



# The University Reporter.

IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY.

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## SHUT IN.

Oh, crystal in the mountain's heart!  
 Most pure and perfect-shaped thou art,  
 But fair in vain.  
 How happy if thy rocky cell  
 Should, heaving, burst, that thou mightst swell  
 To flower life on the plain.

Oh, wild rose blushing on thy stem!  
 More fair art thou than costliest gem,  
 But thou must stay.  
 Thou canst not, with the wandering stream,  
 Seek other blossoming shores, to gleam  
 At last in far off bay.

Oh, river bright! the emerald plain,  
 The rocky gorge, the tossing main,  
 Hold ever down.  
 If but thy restless waves might sweep,  
 Like eagle-wings, yon upper deep,  
 'T were joy's full crown.

Oh, song bird soaring to the sun!  
 Life, morn, and spring-time just begun!  
 Earth tethers fast.  
 Couldst thou but follow fancy's wing  
 'Mid starry orbs that circling sing,  
 'T were joy at last.

Oh, soul of fancy wandering wide!  
 Still chafe the bounds on every side—  
 Thou art not free.  
 Thyself, repellent, holds away  
 Each, all thou seekest; thou must stay  
 Shut in—or cease to be.

—Gamma.

## FRIEDERICH SCHILLER.

BY PROF. C. A. EGGERT.

### I.

It seems to be the fate of all really great men of genius to remain for a time unnoticed and unappreciated by foreign nations, and in the case of some—as for instance, Shakspeare—one is almost tempted to say that there must be, on the part of many, even of the most talented foreign writers, a total incapacity of appreciating merit essentially different from their own. The silly criticism passed by Voltaire on Shakspeare, the very unfortunate remarks of De Quincy on Gœthe are well known to all who have given any attention to modern literature. With Schiller it was different.\* He was not only admired and beloved in his native country as scarcely any

other poet ever has been by his people, but his fame rapidly spread into neighboring countries, and England, Denmark, Italy and France were equally ready to honor the poet, and to admire his magnificent works.

Friederich Schiller was the only son of an officer in the service of the eccentric Duke Eugene of Wurtemberg. On both his father's and mother's side his ancestors belonged to the common people. His father was the son of a baker in a small village; his mother the daughter of a wood-measurer and tavern-keeper.

Both parents were worthy of such a son as Friederich Schiller, who was born on the 10th day of November, 1759, while his father was absent in the army, then engaged against Frederick the Great, of Prussia. In the army Friederich Schiller's father held the rank of lieutenant, but having formerly been a regular surgeon, and there being a scarcity of surgeons, he frequently made himself useful also by rendering medical assistance to the soldiers and officers of his company, and occasionally even performed the functions of a clergyman when, as often happened, no regular minister could be found. His religious feelings were deep and warm, as is apparent from many passages in his diary, but in social intercourse he was entirely free from the affected piety known as pietism, which was just then coming into fashion in Germany. His industry and activity were remarkable. The Duke finally promoted him to the rank of a captain and inspector of the ducal parks, an office which, as he did not owe it to his birth, he could have attained and held only by virtue of extraordinary merits. At the despotic and thoroughly feudal court of Duke Eugene it was a remarkable thing to see an ordinary mortal elevated to the rank even of a lieutenant; the rank of a captain seemed virtually unattainable to any one in whose veins the blood of no ancient highway robber, i. e. the so-called nobility, flowed. As inspector of the ducal parks he distinguished himself by the plantation of hundreds of thousands of trees, etc. He also wrote a work on the subject of arboriculture, and kindred subjects. From him Friedrich evidently inherited that activity and energy for which he was always no less distinguished than for his poetic genius. His mother is described by her friends as a lady of noble and very engaging appearance, who lacked none of the finest instincts and virtues of true womanhood. Both parents, though poor, managed to give their children—there were several daughters besides—as good an education as could be had in that part of Germany. Unfortunately that was not much. Young Schiller got a tolerably good knowledge

of Latin, it is true, but beyond that, at the age of fourteen, he had been taught but little more than the Lutheran catechism, and a great many verses from the Bible and hymn-book, and a little Greek, enough to read the New Testament. In this respect, as in many others, Schiller's fate was a far different one from that of Goethe, who had been born ten years before him, and for whom Fortune had done nearly everything that it had denied to Schiller. Wealth, early and pleasant instruction, the association of persons eminent or distinguished, either as instructors or as artists, as men of the world or as devotees of science and philosophy, the opportunity of learning languages, sciences and arts in the very best of schools, i. e. by constant intercourse with those who were most familiar with them; all these advantages were enjoyed by young Goethe. No wonder that his splendid talents rapidly developed in a manner that astonished every one. Both great poets were descended from common tradespeople. Goethe's great grandfather having been a tailor, as Schiller's forefathers were bakers and innkeepers; but Goethe all his life associated with the most prominent men and women of the country, while Schiller's youth and early manhood were spent among associations calculated to stifle the poetic fire in any mind less abundantly endowed than his own.

[\*It is a somewhat remarkable fact that the latest edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, there is not found, in the list of authors appended to it, any mention of Schiller, the greatest dramatic poet since Shakspeare.]

#### DE QUINCEY'S OPIUM EATER.

Were I asked to enumerate the most fascinating books I had ever read, most unhesitatingly, as a work of intense interest, I would place high upon the list, De Quincey's Confessions and Dreams of an Opium Eater. A book which loses none of its absorbing power when we realize that the confession is the literal account of the experiences of a veritable opium eater; and that those wonderful dreams with their weird powers and gorgeous imagery, their heavenly beauty, or appalling grandeur, are the very visions which night after night swept with stately splendor through Thomas De Quincey's mind. And for those who love to dwell in the fairy realm of fancy, or to climb the lofty sun-kissed peaks of imagination, it will possess a subtle power, and a lasting charm.

But not always does he lead us over the dizzy altitude of high and daring conception, or adown the deep gloomy ravines of intense passion. For between the height of the one and the depth of the other, lies many a gentle slope or peaceful valley of quiet thought, and though a weeping Undine of inexpressible sadness rises wraith-like wringing her pale hands from his fairest fountains. Yet here and there gleams many a trickling rill of mirth or broad quiet stream of humor.

A cursory perusal of De Quincey's writings, is apt to suggest a resemblance to the style of Edgar A. Poe, at least in his more highly wrought productions; such as Dream Fugue and the Avenger. They both possessed the analytic faculty in the very highest degree. Indeed a keen subtle analysis forms a chief characteristic of their writings.

Both were capable of portraying crime with so horrible a fidelity as to make the blood of the reader run chill in his veins, and there is a morbid intensity in a portion of De Quincey's writings which will scarcely fail to recall the weird gloom which haunts Poe's pages. But notwithstanding these striking resemblances their works are essentially dissimilar. While Poe's range, though lofty, is very narrow, De Quincey's scope is broad and free. Poe was incapable of jest; De Quincey's inimitable wit and humor scintillate from his darkest pages. Then, their views of life and death were totally at variance. De Quincey saw in life a great arena for the grand conflict of good with evil, and true christian as he was, points to the inextinguishable star of hope gleaming above the graves. Poe sings of the fitful fever of living, and drapes the tomb with a pall of unutterable mystery and gloom. The one could no more have written that ghastly poem concluding with the words,

