SONG OF THE RISING LAKE.
[From "Our Legends and Lives" of Eleanor by A. Louisa Herry]
I was woke in the grass
By the delicate pass
Of a gosamer thread.
With a start, with a spring,
Up I feel! up I feel!
Lake, forest, and valley before me were spread;
Dingle and meadow-ring,
Shingle and loa,
Glimmer and shimmer and ripple of sea.
Higher, higher.
My wing's desire!
Higher, higher, higher, higher.
Smaller as space on the thistle
The white spires bristle.
No wider, no taller,
Smaller and smaller,
Higher, higher.
My wing's desire!
Up the fire mountains, by fountain and fountain
Of fire!
On a gossamer cone
A white eagle's feather is waving alone.
Higher, higher.
My wing's desire!
Let me swim, let me swoon known.
Is the rush of the whirlwind that whips 'neath the
Higher, higher, higher, higher!
Oh! the drive of the rack.
Still! Still! Still! Still!
The rush and the trial
Beat me back;
In the strife
Beastliness, deathliness
Fighting for life.
Take back the rush again;
Give me the rush again.
Let me soar, soars, soar
Through the golden door.
Higher, higher.
My wing's desire!
Higher, higher, higher, higher!
The delight, the delight!
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet!
After the rush
What a calm, what a hush!
After the roar,
So to soar, so to soar
Through the golden door?
No higher, no higher,
My wing's desire!
I should faint in the fire.
Light upon light,
Heat upon heat,
Bright upon bright,
Sweet upon sweet;
Silence on silence floating out stealthily,
Hindfully, feelingly,
After the whirlwind not a pulse-beat!
All asleep, asleep,
Asleep in the still,
Folded deep:
Asleep in the still of the broken will
Touched by the universe tenderly, healingly.
All around
Not a sound.

WHAT MAY WE STUDY?
III.
Culture is the great aim of University education. Discipline of the mental faculties, the improvement of taste, the development and refinement of the moral sense and of the capacity to sympathize with all that is good, great and beautiful in this glorious world; such are the objects of all higher education.

It is claimed that these objects can all be reached by means of a close adherence to the collegiate course that has, for centuries, been pursued in Europe and this country.

It is not admitted that humanity has produced beautiful and perfected works of art after the period of the Greeks which are just as well adapted to this end. It is denied that modern literature can strengthen the culture "the basis of which is the moral sentiments" as well as ancient literature. It is asserted that the road to high, generous culture leads through the gate of Latin and Greek and through none other.

But all these assertions, all these details, what do they prove? Clearly, that those who make them are not familiar with classic modern literature. Can a person, be he ever so warm hearted, be accepted as a judge of a matter which he does not understand? Can any amount of "fine language" and any number of quotations of excellent writers like Prof. Fulton, etc., make up for the lack of knowledge of the subject? Certainly not.

Modern literature contains so much that is grand and beautiful, that even the well known conservatism of college men has not been able to exclude it altogether from the college curriculum. Nevertheless, the place granted it there is not cheerfully granted. The partizans of the "old system" had made up their minds that education is like the Catholic Church in this, that there is only one road to educational salvation. Imbued with this idea they claim everything that "refines the taste and warms the heart" for their own favorite subjects, stoutly refusing it to any other similar one. There is something very odd and remarkable in this obstinacy and perverse moral courage. It reminds one of the "knight of the sorrowful figure" who, inspired with his fancied vocation and the dignity of his position, fights windmills, and everything else that he meets on his way regardless of consequences.

We have already expressed the hope that both the ancient and modern languages will always receive proper attention in our foremost colleges, hence may expect to escape the charge of "one-sidedness" which we are obliged to prefer against those who would make unjust distinction in favor of the ancient. Our admiration of all truly great authors, be they Greek or German, French or Roman, is too great and too genuine to allow ourselves to speak of them and their productions otherwise than with the respect due to genius. Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller, Milton, Molieres, Humboldt, Cervantes, and so many other modern classics, are surely not inferior in inborn genius to Homer, Sophocles, Aristotle, Plato, Xenophon, Virgil, Horace, and the other ancient classics. To say that the latter are superior is to make a gratuitous assertion which deserves nothing but the sting of sarcasm.

German, French and English are those modern languages which every man or woman who lays claim to a higher education is expected to understand, not in account of their utility, but because of the magnificent and valuable literature which they represent.

To study German or French at a college is not for the "practical utility" these languages may have in a business point
of view would be a waste of time, precisely as it would be a waste of time to study history, mental philosophy, higher mathematics, etc., for the same purpose. A very little mathematics will enable a person to get along in business,—a very little German or French will enable him to do the same as far as the use of these languages is concerned.

That little may more easily be learned in the society of an illiterate but talkative nurse than under the guidance of a learned professor. But the study of German and French literature is a subject far more difficult, far more delicate, far more educational than it is believed to be, by the vulgar and ignorant, and hence it is justly considered by competent persons as one that is inferior in importance to none other.

We say the study of German and French and might add the Italian, Spanish, and Scandinavian, because the literature of Italy, Spain, etc., are magnificent and worthy of study. The same could not be said of Russia, Turkey, modern Greece, etc., and this is the plain reason why the languages of these countries do not deserve the same attention as is given to the others.

With the exception of German, the principal cultivated modern languages present so many points of resemblance that after one of them has been thoroughly studied the rest are easily acquired. Hence the three languages,—Italian, Spanish, and French,—might be learned in little more time than it takes to learn the German language alone. German, on the other hand, opens the way to the Scandinavian tongues, to Dutch, Gothic, Anglo-Saxon, etc., and this serves as an important link in the science of language. If we reflect that German literature is almost universally admitted to hold the first rank in Europe at this day, and that French literature ranks next in importance, we can understand why it is that just these two and not any other modern languages are looked upon as the indispensable requisites in the latter half of the nineteenth century.

Hence our reasons for advising the study of French and German may be summed up as follows:

1. Because the proper study of these languages gives mental discipline, and is indispensable to the student of language as such.

II. Because the model productions of the best French and German writers refine the taste, improve the moral sentiment, sharpen the intellect and bring us into closer sympathy with the intellectual life and the aspirations of two great modern nations.

III. Because the languages are the medium of thought, action, invention, etc., of the foremost literary and scientific men of the two most prominent and most cultivated nations of Europe.

IV. Because we live in the latter half of the nineteenth century and need such an education as will enable us to appreciate and understand the civilization and culture of the age. "Says."

**COLLEGE HONORS.**

The system of college honors has its place in almost every institution, but it may be seriously questioned whether it is not wholly wrong.

There can be no reasonable objection to "honor rolls" as regards department and attendance upon public exercises and those of the class room, but to *special scholarships, prizes, and class honors* there seems to us to be such grave objections that they ought to be regarded as sufficient reasons for setting them aside.

Many a well disposed and really benevolent man, having a few hundred dollars to devote to charitable purposes finds a scholarship in an institution, designing the interest of the sum deposited to be given to some student who has not ready means to meet his current expenses, and who might otherwise be unable (?) to prosecute his studies.

The motive is right, but is the policy sound? A really worthy young man or woman would feel not a little sensitive about receiving such charity, and none others should receive it. Then again it is very questionable whether it would not be better for the student to grapple with his difficulty and master it than to receive such money as a gift and have a culture not really his own.

A far better, and really excellent, plan exists at Harvard, where a fund of several thousand dollars has been accumulated, the interest of which is *honored* to those needing it, on condition that after graduation the borrower is to pay interest on the sum until the whole is paid. If he is ever able to refund the amount he is not pressed for it. We cannot conceive of a way in which money invested would make a richer return in good and gratitude than in thus aiding worthy young persons in the acquisition of an education. It is scarcely probable that the case would occur often when one thus benefitted would fail to completely liquidate the obligation, and yet no one need ever feel that the nicest sense of personal honor or dignity had been compromised by receiving such aid.

