In the oratorical contest at Galesburg, Mr. Brush, representative of the State University of Iowa, delivered the following oration on

IDEAS—THEIR POWER AND PERMANENCE.

The historical investigator, with comprehensive thought, surveys the antique and dusty memorials of departed ages. He endeavors, from a confused mass of detailed and conflicting facts and mythical traditions, to trace out every hidden link in the grand chain of cause and sequence. While pursuing his inquiries many phenomena of strange and varied import meet his gaze. He looks out upon humanity as it exists for centuries, dull, torpid, lifeless—a stagnant sea. Ages roll by, and he marks a slight undulating movement on the unruffled expanse.

Time whirls his cycles into eternity and the searcher sees that the barely rippling waves have imparted motion to the whole mass; that the great ocean of humanity is stirred to its profoundest depths; he sees mighty currents of thought and feeling setting out in every direction; he notes their majestic sweep and flow as they roll round the world. Centuries more pass. Some of these diverse currents have squarely collided. Commotion reigns; the ocean is lashed into foaming fury; the dreadful shock of the embattled breakers pulsates to remotest shores. After a long and terrible combat the mightier prevails and the weaker, overborne, is carried on with resistless force. Once again calmness rules, and the great, massive tides sweep on as before only to meet other convulsions in the untold ages to come.

Thus in the flight of unnumbered years, do these strange phenomena appear and re-appear in endless succession. The first dimpling agitation of the sluggish mass is the projected impulse of a new idea.

By degrees it transmits its magnetic force till the minds of all men are impregnated with its own cyclopean energy, and the thought-life of the race completely revolutionized. This peculiar power, this mighty, moving, all-controlling, immortal force, what is it? Whence comes it, and why so potent?

In our estimate of what constitutes a truly great idea, we must look above and beyond all human standards. For whatever is sublime in nature or art, in matter or mind is akin to the Divine. The grandeur of the physical universe is but the embodiment and reflection of the Infinite.

It has been said, “all creation is an autograph of the Almighty.”

The outlines of nature are the thoughts of God expressed in material symbols. The good and the true, exemplified in created intelligences, is Divinity shining and speaking through them. Therefore a grand idea is only an emanation from Him
who is the source of true nobility in man. Wherever found, it bears the impress of its divine authorship, whether in the lower departments of nature or wrought out in the higher relations of moral beings.

Proceeding from an omnipotent and eternal source, these sublime ideas possess a potential energy and unyielding persistence that stamp them immortal. Though coming from God himself, they are cherished and propagated by human instrumentalities. Some man of imperial mind, towering far above his fellows in massive force of intellect, dwells near the habitations of Deity, and with marvelous penetration, catches and interprets the breathings of Infinite wisdom. He communicates the thought to a kindred spirit and that to another, and so, the idea wings its flight over the nations and down the centuries. These great men, standing on the mountain summits of the ages, shout to each other, across the intervening waste, the magic watchwords, and the teeming multitudes toiling far below on the common level of life, hearing only the echoes of the majestic strains are thrilled with the lofty cadences and inspired to higher aims and nobler efforts.

It is its affinity with human nature that largely endows an idea with power and permanence; it is a part of our common humanity; it becomes a constituent principle of our existence, inwoven into the very texture of our being. When by a rare gleam of light from some direction, one has caught the dim outlines of a grand principle, and with much thought and careful study, has perceived it in all its parts and relations, it lies mirrored in his consciousness an eternal conception, an immortality. It forms a living, active, essential element of his nature, moulding his thoughts, directing his energies. Thus men are swayed by the mighty power of ideas. A sovereign thought once promulgated can never be lost. The leaders may fall in the conflict; princely intellects may quiver and reel; but the idea, bequeathed from mind to mind, lives on untouched by the death of master geniuses, unshaken by the shock of crumbling philosophies, the fall of effete religious creeds, or the crash of empires. It struggles unseen through the ages modifying institutions and systems of government; finally it rises to the surface achieving a glorious triumph, startling the nations with the splendor of its development. Ideas thus live and work out their destiny, even though their presence and mastery be unrecognized; they move on in majesty like the ceaseless flow of a stream in its subterranean channel, which, long hidden from sight, at length emerges to view bathed in sunlight, scattering verdure and beauty all along its shores as it rolls steadily to the sea. So all currents of great thought move surely in channels towards God and are at last lost in him as the vast ocean of all being and intelligence. Ideas, like the pent up fires of a volcano are constantly struggling and accumulating new energy till they break forth and rock the continent. They are thus well nigh omnipotent. Despite the most formidable barriers, despite the most determined opposition, they assert the divinity of their claims and culminate in a mighty revolution. All the great eras of human progress are but the crystallization and enthronement of ideas; human and national destiny is but the blossoming and fruitage of opinions; the Hebrew theocracy, all the monarchies and republics of history are the resultant of colliding human thought.

The marshalling of great armies on battle-fields has more than a mere material significance; it is an index of the undercurrent of deep, living, moral conviction. The idea of absolute dominion led Alexander to the mastery of the known world, and sent Rome's embattled legions to universal sovereignty. The thought of being the divinely consecrated emancipator of the nations inspired Mahomet, and reared that wonderful religious system before whose withering might empires, venerable for antiquity, and religions, frosted with the hoar of age, vanished away.