"And the play is the tragedy man  
And the hero the conqueror worm,"

than the other could have expressed in such fitting and beautiful terms, his unwavering faith in an immortality beyond the grave, and his deathless trust in a dying Redeemer. The key-note of the work under consideration is *Opium*. Opium with its two-fold capability for producing the intensest happiness or the wildest woe. Opium which causes the human heartstrings to thrill to the "celestial music of the spheres," or to vibrate in wailing echo to the dirges of the lost. Opium with its golden phantasmagorias of dreams, or its visions of stupendous agony. In the very opening pages with his peculiarly easy, gentle grace of style, De Quincey brings the reader, as it were, into acquaintanceship with himself, so that we could almost fancy that we have felt the genial grasp of his friendly hand, or that we have looked into that noble face, with its thought-ploughed brow, its kindly but sarcastic mouth, or dreamy eyes with their quaint admixture of sadness and mirth. As it is said that in poetry "the poet lays bare his own heart," so in these prose confessions De Quincey has exposed to our view that noble heart so often wrung with bitter anguish, has given us a broad glimpse into his noble nature, and has shown us the workings of his magnificent intellect, in its electrical play of fancy, its solitary grandeur of imagination, and its philosophic subtlety of thought. In his introduction to the main portion of the work entitled, "The Preliminary Confessions," the author explains what is most interesting to know, viz: the circumstances which first induced him to eat opium. He says: "I have suffered very unjustly from being reputed to have brought upon myself all the sufferings I

have endured, by a long indulgence in this practice merely for the sake of creating an artificial state of pleasurable excitement. This is a misrepresentation of my case. True it is that for ten years I did occasionally, at long intervals, take opium for the sake of the exquisite pleasure it gave me, but it was for the purpose of mitigating a terrible attack of pain that I just began to use opium as an article of daily diet in the twenty-eighth year of my age," and then he proceeds to tell us of the primary cause of that violent suffering, an account which involves much of the history of his early life, and which, in spite of the playful jests and laughable incidents, is inexpressibly sad, and when we read of that brave boy suffering for many months at a time, the physical anguish of hunger in its most bitter intensity, of his being saved when just at the point of starvation, by the generous alms of a poor girl almost as forlorn as himself, involuntary tears will spring to the eyes. And it was this terrible ordeal of his early life that undermined his constitution and caused those attacks of mortal agony in after years which yielded to no remedy but that of opium. From the numerous incidents, pathetic and otherwise, which are cited in these introductory pages, it is easy for one to picture in his mind the sort of a boy young De Quincey was at seventeen. Brave, high-spirited, as incapable of submitting to tyranny as he was of retaining a grudge against those who had injured him; filled with a tender, yearning sympathy for the sufferings of another, even when his own heart was bleeding and his body writhing with pain. He was, moreover, such a scholar as England has seldom produced; such a scholar as we, in the depths of our ignorance, who but lately made wry faces over the modes and tenses of the Greek verb, may have some conception of, when we read that at thirteen he wrote Greek with perfect ease, and at fifteen could converse in the language of Sophocles and Plato without the slightest embarrassment, and of whom his master, (himself a ripe scholar), said: "That boy, sir, could harangue an Athenian audience better than you or I could an English one." Having finished the long introduction, the author has divided the confessions into two heads, first: "The pleasures of opium; secondly: its pains." We can fancy his lingering fondly over the former, giving tender touches here and there, perfecting to most exquisite symmetry this or that description of the charms of his enchantress, for siren enchantress opium seems to be, viewed in the light of this chapter, and we could half fancy that its subtle fascinations had been thrown around us too, as we are held spell bound by the witching pages. Indeed in writing them the author seems to have forgotten the fiend like shape his charmer assumed in after years, and to be living the old sweet thralldom over again in an ecstasy of blissful remembrance. He seems like some knightly lover paying a tribute to the lady of his choice. In these eloquent words he closes this portion of the work: "Oh! just, subtle, and mighty opium, that to the hearts of poor and rich alike, for the wounds that

will never heal, bring'st an assuaging balm. Thou buildest upon the bosom of darkness out of the fantastic imagery of the brain cities and temples beyond the art of Phidias and Praxiteles, beyond the splendor of Babylon and Hekatompylos, and from the anarchy of dreaming callest into the sunny light the faces of long buried beauties, and blessed household countenances cleansed from the dishonors of the grave, Thou alone givest these gifts to man, and thou hast the keys of Paradise, Oh! just, subtle and mighty opium!"

Now we pass to the second division, and behold the change. Circe's witching face is transformed into a Medusa-head, her curling hair has become writhing, darting serpents, her alluring embrace has now all the horrors of a skeleton's clutch, the gilding has worn off the chain, and lo! beneath, the clanking, rusty iron. Opium, so far from being the source of highest bliss, has become a promoter of the most frightful suffering. De Quincey now made innumerable attempts to lessen the daily quantity, but those who witnessed the agony of these efforts were the first to beg him to desist; then his great mind began to suffer from the insidious poison, an intellectual torpor took possession of him, but for misery and suffering he might be said to have existed in a dormant state for about ten years. The immediate causes of his sufferings were the mighty dreams which now almost "crushed him with intolerable splendor." He says: "A theater seemed to have been opened in his brain, vast processions passed along in mournful pomp, chasms and sunless abysses seem to yearn before him, space and time swell to an extent of unutterable infinity, over all brooded a sense of eternity which drove him into an oppression as of madness, his agitation was infinite, his mind tossed and surged like the surging ocean, he would dream that he was buried for a thousand years with mummies and sphinxes at the heart of eternal pyramids, that he was kissed with cancerous kisses by crocodiles and laid confounded with all unutterable, slimy things amid swaying reeds and nilotic mud." Of the frightful and agonizing reality these dreams must have had for him we know from a little incident which he tells with a rare pathos. He says: "I was suddenly awakened by gentle voices, it was broad noon and my children were standing by my bedside come to let me see them dressed for going out. I protest that so awful was the transition from the damned crocodiles and other unutterable monsters and abortions of my dream to the sight of innocent human nature and of infancy that in the mighty and sudden revulsion of mind, I wept and could not forbear it as I kissed their faces." However, it is vain to attempt any just description of these terrific dreams; but once read they will never be forgotten, so vivid is the impression of their splendor and horror.

De Quincey, in closing the second part of his confessions leaves us in the pleasant belief that after a struggle of almost inconceivable agony, he had finally gained a victory over his tyrant. But alas for the weakness of human triumph, we learn with aching hearts, (for he has grown very dear to the

reader), that the unsupportable anguish forced him to retrace every step of the hard won way. Again he tried to fight his way back, but just when success seemed about to crown his efforts defeat hurled him lower than before. Once more, for the third and last time he endeavored to retrace his steps, but he had not reversed the motion many weeks when he became profoundly aware that it was impossible, or, to make use of the imagery of his dreams, which he says "translated everything into their own language, he saw through vast avenues of gloom these towering gates of ingress which hitherto had always seemed to stand open, now at last barred against his retreat, and hung with funeral crape." And we learn that not until the death angel laid a freeing hand upon his fetters was he released from his horrible slavery. Ah! well might loving friends have chanted over his grave those sweetly solemn words that to some are fraught with the saddest and tenderest memories:

Rest, weary heart!

From all thy silent grief and secret pain,

Thy profitless regrets and longings vain.

Wisdom and love have ordered all the past,

All shall be blessedness and light at last.

Cast off the cares that have so long oppressed,

Rest, sweetly rest

Rest weary head,

Lie down to slumber with the peaceful dead,

Light from above has broken through its gloom,

Here in the place where once the Savior lay,

When he shall wake thee on some future day

Like a tired child upon its mother's breast,

Rest, sweetly rest.

E. O.

### "CHURCH AND STATE COLLEGES."

PROF. L. F. PARKER.

This is the topic of the leading article in the *Iowa Classic* for October last, an article for which we give credit to the cultured and christian gentleman at the head of the Iowa Wesleyan University. It is every way worthy of such a source in its christian tone, in its liberal tone, and in their terse and pleasing expression. It is rare, very rare, that one tempted by his position to become a partisan advocate permits himself to think and write with such judicial fairness, and its very rarity makes it all the more noticeable and the more noble. Perhaps Iowa Methodists are exceptions among men; certainly their college Presidents do themselves and their denomination honor by their excellent educational work and their broad educational sympathies.