Since writing the above "The Dartmouth" for April has come to hand, containing a capital article on "Scholarships," of which Dartmouth College it seems has one hundred and two.

Perhaps Prize Essays, Orations, and Declamations are the most popular forms in which honors are dispensed in our colleges. To be successful either in presenting one's own or in representing another's thoughts to an audience, two things are requisite in a good speaker; first, a good voice; and second, a pleasing address, depending wholly upon a graceful form, and easy, graceful manners. Voice and form are nature's gifts; manners are the gift of society—they are possessions not acquisitions.

A child's actions are naturally graceful; and if he grows up in the midst of refined and cultivated society he will retain his easy manners. If, on the contrary, he is surrounded by rude and uncultivated associates in his early years, and has his character cast in the mold of such society, no amount of theatrical or eloquentatory training will give him real grace and ease of action, until refined and cultivated society has, with its malice and chisel of form and custom, knocked off his rough corners, and by friction of the individual rubbing against the many, and the many against the individual, he has been smoothed and polished.

How then can prizes be justly awarded to one for his natural gifts or for accomplishments of which he is the possessor, but which he has not acquired?

If it be said that it is to encourage the cultivation of these natural gifts, then we answer, it must be shown that all opportunities for cultivation are equal, and excellence is the result of greater attention and industry on the part of the individual.

The objections just made to the award of prizes will apply equally well to the last named of "College Honors" viz:—

*Class Honors.*

For a perfectly successful or brilliant student career, five things are essential. A sound mind in a sound body, thorough preparatory training, unembarrassed circumstances, and unyielding application to study, the last being the only one which the individual can control.

Scholarship is usually based upon the term examination or upon a combination
of examinations with the average daily recitation where the marking system is kept up. The ability to hand in a first rate paper on examination day is all the evidence taken account of respecting a student's knowledge of his subject and upon this his standing is made out.

Grading by a scale of, say, 5, 10 or 100 the sum total of his examination markings or his averages of scholarship estimated from such markings determines the student's place in his class, and the one whose markings are highest receives the honors of his class.

No one will for a moment say that it is just to award honors for intellectual ability or good health, yet, these being equal, the student who has enjoyed the best early advantages, and has acquired the best preparatory training, will stand highest and be the honored one of his class.

The relations of a student and his Alma Mater are of a business nature. He pays a sum of money, perhaps, or complies with some other stipulated conditions, and is admitted to a partnership, with a capital equal to his preparatory training: At the end of four years the books are balanced and the one who has at that time the most capital to exhibit is the one the institution especially honors. No inquiry is made as to who has acquired most during the four years, making estimation from the unequal capitals invested, and the one honored is just as likely to be the one who has really not made the greatest gain. He may possess more but be a far inferior merchant.

Again, examinations are not reliable tests of scholarship. It frequently happens (in what examination of a large class does it not happen?) that the passage or subject chosen for the examination is one in which one of several, perhaps equally excellent scholars, is especially thorough and he will therefore pass a better examination than his fellows, when, if almost any other portion of the subject studied had been selected, he would not have surpassed them.

Let us illustrate. At the opening of the University year, ten candidates apply for admission to the Freshman class of the University. Look at their history. Two are from the East. At six years of age they enter a first rate graded school and are placed under the care of thoroughly competent teachers. They spend from six to ten months a year for ten years, passing successively up through all the grades of the school; are thoroughly taught to spell, read and write correctly their own language, and are carefully drilled in all the branches of primary instruction. At sixteen they enter a high school or academy where the same critical drill is given for two or three years in all the branches of the preparatory course of the University.

The other eight are from the sparsely settled frontier perhaps. At six or eight years of age they are sent to an incompetent teacher who "keeps school" in a cabin in the woods, and who gives but imperfect training in anything that he can teach. As soon as they are large enough to work they are taken from school (just as is done with the sons and daughters of thousands of farmers and mechanics in the west and north west) and sent to the field or kitchen for eight or nine months out of the year, allowing the remaining three or four months for school. At sixteen or eighteen years of age they too enter a preparatory school, and in two years run over all that the others devoted ten years to, giving only a few weeks superficial study to each branch, and the ten meet at the University. One-fifth are thoroughly prepared, pass a splendid examination and are at once marked by Prof. A., unusually promising students. The remaining four-fifths get through in a tolerable style and all start on their course. To part, the way will be smooth and progress easy; the rest will make many blunders, meet difficulties at every step and unquestionably will study much harder to accomplish the same work, seldom making as good examinations as their class mates. Commencement comes at last and the standing of the class is made out, 5,400 being the sum of perfect markings requisite for graduation. Each has passed his 54 examination, but not equally well. Who will be the honored ones? The most favored ones in almost every case,—in every case, natural abilities, industry and circumstances being equal.

The supposed case is extreme and will cover all possible cases, but we venture to say that there is no institution, in the west especially, where a class of ten students will not illustrate exactly this supposed case, either fully or approximately.

Will any man say that, under such circumstances, it is just in any sense, to make distinctions in any classes by awarding honors to the best scholars in the class.

Will not all rather say that the whole system is unjust and radically wrong?

The only test of real proficiency in training is experience, and a few years often strangely reverse the reports of Commencement day. The statistics of the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, published in the last No. of The Rrumen are suggestive and illustrate the point.

If it is necessary to have salutatories and valedictories at Commencement would it not be far better to let the graduating class choose its own representatives, as it does at the anniversary exercises of our Literary Societies, and let the programmes be arranged as at any other exhibition, so as to give the most harmonious order of subjects, and let Alma Mater grant no honor to one of her children which is not extended to all whom she deems worthy of her fostering care.

THE DYING DAY.

Mark Twain says: "It is evening. The rich glow of sinking sun casts athwart the little cottage door-yard a mellow, golden light, that enriches and inspires the scene. A balmy breeze blows from the West, and the tall surrounding trees and the hedge thrumming, and the bare garden stalks and bushes bend their tops, and seems to nod a pleasant, good-night to the disappearing orb. A soft, dream-like stillness settles about the place. The busy hum of day gradually sinks away, and the peaceful calm of night gathers round about. Finally all is still and dark. The happy domestic circle prepare to enjoy the blissful repose of evening. Father, mother and children are grouped around the centre tables, and, while the man takes his "solasco" or his newspaper, the young matron sits quietly by with her work, and the little ones discuss rag dolls and sugar plums in the corner. The sweet voiced warbler, in his golden cage, above the vine-clad window, has ceased its merry song; Carlo has gone to sleep on the rug; the playful kittens have tired of their gambols, and have curled up in their little box; and now no sound is heard save the crickets' chirp. Stillier and darker it grows, until by and by, the sharp, quick "Hi's!" from behind the garden fence, tells us that now is the time to steal watermelons."
NATURAL HISTORY—HOW TO COLLECT AND PRESERVE SPECIMENS.

II. SHELLS.

Everyone admires the shells of the sea, so beautiful in their varied tints and their always graceful forms, and we never tire of looking at them, but few are aware of the real beauty, as a mere ornament, of a well prepared collection of land and fresh water shells. Aside from such a value they have a far higher one, such as the naturalist places upon them. In the preparation of shells for sale, as mere table ornaments, dealers often remove the epidermis, in whole or in part, to increase their brilliancy by polishing them. A naturalist, however, cordially deprecates such practices, and considers no shell desirable or attractive that is not complete in all its parts, neither will he keep a "dead shell" in his cabinet after he is able to obtain a live one. Shells lose their natural brilliancy of race and epidermis after a few days exposure to the weather in contact with the dead animal. Such shells are called dead shells.

In all the streams of Iowa we shall find three genera of those shells usually called mussels; namely, Unio, Margaritana and Anodonta. The first is characterized by well developed cardinal and lateral teeth by which the valves articulate, the second by nearly obsolete lateral teeth, and the latter by the absence of any articulating teeth at all, as its name indicates.

