by a trail.
The "Tadpole" winds his wiggly way,
And leaves behind his tail.

But hark! the clock's alarm he hears;

It is the midnight hour;
He springs from off his lowly couch,
To see the glittering shower.

Now looks he forth, alas! alas!
That vision fair has fled!
The sky, that in his dream was clear,
With clouds is overspread.

TROUBADOUR.

THE UTILITY OF BEAUTY.

All around us sunlight reveals objects developed from sunlight in beauty. It is not the mere exuberance of life, the whimsical child's-play of vital force, that gives such grace to the living creation. Beauty, as seen in natural forms, is an outflash from God, as light from the sun, the essential *soul* sunlight. All things created, which sin has not sullied, will under some aspect, discover a native beauty; God's signet impress upon them.

The circling stars weave a grandly beautiful pattern of light as they swing through the curve-cut ether, and descending along the infinite chain of being, down deep into the microscopic world, we shall still find the all pervading beauty. There is nothing so small, so hidden, or so evanescent, that *Nature* refuses it adornment. The minutest flowret is penciled and rounded as carefully as the queenliest rose. The dew-drop tipping a spear of grass, the littlered insect, a pin point of color, lay hold of the light with their tiny grasp and array themselves in splendor. The ephemera's wing, the bloom of a night, the vanishing cloud are colored and fashioned with as lavish a grace as though each were meant to endure, to be in truth "a thing of joy forever." Crystals deep in the sealed up rock, blossoms, berries, birds of the wilderness, scalloped shells on the ocean's floor are adorned none the less because mortal eyes may not see them. The desolate Arctic no less than the teeming Equator is clothed in a wonderful beauty. Brilliant blue north lights; air gemmed with frost crystals; ice fields and mountains tinted, shaded, and scrolled like costliest marble, declare and re-iterate God's estimation of beauty. He lives in it, works in the midst of it always. You may point to the arid, sandy waste, to the rugged cliff or ocean's dull, dead level as objects fresh from the Author's hand yet lacking the signet impress. Be not deceived! The universal mark is upon them, missed perhaps, because sought in too narrow relations; but *there* notwithstanding. In condemning these strokes on a broader canvas we are but insect critics of the painting we crawl upon; a view less contracted would discover a complete harmonious whole, but looking even *closer*, noting better each integral portion before us, we shall find these seeming blanks to be in their smallest parts, instinct with beauty. The burning sands of the desert are so many microscopic gems, bending the hot beams above them to mirage splendor. In the tamest phase of the outspreading sea myriads of gracefully curving waves lift and lower their sparkling caps of foam. The bare front of the mountain cliff brightens with mellow tints, as the artist Sun blends there his softer hues, ere striking his brush across the western sky.

The circling seasons illustrate the true, the rational manner of living. We picture spring at her arduous toil, not as moving impatient with knit brow and careless attire, but joyous,

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robed in grace and surrounded with beauty. Whilst caring for countless germs of life—developing each to its special use, she does not forget to supply its appropriate adornment.

Planning for fruits she covers the earth with a profusion of flowers, poises their anthers, arranges their petals, fills their cups with nectar and fragrance, as if sunshine and rain-drops were good for this only. To add a new ring to the forest trunks, she covers the April brown network of branches with a delicate mantle of green, whose glistening leaflets she notches and trims as though this were her sole occupation. When Summer sings in the growing fields, gathering the treasures of air and soil, in and out, up and down, through all the ducts and channels of growth, exalting atoms of inert matter to a brief companionship with life, and completing, at last, the great manna-miracle—harvest, she is not so busy in her busiest hours as to neglect the soul's want—beauty. Her blossoming meadows bend to the wind in lines of grace; all Nature takes on symmetrical forms; each utilitarian stalk of wheat is a polished Corinthian column. The Autumn gathering her ripened fruits, goes clad in gorgeous apparel and the frost-chemist—Winter, pursues his work with the splendor of ermine and crystal about him.

We should heed the lesson, thus patent before us. In this busy, toiling age and land, we give too little thought to the wants of our finer nature, of that *inner* self, for which, in truth, selfishness is a virtue. In face of the constant protest of nature, men labor on, day after day, in dingy shops, returning night after night to cheerless homes; or, if perchance, they affect to appreciate beauty, it is, too often, not with an ennobling love, but as has been aptly expressed, "They build palaces, plant groves, and gather luxuries, only that they and their devices may hang in the corners of the world, like fine-spun cobwebs, with greedy, puffed up, spider-like lusts in the middle."