The common schools of Iowa, and of the nation, find no truer friends anywhere than among the Methodists, laity and clergy, as the *Classic* shows, and their foes will encounter no stronger opposition in debate or at the ballot-box than they will make. In all this the friends of the State University, its officers and its pupils, will join them heartily and actively, and none will enter a demurrer when the

*Classic* says "taxation for common schools or higher education \* \* \* is the cheapest defence to the nation and the most profitable investment."

On the other hand, all should concede, yes, affirm, the wisdom of maintaining denominational colleges. They have been the fountains or special guardians of too many of the elements of modern progress, the sources or among the chief friends of too much that is best in our better life to be prized lightly. They have also taken up many an aimless dreamer, many a drifting and many a sinking human wreck, and transformed them into men of noblest aspirations and of noblest deeds. Religious colleges have sent out into all our public and private life streams of selectest influence. There are, doubtless, and ever will be, many who need and must have the peculiar supports of a distinctively and truly religious college, if they would be at their best in the struggle for life.

However, we can not agree with the writer in the *Classic* as to the value of denominationalism in a college, or the probable danger if the faculty are not "all christian men of one church." In a christian college of course christianity should be dominant, but is it certain that the ideal christian college is a denominational one? May it not be that a college distinctively christian yet as distinctively undenominational is the better model for a religious institution?

That a "church college" even should have a faculty "comprising only true christians" seems to us questionable. In fact some faculties of "orthodox" colleges *do* contain some "unorthodox" members, or worst of all, some whose ill repute is made more pestilential by ambitious and ill-natured piety. Beyond all question the last two classes are out of their place as teachers anywhere, but is it not possible that the diversity which an Agassiz, a Pascal or an Erasmus would introduce into a denominational faculty would not necessarily be perilous to the mental or moral character of the students? Spurn immorality, and even the taint of it, from every faculty, whether "church" or "state" and demand of every one a "decent respect" for religion, then, between these limits, admit to both some diversity, and do it as truly for the sake of the church as for the benefit of the state. Education may be too denominational for the good of the church and too partisan for the prosperity of the nation. We would cherish rather than repress influences which disclose to the infant guardians of our future religious and national life all the defects and all the excellencies of all sects and all parties. Such a view will be instructive and liberalizing. In the case of those so trained, with equal virtue, partisan conflicts will be less bitter, and religious controversies less acrimonious.

The following remarks of the *Classic* indicate a very important misapprehension:

"Hence, too, the injustice attempted in some states, where the State University assumes to be the head of the common school system, and attempts to control the graduates of the

public high schools, as though these were the preparatory departments of such State University. Is it fair to receive their (the protestants') money and then attempt to influence and control educationally their children—those who are to be the very life of their respective churches and their church institutions? We kindly, but firmly protest."

The writer evidently believes our State University is in fault just here. Had he been impertinent or ungenerous we should have been indignant at this intimation, for the attempt referred to would be inexpressibly stupid. The University remembers the "inalienable rights" of "liberty and the pursuit of happiness" which belong to every man, every American, and every graduate of every school, and that there is no *causis belli* so black with disaster as an attempted infringement of personal liberty. Some may have suggested motives likely to attract graduates of high schools and even others, to the University, yet all are as free to enter another institution, or none at all, as to come here.

Again, the State University does not "assume" "to be the head of the common school system;" its officers believe it *has been made* so by the State itself. They have two reasons for the opinion, first, an *a priori* one, that it seems reasonable that the State, in arranging its educational work, would make it a system, and, as it provides for common schools and for a University, that it would make that University "the head of" that system, and, secondly, *a posteriori*, that the law requires that "the University, so far as practicable, shall begin its course of study, in its collegiate and scientific department, at the point where the same are completed in high schools, and no students shall be admitted who have not previously completed the elementary studies in such branches as are taught in the common schools throughout the State."

The same interpretation of the law and the facts was given by the State Teachers' Association also in 1872, by the unanimous adoption of the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the munificence of the federal and state governments in the creation and support of State Universities has been timely and wise, that the growth and influence of those institutions have been most gratifying, and that we welcome them as the *crown* and the glory of our *public school system*."

The University, then, does not "assume" the place it holds, it simply recognizes it, just as when the President of a college writes his name officially it is no assumption, out of a simple statement of fact.

The headship of the school system of the State thus acknowledged implies no right of control, however, over the common schools or their graduates. The common schools are subject to their respective districts, their graduates are American autocrats, and the University has no more right and no more inclination to control the one or the other than to dictate to denominational colleges or their alumni. If the high schools modify their courses to prepare their pupils for the University, it will be by an exercise of their local

sovereignty; if their graduates come to the University we hope it will be accepted as a proper illustration of the doctrine of "the freedom of the will."

In this State system, it should be noticed, the only party absolutely free is the common school, the only one under "control" is the University, for, as, "if the mountain will not come to Mohammed, Mohammed must go to the mountain," so, if the common schools will not come up to the University, the University must go down to the common schools. The law is imperative, the system is complete. The builders *may* carry the foundation as high as they please but the superstructure *must* commence where the foundation ceases.—*The Common School*.

#### COMMUNICATED.

ITHACA, N. Y., Jan. 26th, 1874.

EDITORS REPORTER, *Gents*:—Seeing an article in the REPORTER concerning the death of Mortimer M. Leggett at Cornell University, and as there were so many false statements in regard to it, I have been prompted to give you the facts as far as I, a student of Cornell, know them. It seems that the Kappa Alpha's take their candidates—as all secret societies do—to some place to administer the pledge, and then return to their society hall and there renew the pledge. They were out with Mr. Leggett for this purpose, and he was blindfolded, but not tied in any way. Mr. Lee had hold of his arm to keep him from falling; was leaning against a tree and, not having been there before, did not know the gorge was so near. Mr. Lee slipped and fell, pulling Leggett after him. Watson, seeing them fall, and thinking there was only a slope of the land there and that they had slipped, ran and jumped off into the gorge.

Prof. Schaffer is the only professor in the University connected with the Kappa Alpha's. Prof. Crane was met on the street soon after the accident by one of the students who had come for a carriage.

In regard to the investigation not being *thorough*: it was thorough enough to satisfy the *Faculty* and *Mr. Leggett*, and, doubtless, Mr. Leggett would not allow such an accident to occur without investigating until he was satisfied. In a letter to the President he says: "I have not the heart to blame any of the young men—not at all. But oh! if the loss, this crushing loss of my boy, can be made the means of doing away with that which is unworthy of association with such societies, he has not lived in vain."

After the accident the Faculty passed the following resolutions in regard to secret societies:

Resolved, That no secret society shall be allowed to be established, or remain in the University which shall not be shown to the satisfaction of the Faculty, to be favorable to scholarships, good order and morality, and to be free from all initiation, or other rules, ceremonies, or proceedings dangerous, degrading, or unworthy of gentlemen and members of an institution of learning.

*Resolved*, That no student be allowed to become, or to remain a member of any society publicly condemned by the Faculty; and no person shall receive an honorable dismissal or any degree, who shall not, at the time of applying for the same, satisfy the Faculty that he has not violated this rule.

*Resolved*, That no association of students for the mere purpose of initiation, or mock societies, shall be allowed in this University; and that any student who shall join any such association or mock society, knowing it to be such, or engage in any of its initiation proceedings, or in any proceedings of the nature of mock initiation, shall be suspended or expelled from the University.

*Resolved*, That nothing contained in these resolutions shall be held to restrict the Faculty from further action regarding college societies of various sorts, should the present action be found ineffectual.

I have read several accounts of the accident, but have never seen one that was satisfactory to the students, and citizens of Ithica. You are aware that Cornell has some enemies who think this affair is sufficient ground to injure the University, and are not particular what they say about it, but nearly all that is said is purely imaginary. The citizens of Ithica, the students, and friends of the University, do not blame the members of the Kappa Alpha society in the least, but think it was merely an accident—though a serious one—and might have happened at any other time, to any other individuals.