These mollusks may all be found half buried in the sand and mud of the bottom at low water, and one needs only a basket for collecting them. You may remove the soft parts on the spot by passing a thin bladed knife between the valves at each end far enough to sever the two adductor muscles by which the animal holds its valves so firmly together that you cannot draw them asunder, or you may do it more neatly by placing them in hot water and boiling them a few minutes. They will then gape open and the whole animal may be washed out with the finger. Wash the inner surface of each valve thoroughly in clean water, being careful not to remove any of the projecting epidermis at the border, nor to separate the valves by breaking the horny ligament that unites them. If you have not time to prepare them tie the valves closely together with strips of cloth, not with string as it will break the thin border, and lay them away. If you do not tie them together the ligament will break readily as soon as it is dry and the parts will not match accurately when the valves are placed together. Remember that the ligament and the epidermis with its border are both parts of the shell and must be carefully preserved.

After they are dried you may restore them to precisely the same condition they were in when you first laid them away by putting them in water for a few hours. Then wash them with a finger brush until the epidermis is quite clean. Remove the calcareous inerustation by rubbing with the handle of your brush, not any iron instrument, and, if necessary, apply a little dilute muriatic acid which will dissolve the crust, but not the epidermis if not too strong. Rinse carefully in clean water, tie as before and lay away again to dry. Then rub in sweet oil with a woolen rag, lay away a week and rub again with an oiled rag. Write the locality, and name of the shell, if you know it, upon the inner surface of the valves, with a pen and ink, and it is ready for the cabinet.

Two other genera of bivalves occur in the soft mud of most streams—Spherium and Pisidium. The former is sometimes three-fourths of an inch in diameter, and the latter seldom reaching half that size. They may be prepared for the cabinet as the others.

In marly places you will find in the water numerous univalves of the genera Pterostylis, Limnea and Physa, and upon the bottoms of the streams and in the mud Melania and Pila. They have two aerial, although they spend all their time in the water. Sometimes specimens of Ancylus may be found attached, like the sea limpets, to the under side of stones in the streams. There are very small and will readily escape detection.

Land shells, proper, like damp situations, but do not go into the water. They may be found under stones, old logs, or rubbish, among rank herbage growing in wet places, etc. The most of these are of the genus Helix, but Hyalina, Saeinea and Pupa are often met with. Of the former genus the species are numerous and vary much in size, so that the smaller species, as well as the Pupas are likely to escape detection. It is always best to carry some wooden pill boxes to carry the small and fragile species.

All these univalve shells may be prepared by pouring boiling water over them, when the soft parts may be withdrawn with a bent pin. Wash them and put them away with a label containing locality, habitat and date. The soft parts of the smaller shells need not be removed, simply dry them and they give no further trouble. The opercula of Melania and Pontihina should be saved and gummed upon the inner surface of the aperture.

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Des Moines, Iowa, March 16th, 1871.

Dear Brother:

The hurry of travel and the prior claims of others defeated my purpose to give you from time to time some account of my late journey. From San Francisco you doubtless got my letter containing some account of the scenes and circumstances attending my trip across the continent. While this was novel, exciting and instructive, it requires a long ride to see comparatively few objects of interest or note, and it was reserved for my journey into Southern California, to embrace, in a much shorter distance, many, very many, more interesting scenes as well as more instructive.

From San Francisco to San Pedro, a distance of some 450 miles, a coast steamer will take you in two days in good weather, giving you a fair idea of "A life on the ocean wave, A home on the rolling deep!" except that far from being at home the chances are you will wish you were at home very frequently during the first twenty-four hours; and from tiring that you will die you rapidly progress into a feeling of sublime indifference to life and fear you will not die; while, in the meantime you are submissively surrendering to old ocean, all the contents of your stomach, that by strenuous endeavor and much swallowing of your fore digit, you can get loose. My conclusion was that "where the winds their revel keep" was emphatically a bad place for sober going people. However, once over the seasickness, with a desire to eat that betokens a "coming appetite," sea-going seems pleasant and you watch the seemingly limitless ocean with a new feeling of the immense and grand stealing over you, while the surf beating against the ever near coast sounds a new and strange music in your ear. Going down the
coast, in this way, the vessel is never more than three miles from the shore,—the voyage being, in fact a coasting one,—and the foothills and mountains are constantly in sight, while in due course we pass in sight of Santa Barbara and Point Conception, and finally drop anchor off San Pedro or Wilmington. From the outgoing steamer by a small "lighter" or tug, we are transferred to the Wilmington wharf, from whence, by a short railroad, my course took me to Los Angeles, the county seat of a county bearing the same name. Along this railroad, and in this old Spanish town, orange trees, loaded with luscious looking fruit, were seen for the first time and you can faintly imagine how curious and novel this seemed, in the month of February, to an Iowa man, not a month from home. In Los Angeles, surrounded by old adobe houses, a Spanish and Mexican population, and the inevitable Catholic mission with its chime of bells, its meek looking priests and meeker looking worshippers, you can well imagine the old Spanish days returned. These people (the Spaniards) are lamentably worthless for almost any purpose, and, so far as personal and independent action is concerned, quite so.

From Los Angeles, a buggy ride over and through the foot hills, lying along the base of the mountains, took me to the ranche of an old friend, Mr. Rose. Here is, perhaps, one of the finest, if not the finest ranche of California. Everything in its arrangement is systematic, symmetrical and charming. A vineyard of hundreds of acres presents to the view a regularity that in itself attracts and holds the eye, while in the midst, fairly enclosing the eye, stands a magnificent avenue of orange trees, stretching south from the house a quarter of a mile in quadruple rows, two on either side, seeming a line of richest green with golden trimming. In the distance, north and east, appear the mountain ranges, some of them bearing on their summits white caps of snow; so that standing in the presence of summer you look up into the dominion of winter, whither in a few hours on the back of a trusty horse, you can readily go, if so inclined, and your nerves will permit the mountain ride. The trail up the mountain, is a narrow track not exceeding three feet in width, cut into the mountain side, and gradually winding its way from the base six thousand feet up to the summit. On the left of this trail as you ascend, the mountain rises up, up, until you are compelled to lay your head back on your shoulders to see the top, while on the right it falls down, down, until you are prone to lay your whole body flat on the track, lest you may roll off and being off take a longer than a healthy roll. Below you as you ride are the tops of great pines that have laborcd in vain these many years to get their heads above the shadow of the mountain, and the stream rushing along at the bottom of the canon can be but faintly heard and dimly seen. The view from the top, however, compensates for everything—but the descent, which, with the constant fear of sliding off over the lowered head of your horse, and the painfully plain precipice inevitably in view, is trying to stronger nerves than mine and constrained me to believe that a little pedestrian exercise might be beneficial and certainly quite as safe.

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STUDENT LIFE AT HEIDELBERG.

You know that in Germany instead of being knocked down when you insult a man, he asks you for your card, which is the challenge. The next day you are visited by the man's second, who makes the proper arrangements with you as to the conditions, time, place etc.