I do not say that all men can or *should* surround themselves with the rare art of the ancient masters, or adorn their homes with the beauties of a Bierstadt or Powers. Means, quite as efficient, although humbler, are within the reach of all. There is a wild-flower beauty on every heath and hill, with which, in default of rare exotics, the poor man may gladden his cottage. "The truest adornment," a modern writer has said, "is that which springs from the root of use, is its blossoming, branching outgrowth. Every appointment, within and without the home-walls, should be made with a view to its silent teaching: its beauty should *talk* to us, not with noise of *too much* color or gilding, but soothing our resting, listening hours with gentlest accent. The chosen pictures which greet us daily, should be such as to charm us into *their* sunshine. Apparel, utensils, furniture, all, should be selected with the care of a *poet's words*, so that joined, they may make up a beautiful, *living* poem softening the discord of sorrow and care into an unbroken rhythm of joy.

RACES OF MEN IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

If we consult a map of the movement of races, we perceive somewhere, not in any one spot, nor even in any very definable limits of latitude and longitude, in Central Asia there seems to have been a great historic *generatrix*, sending forth

at different intervals, races of men who moved by a nomadic instinct, entered Europe by the coast of the Mediterranean, or by the passes of Sarmatia and Central Germany. There was an existent civilization before we have any record of these nomads; but this civilization was only the tribute of former nomads of whose journeyings no traces remain. A variety it is supposed of these very Kelts had swept from headland to headland in the Mediterranean and peopled Greece with the Pelasgi, Italy with Oscans and Etrurians, France with Gauls, Spain with Keltiberians, before the great accredited migration began. Indeed long before the splendors of Rome could have attracted these Asiatic wanderers, and even before Rome existed, there moved successive waves of races from Asia into Europe, peopling and uniting in part with their predecessors, performing mighty deeds of valor and energetic enterprises of government of which no record remains, but which philosophic analogy teaches. Three great waves of migration are well authenticated, of which two found their way into Britain. Each was broken so as to constitute many minor divisions.—The first was the Keltic; the second the Scythian or Teutonic; the third the Sclaronian or Sarmatian. None of these came at once and in compact form, but all came in partial and repeated surges, but each great division so distinct from the other as to justify the classification just made. These three are the simplest elements of European Ethnology. Britain received the first surge of the Keltic or Kimmerian wave at a time and under circumstances obscurely hinted at in the legends of poetic tradition; and though the eye of the student cannot pierce this gloom, yet in the mountains of Wales and Cornwall, in the highlands of Derbyshire, the Mercia of the Anglo-Saxons are found relics of Kimbriic syeech, the only relics that exist in our language. Of the Kelts before the Saxons came we have only the vague accounts of Heroditus, Aristotelle, Polybius, and Strabo. Not a single written document remains, if indeed they had a written literature. The Roman conquest was but an episode. Although it lived 470 years it died and left no sign.

The Saxons were one of the tribes of the great Scythian wave. Nomadic in their origin they had started from distant Asia; they had reached the stormy Northern Sea, then the land of Britain; here they stopped. This nomadic principle thus checked and domesticated was again to show itself in English adventure, exploration and commerce. God had been 470 years using the Romans to prepare Britain for Saxon occupancy.

The Romans were done with it; the Saxons, like the Israelites of old, were ready for the promised land and so they came.

The Danes and Normans were of the same race,—the Scandinavian—they were called Danes in England and Norman in France. Moreover, they were cousins of the Saxons, of the same great Scythian family.

Of the four conquests of Britain—the Roman, Saxon, Dane and Norman—the Saxons alone can claim a pure conquest of Race. The Danes were but a momentary check in the Saxon sway; the Normans a new preparation of form, method and circumstance, to give efficacy and power to Saxon influence throughout the world. The Anglo-Saxon is the race of different Races of men in English History. Its progress uniform; its institutions stable; if subverted for a few years they conquered the subverters and came back unaltered to their power and influence. Before its conquering march East and West, other races so diminish and disappear; its types of language, of person, of government, so reproduce and perpetuate themselves without degenerating, that the philosophic mind as far as it may seek, seeks in vain for the limits of its career or the bounds of its destiny.

W. J. M.

The University Reporter.

IOWA CITY, IOWA, - - - JANUARY, 1870.

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

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

THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

Through provision of the Board of Trustees and the active labors of its Faculty, this very important department of our University is being rapidly brought to successful completion. A number of rooms in the south building are now being remodeled and fitted up for the use of this department. This, however, is looked upon only as a beginning; for if the Legislature this winter makes that liberal provision for our State University, which the merit of our Institution demands, and which we have reason to think it will, a suitable building will be erected exclusively for this department. At a recent meeting of the Board of Trustees, three of the still vacant chairs of this department were filled.