I have no interest in the matter, except as a student of Cornell, and having formerly been a student in your University, and thinking that you would like to know the *facts* I have given them.

Respectfully yours,

H. G. SHELDON.

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LETTER FROM EUROPE.

BELFAST, Dec. 24, 1873.

EDITORS REPORTER:—Having looked in upon a number of the universities and colleges of Scotland and Ireland, and observed something of their way of doing things, I thought that a few items in regard to them might, perhaps, prove acceptable to your readers.

Here, much of the instruction is given in the form of lectures. In the hands of able men this system works well; but with an ordinary or inferior professor—end of these there is always a good number—the work of instruction could be much better carried on by the proper use of good text books and class recitation. A poor lecturer is listened to with but slight attention by the students, and consequently but little benefit is derived from the subject under consideration. I am fully persuaded that the lecture system, as employed in many of these institutions, needs remodeling, and that more of the text-book system should be introduced, in short, a combination of the two.

I look back to the hours spent in the class room—reciting, and informally discussing the subjects had in connection with History, Mental and Moral science, Political Economy, and kindred studies,—as among the most profitable of my course. By such means more thought is awakened in the mind of the student, and a fuller comprehension of the subject is attained than can possibly be accomplished by sitting silently and taking notes from a lecturer, with scarcely any opportunity for asking a question or having a point explained.

The wholesome system of co-education of the sexes has not yet found its way into the universities of this country. They still believe in “Ladies’ Seminaries” and “Female Colleges,” though this is hardly to be wondered at when some of our educators speak of the system as an “experiment,” and sagely shake their heads whenever the question is introduced. But those who have passed through a course of study at the Iowa State University only smile at their Rip Van Winkle arguments.

The literary societies here have quite a different, and I would say an inferior, method of doing things to what we were accustomed to in the societies of our Alma Mater. Here the usual programme of exercises for a literary or scientific society consists in the reading of two papers or essays—each half an hour in length. After a paper is read it is in order for any member to rise and offer some criticisms upon it—either favorable or otherwise. This is usually done by four or five persons. I am convinced that our plan of conducting a literary society is far superior to the method pursued here. It gives better training to the members and furnishes a better entertainment to an audience.

The students here, as a class, are hard readers,—usually sitting up to study as late as twelve or one o’clock at night. These I have met with are as good a set of whole-souled fellows as could well be desired, and any American student coming among them will meet with a hearty welcome.

Very truly yours,

ROB’T C. GLASS.

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THE KOHINOOR.

This is a personal sketch, but it is so interwoven with innumerable impersonal threads that it would not be recognized as such by a person—who has never seen the Kohinoor.

It is the province of a Reporter to feed folks on public persons and events—private life being esteemed a delicacy. The Kohinoor is a public person, and his friends have besought me to dish him up to them. I will make an humble effort at this with the understanding that the reader hereof shall not bring any kind of action against me if he should strangle himself.

Should you ask me who this person—Kohinoor, the subject of my sketch—is, I should answer, I should tell you, he is called by some “Glass Shirt front,” “Walking Dollar Store” by others, though the curious appellation of

"Blind Ike" is mostly given by his brothers and companions.

If still further you should ask me, saying, "who is this 'Glass Shirt-front'?"—I should answer your inquiry straightway in such words as follow:

In the lofty Law Department, where ambitious law-plants flourish on John William Smith's Law Contracts, fed by Blackstone's Commentaries, Hilliard's Tort, and Bills of Parsons, watered well by Stephen's Pleading, tended well by Mott and Hammond and the other law professors,—there exists a living being with two legs and without feathers, having all the ways and habits of the well-known *genus homo*—one, in short, of the aforesaid law-plants of the Law Department—one of the well-known law students. This is he who once suggested that the word "counts" in "PETITIONS" of the new code of Iowa should to "paragraphs" be altered. But why further waste my powers of description on this being? Not his costly coat to dwell on, nor to squander time by telling how forever he is pulling at his chin to raise his whiskers, I will tell you, I will show you, how to know him when you meet him or espy him at a distance. In his bosom, light is flashing—not the light of glassy window nor the light of Jesus' Gospel, but the sunny rays of daylight brightly shine through six large diamonds and disperse in all directions.

Incident of his love-making, his—the Kohinoor's—love-making, told to me by the "Professor"—whispered at the "Breakfast Table:"—Kohinoor once loved Miss Iris, charming lady, fellow-boarder—and that he might give expression to his mighty admiration, sent to her a dainty package of the finest scented soap that he could find in all the drug-stores. But the aunt of the young lady came across the scented package, took it up with tongs, and dropped it out of the window on the pavement. It was noticed by B. Franklin—hopeful son of old land-lady—and he picked it up rejoicing: he indulged in most unheard of and inordinate ablutions, so that his hands were a frequent subject of congratulation on the part of his fond mother, and he smelt like very ancient civet-cats for weeks thereafter—the effect of his ablutions.

The Kohinoor—the jewel of his race—was not encouraged by this reception of his package of perfumed soap. He continues to pick at his chin and looks appreciatingly at Miss Iris, but she never sees him.

SKIZZIX.

#### COMMUNICATION.

EDITORS REPORTER:—We feel disposed to congratulate the editors of the REPORTER on account of the very neat appearance of their periodical as it is at present issued. Certainly at no previous period has the REPORTER looked better than it does now; and we are inclined to think that it has never indeed looked as well. The paper, the printing, the general arrangements, all seem good; and, as to the character of the productions that fill the columns of this welcome monthly, we think we can, for the most part, speak

in terms of praise. But as to the latter feature, permit us to say that we trust no pains will be spared to secure articles that will be spirited and attractive—clear, terse, entertaining and instructive articles.

The success of such a publication chiefly depends on the *tone* of the material that covers its pages. Time is too precious, and *taste* is too refined in this day of literary luxuries, for persons to content themselves with perusing long, *insipid* effusions. Should not those interested in the REPORTER feel a noble pride in gracing it with their best literary efforts? We are disposed to commend again, some of the articles that have recently appeared. They evince thought and careful preparation—they are cheerful—they are readable. *Let there be more such.* OBSERVER.

#### THE LAW DEPARTMENT OF THE UNIVERSITY.

Although the professional departments of the University are not as closely connected with the public school system as the academical is, yet they may receive an occasional notice in these columns. Each department shares the good or ill success of every other, and we shall assume, also, that our readers are interested in the entire institution.

The Law department is increasingly attractive to students from other States, and has drawn *thirteen* from Illinois alone this year. It deserves the attention of jurists, and is winning it, too. Notice the proof, in this statement:

A letter has been received from one of the directors of the American Association for the Advancement of Social Science, residing in Boston, asking for twelve copies of the last Report of President Thacher, containing a report of the Law Department of the State University, prepared by Professor Hammond, in which the present condition and prospects of legal education are discussed at length, and the course pursued in the Iowa school is fully detailed. "I desire them," says the writer, "for distribution in England, among such men as Sir Henry S. Maine, Fitzjames Stephen, B. Campbell, &c. There is in England an interest in what we are doing in legal education, and some of my friends there are of the opinion that they can look to America for great improvements in the matter of legal reform, because of our freedom from tradition." In another part of the same letter the writer says: "It must be a source of the greatest satisfaction to every intelligent American to know that there is a Law School in the West so wisely governed. There is, as you know, an opinion in the country that the Valley of the Mississippi is to be the ultimate seat of the character and force of the Republic. Thoughtful men have therefore been deeply interested in the sort of culture which is growing up there. When, therefore, we learn of such a school as yours not only established, but rapidly growing there, we experience the greatest joy. Since I have myself learned about it, I have taken especial pains to communicate the information to others, who have been surprised and delighted. From this point of view, the policy and methods of your school are matters of general interest, and I therefore take the liberty of asking"—here follow requests for further information respecting the details of instruction in the Law School, and for the copies of the report above referred to.—*The Common School.*

# The University Reporter.

IOWA CITY, IOWA, FEB 13, 1874.