Thirst for glory precipitated those mighty exploits of Napoleon, which so thrilled all Europe with their splendid daring and masterly execution.

Such ascendant ideas have inaugurated all those deeds of martial prowess which have sent their echoes sounding down the long aisles of history; they have guided statesmen in the conduct of nations; have kindled the golden eloquence of the orator; have swept the poet's lyre and waked Orphic harmonies; have projected all those noble charities and priceless immunities which have so haloed our race with light and glory.

Among the myriad ideas which bound man's life, are some that have run parallel with him through all the ages, furnishing the motive principle of his action, a polar star shining far above the tempests of earth, through whose rifted clouds comes to him its cheering beam.

As a typical idea illustrating the power and permanence of the whole class may be mentioned this one thought—liberty. Born with man, it has followed his devious course through the world, never forsaking him. Protean in character, at times occult in its workings, its direct influence may not always have been clearly perceived in the dark hour of political convulsion, or the sharp agony of national conflict; but to the calm inquirer of the past, on every page of human life, on every leaf of national destiny, is disclosed its own handwriting. This idea of liberty is enshrined in the most hallowed chamber of the soul, whence the wildest storms of oppression and the fiercest gales of persecution can never eradicate it. Though always present and exercising a potent sway in human affairs, its manifestation has been extremely variable. At first it appeared crude and shapeless, an undefined yearning, a simple innate repugnance to restraint; but as man has slowly risen from out the infolding gloom, and his knowledge has widened, it has enlarged the circle of its comprehension till it embraces all the attributes of human nature.

The ancient conception of liberty was the liberty of communities and nations as personated by kings, magistrates, aristocracies, or by the ruling classes in whatever form. The freedom of the individual was lost in that of the State. All the energy of the people was exercised to preserve intact their nationality. Men might be deprived of citizenship, chained to the triumphal car of the victor, oppressed with all the atrocities of servitude, and if the government maintained its freedom the cause of liberty was nobly vindicated. The State was paramount—the man only incidental.
To the ancient Hebrews the direst calamity that could befall them as a nation was to be led away into captivity; it seemed to them a mark of God's special displeasure. The plaintive strains that thrilled beside the rivers of Babylon, where the harps were hanged upon the willows, voiced no feelings of grief at their own personal afflictions; but the burden of their passionate throes was "Alas! the captivity of Zion."

This view of liberty, in some degree, tinctured all the nations of antiquity; but reached its highest development in Greece and Rome. Men, trained to believe that the State was supreme and its liberty an inestimable treasure, and that human life was valuable only so far as it should conserve the national interest, eagerly fronted horrid tortures and bloody death. So there have descended to us from that shadowy past echoes of chivalrous feats whose mention is an inspiration. What if iconoclastic reviewers, with the mallet of criticism, shatter our cherished idols of exalted heroism, grand endurance, sublime self-sacrifice; what if they pronounce Utopian fancies, Leonidas at Thermopyles, Horatius at the Bridge, Regulus enduring Carthaginian torments, and the long catalogue of heroes and their peerless exploits which have shed such a lustre about the names of Greece and Rome for two thousand years; let them fall, the ideas immortalized in those conceptions have for ages incited mankind to deeds of dauntless daring and undying fame. This notion of liberty led ancient empires to such an eminence in wealth and magnificence as has not since been witnessed. But amid all the gorgeous splendor of rival monarchies; amid all the sublimated achievements of imperial legislations, man's personal freedom was unrecognized. The liberty of the individual had its birth with Jesus Christ. The herald angels, that proclaimed a Saviour to the world, at the same time chanted the glad anthem of man's release from the thrall of ages. The crucified Nazarene, with Divine sanction, declared the complete physical, intellectual, and moral liberty of man. The newness and tremendous power of this idea waked the slumbering minds of men and roused their latent energies; shook the scepter from the grasp of dianed monarchs, and rocked to their foundations the strongest empires of time.

Then began the long struggle for human rights, which is waged with no less vigor to-day than ever, whose records constitute our modern history. For eighteen hundred years this new, enlarged impression of liberty has energized the champions of freedom wherever, and to-day the armies of progress are marshalled under banners emblazoned with the same talismanic word. Count me over the deadlast battles of history, conflicts on whose issue pivoted the destinies of continents and there I will show you the manifestation of this liberty-thought. Point out to me that country which has the wisest and most beneficent laws, whose institutions are broad and humane, whose inhabitants are peaceful, prosperous and happy, where the rights of man are venerated, where religion is untrammeled, and I will exhibit a nation where liberty is most thoroughly understood and fully appreciated. Read to me of those noble martyr-spirits, humanity's guardian angels, whose lives were a ceaseless struggle against tyranny, whose deaths were a divine attestation of their sublime faith, and I will point you to the power of this capital thought. In all the grand advance movements of the ages, I see the genius of its generalship; on the shores of every continent I trace its sacred footprints; clear above the din of conflict, I hear its silver voice animating and guiding. The winds carol its power; the forest aisles echo the strain; hills and vales reverberate the song, till from mountain and meadow, from lake and river, from city and hamlet, from palace and cot swells the one glad chorus, Liberty, Liberty!