Dr. Wm. Robertson, of Muscatine, was elected to the chair of Theory and Practice of Medicine. Dr. J. F. Kennedy, of Tipton, to the chair of Obstetrics. Dr. J. C. Shrader, of Iowa City to the chair of Diseases of Women and Children. The other chair will probably be filled at the next meeting of the Board of Trustees which occurs on the 19th of this month.

The men filling the chairs of this department have been selected from the very best talent of the profession in the State.

The capacious and well furnished Laboratory of our University, under the charge of Prof. Hinrichs, is well calculated to afford advantages of a superior character to the student.

We know there is a very popular idea existing in the minds of many, that to acquire a thorough knowledge of this profession they must attend some Institution in the east, an idea, too, based upon no better reason than that distance lends to an institution greater attractions.

Since the existence of our Institution is not dependent upon the amount of fees it receives from students, it being endowed by the government and supported by the State, it is able to give at more moderate charges, as satisfactory a course of instruction as can be had at other Institutions.

Here then we say all those of this and other States not similarly provided for, who desire such instruction, should and will come.

We understand that a short course of lectures will be delivered by different members of the Faculty during next term; but the Medical Department will not be properly opened until next year, when with its able and efficient corps of Professors it must be a success and an honor to the State.

The holidays with all their usual merriment and joy have come and gone. While those who visited their homes were joyous in the midst of friends we candidly question whether or not the so-called "pleasant vacation" proved to those who remained in the city the respite they had so fondly anticipated. This though is easily accounted for and can only be expected while a sufficient number does not remain to form amusement and entertainment for themselves. We see the importance of forming a more extensive acquaintance in term time so that when vacation comes those who do not find it convenient to return to their homes or go elsewhere to spend the fortnight may be prepared to contribute by their company to the pleasure and entertainment of each other. By thus doing, the vacation becomes profitable and desirable to all, whereas now the wish that school would commence again, or that vacation was not half so long, is not unfrequently expressed by a large number of students.

We notice that several whose faces were familiar last term have gone not to return to their usual places in the University. While on the one hand this is to be regretted on the other we are delighted to hear of so many new accessions to every department, which speaks for our Alma Mater in terms of commendation more eloquent than we can express. We extend to the new students a hearty welcome; we wish them a pleasant stay with us in our common undertaking and would suggest that they improve their earliest opportunity of subscribing for the REPORTER.

Y. M. C. A. — While making mention of this Association in our last issue, we inadvertently omitted to state the most important change in its constitution, viz: that the word "male" had been stricken out, thus giving to woman the same and equal privileges of membership with man. We believe this radical change has met with the unanimous approval and satisfaction of all the members, and we hope that many of the ladies will avail themselves of this privilege, not only for their own improvement in the use of the library, &c., but also for the purpose of exerting that influence so imperative in Christian work. Then with the co-operation of both sexes in this association, it will yet bear greater fruits and the community will receive more benefits and greater blessings.

Hon. John F. Dillon, who has the chair of Medical Jurisprudence in the Medical Department of our University, has been appointed to the eighth circuit of the U. S. Circuit Court. His circuit consists of Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas, Nebraska and Kansas.

Judge Dillon has been a member of the Supreme Court of this State for the past six years, and for the last two, Chief Justice, positions which he has filled with credit to himself and honor to the State.

The Congregational Church of this city was dedicated on the 19th ult., Rev. Gulliver, D. D., President of Knox College, Galesburg, Ills., preached the dedication sermon to a large and attentive audience. Rev. Magoun preached in the evening.

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SOME CONDITIONS OF INTELLECTUAL GROWTH.

It is a trite saying, and as true as trite, that "we are the architects of our own fortunes," but the proposition is no less correct when we substitute "minds" for "fortunes."

In either case the crude material and the attendant circumstances are not of our creation, but in the use of these we may accomplish, within assigned limits, our own purposes not less really than if these volitions were directly transmutable into desired results. The child's mind is an organization of undeveloped powers and capacities which will remain mere germs unless brought into contact with the world of mind and matter without.