## MANAGING EDITORS.

FRANK E. BRUSH, '74.

W. H. FANNON, '75.

## ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

P. J. MEEHAN, LAW DEPT.

G. BOWER, MED. DEP.

AL. D. DRAPER, '76.

RAY BILLINGSLEY, '77.

C. C. ZIEGLER, '78.

## TERMS INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

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Anonymous articles are invariably rejected.

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Address all orders and communications to University Reporter, Iowa City.  
E. E. FITCH, Financial Agent.

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## VALE.

The time has now arrived when under the existing regulations, the present *corps* of editors must descend from the editorial tripod, drop the scissors, lay aside the pen, introduce their successors, and vacate the sanctum.

This we do with emotions of commingled pleasure and relief—pleasure at the friendly greeting, cordial encouragement and hearty support that have been so kindly vouchsafed to us—relief at laying aside the responsibility so reluctantly assumed, and that the management has fallen into hands so able and willing. The policy pursued by us in reverting to the monthly form of issue was not adopted without considerable reflection and deep solicitude. At the close of last year the paper was not what the reputation and standing of the University would seem to demand. It did not fairly represent us. Something must be done. We had not money to enlarge, and continue the semi-monthly publication, and the interests of the University did not require it. So we resolved to return to the old form, and issue our paper once a month, putting into it more thought, vivacity, and vigor.

Encumbered with our regular studies, occupied in "labors more abundant," crowded for time, we have endeavored to follow out the course suggested. As to our success, the paper must be our touchstone. If we have not attained so full a measure of felicitous results as might have been desired, where lies the blame? The editors, it seems to us, should not be expected to *write the whole paper*. Their office is to supervise, select and reject. They are to pass judgment upon articles presented for publication, allowing nothing to appear which is not of high grade and

sterling value. But the students will not write—members of the faculty are often too busy, and so no contributions are received. When the time for publication arrives, the *corps* meets to consider the prospects for the issue; scarcely any articles have been sent in and the editors in their extremity, wearied with their studies and other duties, betake themselves to their rooms, and dash off something in feverish haste on any topic that may chance to flit through their tired brain. So the paper is filled with deformed creations which injure its tone and degrade its standard. A college journal, to be eminently successful, should embody the best thought and culture of the students—they should be its largest contributors. It is also well and desirable to present articles from various members of the Faculty. From the rich storehouse of their learning and experience they could from time to time furnish many hints and ideas which would very materially aid the students. We trust there will be a marked improvement in regard to this matter. Write for the REPORTER. Furnish *something* for its columns, if nothing more than a short local, or a personal item. If you know of anything that would be of special interest to the students and the friends of the University at large, *write it up*. Do this, and the editors will rise up and call you blessed. If you cannot grant them the pleasure of *accepting* your contribution, you can at least afford them the unalloyed bliss of *rejecting* it; in all events *your* conscience will be clear. Really, we do sincerely desire to see more articles written for the REPORTER by the students. So mote it be!

The management of the REPORTER for the ensuing half year has been entrusted by the various classes to the following persons: J. L. Griffiths, Senior class; W. H. Fannon, Junior class; J. J. Hamilton, Sophomore class; Miss Lottie Schreiner, Freshman class; C. C. Zeigler, Sub-Freshman class; Mr. Freels, Law Department. The *corps* is a good one, and will succeed finely. Our readers will profit by the change.

## "THE COMMON SCHOOL."

We have seen the first two numbers of this new journal of education recently established at Davenport. The editor is Mr. Crosby, the able and accomplished Superintendent of the Davenport City Schools. The University Department is conducted by Prof. Parker, which is a guaranty of its success. The High School Department is under the supervision of Prof. J. B. Young, Principal of the Davenport High School. Mr. J. M. De Armond manages the Literary Department. Judging from the superior ability of the editorial management, this periodical must achieve a high degree of success. It is issued on tinted paper, the mechanical execution is superior, and altogether it presents an elegant appearance. Every common school teacher in Iowa should become a subscriber. Terms of subscription, \$1.50 per year. Address "The Common School," Davenport, Iowa.

AMONG the means of culture, there is none more potent, none more efficient in stimulating thought, none more influential in moulding public opinion than the press. The college press is comparatively of recent origin, and yet already it comprises every variety of journalism—from the small local folio to publications which rank favorably with our best magazines. It is gradually assuming an importance of material importance in our college life—not only by intimately connecting the different institutions of learning, but also by the incentive it gives to thought and the advantages which it affords for literary improvement. But while so much may be said for the high standard which the college journal has already reached, and for its many advantages, it is destined to advance still further and to wield a still greater influence; and toward this end it should be the object to raise the standard of each publication. There may be various opinions as to the best manner of conducting a college paper. Some would place the control in the hands of the literary societies; others would confine its management to the higher classes, while the majority prefer to have all the classes and Departments represented in the editorial corps—the system adopted by our own University. But the success of the college journal does not depend on any new system of management, but rather upon the interest manifested by the students and professors, *this* interest is to be shown not only by subscribing, but also by a *willingness* to contribute *carefully written* articles. Too frequently all the responsibility is placed upon the editors, and they are often unjustly criticized for publishing hastily prepared articles, when they are not entirely in the fault. It is possible to raise the standard of the college journal until indifferent articles may be excluded; until it is a model of tasteful writing and practical thought; until it may do honor to the institution which it represents. In order to accomplish this result not only must those best qualified be selected as editors, but there must also be a hearty co-operation on the part of all those who are interested in the prosperity of the paper.

#### THE INDOMITABLE JEX BLAKE.

From the "Education" column of the *Independent* we clip the following:

At a recent meeting of the Social Science Congress, at Norwich, England, several important papers before the department of education were presented and read by women. Among them was one by Miss *Jex Blake*, on the "Medical Education of Women," in which the writer showed with great force and clearness the absurdity and injustice of the restrictions by which women in England are first prevented from entering the established Medical schools, and then, if by any means they do acquire a competent medical education, are practically excluded from having their names entered on the national register of medical practitioners. As no public school of medicine at present admits women on the same terms as men, and as none of the examining

boards have declared their readiness to examine them, women are practically prevented from complying with the regulations of the Medical Act, and thus their names are excluded from the register. If women were admitted to the ordinary medical schools, the examining boards could hardly refuse to examine them; if the boards would admit candidates from a new school formed expressly for women, such a school could be in working order in six months; or, if the Medical Act permitted the examination of women by a special board, and their subsequent registration as practitioners, the existing schools and boards might harmlessly maintain their attitude of exclusion. If women, on the whole, made worse doctors they would fail in competition with them. Artificial opposition to their admission to the profession was at once unjust and unnecessary. If women entered the medical profession, they ought, for their own sakes and for the good of the community, to do so on exactly equal terms with men, receiving the same education, passing the same examinations, and allowed the same recognition as all other practitioners. Let the government appoint an examining board commanding universal confidence; let all candidates desiring to enter the profession be admitted to the same examination; let their papers be identified by numbers, instead of names, so that this vexed question of sex might be absolutely excluded; and then let all students able to pass the ordeal be admitted to registration, and the whole problem would be solved once and forever. When the government took up this matter, it should lay down no such hard-and-fast rules as was maintained by the present examining boards; but a standard of knowledge being fixed by the leaders of the profession, and thoroughly competent examiners being appointed to see that it was attained, students might be left free to gather their knowledge as they chose, uniformity being required in the results alone. If the present system of lectures were the most valuable, the students following it would by their success demonstrate the fact; if it were found to have been dictated by the 'vested interests' of the teachers, rather than by the needs of the taught, it would naturally collapse when its artificial support was withdrawn."