I was fortunate, if it may be called so, in witnessing a students' duel between a young Duke, and a Count from Dussch, who intimated that the Duke was a Danny Dangle. Entering the duelling galery with some friends, we found a room large and high, fitted up most admirably for the purpose, furnished with tables for the spectators to sit and enjoy "Dutch comfort" (beers) during the fight. Taking a seat at one of these tables, we watched the preparations with much interest, which I must say are almost as bad as the fight. The combatants were stripped to the waist, then a thick cotton shirt was put on, folded to break the force of the blows aimed at the chest, while the stomach was protected by a padded cushion made for the purpose. Over this was firmly fastened a thick cloth, or leather apron; the right arm covered by a thick and heavy glove, around which were wound strips of cloth, making the arm perhaps eight inches in diameter, is perfectly protected; as all ineffective blows intoned for the crown of the head are received by this member. A pair of strong iron spectacles were then bound over the eyes of the combatants with the glasses so arranged, that they would fly out when struck and thus save the sight; the bows of the "specs" formed in such a manner that the eyes cannot be injured, while only one half of the ear is exposed to the blow of the sword. The sword is a thin elastic "concern" thirty to thirty-five inches in length, half an inch in width, and so thin that when a blow is struck, it rebounds with a whiz that is anything but pleasant. I must not forget to say that the "playthings" are almost sharp enough to shave with, and would not "pull" much at that. After being "dressed" the combatants sat waiting with the arm held in a horizontal position by the seconds to prevent fatigue, until the duel was called by the umpire. The Count was considered an experienced Schlagter, and had already fought, and "defended his honor" before. The Duke was less skilled, but notwithstanding, we had according to the German ideal a "real treat" in anticipation. At the call of the umpire—Bereit! Los lassen! the swordsmen commenced carving away at each other in a most scientific manner. As I have explained the preparations and methods of duelling, I will not weary you with a description of the bloody scene which ensued. Suffice it to say that the Duke was victorious, while the Count received a severe wound in the face.

Thus ended this duel, which is only an example of the many that take place, not only here, but in all Germany. It would seem strange in an American college to have such customs as these, but after all one cannot help noting a more chivalrous and manly bearing among the corps of the students in Germany. "Hazing," "bottling," "rushing," are unknown. It needs no elaborate quotations from Dr. Watts to demonstrate the dissimulativeness of such practices; but it must be acknowledged as one of the obsolete customs cherishing false ideas of chivalry, retained from the punctilious times and sumptuous courts of Louis XIV., and Charles II., that has exercised an influence which remains a precedent in Germany to this day.—From the Dartmouth for April.

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Young ladies contemplating the ministry have been remembered in the will of the late Abel Minard, who left the sum of $100,000 to Drew Theological Seminary, the interest of which is to be used in aiding ladies in obtaining a theological education.—Courant.
BACON AND HIS PHILOSOPHY.

The life and writings of Bacon are an anomaly. I have been accustomed to think that if a person desires to study the moral character of a writer, recourse should be had to the writings of the same, inasmuch as contemporaneous history is liable to misjudge. It is likely to be touched by the prejudice of the times, or the relations which are sustained by the author. But in a man’s own writings, not only the outline of his mental and moral character stand in relief, but also, on a closer study, the filling up—the little peculiarities and various shades will be perceptible. This will be especially true where the subjects treated of cover such a wide range as do those of Bacon,—philosophy, polemics, political economy, etc. I have examined in vain, however, for a single evidence of his true character as a man on the pages of his own works. His easy flow of words, his terse pithy sentences, his noble ideas of nature, his whole style made to glow with an enthusiastic love of his subject, indicate an association with the highest virtues. But yet his case and character afford a striking example of how great and intellectual faculties may be united, occasionally, with mean and evil doings. Contemporaneous history goes to show that he was wanting in heroic moral qualities; that in the presence of power he was mean and cringing; that in the presence of money he was no more Bacon. It is a pity that a man of such mental capacities, who, if his ethical courage had been equal to his intellect, might have done as much for the reformation of society as for that of science should have been thus wanting. It is a pity that obloquy should have occasion to fall on such a name in his own day, and cloud his memory ever after.

To gloss over evil deeds and place them before the public in their least repulsive form is a very reprehensible feature of the criticism of to-day. This method is frequently employed to absolve the memory of monsters and exalt their virtues, apparently, to the standard of pure morality. We would not wish to exhibit the character of Bacon in this way, and yet, a statement of the peculiar circumstances under which it was developed is due to his memory. Born of noble parents, and mingling from infancy with courtiers, it was not strange that he imbibed courtly ideas; that this training would make him what he was—a man bent on office and promotion. Early, al-

...so, becoming dissatisfied with the Aristotelian philosophy, his wonderful spontaneity of intellect formed the plan of a new system. He was desirous of obtaining pecuniary provisions by the endowment of some office sufficient to enable him to devote his time to these literary pursuits. He seemed to seek office with this especially in view, but was continually thwarted and impeded in his struggles by inferior men, so that his natural superiority was hindered in obtaining its natural level. These circumstances explain his urgency for place and his constant effort against obstruction; but, in the end, they hindered the more free and noble culture and expression of his moral nature,—trained him into habits of caution, compliance and subserviency, which did not belong radically to his nature. But it is no longer Bacon as the man, but Bacon as the philosopher. We may refuse homage to the man, but must admire the thinker. Let us abandon his character as we will, the world will do reverence to his gifts and acquisitions.

In this view of the man as a writer and thinker, I wish to examine, somewhat, this question: What claims has Bacon to be considered the Father of Modern Science?

Touching this question we have two classes differing essentially in their opinions. One, the English, affirming the proposition; the other, the Continental, denying it. Against the reasoning of the former it may be urged, that they are influenced by a blind national prejudice. Against that of the latter, their evident disposition to underrate anything English or American, and overestimate any thing which may belong to any part of the Continent. I find a statement of the arguments on which this last class of writers base their opinion that Bacon was but a very small man, in a late No. of The Atlantic Monthly. They are as follows:  

I. "Bacon is not the father of Induction, for Induction is as old as human nature, in fact was invented by Adam." To this we would answer that Bacon is not held to be the inventor of Induction, nor is Aristotle the inventor of the syllogism. We hold that both are equally the common processes of the human mind; that argument both by Induction and Deduction are as old as humanity. It must be conceded, however, that the man who would first unfold the laws of either, show how they could be used in the cause of human progress, and actually push them into practice, would, and of a right, ought to pass into fame as the originator. Bacon is the originator of Induction in the sense explained, and this is his place in Modern Philosophy. Men did not previously overlook the Inductive process in thought, but they did not understand its true value. The fame of Bacon lies in the fact that of all modern men, he and he alone, gave it efficacy and un-wonted inspiration.

II. "He was no mathematician." The point aimed at seems to be this: If Bacon was ignorant of mathematics he would, of necessity be unable to deduce by formula, or otherwise, the vast multitude of truths, dependent upon principles once established. Granting that he was unacquainted with mathematics, it does not appear wherein it would affect his claim to the title in question, as it is not urged that he left science as complete as modern research has made it. Galileo invented a certain kind of a telescope, and yet because it was not so complete in all its appointments as those made at present of the same character, we do not deny him the credit of the invention. But he was not ignorant of mathematics; and it does not appear on what basis the assertion is made, for among the English reviewers it has never been a subject of doubt or discussion.

III. "his system is at variance with facts elicited by philosophers to-day." The system which is meant here is contained in the affirmation "that the path to the more general truths is a series of ascending Inductive steps." The critic says: "the merest glance at history shows that on the contrary the more general principles are first reached." I apprehend that both these statements are true in the sense used. It is true that we are acquainted with the mere generalities of science, and that we are studying from these, others of a more specific nature. Yet no critic of ordinary intelligence, at all acquainted with the laws governing the mind, would make such a bald criticism, unless blinded by prejudice. For is it not true that all knowledge must first be specific before general? All higher generalizations are dependent on certain observed specific facts. For instance, we observe in a large number of cases, that animals having horns ruminant. This is specific knowledge in the sense used by Bacon. Then from this we generalize that all animals having horns ruminant. Other examples might be adduced, but this will be sufficient to make clear that Bacon was correct in the foregoing aphorism.