Thought is the mental life-blood, permeating every part, giving character to the whole, and imparting health and vigor, or their opposites, according to its quantity and quality, and these are largely dependent upon the amount and character of the food supplied for the mental sustenance. Many are so devoted to the insane pursuit of pleasure or absorbed in material interests as to give little heed to mental wants, and thus furnish a diet so meagre that their intellectual life is a prolonged starvation; indeed the little vitality remaining exists in spite of themselves, for no volition of theirs prevents complete *menticide*. We may see them on every hand, even in reputable society. They swarm our streets, throng shops and offices, vegetate on farms and doze out existence in secluded idleness or fritter it away in fashionable drawing-rooms, breathing an inane social atmosphere, and insulated from the currents of thought that vitalize a healthful literature,—starved in the midst of plenty. The broad fields of Nature are white with a harvest free to every reaper, and human garners, rich in gathered sheaves, wait for consumers. It is for each to determine for himself whether he will be a starved intellectual dwarf, or a partaker of the generous feast that assures a healthful and vigorous life.

The quality and variety of this mental nourishment are not less important than the quantity. Here, as elsewhere, like produces like, and our selection will determine the character of the product with as much certainty and precision as the chemist forms his component from known simples. No healthy desire need go unsatisfied, no innocent food should be rejected from the varied fare demanded by a perfect organization; but only a perverted nature will choose mere garbage as fuel for the intellectual fire, when it may as well gather a substantial heat and purer light from the treasures of forest and mine—the fibred and fossilized sunbeams of the ages.

But food however carefully selected and properly served is valueless without digestion. The crude mass of facts and principles, unassimilated, infuses no vigor into the current of thought, enlarges no capacities and gives strength and just proportion to no faculties. Many a man has consumed whole libraries, and thus became a walking encyclopædia, with an improvement scarcely perceptible, because the knowledge was simply held in solution by a capacious memory that shared none of its treasures with the other faculties.

There can be no healthful intellectual growth without constant and vigorous exercise. Activity is a universal law of

life, and our mental powers depend quite as much upon what they *do* as upon what they *receive*.

There is doubtless wide differences in original capacity but those produced by industrious toil are greater still. Real genius, in the intellectual sense, as well as in practical life is very largely the result of labor—labor that brings the nerves to the test, "stirs a fever in the blood of age and makes "infant sinews strong as steel." Paucity of brains is a rarer calamity than we sometimes imagine, while outraged nature often punishes the drone with mental imbecility. Natural aptitude is doubtless essential to the highest achievements in any department of human activity, but the road to honorable success lies open to every well trained mind that will struggle for the prize.

"By the wrong thou didst not shun,
By the good thou hast not done,
By the anguish thou dost know,
Add not to another's woe."

How lightly fall from our lips words of condemnation. We play with these fire brands as carelessly as children whirl the sparks from a lighted splinter, forgetting that "he who handles coals of fire will surely be burned," forgetting that in the flames we are kindling our own souls may be consumed, by the torch we have lighted our *hollowness* of heart will be laid bare.

We drop them in our every-day talk. Trifling they may be. So is that little stick cast upon the broad, clear surface of some *strong flowing* river.

'Twill scarcely make a ripple there.

Cast it into the stream struggling with difficulty through a narrow channel. How it ploughs up the noisy water. How the current frets and fumes over this little stick.

We must remember that *little, careless, scornful* words, sooner or later, directly, or indirectly, reach the person condemned. Can you tell that they will strike upon the soul in its placid hours, when the current of its water is steadily set for good? May they not reach it while driven close within the narrow channels of temptation; while it is battling with the powers of darkness?

We have each breathed the troublous air of trouble. We have all our trials and temptations; our broken hopes and shattered joys, which not even our warmest earthly friend may know.

It is only in solitude and darkness that the soul steals out to weep over those graves. It is with no witness but the eye of the Infinite, that the hardest soul-struggles are made.

What then, if we wound a soul tottering under its weight of temptation?

Perchance our words of condemnation may be the straw needed to throw a struggling brother down into the abyss of darkness.

Each of us treads a separate path. What desolate wastes, what slippery steeps belong to the road, he who passes over it can tell, and not he who judges from afar.

The knowledge that for all there *are* thorns and waste places should beget sympathy, should lay upon our lips the seal of silence whenever bitter words seek utterance.

We gather in these Halls to strive for knowledge, knowledge which confers powers. Shall this power become a trifle, a bauble, aye, a very curse because we have overlooked these words "Judge not?"

LUTIE.

SOCIABLE.

Let's have a Sociable next Saturday night,
And come out early with the customary delight.
Professors, teachers, new students and all,
Let us mingle together in Chapel Hall.
We hope the introductory committee will attend to the diffident,

So that all new students will not feel so indifferent.
Let the order be marching, singing and conversation,
Though the latter is most pleasant in our estimation.
And when the evening is well spent with much wordology,
Let the Dr. dismiss us with the usual doxology.