THE *North American Review* says Goethe "felt so profoundly the superiority of French prose," that, in later life, there was "but one perpetual exclamation on his lips: 'Ah! if I could but write my thoughts in French.'" Why should Goethe prefer French to his own German? Who will tell us?

Original—with the author:

Mary had a little lamb,  
With which she used to tussle,  
She snatched the wool all off its back,  
And stuffed it in her bustle.

The lamb soon saw he had been fleeced,  
And in a passion flew;  
But Mary got up on her ear,  
And stuffed the lamb in too.

## LOCAL

Junior exhibition on the 19th.

That sleigh ride and serenade to the President on Friday was a pleasant affair.

Grand masquerade in this city on 9th inst. was imposing and funny. Ball in evening, ditto.

Prof. Pinkham gives nice sketches of life in England at Rhetoricals. A redeeming feature.

Better go to Galesburg if you can and see our man Brush crowned victor of the oratorical contest.

The new telescope from England will be here soon. Prepare to see the moons of Jupiter, Fenus and "O'Ryan."

The books of the Iowa City Library were sold at auction not long since. The reason for the sale—want of support.

The use of "homish" for "domestic," and "baked stones" for "brick," may do in translating a German exercise, but we object to its becoming general.

On Saturday, Jan. 31st, the Juniors participated in a class sleigh-ride. The sleighing was excellent, and, of course, a pleasant time was enjoyed by all.

The medicals and lawyers attended Chapel *en masse* the other morning. Their appearance gave occasion for more applause than is ordinary during Chapel exercises.

Don't crowd so at the postoffice entrance. If you don't take care you will meet with the fate of that young man who was sent sprawling on the pavement—nice little trip—a sequel to his pushing.

Judge Dillon, of the U. S. Circuit Court, delivered a course of lectures to the law and medical students on Medical Jurisprudence the first week of this month. The lectures were attended by many of the citizens.

The other day Pat was standing on the corner of a street coughing violently. A beholder addressed him: "It seems that you have a very bad cold." "That may be," said Pat, "but thank God, it's better than none."

NOTICE!!—The three Juniors and three Sub Freshmen who were guilty of defrauding the managers of the Masquerade Ball, are hereby notified to settle for the other five tickets without further difficulty.

The Ancient History Class, during a recent recitation on the topic of Egyptian History, was very much delighted by a few remarks from the Rev. Mr. Dickerman, who has spent some time in Egypt, descriptive of the Egyptian Pyramids.

At the last meeting of the Junior class the following persons were elected as officers for the ensuing term: President, Ella Osmond; Vice-President, J. J. Seerley; Rec. Secretary, J. K. Osmond; Cor. Secretary, W. H. Fannon; Treasurer, Lucy Evans; Marshal, A. T. Flickinger.

The Erodolphian and Hesperian societies were out in full force for a general sleigh-ride Friday evening, 6th inst. Those who participated make favorable reports. One of the sleighs broke down, but the others were near by and conveyed the *unfortunates* back to the city.

Some very important indictments have been found against a few of the law boys by the Grand Jury. The class forms a separate court for the disposal of all such cases as the Grand Jury may find. This court opens a good field for the boys to test and apply their legal abilities.

Good sleighing at this writing.

Rhetoricals have come again,

That concentrated bore;

At two o'clock to chapel rush

And hear the seniors roar.

The members of the State Horticultural Society recently took advantage of their presence in the city to visit the University. It is said that they were favorably impressed with what they saw, and that some were surprised to find so great an institution of learning in the State.

The advance sheets of Prof. Heinrich's "Principles of Chemistry" have been published. The entire work will contain some 200 pages; the price will be \$2.50. The work will probably be ready for sale in March. The Professor is an original investigator, and thoroughly read in the history of chemical research. This work will present the science in its very latest development.

Rhetoricals commenced for the term, Friday, Jan. 30th. For some reason there was not the usual number of performers, but Prof. Pinkham occupied a portion of the time in giving us a very interesting account of English Universities which he visited while on his recent tour. He dwelt chiefly on Cambridge, which he regards as standing first in rank among the English Universities.

We clip the following complimentary notice from the *Berkeleyan*, University of California:

"The UNIVERSITY REPORTER of Iowa is on hand, and we are rather inclined to say that it is the best exchange we have received this month. At any rate it has more *general* reading upon interesting topics, in proportion to its size than any other received; and yet its local department is sufficiently full."

THIS issue closes the first half of the year. Many of our subscribers are still in debt to us for this year's subscriptions. It would be a very great accommodation to us if all arrears on subscription could be sent in to us this month. Our printers must be paid; the editors are too poverty-stricken to advance the money. Friends, please send us your one dollar. Verily, by so doing, you will cause our financial agent's heart to leap within him for joy, and his troubled visage to be wreathed in smiles of happiness.

On Monday evening, 2nd inst., the friends of Rev. W. E. Ijams and wife met in the parlors of the Congregational Church to bid them good-bye, previous to their departure for the Pacific Coast. After the friends had all arrived, filling the room so that many were obliged to stand, Mr. N. H. Brainard came forward, and, in behalf of the friends, in a short, but very appropriate speech, presented to Mr. Ijams an elegant gold watch, and to Mrs. Ijams some articles of jewelry. Being completely surprised, Mr. Ijams was unable to say anything for a moment; but soon collecting himself, he spoke some excellent words in reply, after which the company took their leave. The parting of pastor and charge was tender, but more than tender was the parting with Mrs. Ijams, whose womanly grace and virtues had won the hearts of all. On Tuesday evening they departed for the "sunset land," followed by the tenderest wishes of all. The many students who, Sabbath after Sabbath, have listened to the truth as presented by Mr. Ijams—in conception, pure and vivid; in thought, fresh, sparkling, and original, unmixed with self-ism or creed,—can but poorly express their regret that he has gone.

The pulpit of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in Iowa City, which was left vacant by the departure of Rev. Mr. Pomeroy to assume the presidency of the Kansas State Normal School, has been supplied by the appointment of Rev. Mr. Sparks, of Logansport, Indiana. Mr. S. has been here only a few weeks, but has already deeply ingratiated himself into the affections of his people. He is a fine speaker, possesses many elements of the true orator, and deeply interests his audiences. We wish him unbounded success in this, his new and strange field of christian labor.

THE orations presented in chapel by the seniors thus far this term are as follows:

## JANUARY 30.

C. A. Bond....."Through Thought to Success."  
J. W. Crane....."What Shall We Do?"  
H. S. Fairall....."The Iowa State University."

## FEBRUARY 6.

E. E. Fitch....."What Determines Our Institutions?"  
J. L. Griffiths....."The Shrine at which we Bow."  
W. G. Koegler....."Manasses and Waterloo."  
Elex McIlree....."The Triumphs of Peace."

At the fire which occurred here on Sabbath evening two or three weeks since, a certain Sub determined to distinguish himself. At the first alarm he rushed with desperate boldness from the church, crossed the street in three jumps, and came to a halt on the sidewalk directly in front of the fire. His halt was brief, however, for he had been at fires before, and it took but a moment for him to arrange his plans for decisive action. Quickly maturing his arrangements, and being alike regardless of his life and Sunday clothes, he made a bolt for the front door, broke it open, and ran swiftly up-stairs into the very room where the fire *was'nt*. Here he was as self-possessed as ever, and, without the slightest hesitation, tore out the sash of a window next to the street where the crowd of lookers-on was. Imagine how they must have been thrilled when they saw this venturesome youth lean recklessly half-way out of the window, and cry at the top of his voice: "Here with your water, here with your water!" Although the fire was being rapidly extinguished, (by the firemen at the other side of the house), he still kept his perilous position, and cried unceasingly, "Here with your water!" At length the fire being nearly subdued, two firemen came, unobserved, around the corner, each bearing the nozzle of a hose, and before Sub had time to wink he was completely drenched. Bully! ha, ha, ha, hean-hoop! laughed the crowd. D——n it! observed Sub, and vanished.