IV. "Bacon, himself, was not a sharp
and accurate observer of nature." This is urged as a fact that militates especially against his claims as advocated by us. The assertion is, however, entirely gratuitous; false in fact and fancy. No man among modern thinkers possessed so much mental acuteness; few have been able to make such sharp, penetrating, dissecting analyses; and none for his leisure and opportunities have experimented so patiently and so widely. It is on record of ready reference that for his treatise on Natural Philosophy he made over a thousand original experiments and satisfied himself of the truthfulness of others. His life, too, was the forerun of his incipient experimenting. He died a martyr to science; to experimental Inductive Philosophy, and the world will always reverence him as such. I am unable to see why this last charge is preferred against him, or on what evidence it is founded. I am equally as a loss to know why the world is culpable for holding him as a martyr. There is an expression, which from the frequency of its repetition has assumed the form of cant, to the effect that science needs no martyrs. And here, if it be asked, "What is science?" it may be answered that if viewed with regard to its modes, it is the means of eliciting and ascertaining truth; but if with regard to its end, it is truth. Hence, he who falsifies in regard to a scientific fact—false in regard to any truth, scientific or moral, is culpable. But wherein, let me inquire again, consists the culpability of proclaiming Bacon as a martyr to modern research. Does it suggest anything unpleasant or unfavorable to the character of another, who is by some claimed to be the true father of Modern Science? This I cannot say of a surety, but it is not at all unlikely. History tells us that Galileo, who advocated the theory of Copernicus, and made some novel original researches, was called upon by bigots to renounce what reason dictated, and observation made true. And though thoroughly conscious of the revolution of the earth, he had not the manhood to face the dangers arising from its avowal, and knelt before the altar and swore to the falsity of these convictions. Perhaps this is the reason science needs no martyrs.

But answering objections does not clearly set forth what Bacon really did for science, or what his claims are to the title in question. I am equally as a loss to know why the world is culpable for holding him as a martyr. There is an expression, which from the frequency of its repetition has assumed the form of cant, to the effect that science needs no martyrs.

First, let us see in what state philosophy was previous to Bacon's time. The philosophy of the ancients disdained to be useful, was chiefly concerned about abstractions, about theories of moral perfections, which were so transcendental that they could never become aught but theories, about the essence of being, of cause and effect. It assumed a learned style and attempted to impose upon the credulity of the people and palm off ambiguous terms and involved sentences as something real. It was made of questions without end; questions which could never be decided, for ordinarily, not even the sophists themselves knew what they meant. They were revolting questions, the discussions of which were always beginning. It was a philosophy too, which could not descend to the humble office of ministering to the comfort of the race. Philosophy, according to the ancients, had nothing to do with utility, with teaching men to build bridges or transplant trees. The idea (at least the predominating one) was, that philosophy was independent of all material substance, of all mechanical contrivances; that it was simply a "commenstatio mortis." Such a philosophy, it is evident could not be progressive. Little knowledge could be added to the original stock, however much the discussions and such philosophizing might sharpen the intellects of those engaged.

"There was," as Macaulay says, "no heritage of truth acquired by the labor of one generation, and transmitted to another, to be again transmitted with additions to a third." The same sects we find battling with the same unsatisfactory arguments about the same interminable questions.

Of course, I will be understood to say these things chiefly concerning the truths of Natural Science, for in the domain of mind some of these criticisms would be unjust—would be untrue. In this field they exhibited no want of inquiry, nor lack of patient investigation of the phenomena of mind. In the writings of Aristotle and Plato we have a rich harvest of intellectual cultivation safely garnered. A harvest which the best of modern thinkers after patient ploughing, harrowing, reaping and threshing have not equalled in quantity or quality. A harvest of golden grain, which all the analyses and blowpipe tests of scientists have failed to identify as spum or stubble. The reason of their signal failure in the domain of Natural Science was entirely owing to their method of investigation. A man might sit down in the seclusion of his own room and frame an admirable system of logic or mental science, for, in that case everything which he need investigate lies within himself, within range of his own consciousness. It will not do, however, to investigate matter in this way, and this was the radical error of the ancients. It will not do to work out a system of natural philosophy by the midnight lamp, arguing from the perfection of things, from everything rather than from the observation of facts. Such was the state of science up to the time of Bacon.

I mean that part of science, for I see no good reason why chemistry and natural philosophy should lay exclusive claim to the term science. We have sciences mental and moral, knowledge better classified and more widely understood than either. The philosophy taught by Bacon was essentially new. It differed from that which we have been sketching, not merely in method, but in object. Its object was utility—the good of humanity in the sense of amelioration of suffering, and ministration to their wants. He was a radical reformer in the study of nature. The very mathematics which we are told that he was "entirely ignorant of" we find him reforming. In several places in his works he speaks with contempt for the mystical arithmetic of the later Platonists, and advises mathematicians to frame convenient expressions which may be of more practical use in physical research. "Mathematics," he adds, "is the handmaid of natural philosophy." Certainly such an expression betokens a different state than that which is affirmed with so much heat by the admirers of Galileo Galilei, viz.: "that he was utterly ignorant of mathematics." At least he appreciated their utility, which is more than the above class give him credit for.

It is not necessary that I should here explain the peculiarities of the system he introduced, or speak of the vast pyramid of knowledge which has been erected upon it, sure, safe, and reliable. It must be acknowledged that modern physical science, owes its very existence to induction. Bacon was the first great genius that occupied this field, he first recognized the paramount importance of observation and experiment in the investigation of scientists, and combined it with a forcible classic statement of the same. In view of these facts, as well as that other one, that he was several years the senior of Galileo it will not be difficult for an honest mind to give honor due where it belongs.
JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

The Class of '72 appeared before a good audience in the Chapel on the evening of April 25, in their first public exercise. Owing to the threatening nature of the weather the house was not packed as it would have been, had the evening been pleasant. The following programme was presented:

Oration.—Treatment of Criminals.
L. G. Powers.

Disputation.—The dethronement of the Pope by Victor Emanuel unjustifiable. A. E. Swisher affirming and Miss Lou Kaufman denying.

Oration.—The Popular Election.
W. B. Anderson.

Oration.—Plato. Miss Priscilla Milliken.

Disputation.—Conservatism vs. Radicalism. Affirmed by D. S. Wilson, and denied by Miss Lida Eaton.

Oration.—The Family and State.
W. J. Medes.

Mr. O. C. Isbell’s University Choir contributed some sweet songs to the evening’s entertainment as they are accustomed to do.

Mr. Powers came from Tuft’s College near Boston, to enter the University last September, and this is his first appearance in a public exercise. His theme afforded opportunity for the oppression of broad humanitarian ideas which the speaker too often did, uttering many sentiments that if incorporated in our prison discipline would greatly improve it.

Mr. P. made, if we mistake not, a very favorable impression on his audience.

In the first disputation Mr. Swisher had the unpopular side of the question, but made his points pretty clear, and his earnestness held the attention of the audience to the last.

Miss Kaufman made the impression upon her hearers that her sympathies were all with that oppressed and shattered country, and that she desired to see the beautiful land where the dust of Cicero and Virgil sleeps among the ruins of departed glory, rise as it is now doing, to a place amongst the strong nations of the earth.

The picture presented of that country, groaning under the tyrants heel, and then suddenly bounding to her feet, throwing off his power, and standing forth free, united and happy Italy, was such as to awaken the sympathies of her audience, and many said, "It was well done."

Mr. Anderson made his first appearance before the public in the Chapel, if we are not mistaken. His theme was a trite one, but the speaker was, we thought, somewhat more animated than usual in his delivery. His thought was clearly expressed, and was decidedly sound. His manner upon the rostrum was easy, and his gestures fewer and less striking than those of some others.

As Plato was related to those of his times—the greatest among them, so we must regard the effort of which he was the subject the best of the evening. Miss Milliken fully sustained her reputation as a clear and concise writer, and pleasant though not a remarkable speaker. In the conceptions which she seemed to have of that great man’s power, it appeared to us that the speaker had caught a faint glimpse of the immense heights to which he mounted, and had, by his help, climbed a little way up the same heights and taken a hasty survey of the country which Plato was the first bold adventurer that was strong enough to explore—a dreary and misty region, but through whose rifted clouds ever and anon a flash of light reveals the glory and immortality that lie in the great beyond.