MARRIAGE.

Nov. 25, at the residence of the bride's mother in Springdale, Iowa, by the ceremony of the Society of Friends, LIN. S. BUTLER and Miss JULIA PICKERING.

No cards.

Miss Pickering was formerly a student of the University, and Mr. Butler a graduate of the law class of '69. May much joy attend them in the married state.

OBITUARY NOTICE.

DIED, at the residence of his mother in this city, Dec. 29, 1869, Mr. J. W. DAVIS, aged 29 years.

The death of Mr. Davis, so sudden and unexpected, was sad news to his many friends. We had scarce heard that he was ill when we were surprised and saddened by his death.

Thus another of the class of '69 is gone.

He entered the University at the age of 19, but afterward joined the army, remaining in the service during the entire war. When the Law Department was attached to the University he entered it to pursue his legal study and graduated last year with the second honors of his class. Lately entering upon the practice of his chosen profession he had already won the confidence and esteem of its members.

Closely identified with the Sunday School and Y. M. C. A., and an active and untiring worker in every charitable and christian enterprise, his loss is deeply felt by the entire community.

IN MEMORIAM.

ZETAGATHIAN: While we acknowledge the wisdom of Providence in all his acts, yet we are only human, and can but feel deeply the visitation of the Divine hand in the removal by death of J. WHITFIELD DAVIS, one of our most active and efficient members. A talented speaker, an earnest worker, a genial and esteemed personal friend, his loss has left a painful blank in our midst. The Zetagathian Society would unite with others in offering a tribute to his worth and extending a heartfelt sympathy to the family and friends in this their hour of bereavement and sorrow.

Resolved, That as a token of respect to his memory we drape our Hall in mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of our proceedings be presented to the family of the deceased, and to the city press and University Reporter for publication.

W. HOFFMAN,
JOHN D. GLASS, } Com.
N. W. MACY,

Jan. 6th, 1870.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

Through the dispensation of an Overruling Providence, we are called to mourn for the loss of our beloved friend and brother, Josiah W. Davis. Though stricken down in early manhood he was not unprepared to die; his was an earnest, active, christian life.

By this visitation society is deprived of a devoted worker, and we of a faithful companion. And, while we drop a tear over his grave, and recall his many virtues, let us remember that we, too, are mortal.

Resolved, That, we, the members of the Phi Kappa Psi

Fraternity, deeply sympathize with the bereaved mother, brothers, and sisters, in their affliction.

Resolved, That, as a manifestation of their feeling, the members of the Iowa Alpha wear a badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, to each of the city papers, and to THE UNIVERSITY REPORTER.

J. A. PICKLER,
J. C. HELM, } Com.
C. O. HARRINGTON,

UNIVERSITY PERSONAL.

W. R. Morley, Class '69, is at present at Eagle Tail, Kansas, engineering.

Miss Sada Hamilton, Normal Class '68, is teaching a public school, near Iowa City.

T. W. Gilruth, and H. C. Madden, Law Class '69, are practicing law at Maquoketa.

Lizzie Hess, Normal Class of '68, is teaching in the High School, at North Liberty.

S. S. Howell, a former Professor in this institution is editing a paper at Healdsburg, Sonoma Co., Cal.

E. Collin, and L. S. Butler, Law Graduates, Class '69, are practicing law at Northwood, Worth Co., Ia.

Miriam E. Scales, Normal Class, '67, is teaching in the Primary Department of the North Liberty, High School.

OTHER COLLEGES.

Tennessee has practically ruined her common school system by recent legislation.

A daughter of Prof. Agassiz is in the Insane Asylum, at Somerville, Mass., a monomaniac.

It is said that the statute of Indiana forbids the exclusion of the bible from the common schools of that state.

The Trustees of Oberlin College, Ohio, have elected a colored graduate of that institution to the Mathematical Chair.

Nineteen students of the Wesleyan University, at Mount Pleasant, in this State, have petitioned the removal of a colored student from their class.

Vermont is getting ready to build an institution of learning from a fund raised by "The Weekly Ten Cent Seminary Subscription." The ladies want \$50,000.

The present senior class in Ohio Wesleyan University numbers forty. A number are promising young men, and a full quota are preparing for the ministry.

Racine College has an elegant smoking room, which is under the control of the Faculty. It is carpeted and furnished with chairs and sofas. This room the students may occupy for one hour after each meal and enjoy their pipes. So says an exchange.

A slight difficulty arose lately at Racine College, growing out of an attempt of the Sophs. and Juniors endeavoring to prevent the Freshmen from sporting canes. In the squabble resulting therefrom the Sophs. and Juniors were soundly thrashed. Let other Sophs. and Juniors take warning thereby. Remember that Freshmen are always *Fresh*.