Another commanding idea somewhat kindred in essence to liberty is the conception of justice, alike coeval with the race, invested with the same robust vigor and determined tenacity, its influence upon human history in all ages has been great and conspicuous. Away back in the morning twilight of historic time, this divinely implanted thought held sway over the hearts of men, to some extent, soothing their passions and governing their actions. As the compass flower faithfully guides the solitary wanderer over the trackless prairies, so this God-like principle safely piloted erratic man over the hitherto untrodden wastes of human experience. Though mankind had neither fixed laws nor definite standard of justice, yet in that earliest period there were crimes whose perpetration degraded the offender and demanded reparation. Such crimes, however, were few; nevertheless, the slightest indication of a disposition to redress wrong inflicted proves conclusively the existence of this idea of justice. From that rude beginning, which was scarcely a clearly carved thought, but only a vague inclining toward the side of justice, this principle has propagated itself through the centuries, gathering various accretions in its contact with all nations, ever widening its scope, till now in this waning nineteenth century, it circumscribes all things touching the mutual intercourse of individuals, the reciprocal obligations of governments, the duties of the citizen to the State, and of the nation to its subjects, the relations of man to God, and of Deity to humanity.

Would you learn still further the power and permanence of a grand idea, trace the rise and progress of natural religion. This sentiment is developed earliest in the soul of man, growing with his growth and fascinating him with its profound mysteriousness.

Would you understand its power, read it in the intensest yearnings of the human soul; these strong aspirations, which, in the gloom of ignorance, led man to raise aloft his hands, and cry in all the bitter earnestness of his need: "O God, where art thou?" Would you follow this idea through the labyrinthine windings of the ages, study the mythologies of the race. The first are wild and monstrous, the fruit of superstitious terror; but as the sweep of man's intellect has broadened, his objects of worship have been gradually uplifted from the realm of the awful, till, at the culmination of ancient religions, the Grecian mythology was garnished with all the graceful imagery, beautiful fancies and sublime conceptions which cultured taste and refined imagination could devise. The Christian system crystallized those restless longings and ardent hopes, and concentrated them in Christ as the consummation of
human desire, the Redeemer of the world. The Cross defi-
nitely determined this sentiment and so deeply animated it
that mankind everywhere yields to its potent influence.
Thus we see the omnipotent and eternal energy of ideas.
Wars cannot banish them; tyranny cannot crush them;
bigotry and superstition cannot smother them; despotism
cannot chain them; martyr-flames cannot consume them; floods
cannot quench their life. They live in the humblest actions
of man; they breathe from every page of history; they
glow in the splendid picturing of eloquence; they cor-
uscate in the immortal garniture of poetry; they shine in
the sublime revelations of science; they gleam in the recondite
researches of philosophy; they are radiant in all the saintly
charities of religion. They vitalize our institutions; uplift our
civilizations, and give man a mighty impulse Godward.

CHATTERTON, THE LITERARY IMPOSTOR.

A life-career of only seventeen years, and yet a work done
that secured a place of immortal distinction in the world of
letters. The circumstance is unique and wonderful, but it is
also sad and melancholy; for Thomas Chatterton, the boy-
author, the child of genius, the writer of melodious verse,
the designer of ingenious literary plots, the miracle of his age,
and the marvel of all history, was a deceiver and a cheat, and
sought relief from the distress of his troubled soul by commit-
ing suicide.

Malone styled him “the greatest genius England has pro-
duced since the time of Shakespeare.” Croft says of him:
“My memory does not supply me with any human being who,
at such an age, and with such disadvantages, has produced
such compositions.” Johnson says: “This is the most extra-
ordinary young man that has encountered my knowledge. It
is wonderful how the wheel has written such things.” By
Coleridge he is termed, “Sweet harper of time-shrouded min-
sistry.”

Chatterton was born at Bristol, on the Avon, in 1752; was
of humble parentage; and, as a child, was for a time remark-
able for his dullness. At the age of eight years, however, he learned
to read from an old black-letter edition of the Testament. He
soon began to manifest some intellectual ability, and became
passionately fond of everything curious and antique; and works like those of Chaucer, and anything on the subject of
heraldry, he eagerly devoured. He early commenced com-
posing, and at the age of eleven wrote a poem which was pub-
lished in the Bristol Journal of January 8, 1763. It was
probably the next year that he composed, and published in the
same paper, a piece of poetry entitled “Hymn to Christmas
Day,” of which the following lines will give a good idea:

“How shall we celebrate his name,
Who groaned beneath a life of shame
In all afflictions tried?
The soul is raptured to conceive
A truth which being must believe:
The God eternal died.
My soul, extort thy powers, adore;
Upon devotions plumage soar

To celebrate the day.
The God from whom creation sprung,
Shall animate my grateful tongue;
From Him I’ll catch the lay.”