In the second disputation Mr. Wilson had, like Mr. Swisher, the unpopular side of the question, but made a good effort we thought. He certainly made one of the funniest arguments that we ever heard: that the late war was begun by southern radicals, and the Government was sustained by northern conservatives; that the abolition of slavery was by the conservative party of the north.

Mr. W. is one of our easiest and most pleasant speakers, and would have done much better on a question where he could have spoken his real convictions.

Miss Eaton made the best argument of the evening, and her delivery of the same was, we believe, by all decided to be the best.

Her points were somewhat quaint, and yet they were clearly drawn. The refutation of her opponent’s argument was complete, and the whole effort was decidedly happy. Being one of our editors modestly will prevent us from saying all we would like to about her effort.

Mr. Medes has a good reputation as a speaker, and his effort was above his usual standard. The relation of family and state was clearly shown, and the impression he left upon the audience was decidedly favorable.

In general we must say that the class of ’72 have set a high standard by which they propose to work, if this, their first public exercise, is intended as an example.

MAY A. LIVERMORE.

Since our last issue the woman whose name appears at the head of this article has been with us, and addressed the people of Iowa City on that great issue of the day—the woman question, of which she is deservedly the acknowledged champion.

It is impossible for us to give in this place a sketch or synopsis even of her lecture, and we can only notice some of its characteristic features and salient points.

There never was a radical change or reformation in the institutions and customs of society that had not its fanatics who brought ridicule and reproach on the cause for which they labored. In the ranks of woman suffragists there are such, but Mrs. Livermore is certainly not one of them.

For a truthful statement of facts—for candor, fairness and honesty in the discussion of the question, she has proved herself preeminent and worthy of the earnest attention of every thoughtful man and woman.

Many of the crude notions and fallacious arguments that are continually urged against "the movement" melted
away in the light of her strong common sense. Her logic and reason were a woman's put in a womanly way, and if here and there a link in the chain seemed wanting, yet for all that her ultimate conclusions also seemed none the less just and true.

During the lecture as well as the sermon preached on the following Sabbath, her appeal to the hearts of her auditors were touching and strong, and in them were exhibited a broad, generous nature, full of charity and sympathy for the weak and unfortunate of whatever name or creed.

The manner and diction of the speaker were faultless, and in every respect the impression left by Mrs. Livermore is both favorable and lasting,—her audience going away with the feeling that a great woman had spoken on a great subject.

AGNOS.

RAIN

The ground seemed as dry as dust and a hot wind could make it. The sky just such a tantalizing blue as one so often sees stretched above a thirsty, parched earth; the dry clods begging for rain as pathetically as inanimate objects can beg for a drink of water.

The tired cattle loll about as listless as if thinking (if animals do think) what is the matter with every one around. Down the road the dry sand blows into eddies and sinks back; even the sand has not life enough to arouse itself into a respectable miniature whirlwind.

Cisterns are drying up, and we sigh as we think what an indispensable benefit rain is. With a feeling of horrible unrest, a thought of the Phantom Ship comes to my mind, "Water, water, all around, and not a drop to drink."

Such a delightful sound as at last breaks upon the ear! It cannot be? Yes, it must be! and springing to the window—what a scene! The sky is full of over-loaded clouds, and the long looked for, thrice welcome rain is coming down by buckets full.

Did ever a shower seem half so beautiful? Seemingly one can feel just as those little blades of grass feel, eagerly drinking in the drops of water, and almost growing before your very eyes. A flock of geese run by awkwardly, gabbling and stretching out their wings as if glad to have water enough to wet all their feathers. Demure looking cows, who take everything with philosophic coolness, perchance open their brown eyes a trifle wider at the universal display, and stand taking the rain with as little excitement as they view a circus company headed by a band of music.

Such an entire change as rain will make in everything! To think that a few buckets full of water will carpet all the hills with such a healthful living green, and as we look and wonder some of Longfellows lines present themselves for thought:—

| The day is cool, and dark, and dreary, |
| It rains, and the wind is never weary; |
| The vine still clings to the mouldering wall, |
| But at every gust the dead leaves fall; |
| And the days are dark and dreary, |
| Be still and heart, and cease repining; |
| Behind the cloud is the sun shining; |
| Thy fate is the common fate of all, |
| Into each life some rain must fall, |
| Some days must be dark and dreary. ||

We read and wonder and only half understand why sorrow should be compared to rain. If the sun shone all the time everything would dry, wither and die.

While rain makes things grow and puts new life into vegetation, buds swell, blossom, become ripe fruit and their work is done. With a dim consciousness that we only half understand after all—we say, "Thank God that such a thing as unclouded prosperity is unknown; yes, thank God that into every life some rain must fall."

S

May day was given, as usual, to the students for a holiday, and was improved by many little parties in pie-nicking rambling through the woods, fishing, etc. We regret that it was not decided upon before Monday morning, so that we might have had a rousing University May-party—just such an one as would shorten the Spring term full two weeks by giving new life and energy to every body who would join the romping, rolling, crow, and who would not? We hope the students will move a little sooner in the matter next year, and make May first a spring thanksgiving and the "maddest, merriest day" of all the working year.

They cost but little, and, in the end, we do not believe anything is lost to the recreation room, while these regular holidays add much a charm to the student's and teacher's life.

Who says we shall not have a "big" social on May 20th, Saturday eve?

—We do not know what arrangements are making for "extras" at Commencement, but we do thus early express our earnest hope (we almost feel disposed to enter our protest too) that no exercise will be allowed to take the place of the Grand Re-union that we have always enjoyed, but were deprived of last year by having an anniversary address on the evening heretofore granted to the Re-union. We have no doubt that the address last year was a splendid effort, but it does not take the place of the farewell greetings that all so much enjoy. Many of our graduates left last year without the privilege of saying "good bye" to the Faculty and the students, which all very much regretted.

It might do for a corn husking, but a few tall corns hung in paper bags in the campus, make a miserable substitute for a well lighted chapel as a place to exchange our last, saddest farewell, to the associations of these happy years.

Shall we not have an evening for this Re-union and have it too at such a time as not to be interfered with by anything else?

—It is Rev. George Thacher, simply, who has been chosen to the Presidency of the Iowa State University. Exchanges giving it as "Rev. Geo. M. Thacher, D. D., LL. D.," etc., will please correct.

Pres. Thacher is at his post and has been engaged busily in preparing the catalogue for publication. We believe that he intends devoting considerable time to visiting the various departments and classes during the term, looking into the workings of the institution. Pres. T. expresses himself as highly delighted will the good order and spirit of the University.

We are glad that the Faculty have decided to return to the old and universally American names of College classes—Senior, Junior, Sophomore and Freshman—giving to the present Academic 8d the appropriate name of "Sub-Freshman." The innovation adopted last year has been a constant source of confusion, as it was nearly always necessary to translate from the new to the old vernacular before we could understand where we were in the course.

The catalogues for 1870-71, will appear in a few days. Grogs & Co., of Davenport are doing the press work.
OTHER COLLEGES.