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SOCIETY REPORTS.

HALL OF IRVING INSTITUTE. — Dec. 28, 1869. The Irvings have continued their usual debates and rhetorical exercises, each week, during the past term, and the members seem quite well satisfied with the term's work. The following were the principal questions considered during the past month: *Resolved*, "That the President, in appointing men to fill the several offices, should appoint such men as are active in the support of the platform on which he is elected." *Resolved*, "That Justice demands, and Policy recommends, that women should have the ballot." The former question brought out a very fair discussion; the latter, debated in the midst of examinations, was not as ably argued as this popular question deserved. Nevertheless, the hall was filled to its utmost capacity. The Law Class were there, shedding their intelligent and dignified countenances over the whole assembly. The members of the Ladies' Society, after having refused all company of brave and gallant escorts, came *en masse*, and returned in the same order, giving no heed to the many supposed privileged questions, "to see you home," &c. The visitors being invited to participate in the discussion, two of the ladies spoke emphatically in opposition to the resolution, one of whom offered as her most weighty argument, that they did not want the ballot, and thought it unjust to compel them to accept it when they had not asked for it. No sooner had this convincing argument been uttered than the Law Class came down with a tremendous applause. Three other ladies followed, who raised their voices in vindication of woman suffrage, believing it to be the cause of right and justice; one of whom hurled the arguments of her opponents back in their very faces with that tone of earnestness so characteristic of the lady. R. Haynes, from the Law Class, being called upon, made a speech well worthy his fame for much speaking. He answered some of the arguments in a very commendable and satisfactory manner; also stated that he represented the unanimous opinion of the Law Class in opposing the resolution. By a vote of the members the resolution was lost by a majority of three. By a vote of the ladies it was carried by a majority of nine. By a vote of the whole house, it was lost by a majority of about forty or fifty.

ERODELPHIAN SOCIETY — Jan. 7, 1870. Since our last report we have had only two regular meetings. On Friday, Dec. 9, the Society adjourned till the second Friday of this term. During the past term we have received many new and efficient members. During the present term we hope to accomplish much. GEORGIA S. McCRORY, Cor. Sec.

IRVING INSTITUTE.—The following are the officers elected in the Society for the ensuing term: Pres't., A. Hiatt; Vice-Pres't., G. F. McClellan; Rec. Sec'y., W. J. Medes; Treas., N. B. Dana; Cor. Sec'y., M.R. King; Critic, John A. Pickler; Sergt. - at - arms, A. Sheldon.

The following are the officers elect of the Hesperian Society for the ensuing term:—Jennie Williams, Prest.; Lou. Scales, Vice-Pres't.; Nellie Scales, Rec. Sec'y.; Nellie Zimmerman, Cor. Sec'y.; Mary Shireliff, Treas.; Emma Coulter, Critic; Nora Sale, Sergt. - at - Arms.

ZETAGATHIAN.—At the last regular meeting of this society the following officers were elected for the ensuing term:—Pres't., Wm. Hoffman; Vice-Prest., J. C. Helm; Rec. Sec'y., J. A. McCall; Treas., J. D. Glass; Cor. Sec'y., E. McClain; Librarian, J.E. Cook; Sergt.-at-arms, J.C. Mathews.

The fixed salaries of Prussian village school teachers are so low that many of the poor teachers blessed with large families are positively starving. A number of deaths among teachers caused by absolute starvation, have repeatedly been brought to the notice of the authorities, but as yet no redress has been made.

A strong movement is on foot in Russia to give a higher and more complete education to woman.

PALMAM QUI MERUIT FERAT—"Let him be punished who will not read."—If you need Books or Stationery go to Beach & Allin, Lee & Son, or Koontz & Taylor.

Most assuredly we all need Clothing in the winter, but the question is, Where shall we buy? Now we advise you never to leave the city for a suit until you have called on M. Bloom, Lee & Carleton, Isense & Cerny.

Any one that will use an old stove and waste fuel ought to freeze, when they can get such tip-top Stoves of Choate & Taylor, and Bixby & Bro.

A student ought to have a good understanding. Cobban & Thompson, or Moore & Fry can furnish all who apply; and those who desire to be booted in a respectable manner should call on Welton & Joslyn, or Clark & Taylor.

The married and those contemplating marriage are more or less in need of Dry-Goods. Daniels, Dugan, Mozier, and Donaldson, Pryce & Lee expect to devote most of their time to supplying the wants of such persons.