Chatterton’s father was sexton of the St. Mary Radcliffie
Chapel, Bristol, and in the muniment room of this edifice was
a great chest containing various old manuscript documents
which had been placed there a number of generations before
by Canynge, a wealthy citizen of Bristol. To these old parch-
ments young Chatterton had access, and it appears that while
perusing them he conceived the notion of playing off on the
whole learned world by writing certain productions purport-

ting to have been penned several centuries before. It is said that
on the opening of the New Bridge, the Bristol papers con-
tained “A description of the Fryer’s first passage over the Old
Bridge,” which production appeared to have been taken from
an ancient manuscript; indeed so the youth Chatterton pos-
itive asserted when the article was at length traced to him.
From time to time, he continued to produce these remarkable
effusions, which were very puzzling to the critics, and led to a
spirited controversy as to their authenticity. “The peculiari-
ties of the ancient manuscripts, the spelling, the grammar, and
the modes of thought were so thoroughly imitated that the
documents seemed certainly genuine.” Much of his poetry,
which is really of the highest order, is attributed to Mr. Can-
ynge, the merchant, and to Thomas Rowie, “the gode prieste,”
both of whom lived in the 15th century. When the authen-
ticity of the productions was called in question, Chatterton had
the boldness to send several of his so-called “old manuscripts”
to Horace Walpole, desiring and almost demanding an investi-
gation. Though his audacity was at first construed into
fandor and honesty, yet the verdict soon rendered was against
the youth; for while the papers were of masterly execution,
there were occasional internal evidences of forgery. Some-
times the spelling, though odd, was really not that used in the
time of Edward the Fourth; now and then the heraldry
were antedated by whole centuries.” While the discussion was going on, Chatterton went to London to
extend his fame still further as an author. He was not long in
finding employment, but presently, as was so uncommon thing
for young aspirants for literary honors in London, he was
reduced to great want, and in this extremity he took refuge
from “the whips and scorns of time,” the burning fever of
pride, and the gnawings of time, in suicide.” Going one
day to his lonely garret he destroyed his papers, wrote his
will, took a dose of arsenic, and soon Thomas Chatterton was
no more. His will is a curious affair,—as some one calls it,
“an awful jest.” His humility, he bequeathed to a clergyman;
his prosody and grammar with half his modesty to Mr. Bur-
gum—the other half of his modesty to any young lady that
needs it; his abstinence to the aldermen of Bristol at their
annual feast; to a friend he leaves a mourning ring, “provided
he pays for it himself,” with the motto, “Alas! poor Chatter-
ton.” It is related of him, that when about to go to London,
some one asked him what he intended to do there. He replied:
“My first attempt shall be in a literary way; the promises I
have received are sufficient to dispel doubt; but should I, contrary to my expectation, find myself deceived I will in that case turn Methodist preacher. Credulity is as potent a deity as ever, and a new sect may easily be devised. But if that too should fail me my last and final resource is a pistol."

That the boy was filled with an uneasy longing for distinction is evident not only from his bold forgeries, but also from an expression he early made when some one wanted to present him with an earthen cup. On being asked what device he would have upon it, he said, "Paint me an angel with wings and a trumpet, to trumpet my name over the world." Notwithstanding this "prurient ambition," he was a person whose career was fraught with many features of astonishing interest. Though his integrity suffered by the verdict that was given in regard to his writings, his wonderful genius was honored as the patron and schoolmaster of Schiller. It is difficult to determine whether the schooling young Schiller received at the Duke's pet institution was really of advantage to him, and whether he would not have been both a happier man, and, perhaps, even a greater poet, if he had been allowed, like Shakespeare, to follow, at an early day, the bent of his genius. It is certain that the poet felt the influence of this schooling throughout his life. A very decided taste for philosophical studies characterized him ever since. He became an enthusiastic follower of Germany's greatest philosopher, Kant, and wrote many treatises on subjects belonging more or less directly to the domain of philosophy. His poetry, too, is often strongly tintured with metaphysical meditation, and much of what he has written is undoubtedly distinguished by philosoplic elevation rather than by purely poetic fire. Nevertheless, nothing could be more erroneous than to conclude that the greater portion of his poetic productions deserve any other place in literature than one next to that accorded to the great sovereigns of poetry: Homer, Sophocles, Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe.

Young Schiller remained eight years at the academy. He had not entered it of his own accord, but only to please the Duke and for the sake of his father. His desire had been to become a clergyman, but the Duke's academy had not the right, nor the facilities, of giving theological instruction. The young students had to declare at an early day for what profession they wished to prepare themselves. Schiller chose at first the law, but soon afterwards exchanged this branch for medicine, and at the end of his course was only graduated as M. D. After a while he received an appointment as regimental surgeon in one of the Duke's regiments, but never evinced any natural or acquired aptitude for the profession. To say the plain truth, as a physician he was a most disastrous failure. He knew this very well himself, and having meanwhile become conscious of his poetic genius, he broke the fetters which tied him down to an intolerable condition, and, with a heavy heart on account of his dearly beloved poor mother and father, he fled to Mannheim, a city in the Duchy of Baden, where his first dramatic work, "The Robbers," had received an enthusiastic welcome.

"The Robbers" was written, though not completed, while Schiller was yet at the academy. The work may be characterized as the fiery protest of a great, but as yet undeveloped and youthful poet against the injustice of society, as it then was. When it finally appeared in print, it bore the motto: "In Tyrannos," and his motto throws a strong light on the state
of Schiller's mind, when engaged in working out his tumultuous drama. His protege, the Duke Charles Auguste, was not a man to be trifled with. He had punished another poet, Schubert, by a ten years' imprisonment, for some derisive verses directed against the Duke and certain of the Duke's favorites. As long as Schiller was at the Academy, he was not permitted to pursue any other studies but those laid down in the course. The Duke would frequently visit the students' rooms in person, to make sure that no contraband works, and among these were reckoned nearly all the works of the prominent German authors of the day, kept any of his students from the work assigned them. It was only during the night, and by having recourse to various stratagems, that Schiller was enabled to do any private literary work. His fellow students, to whom he would read the various scenes in proportion as he finished them, gave him not only enthusiastic applause, but also all the aid which their cunning brains could procure, to enable the poet to pursue his work. The Drama was printed for the first time in 1781, at the poet's expense, and performed on the stage of Mannheim, which was then one of the best in Germany, on the 13th of January, 1782. In order to superintend this first performance he went to Mannheim without leave. He had the happiness of witnessing the magnificent reception given to this, the first work of his dramatic muse. Like Byron after him, he awoke in the morning and found himself famous.