THE CONTEST.—The inter-collegiate oratorical contest will be held at Galesburg, Ill., on the evening of February 27th. From all indications, we think it will be a decided success, and more than meet the expectations of its projectors. Everything has been done to make the trial as fair and impartial as possible. The judges, as far as we know, are men of refined taste and elegant culture, and in every way perfectly qualified to render equitable decisions. President Burns, of Indianola, is appointed judge from Iowa. Professor Albert Stetson, of the Normal University, has been designated judge by the Governor of Illinois. We have received no intimation of the appointment of a judge from Wisconsin.

The order of speaking, as arranged by lot by the Executive Committee at Galesburg, is as follows:

1. Iowa College—(Name of candidate unknown.)
2. Monmouth College—Mr. A. G. McCoy.
3. University of Chicago—T. Edward Egbert.
4. Iowa State University—Frank E. Brush.
5. Beloit College—George T. Foster.
6. Illinois Industrial University—W. W. Wharry.

Arrangements have been consummated by which those desiring to attend can go for one and one-fifth fare. Delegations will be sent from the colleges represented to consult with reference to the formation of a permanent organization for continuing these contests from year to year. At a meeting of the students, R. J. Wilson, J. L. Griffiths, W. F. Rodgers, F. E. Brush and Miss Eunna Smith were chosen such delegation to represent the University.

We trust as many of the students as can will go to Galesburg. It will no doubt prove a deeply interesting and enjoyable occasion.

The Iowa City Academy is now nicely established in the neat and commodious rooms of the new brick building on the site of the old one which was burned last spring. Under the excellent leadership of Prof. Wm. McClain, assisted by a corps of four able teachers, this institution has attained a degree of popularity which justly entitles it to place second to no other similar institution in the State. Over one hundred and fifty students are now in attendance in the several departments, and, judging by the high grade of scholarship which many of them attain on entering the University, their drill is most thorough. The course of study comprises all that is necessary as a preparation for the University. Those who desire to enter the University next fall, but would like to spend a term in preparation, could not do better than to attend this Academy during the spring term. As the calendar is the same as that of the University, students can leave at the close of any term and enter the University classes at the beginning of the term.

THE SPECTROSCOPE COMING AT LAST.—The Dublin manufacturer wrote Prof. Leonard, December 2d, that the Spectroscope, so long delayed, would probably be completed in two days. Prof. Faris, of Armagh Observatory, would then test it, and, if approved, it was to be immediately shipped for New York. At that port it is to be unpacked and examined by Prof. Henry Draper.

The instrument has already won the admiration of distinguished scientific examiners, and possesses some unique excellences, *e. g.* its power can be changed instantaneously from that of six prisms to twelve, and without taking the eye from the eye-piece.

## MARRIAGES.

At Oskaloosa, Iowa, September 29th, 1873, Mr. J. E. Hubbard, Law '73, to Miss Rhoda M. Duke, formerly a student in the University.

In Bloomington, Illinois, February 6, 1874, Mr. Enoch Harpole, of Bloomington, to Miss Emma Pauline, of Le Charleston, Ohio.

Mr. Harpole was a graduate from the Law Department, in '73; was admitted upon examination, on the 9th of January, to the Illinois Bar, and will shortly hang out his shingle in Springfield, Illinois, where he has made arrangements for further partnership, (legal).

## PERSONALS.

Geo. Ingram, '75, is teaching near Lytle City, Iowa county, Iowa.

C. E. White, '73, made his University friends a short visit recently.

Scott S. Gillespie, formerly of '77, expects to return at the opening of the spring term.

Law '73, G. W. White, is Attorney and Counselor at Law in Smith Centre, Smith Co., Kansas.

Law '73, J. E. Hubbard is engaged in the practice of his profession at Boulder City, Col.

Fremont T. Hess, once of '75, is reading medicine at his home in Lyons, Clinton county, Iowa.

The Freshmen welcome to the class of '77, Mr. Alex. E. Johnstone, late from Michigan University.

Law '73, B. F. Harrington is established in Denver, Col., and his true merit is insuring him success.

Jno. B. Jones, class '77, who, for some time has been teaching in Kansas, recently returned to the University to resume his studies.

'75 W. D. Tisdale was very unexpectedly called home on the morning of the 9th inst., by a telegram announcing the death of a sister.

Miss Harriet Jackson has been engaged to teach in Mitchellville Seminary. Rev. L. G. Powers, of '72, is the able and successful principal.

G. F. McClellan, '72, looked in upon the University a few days since. Teaching seems to agree with him. He looks as jolly and good natured as ever.

Law '72, W. L. Eaton has entered into a partnership for the practice of law with J. B. Clelland, at Osage, Iowa. Will has sterling ability, and we expect to see him achieve great success. Our greeting and best wishes.

## OUR EXCHANGES.

We like the tasty appearance of the *Magenta*, and relish its generally excellent contents.

The *Alumni Journal* meets our views exactly in its article entitled "Public Schools vs. Catholicism." It is a subject upon which the people at large are entirely too indifferent.

The *Madisonensis* has an article of some length upon the now quite widely discussed subject of "Inter-Collegiate Literary Contests." It advances some good arguments in favor of such contests. By the way, the last number of the *Madisonensis* comes to us with this polite request: "Please discontinue exchange." To which we very gracefully accede. The U. S. Postal Law seems to be especially severe in its workings upon eastern college journals. We trust however, that the *Madisonensis* will weather the storm and triumph nobly in spite of all adverse circumstances. To further this laudable desire, we discontinue sending the REPORTER, which save them one cent per month.

The *Triad* from the Upper Iowa University, comes to us rather late, but "rises to explain" by saying that it sent away for a new dress, in which it makes a bright, cheery appearance. The *Triad* is a good paper, and we are glad to see it prosper.

The *Olivet Olio*, appears promptly on time. We like the live appearance it always manifests.

We have received No. 2, Vol. 1, of the *Aurora*, published at Albert College, Belleville, Ontario. We cordially greet the new college journal, and gladly place it upon our exchange list. It starts out under able management. Best wishes, friends.

Hurrah for the *Tripod*! Auspicious change. Tinted paper, clear, beautiful typography, elegant in every way. The *Tripod* holds its rank among the first. Miss Willard is furnishing sketches of European travel, which are fine, racy and decidedly readable.

The *Asbury Review* greets our eyes for the first time this year. Why is this? Had you entirely forgotten your Iowa friends, or did you wait to see whether we would be worth an exchange? Well, anyhow, we are glad to see you. The *Review* presents a sober, but pleasant countenance. Its strong, well-written articles, indicate ability in its conduct. Two ladies grace its editorial *Sanctum*.

The first number of the *Berkleyan* is upon our table. It is the result of a combination of the *University Echo* and the *Neolaean Review*. We congratulate the *Berkleyan* upon its neat, typographic appearance, and the general merit of its contents.

The *McKendree Repository* evidently courts popularity with the fair sex. Its leading editorial pitches into an article published some time since, entitled the "Degeneracy of Girls," and shows, with some success, that the arguments of said article were based upon unjust grounds.

Edith O'Gorman, the escaped nun, lectured in Springfield, a while ago. Judging from the remarks made upon the lecturer and her lecture by the *Wittenberger*, it will be sometime ere Edith will be asked to lecture in Springfield again. Among other things the *Wittenberger* says: "Public disapprobation will certainly soon drive her from the stage she has disgraced." It further advises the students "to shield themselves against such *frauds* in the future." How ungallant!