Life is uncertain: Don't delay, but go to Townsend or Wetherby, and get your Photo. taken.

For Musical instruments go to Marquardt & Bro., and for Music Lessons call on Phelps, and Bowman. Prof. Perkins is engaged in conducting Musical Conventions.

Baker, Dietz, and Brossart furnish the very best Groceries.

The Clinton House, Trusdell House, and the Pinney House accommodate students and strangers.

Of course we all have to have our daily bread. Rankin & Palmer, and the Union Bakery have bread for all.

If you want a practical Education attend the Commercial College. Do not fail to try Prof. Shrock's System of Practical Penmanship.

Students, like other mortals, are in need of Medicine, sometimes. Rigg & Son, and M. J. Moon will furnish you with anything in the Drug line.

Ladies, do not fail to call on Mrs. Bryan, Mrs. J. B. Harris, or McClavy & Westfall for Millinery Goods.

If you want a tooth pulled, call on Dr. Tulloss or Dr. Smith. Go to Henry Nicking for a clean shave.

When you wish to sell or buy goods at Auction, Parvin & Mahan will accommodate you.

In the present state of civilization, Beef and Furniture are necessary articles. Kimball will furnish you with the one and John Schneider with the other.

J. G. Fink is a wholesale and retail dealer in Stationery, Tobacco and Cigars.

Watches and Jewelry at Startzman's, and Marquardt's.

H. M. Goldsmith keeps Fruit, Oysters and Confectionery for sale.

Mrs. Monroe manufactures and deals in all kinds of Hair Jewelry, Ladies' Waterfalls, Switches, Curls, &c.

Attention, students! Koontz & Taylor did not sell out at auction as some supposed, but have removed to Clinton St. opposite University Square, where they will accommodate all who wish to purchase school books, papers, periodicals and stationery. They have a good selection of miscellaneous books, also cheap editions of the British Poets.

Go and ask Rankin & Palmer, successors to Geddes & Palmer, for Bread and they will not give you a stone, neither will they turn you away empty; but supply you with Bread Cakes, Pies, Fruit, Oysters, and Confectionery.

The Attorney General and State Superintendent of Education of this State, have decided that a woman can legally hold the office of County Superintendent of Schools.

THE STUDENT'S SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

Among the pleasures which contribute to the enjoyment of one in the pursuit of knowledge there is none perhaps which gives a more permanent satisfaction, or a keener sense of gratification than for him now and then to pause in his arduous labors, and retrospectively glance over the field he has canvassed. At such times, when the mind is disengaged, thought revels in reviewing the accumulated facts of its store house—which it regards as the trophies of past conflicts. As the artist who adorns the walls of his studio with the matterpieces of his own skill, delights when much has been accumulated, to again inspect them comparing the rude productions of the amateur with those of the more experienced workman, giving a final polish to some and re-arranging the whole in a more elegant and attractive manner; so the student finds renewed joy inspecting the repository of the mind adorned with glittering gems of thought, comparing the beauty and perfection of successive acquisitions, quisions, making such additions and modifications as experience and increased investigation may enable him, producing more clearness and perspicuity in the arrangement, and giving the touch of erudition to the whole. He exercises the rigid scrutiny of a critic; he comprehends the grandeur of the work in which he is engaged, and is inspired with a more ardent desire to farther pursue his investigations in the realms of truth and knowledge yet unfathomed. Such is the experience of the true student who has made study a success; but many there are who think themselves in the pursuit of knowledge, who think by the combined power of genius and the college routine to exhaust the fount, that can never experience this rich fruition of the scholar.

If any acquirement of the mind is but imperfectly grasped, any branch of study passed over without a complete understanding of the details; if there is one imperfectly forged link in the chain of facts which have been acquired in the process of education, the weakness pertains to the whole, because each successive step depends largely upon the preceding, and such is the connection of the sciences and language that an imperfect knowledge of one affects all. The mind is also so constituted that if it fails in any case to achieve complete victory it is less prepared for future conquests; once weakened by successive defeats, it becomes a powerless instrument, surrounded by an overwhelming incongruous mass of detached theories and vague uncertainties.

If one who has pursued such a course would review the field, he not only finds himself destitute of the rewards which attend scholastic attainments, but he is involved in difficulties from which he knows not how to extricate himself; he finds mystery and confusion in every department, every uncertain idea which he entertained is now a blank; his maturer investigations instead of shedding light upon the pathway have increased the gloom, he finds no cause for self-congratulation; regret and remorse hiss opprobrium in his ear.