The Drama rapidly made its triumphal march over all the principal stages of Germany. Never was a dramatic production received with greater enthusiasm, either in the theaters or in the printed form. The young, particularly, were almost crazy with delight. It was soon translated into all the principal languages of Europe. In England, the celebrated actress, Mrs. Siddons, made the character of Amalia in the play, one of her favorite and most successful roles. In France, the national Assembly, a few years afterwards, made the poet an honorary member of the French Republic. Bearing in mind that Schiller composed his "Robbers" several years before the outbreak of the French Revolution, it is certainly a significant fact that the young poet used so well the language of revolution as to please those who afterwards carried into practice a great scale what he had shown in theory on a smaller one.

After the first performance of the "Robbers," the Duke positively forbid the poet, or rather the Regimental Surgeon, to publish any other literary works of his. Schiller, knowing that he would never get the permission of going to Mannheim, in behalf of his dramatic works, went there a second time without leave. This time his absence was discovered, and on his return he was punished with two weeks imprisonment at the guard-house. He became now more and more satisfied that there was only one alternative before him: either to make up his mind to abandon poetry forever, or to flee from the dominions of his sovereign and taskmaster. He chose the latter. On the 19th of September, 1782, he arrived in Mannheim. He had burned his ships behind him. Henceforth he belonged to the muse, to literature and to immortality.

LORD DERBY'S ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Few things have been uttered in our age more worthy of sinking deep into the minds of young men, striving for education and success in life, than will be found in the passages given below from the address of the present Lord Derby to the students of the Liverpool College. They are just as appropriate in this country. In fact we are struck with their special applicability to the intellectual wants of the American student:

First, let me congratulate the winners of the prizes. They will not often again enjoy a success, unless their lives are very different from those of most men, as to which they can feel so sure that it has been fairly earned, and which will come to them accompanied by so few drawbacks. The victories of mature life, in whatever sphere of action, are for the most part gained with effort, disputed while their novelty remains, and admitted only when, with their novelty, whatever enjoyment they could bring, has for the most part passed off. It is not so with those whose success we recognize to-day. They may well feel glad, and perhaps a little proud, of what they have done. But let them recollect as a caution, and let the losers also recollect by way of encouragement, that an early success, although it gives a lad a good start, gives him little else; that the race of life is a race which tests endurance more than speed; that some of the most hopeful failures in mature years have been to the dashing, brilliant, clever young fellows who seemed at school and college to carry everything before them; and that the slow, plodding lad who seems to have nothing in his favor except a dogged determination to go on, often comes out better than he himself or his friends expected. There occur to me the cases of two men, one within my own personal recollection, the other belonging to the preceding generation, who rose in due course to fill some of the highest offices in the State, and filled them not unworthily; who were at college, I have been informed, almost the habitual objects of good-natured ridicule among their acquaintances for what was considered to be their exceptional slowness of comprehension; and, on the other hand, I really should not like to inquire—for, though an interesting piece of social statistics, it would be a very painful one—how many high wranglers at Cambridge, and first-class men at Oxford, how many winners in their day, of prizes and scholarships have seen their boats go down when they have pushed out into the rough open sea of the world, and are now painfully struggling for bare subsistence, perhaps at some wretched, literary backwork, or possibly keeping sheep in Australia, and doing odd jobs for an employer who very likely can neither read nor write.

Now, the moral I wish you to draw is this: do not any of you be disheartened because you think yourselves slow or stupid, even though you may really at present appear to have good ground for the belief, and do not on the other hand, any of you, be confident of the future merely because you know or believe yourselves to have what is called cleverness. If I were to tell you that in my belief, that particular quality of intellectual cleverness or sharpness is by no means the first qualification for a successful career, many people would consider, in these days of competitive examinations, that I was wilfully indulging in a paradox. But I believe it is the truth. Talent is the edge of the knife which makes it penetrate easily, but whether it penetrates deeply or not depends quite as much on the force applied to it as on the sharpness of the blade. What a man really takes a keen interest in, he is seldom too dull to
understand and to do well; and, conversely, when a man does not care to put the best of his brains into a thing, no amount of mere cleverness will enable him to do it well if it is a thing of any real difficulty, or unless it is one which he has trained himself to do easily by much previous practice, in which latter case he is really reaping, in the present case, the fruit of past exertion; living, so to speak, upon the capital which he has accumulated by early industry. The most conspicuous instance of complete efficiency and success in active life recently witnessed is that which was obtained by the military organization of Germany; and I am told by those who ought to be the best judges, both among Germans themselves and among other foreign critics, that efficiency and success are ascribed, not so much to any extraordinary display of genius or originality of design on the part of some few individuals, as to the generally diffused habit of minute and almost microscopic attention to every detail of duty, however small, which has become a tradition in that service.