The *Beloit College Monthly* still maintains its high standard of excellence. It does not seem to be well posted in regard to Iowa educational institutions in general, and especially those under its own church management. It speaks of the *University Reporter* from *Iowa College*. Now, while we feel highly honored at being mistaken for so able and renowned an institution as Iowa College, we still have some pride in our own name, and do not care to barter it for any other. For the edification of the *Monthly*, we state that Iowa College is a Congregational College, located at Grinnell. The *University Reporter* aims to represent the Iowa State University, located at Iowa City.

We have also received the *Newspaper Union*, *Woman's Journal*, *College Courier*, *The Chronicle*, *Univ. Press*, *Newspaper Reporter*, *Acta Columbian*, *Univ. Gazette*, *The Simpsonian*, *News Letter*, *The Bonnonian*, *Pen and Plow*, *College Herald*, *National Normal*, *Index Niagarensis*, *Warren County Leader*, *Warren County Tribune*, *Iowa School Journal*, *William's Review*, *Anamosa Eureka*, *Lawrence Collegian*, *University Review*, *College Spectator*, *The Owl*, *Collegian*, *University Misourian*, *College Journal*, *Vassar Miscellany*, *Qui Vive*, *College Chronicle*, *Iowa Classic*.

## THE FANCY OF A SUB-FRESHMAN.

A fancy I bequeath to thee  
Whereby thou mayst remember me:  
The thought of one who hides in fold  
Of Nature's cloak, and is controlled  
In life and thought by her decree.

An angel of earth came to me in my dreams—  
In my dreams of youth;  
And illumined by being with glorious beams  
Of love and of truth.

Too eager to know the secret source  
Of the beauty of life,

I detained her by force;  
But with failing strength in the ensuing strife  
Perceived that the angel was ugly and coarse.

In haste I fled from the desolate spot  
Pursued by demons of death and hell,  
Who increased my speed with a murderous yell;

I stumbled not and lingered not  
Till safe upon the mountain side;  
I stood as stood the wife of Lot  
Ere she to salt was petrified.

I turned to look and see again  
The coarse earth-angel of the plain—  
Lo!  
Transfigured and changed she stood in the glow  
Of a light not earth. A moment thus,  
Then melted into the *cumulus*,  
Became a part of the light of day,  
And all things changed in the transformed ray.  
She speaks to me through nature's forms  
Alike in sunshine and in storms;  
I see her in the deep blue sky,  
She looks out of your sparkling eye,  
She glides on rays of waning light  
Into the solitudes of night;  
Air of mountains, leafy glades,  
World of waters she pervades;  
And as the seasons hold their course  
Tries to subdue the Universe.

This universal girl wouldst see?  
Ferocious friend! So it might be  
If I were you and you were me.

MUSIC GRINDERS.—They have been round—some blind, and some with only one leg. The three little Italian boys interested us most. The Music is at first faint, then increases.

“And nearer, nearer still, the tide  
Of music seems to come,  
There's something like a human voice,  
And something like a drum;  
You sit in speechless agony  
Until your ear is dumb.

\*\*\*

“You think they are crusaders sent  
From some infernal clime,  
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,  
And dock the tail of Rhyme,  
To crack the voice of Medody,  
And break the legs of Time.

“But hark! the air again is still,  
The music all is ground,  
And silence, like a poultice, comes  
To heal the blows of sound;  
It cannot be,—it is,—it is,—  
A hat is going round!

\*\*\*

“And if you are a slender man,  
Not big enough for that,  
Or, if you cannot make a speech  
Because you are a flat,  
Go very quietly and drop  
A button in the hat!”

## HOPE!

## I.

Hark! 'tis said,  
A mighty tread  
Is heard in chapel hall;  
The usual throng  
Has grown so strong,  
'Tis filled from wall to wall.

## II.

The “Laws” and “Meds,”  
Have turned their heads,  
Towards this old retreat,  
When in a row,  
They oft now go  
In penitence to meet.

## III.

In through the door,  
In streams they pour,  
And fill each Senior's place;  
Then cheer some Prof.,  
At “Sub. Fresh” scoff,  
And last—attend to grace,

## IV.

O may they try,  
From sin to fly,  
And always come to prayer;  
For they will see,  
'Tis good to be  
Under its benign care.

Qui!

'Twas down behind the Laboratory,  
 One afternoon last fall,  
 I took a card of matches  
 And drew it 'cross the wall.  
 And as the sulphurous flame arose,  
 Prophetic in the air,  
 I carefully applied it  
 Unto my cigar.

Stretched supine on the grassy bank,  
 I gazed into the sky;  
 E'en there the purple wreaths of smoke  
 Were curling gracefully.  
 Oh, what was there at such a time  
 My happiness to mar?  
 Alas! A sudden qualm proclaimed  
 It was my first cigar.

I've stood upon a steamboat,  
 And sailed across the bay,  
 Then leaned far o'er the quarter rail,  
 And thrown myself away;  
 But I never knew a wretchedness  
 That could with that compare,  
 When, down behind the Laboratory,  
 I smoked my first cigar.

—Brunonian.

#### CLIPPINGS.

A Freshman gazing intently on the bulletin board, discovered an advertisement, stating that a paper shell was for sale. He observed that "he thought it would be dangerous, as the paper would get wet."

THE Governor of Wyoming winds up his Thanksgiving proclamation in this style: "Give thanks unto the Lord, for His mercy endureth forever. In witness whereof I have set my hand and caused the great seal of the Territory to be affixed," etc.

The rustic proclivities of the Freshman class were well illustrated by that member who arose at four o'clock on the first morning of the term. When asked by his chum wherefore this early rising, Embryo replied, "By Gosh, that's so,—I'm in college. I thought I was on the farm and had thirteen cows to milk before breakfast!"—*Hamilton Lit.*

Freshman to Junior: Say, haven't got an Odyssey you want to sell, have you?

Junior: Yes, I have an Owen's.

Freshman: Oh, how unfortunate, I wanted Homer's.

Freshman retires, and the Junior smiles.—*Mercury.*

SCENE—*Laboratory.*—Professor, looking attentively upon a little box, on which is written "Blue Pill," and from which the names of the Seniors, written on small slips of paper, are to be drawn as they are called up to recite. "Strange, but things will, even accidentally, get the correct label on them occasionally."—*Ex.*

AN Essex street lady sitting in her parlor and engaged in dreamy contemplation of the moustache of the young gentleman who was to escort her and her sister to the festival, was suddenly awakened by an ominous whisper, in a juvenile voice at the door: "You've got Ann's teeth, and she wants 'em."

DR. HOPKINS: "What does your enjoyment of a witty man depend on?" Student: "It is in proportion to his wit." Dr. H.: "Suppose he is a good man." Student: "In proportion to his goodness." Dr. H.: "Well, suppose he knows a great deal?" Student: "In propoportion to his nose." (Class howls).—*Williams Review.*

A Senior, intending to teach for the winter, was informed by his chum that he would probably be called on sometimes to preach on Sunday. "Oh! I can preach well enough," exclaimed he, "but (a sorrowful expression coming over his face) I can't pray worth a d—d." Fact—*Argus.*

That reminds us of one. Certain members of the University were once prevailed upon to go down to the County House Sunday afternoons, and hold service with the inmates. One of these disciples was met upon his return from a missionary visit and was asked where he had been, to which he replied, "Oh! been down to the poor house preaching the Gospel to those d—d paupers."—*Ex.*

The address of welcome, by Hon. R. M. Benjamin, to the teachers of Illinois, at their late meeting in Bloomington, was a scholarly, powerful and elaborate effort. We have not room for the entire address, but we gladly give place to the following eloquent passage:

"Sir:"—bowing to the President—"Chicago may boast of her commerce and divorces; Peoria may take pride in her lake and her distilleries; Jacksonville may glory in her feeble-minded and strong-minded institutions; Evanston may take pride in her garrulous grannies; Joliet may felicitate herself upon her University and its inmates clad in the skin of the zebra, but if Bloomington is not the educational center of Illinois, then give me liberty, or give me death!"—*The Chicago Teacher.*

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