To the youth who would aspire to the full reward of the student's toil, the strictest and most unyielding surveillance is necessary. If he assures himself, at each successive step, leaving nothing obscure, although the advance may be slow and the achievements trifling, his is the serene complacency

of the philosopher, the complete victory of the hero; but if once he allows the clouds of uncertainty to gather around his mental vision, the opening prospect of his student life becomes involved in eternal gloom. Aspiration becomes a vain desire, intellectual vigor dies.

P. N. G.

A PROTEST

DEAR REPORTER:—

Allow me to enter, in your columns, a protest against a custom that I fear is becoming far too prevalent among us: I refer to the shameless system of degrading portions of household song, and other literature, by associating therewith, for the sake of raising a laugh, a very low and rude style of Parody.

Now, kind REPORTER, let me confide to you my grievances. You remember that good old piece of song about the Moss covered Bucket that we used to read "in concert," when we went to the "District School" together; and how it linked itself in simple word and feeling, with our own humble experience of early life; how we came to prize it just as one would prize the picture of a dear and distant friend.

And you remember too, no doubt, how,

"Often at noon when returned from the field,"

we were wont to seek the "old bucket," all the more eagerly; and drink from its dripping brim, with a satisfaction all the more intense for thinking how far its cooling liquid excelled the "nectar" of the gods. You remember, do you? Well, then, you will not wonder that my stock of charity is hardly sufficient to pardon the villain, so lost to all that mortals hold most sacred, as to associate with that same sweet picture, the detested vision of *drowning kittens!*

Before that vile effigy appeared, each visit of mine to our old well and the ancient vessel it contained, brought, with vivid distinctness to my mind, the scenes and feelings of brighter days; but now, the tragedy of the "*Three Little Kittens*" has forever marred the otherwise perfect picture.

It is only a short time since my ears were tortured by the deliberate, cold-hearted mangling of certain lines, that, to myself and others, had long been esteemed peculiarly sweet in their sentiment and expression:

"Only waiting 'till the shadows

"Are a little longer grown, &c.;"

yet the beautiful spirit of these words has been banished, and their body sacrificed to the gratification of a very depraved taste.

Witty things are agreeable to almost any person who has the feelings of humanity at all developed;—but may Heaven shield us from the encroachments of an age when all that has become endeared to us by the memories of childhood, or the associations of later life, is thus to be torn, by rude hands, from our hearts, and sacrificed at the shrine of groveling wit.

Long days may come and go, before the chalice is filled by the dripping of crystal waters through the crevice of a rock,—but a single heedless touch may dash upon the earth, in an instant what has been so long collecting.

There is another method of stupid pandering to Wit, that is to be objected to, not only for reasons just presented, but for others of infinitely greater weight: It consists in the unhallowed use so often made of various texts of Scripture, for no better reason than to point a joke, or spice an observation.

Let those, who are disposed to indulge in this species of wit, know, that while they may add, thereby, to the momentary amusement of some; yet, their words will fall with peculiar pain upon the ears of the true followers of the Savior.

PROTESTANT.

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At reduced rates in order to make room for a
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Students should Give him a Call.

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He keeps constantly on hand the very best quality of Groceries,
and sells at reasonable rates, Live & let live is our motto.

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The best place to buy Boots and Shoes is at
CLARK & TAYLOR'S,
where a good supply of the best articles in Market can always
be found at **THE VERY LOWEST PRICES.**
Give them a call and convince yourselves.

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Students call and examine their well selected stock of clothin
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"rably adapted to the use of Latin Students. The
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KIMBALL, STEBBINS & MEYER
Wish to say to their student friends that they have
Three Meat Markets, viz:
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The third Collegiate year of this Institution will commence September 16th, 1869, and close June 23d, 1870.

The full course of instruction embraces every department of Book-Keeping, together with commercial correspondence, commercial arithmetic, commercial law and business penmanship, 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 penmanship, 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 of instruction they receive.

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

This department includes a thorough course of instruction in all the 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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CALENDAR FOR 1869-70.

Fall term commences Sept. 16th and closes Dec. 22d.
Vacation of two weeks, Dec. 22d—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.
Commencement June 29th, 1870.
Anniversaries of literary societies and alumni during Commencement week.

TERMS—An incidental fee of \$5 00 per term covers all charges. Four students from each county will be received without payment of incidental fee; two in Normal department, and two in regular College departments.
Tuition in Law Department, \$80 00 for the full course, \$30 00 per single term.

The constant aim and effort of those having the matter in charge is to make this institution in reality what it is in name, affording the very best opportunities for securing a first class education, whether general or professional.

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