I believe that everywhere the same result will follow from the same cause. But to acquire and keep up in every-day work that habit of concentrated attention on details, two things are necessary—training and energy. The training you can all give yourselves; the energy which is necessary to maintain it is in part no doubt a gift of nature. Men possess it, to begin with, in very different degrees; but it may be lost where it naturally exists, and it may be enormously increased where it originally was but feeble. And in that connection it is important to notice how much depends upon what students and young men are apt to despise as below their notice—I mean a perfectly sound physical condition. Take two men, if they could be found, exactly alike in mental and bodily aptitudes, and let the one go on carelessly and idly, indulging his nature, and let the other train himself by early hours, by temperate habits, and by giving to muscles and brain each their fair share of employment, and at the end of two or three years they will be as wide apart in their capacity for exertion as if they had been born with wholly different constitutions.

Without a normal healthy condition there can, as a rule, be no good work, and though the qualification cannot absolutely be secured or preserved by any rules, a little common sense or care will go a long way both in securing and preserving it. On that point I would give you these hints: First, that it is not mental labor which hurts anybody unless the excess be very great, but rather fretting and fidgeting over the prospect of labor to be gone through; so that the man who can accustom himself to take things coolly, which is quite as much a matter of discipline as of nature, and who by keeping well beforehand with what he has to do, avoids undue hurry and nervous excitement has a great advantage over one who follows a different practice.

Next, I would warn you that those students who think they have not time for bodily exercise, will sooner or later have to find time for illness. Thirdly, where an opportunity of choice is given, morning work is better than night work; and lastly—a matter which I should not stop to allude to, but that I know the dangers of an over driven existence in a crowded town—if a man cannot get through his day's labor, of whatever kind it may be, without artificial support, it should be a serious consideration for him whether that kind of labor is fit for him at all.

But supposing that you have developed in yourselves as much energy as you are fairly capable of—and observe that while I deprecate carelessness in this matter, I advise no man to go into the opposite extreme of watching his own mental state with an attention which is apt to grow morbid—the next question is, how are you to employ it? Is it to be concentrated to the utmost on your business, whatever that may be, or diffused among various pursuits, some useful in a material or professional point of view, some valuable only as methods of intellectual cultivation? That is a question which everybody must learn to answer for himself. Experience will teach him what suits his own temperament and nothing else can. It may be that the former course leads more surely to what is called practical success, though I think all the hardest workers I have known in their business were men who had a very keen enjoyment of, at least, some one pursuit outside of their business; but I am certain that the latter course gives a larger return of general well-being.

A great lawyer, or engineer, or architect, or medical man, or manufacturer, or merchant, is often, perhaps generally, in some danger of getting to care for nothing beyond his profession. To my mind that is a mistake, and it is a mistake which brings its own punishment. Mr. Mill, in a late work, mentions incidentally, certain persons who, knowing nothing but political economy, necessarily, as he says, knew that but ill; and I believe the generalization is a true one. Apart from that, however, success in business is very well, but when you have succeeded, what then? It is a poor choice either to have to go on working without necessity or advantage merely because you have no taste or pleasure left in life, or else to make the hazardous experiment of passing from an existence intensely occupied to one of utter vacuity. Here it is that literary culture will be really of use. Put it at the lowest, a man who has the habit of reading, to whom his books are the best company, a protection against anxiety, a comfort in petty troubles, a protection against weariness and ennui, a society which he can take up when he will and leave without giving offense, and, above all, an escape from the vulgar interests and mean details of private life into the healthier air of thought and ideas which concern mankind in general.

Isolation and indifference are impossible to us. We could not, if we were foolish enough to wish it, remain absolutely and exclusively absorbed in our own affairs; but we have the choice in our own power whether we will participate, if only as lookers on, in the great intellectual movements which influence our race, or whether our interest in that which is external to ourselves shall be confined to the petty gossip of the parish or the town where we live. More than that, every age and every profession has its characteristic merits and defects, and what we read may be and ought to be a kind of preventive of the one-sidedness which grows upon us from what we have to do.

You live, let me suppose, in a town, surrounded with the works of man only; all the more reason why you should keep up some study or pursuit which gives you an insight into the marvelous laws of animate or inanimate nature. You follow, say, a profession or business where your minds are, necessarily, for the most part, conversant with the means by which money may be made—legitimately and honorably made, of course, but still where the great prize set before you is pecuniary gain. I think a man so circumstanced, unless he is one of a thousand, will be a little apt to look at most things in their material aspect, which is not always their most real aspect; that those
three familiar letters, "L. L. D." will get rather too deeply impressed on his brain; that he will be inclined to let his thoughts run too much on interest and too little on ideas; and for that very natural and excusable bias he may find a corrective either in the speculations of great thinkers, in the historical documents which bring it home to him how microscopically small are his own concerns in comparison to those of the world in general, or, better still, as I should say, in the records left by those eminent men, of whatever country and age—for happily they have existed in most countries and in most ages—by whom wealth and comfort, and life itself, were accounted as nothing where public duty or private honor, or even the last infirmity of noble minds, the desire of being remembered after death, drew them in an opposite direction.