—Yale has had 87 Presidents.
—Madison University has educated over 1,500 Clergymen.
—Illinois has 28 Colleges, Wisconsin 14, Minnesota 2, and Iowa 13.
—About 80 per cent. of the undergraduates at Simpson college are scientific students.
—Six lady students are now in attendance at the Northwestern University, at Evanston, Ills.
—It is estimated that in 1870, $5,000,000 were spent in Chicago, for cigars and other forms of tobacco.
—A graduate of Rutgers College is preparing himself for the professorship of chemistry in the University of Japan.
—The Methodists have the most colleges of any church in the United States, being 61. The Catholic next, being 49.
—Conservative Miss Molineq says that "A woman has hardly any right in these days to sit still and dream. The life of action is nobler than the life of thought."
—One hundred and fifty-two D.D.'s, 81 L. L. D.'s, 11 Ph. D.'s were granted last commencement by American Colleges.
—Some one preparing for the Michigan University translates the sentence, "cuius est hic auro patriam," this one hangs up his father by the ear."
—The Cornell University has lately received an acquisition to its numbers in the shape of the entire freshman and sophomore classes from Kalamazoo College, Michigan. —Ex.
—Michigan University.—A bill appropriating $75,000 to the University passed the Senate of Michigan Legislature with but one dissenting voice.
—Madison University.—The Juniors and Sophomores are in favor of abolishing the system of prizes and class honors.
—Union College.—The Alumni have undertaken to raise $100,000 for the institution, one-half of which has been subscribed already.
—Albion College.—The M. E. Church of Michigan has resolved to raise $110,000 for Albion College, and $84,000 have already been secured.
—Dartmouth.—An Agricultural School is to be attached to the College. The triennial Catalogue herefore in Latin is to appear in English this year.
—A senior at Trinity College gives a new version of the fate of Agricola. He translated a passage in Tacitus as follows: "His army being divided, he himself marched in three ways."
—Some one of the innocents of Zanesville, O., directs a letter thusly: "Pres.-Female College, Ann Arbor, Mich." Alas! boys, has it come to this? —Chronicle.
—Prof.—Upon what does the time required for a vibration to pass through a string depend?
Student.—On the length of the string.
—Ex.
—Mark Twain says: "I have seen slower people than I am, and more deliberate people than I am, and even quieter, and more listless, and even lazier people than I am; but they were dead."
—The salaries of principals of first-class schools in St. Louis have all been fixed at $2,000, irrespective of sex. Two ladies have their salaries raised from $1,400 to $2,000 by this action of the Board of Education.
—A young lady, who teaches music at an academy of music, sent an order to her publisher recently, in which she feared the spelling might not all be correct, and apologized in postscript as follows: "You must excuse this letter, as I plainly meant to write it in the present time"
—One of the boys in the astronomy class recently stated that the sun's diameter was about 4,000 miles or a little over. Another pertinent youth of the same class told of noted astronomers who had observed large mountains, 300 feet high, on the surface of the sun. How is that for high?—Repository.
—Miss Maggie Mitchell, Professor of Astronomy at Vassar College, N. Y., has been chosen a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, on the nomination of Professor Agassiz.—Cornell Era.
—We would be glad to know if Maggie had given up starring it in Fanchon for the directorship of an astronomical observatory. Vassar Catalogue gives the place mentioned to Maria Mitchell.
—Prof Harkness, of Brown University, is in Germany traveling and studying. It is rumored that his visit abroad is preparatory to the issuing of a new Greek grammar, which, if it appears, will be hailed with interest by those acquainted with his previous publications, as the need of such a work has long been felt. The vacancy caused by his absence is at present filled by Mr. W. C. Poland, recently of Worcester academy.
—Rev. Dr. McCosh is preparing for the press a work "On Natural Theology and Apologetics," comprising the lectures on The Relation of Physical Science to Religion, Conservation of Forces, Star Dust, Protoplasm, Origin of Species, Natural Selection and Evidence of Plan in the Development of the Physical World, which were delivered by him during the past winter in New York, and which attracted so large a share of public attention.
—The Nassau Lit. of April says of the graduating class at Princeton for '71; the whole number in class 110; whole No. to graduate 70; aggregate age of class 1,720 years. 8 months; average age 22 years, average weight 148 lbs; average height 4 feet 9 inches. The oldest is 46 and youngest 19 years. Matrimonial.—Settled, 1; cases of animated suspension, 10; Prospecting, 17; With vague intentions, 25; Afoot, 8; Chanceless, 4; Candidates for the Bachelor's Degree, 5; On the high road to Utah, 2; With "no one to love, none to care." 4; With prospects "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue," 4.

SCENE IN THE DEAN'S OFFICE:
Dean.—Mr. Blank, I find fourteen unexcused absences from prayers against your name.
Freshman.—Yes, sir.
Dean.—Do you know any reason why they should not be marked against you.
Freshman.—No, sir.
Dean.—You will then receive a private admonition.
Freshman (lingering).—Well, when shall I receive it, sir? —Chronicle.

—The Harvard Advocate gives an extract from the junior examination book. Subject—Physics. "It is said that on very cold mornings the telegraph wires are observed to sag or droop in passing from post to post, to a greater extent than usual. What is the cause of this phenomenon? Answer. It is a universal principal that "cold contracts;" hence on very cold days the spaces or distances between the telegraph poles are contracted and shortened by the action of the frost, and the posts themselves being thus brought nearer together than usual, the wires necessarily sag or droop."
WINCKELMANN AND GREEK ART.

BY PROF. C. A. EGGERT.

II.

Nature is beautiful, and it is a common idea that the mere imitation of nature is the proper work of the artist. Winckelmann showed that through the genius of the true artist nature virtually continues her own work, and that it is through the artist nature, so to speak, endeavored to reach the highest ideals of beauty.

This he obtained from a most conscientious and critical study of the many noble works of sculpture which are so numerous in Rome. Nature never produced such ideals of artistic beauty as the Appollo of Belvidere in Rome, the Venus of Medici in Florence, or the Heracles Farnese in Naples. Nature never produced such ideally perfect leaves as those which adorn the capitals of Corinthian columns; nor such perfect stems as these and the Ionian and Doric columns represent, and yet nature furnished the material for all these, but scattered, and in more or less imperfect specimens. It was the eye of the artist that took in all these scattered rays of beauty, it was his genius that divined the intention of creative nature, and his skilful hand that gave expression to the ideal conception.

It would lead me too far to show by a comparison with the confused and frequently absurd notions concerning the nature of art which prevailed in Europe before the appearance of Winckelmann, how immeasurably higher and truer than those of his contemporaries, the latter's views of art; and that through I must confine myself to pointing out the leading ideas at which he arrived after a careful investigation of the entire field of ancient plastic art as represented in the museums of Italy.

The leading idea in his great work on the "History of the Ancient Arts" and in his other minor works is, that the works of Greek production, which far from being mere copies of nature, are a complement of nature, are the result of three great factors: Nature, Intellect, and Art,—the first furnishing the material, the second conceiving the artistic ideal, the last realizing the ideal conception in the finished, concrete form.

As a necessary consequence Winckelmann insists that the modern artist should study, not nature, but the works of the Greeks, because these works are the results of the most perfect co-opera-

tion of the three factors mentioned, and thus present models more perfect than any nature contains. After having deeply imbued himself with the feeling of the ideal by the study of ancient art, the artist may, according to Winckelmann, turn with impunity to the study and imitation of nature, because his previous study will have revealed to him the universal law of beauty.* Winckelmann distinguishes five elements of beauty,—natural beauty,—ideal beauty, or outline (contour),—beauty of drapery,—beauty of expression and position,—technical perfection. We shall briefly discuss each of these elements.

Ripon College, Wis., mourns the loss of Prof. J. T. Wilden, who died on the 8th of March. Prof. W. was a graduate of Oberlin College, and won many a laurel during the late war as commander of "Wilden's Brigade" of mounted infantry. When McCook and Chittenden had been beaten back on Rossville, and Thomas was left alone "with his columns as immovable as a rock" at Chickamauga, if we are not mistaken it was "Wilden's Brigade" that galloped into a gap on Thomas's flank and dismounting, met alone Longstreet's whole rebel corps, that was pressing through to turn the flank of the 4th (Thomas's) corps. The terrible "Spencer Rifles" of Wilden swept away with rank of the charging enemy and completely flanked the left movement of this "flower of the Army of Virginia," thus saving the shattered columns of Thomas from being crushed by superior numbers, and the Cumberland Army from annihilation.

How fast our most honored soldiers are passing away! But a little more than a year ago the noble commander of the old "4th Corps" went home on an eternal furlough, and now we record the departure of another. As we write the cheers of his fiery troopers ring in our ears as clearly and distinctly as when we saw them leap the palisades and mount the batteries at Selma, six years ago.