Leisure unbounded ought to bring to those who have it, power to do more and to think more than others; but I am afraid, as a rule, they are generally apt both to do less and to think less. I do not talk to you on the duties which, apart from professional occupation, you owe to the community of which you are members. In these days of active and awakened thought the responsibilities of citizenship are brought home to us all. You will interest yourselves, and as educated men, you ought to interest yourselves, in public affairs. Think, read, discuss, speculate as much as you please, but recollect that strong convictions may go together with very limited knowledge; that to have got hold of a truth in connection with any subject is a very different thing from having got possession of the whole truth; that scarcely any man sees thing at forty as he saw them at twenty; and that it is not only your interest, as a matter of self-culture, but your duty towards the community of which you are members, to keep your minds open to reasoning and your judgment free, on the great subjects of public concern, until you are satisfied, not indeed that you have attained to the knowledge of what is absolutely true and right—for any man must be presumptuous who feels sure that he can do that—but that you have come to the decision which deliberately appears to you the soundest, and which is most in harmony with your permanent and habitual convictions.

I believe that there are ideas implanted in us which in a sound mind no merely intellectual disturbance will long affect, and of which, in the deepest darkness, we may always, if we will, keep hold. Right and wrong, honor, duty, and country, benevolence towards men and responsibility towards the unseen power by which human actions are guided and controlled—these are not idle phrases. In all countries and ages they have retained their meaning. They are realities which correspond with the deepest wants and feelings of our nature, and no man will feel himself utterly cast down who can say in his heart, what the wisest and best of the human race have proclaimed in the whole tenor of their lives—whether I am happy or unhappy, is not my chief affair; what most and first concerns me is to find my work in life, to recognize it, and to do it.

SOCIETY REPORTS.

EODHILPHIAN SOCIETY.

The "Lovers of Learning" still continue to prosecute their literary labors with zeal, the corps of active workers being at present about thirty-six. The exercises each session are conducted with but little variation upon the established plan, but all earnestly endeavor to present each evening, fresh and attractive subjects, to the many and attentive hearers.

The officers for the present term are as follows: Jennie Pearson, President; Maggie Clites, Vice President; Lillie Cochran, Recording Secretary; Virginia J. Slagle, Corresponding Secretary; Lucy Evans, Treasurer.

HESPERIAN SOCIETY.

The officers of our society for the present term are as follows: Lottie Kirchner, President; Amy Kerr, Vice President; Recording Secretary, Ida Whiting; Corresponding Secretary, Rachel Helgesen; Treasurer, Mina Brant; Financial Secretary, Anna Selby.

In company with our brother Zeta, we have secured an excellent Piano, since our last report, which has made a decided improvement in our music. In our literary labors, we think ourselves justifiable in saying, we are keeping pace with the march of progress. We have made no special effort for any session, but have endeavored to make our programmes a uniform success.

Political, educational and religious question have been discussed, and besides our usual declamations, essays and orations, we have had several historical productions, a somewhat new feature of our exercises, and we are inclined to believe it a good one. Our President, on account of poor health, has been obliged to leave us. Our tenderest sympathies go with her, and we hope she will soon regain her wanted strength, and be with us again.

We extend a standing invitation to the public to be present at our rhetorical sessions.

RACHEL HELGESEN,
Corresponding Secretary.

ZEITAGATHIAN SOCIETY.

true to its motto, still thinks that "Life without learning is Death." And judging from the audiences which every evening fill its hall to overflowing, the effort to get beyond the reach of the "Grim Monster," meets with the full sympathy of citizens and fellow students.

Since our last report the society has expressed itself in favor of "National Holidays," and "Iowa Liquor Laws," and has decided "not to recognize the minority in governmental affairs."

While it has declared "that the interests of the people do not demand a new political organization," it has prophesied "the downfall of the Republican party in Iowa." If a "crisis" should thus be brought about, the society thinks that "great men will be developed" thereby.

It has been the custom heretofore to have a "special" exercise once each term, but by careful preparation the members, old and new, now show a desire to make every exercise "special."

The thanks of the society are due to Mrs. Lee, Misses Tice, Cole and Robbins, and to Mr. Lee, of the Law Department, who have so kindly favored us with music during the present term.

ROST. P. HANNA, Cor. Sec'y.

SYMPTOMIAN SOCIETY.

The Society holds its regular sessions every Friday evening at 7 P. M.

The Society since the first of the term has been one of
unusual interest to its members. New members are continually coming in, and judging from their productions thus far, they have entered our ranks with the full determination to help retain the good reputation which the Society has always enjoyed. The old members are more ardent than ever in working for the general success and promotion of the Society and its members.

Our officers for this term have been, J. W. Lamb, President; Geo. W. Wilson, Vice-President; Edwin McIntyre, Corresponding Secretary; H. F. Giessler, Recording Secretary; E. H. Borton, Treasurer; J. G. Dougherty, Sergeant-at-Arms.

The Society is always encouraged by visitors, and we extend a hearty invitation for all to come and judge for themselves of what the Society is composed.

Ed. McIntyre,
Cor. Sec'y.

HAMMOND SOCIETY.

The Hammond Literary Society, composed of members of the Law class, at the commencement of the present term, opened again with more than usual interest, and is now moving forward with exact regularity and increasing alacrity, on that line which points to success. Each Thursday evening there in that spacious hall which the law-makers of our State used to occupy, the members evince a will-power—second only to that of that ancient orator who shaved his head and retired beneath the sod to rehearse there his piece until his hair was again long—in the careful preparations they have made to entertain well their numerous listeners.