"How deep the brave who sink to rest, By all their country's wishes blessed? By fairy hands their head is ung; By forms unseen their dirge is sung; There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray, To bless the turf that wraps their clay: And Freedom shall awhile repair To dwell a weeping hermit there."

"I shall take occasion, in a future article, to point out the limit of the truth of this remark. It must be borne in mind that Winckelmann's investigations were based on, and chiefly have reference to one branch of art only, viz., Sculpture. In the other departments of art—Painting, Music, Architecture—Modern nations have not been surpassed by the Greeks.

"We have cause to bless ourselves that the rules for chapel services have been somewhat modified from their original rigor. On November 11, 1761, the Corporation, then styled "The Collegiate Undertakers," decreed that "the Rector shall take effectual care that the said students be weekly caused memoriter to recite the Assembly's Catechism in Latin, and Ames' Theological Theses," and that the "Rector shall cause the Scriptures daily, except on the Sabbath, morning and evening, to be read by the students, at the times of prayer in the school, according to the laudable order and usage of Harvard College, making expositions on the same; and upon the Sabbath shall either expound practical theology or cause the non-graduated students to repeat sermons." The average collegian reciting the Catechism or a "theological thesis," or,—worse yet,—expounding the Scriptures or repeating a sermon for the edification of his fellows, would be a sight for gods and men.

Take Literary.

—The following was among the Rules of Harvard College in 1749: "No Freshman shall speak to a Senior with his hat on; or have it on in a Senior's chamber, or in his own, if a Senior be there; all Freshmen shall be obliged to go on errands (not judged improper by the Faculty) for any of his Seniors; no Freshman, when sent on an errand, shall make any unnecessary delay, neglect to make due return, or go away till dismissed by the person who sent him; no Freshman shall go by his Senior without taking his hat off, if it be on; no Freshman shall intrude into his Senior's company; no Freshman shall laugh in his Senior's face; no Freshman shall talk saucily to his Senior, or speak to him with his hat on; no Freshman shall ask his Senior an impertinent question; whoever of the Freshmen shall break any of these customs shall be severely punished."

More than fifty million copies of Webster's Spelling Book have been sold, and the present rate of its production is about a million copies a year. More than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars have been paid to the family of Noah Webster for copyrights on his works, while Webster himself lived in poverty all his life.
The Wood-Thrush in Solitude.

The other day I got me to a solitary corner, where pine trees, maples, and spruces, had leagued against the sun, and quite expelled him. There, upon a root-swelling out above the ground, I sat me down, and, leaning against the trunk, I determined to spy out what things are done in such places. So still was I that insects thought no evil, and, at every new movement, quickened their sluggishness, and, ere I had time to consider how they were employed, I was interrupted by a song, that thrilled my soul, and made a highway of my limbs. A robin, whose nest shone young, for a time nervously hopped from branch to branch, near me, shirrily questioning my errand. But my placid silence soon smoothed down the feathers on its black head and won its confidence. Then all the birds fluttered in those short notes which are employed for domestic purposes, and are no more to be confounded with their songs than are men's anthems to be deemed their common conversation. Birds both talk and sing. Nearly an hour I waited, and then came what I waited for—a wood-thrush—and perched his speckled breast right over against me in a neat tree. He did not look in one place more than in another, and so I knew that he believed himself alone. At once he began dressing his feathers. He ran his bill down through his ash-speckled breast, he probed his wings and combed out the coverts. He ruffled up his whole plumage, and shook it robustly. Then, his solitary toilet completed, he flew into a tree nearer the road, where he could look out, but not be seen, and began his song. It was neither warble nor continuous song, but a dainty phrasing in single syllables, of such sweet and loving thoughts as solitude doth breed in pure and tender natures. And all this have I rehearsed that I might say that none in life sing so sweetly as they who, like the wood-thrush, sit on the twilight edge of solitude and sing to the men who pass by in the sunlight outside. —Becker.

Christ's greatest miracle is, undoubtedly, the reign of charity.

I have so inspired multitudes that they would die for me.

God forbid that I should form any comparison between the enthusiasm of the soldier and Christian charity, which are as unlike as their cause.

But after all, my presence was necessary; the lightning of my eye, my voice, a word from me, then the sacred fire was kindled in their hearts. I do, indeed, possess the secret of this magical power which lifts the soul; but I could never impart it to any one. None of my generals ever learned it from me. Nor have I the means of perpetuating my name and love for me in the hearts of men, and to effect these things with our physical means.

Now that I am at St. Helena, now that I am alone, chained upon this rock, who fights and wins empires for me? who are the courtiers of my fortune? who thinks of me? who makes efforts for me in Europe? Where are my friends? Yes, two or three, whom your fidelity immortalizes. You share, you console my exile.

Yes, our life once shone with all the brilliancy of the diadem and the throne; and yours, Bertrand, reflected that splendor as the dome of the Invalides, gilt by us reflected the rays of the sun. But disaster came; the gold gradually became dim. The rain of misfortune and outrage with which I am daily deluged has effaced all the brightness. We are mere lea now, Gen. Bertrand, and soon I shall be in my grave.

Such is the fate of great men! So it was with Caesar and Alexander. And I too, am forgotten; the name of a conquer and an emperor is a College theme! Our exploits are tasks given to pupils by their tutors, who sit in judgment upon us, awarding censure or praise. And mark what is soon to become of me; assassinated by the English oligarchy, I die before my time, and my dead body too must return to the earth to become food for worms. Behold the destiny near at hand, of him whom the world called the great Napoleon. What an abyss between my deep misery and the eternal reign of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, adored, and which is extending over all the earth! Is this to die? Is it not rather to live? The death of Christ — it is the death of God! —Napoleon at St. Helena.

A "Sociable" held in "Chapel" on the evening of the 15th was well attended, and all seemed to enjoy themselves. But the query has arisen "Are not these gatherings growing somewhat monotonous?" We answer "Yes," joining in the call for a "change of programme" made lately in one of our city papers, and after vainly racking our own brain in this direction, hoping we should be able at this time to announce some brilliant discovery, we leave the question open for investigation.

SELECTED.

Bacon's prophecies of the advance of Science have been fulfilled far beyond what even he anticipated. For knowledge partakes of Infinity; it widens with our capacities; the higher we mount in it, the vaster and more magnificent are the prospects it stretches out before us. Nor are we in these days, as men are ever apt to imagine of their own times, approaching to the end of them; nor shall we be nearer the end a thousand years hence than we are now.

The family of Science has multiplied new sciences hitherto unnamed, unthought of, have risen. The seed which Bacon so carefully spread up and grew to be a mighty tree, and the thoughts of thousands of men came and lodged in its branches, and those branches spread so broad and long, that in the ground the bended twigs took root, and daughters grew about the mother tree, a pillar in the shade high over arched, "and echoing walks between" walks where Poetry may wander, and wreath her blossoms around the mossy stems, and where Religion may hymn the praises of that Wisdom, of which Science erects the hundred aisled temple.

—Prof. Hinrichs has been summoned to Independence, Buchanan Co., Iowa, to give testimony in a case of alleged poisoning of a woman by her husband. Prof. H. made an investigation of the body, or portions of it, and has thus been called to testify as to the results of his tests.

—The interesting correspondence signed "Tol. in another column it is hardly necessary to say is from Tol. Wright, class '67. Addressed to his brother, it has no less interest to all of us. We only give half of it in this number, it being too long to publish the whole.

—A long discussion between a young lady and gentlemen of the town of S, as to which had the larger mouth, was brought to a close by the gentlema saying, "Let's measure." He knows how differences should be settled.—Annalist.

—Harvard. The elective system is in full force but the "lectures" are not well attended. Many have but a dozen or so of hearers. One student listens to each of the lectures on Kant and Plato.
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JANUARY 6, 1870.

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