The usual exercises consist of orations, essays, debates, extemporaneous speeches, etc., etc.

The functionaries of the Society are—President, D. W. Clements; Vice-President, P. J. Mechan; Secretary and Treasurer, Thomas M. Goddard; Sergeant-at-Arms, R. T. Allen.

IRVING INSTITUTE.

The Institute still continues to offer to the public its usual exercises; which, the present term, have been as attractive and varied as formerly. In looking over our term’s work all agree in saying that at least to the members it has been profitable; and to-day the Society as ever verifies our motto, “Evry onward, step by step.” Our exercises have consisted of twenty orations, twenty declamations, three reviews, five disputations, and nine debates; all of which have shown careful preparation. The music, which forms an attractive feature, both from its variety and excellence, has been furnished by Misses Moon, Parker and Cochrane, Slagle and Goodrich, Cole and Tice, Kenyon, Vaughan, Kinney and Williams, Mrs. Lee, and Messrs. Slagle and Lyon. Our friends have a cordial invitation to spend Friday evenings with us.

J. J. Seerley,
Cor. Sec'y.

PHILOMATHIAN SOCIETY.

Meets every Friday evening at 7 o’clock and adjourns at 10. Order good; exercises short and pointed; membership increasing, with the exception of an occasional withdrawal to the “Zetegathians” or “Irvingians.”

The officers are: Brooks, President; Hoag, Vice-President; C. D. Thompson, Recording Secretary; J. N. Taylor, Corresponding Secretary; Van Harten, Treasurer; Wright, Sergeant-at-Arms.

SAN JOSE INSTITUTE, February 10, 1874.

Ed. Reporter.—The January No. of the Reporter, which came promptly to hand, served to remind me of a promise made to “our mutual friend,” “M. N.,” to write you a letter as soon as I was settled in my position at San Jose. The pressure of new duties has not left me much time for extended tours of observation, but I have seen enough to convince me that all of the cities, clustered like gems in a golden setting, round the bay of San Francisco, San Jose need yield the palm to none in salubrity of climate and the number and excellence of her educational institutions. Sheltered by a range of hills on either side the winds visit us not too roughly. Here the spreading palm and northern pine together grace the landscape. Within a radius of two miles we may find the State Normal School, the Pacifio University, a young but vigorous institution under the auspices of the Methodist Church; last but not least, the San Jose Institute, while in addition we might mention the College of Notre Dame, a convent school, and the college of the Jesuits, whose broad foundations and massive walls remind of a time when the “true Church” was dominant on this coast.

Though the constantly budding and blooming flowers cheat our senses into the belief that winter has exchanged places with spring, yet following the dictates of reason and our almanacs, we did not fail to celebrate in the traditional style, the yearly festivals. Thanksgiving found a jovial company round the hospitable board of “The Shepherds,” in San Francisco. Iowa City matters were discussed with the freedom of two thousand miles away, and as we rose from our after dinner talk, allowing for the difference in time, we calculated that the circling promenade had already commenced in that upper room where still linger so many pleasant recollections.

DELL.

Prof. Pinkham gave a very interesting conversational lecture to the Freshman class on Friday afternoon of the 27th ult., descriptive of Madame Fusaud’s Gallery of Wax Statuary and Relics in London. The Prof. introduced the class to many of the illustrious men and women of the past, monarchs, statesmen, poets and philosophers, all clothed in the identical garments which they wore while alive. Passing up this aisle, noting the many objects of interest, we finally enter, with a shudder, the “Chamber of Horrors,” containing the most noted criminals of history, and the immortal Guillotine with the very blade that cut off the heads of twenty-two thousand persons under the rule of Robespierre. Leaving this chamber with a feeling of relief, we pass up another aisle and are astonished at finding the old, rickety carriage in which Napoleon rode while at St. Helena. And finally we are driven away with the Prof. in the gorgeous carriage in which Napoleon left the field of Waterloo.
The University Reporter.

IOWA CITY, IOWA. MARCH 15, 1874.

MANAGING EDITORS.
J. L. Griffiths, '74. J. F. Scott, '75.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.
J. M. Freels, Law Dept. Lottie Schreiner, '77.

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EDITORIAL CHANGE.—Mr. Fannon, our very efficient Junior editor has resigned, and Mr. J. T. Scott has been chosen by the Junior class as his successor. We regret to lose a worker like Mr. Fannon; but suppose it is a thing that has "got to be"—a miserable consolation always. While we bid a sorrowful adieu to Bro. Fannon, we cordially extend the hand of fellowship to Mr. Scott with the greeting of the corps.

SALUTATORY.

Greetings to the readers of the Reporter. It is with this issue that the charge of the Reporter has been entrusted to us; and it is not without some fear and trembling that we undertake its management. It is unnecessary to mention its past career. It has been one of continued prosperity. The aid of its friends and our own exertion will, to a great extent, determine whether or not it shall still improve. By an outlay of time and talent the Reporter has been made what it is. The same labor will be required to continue it. In order that it may be what it should be, we ask the assistance and co-operation of all its friends. Let your desire for its further prosperity and success be shown by the aid you give it. As editors we will expect to look more carefully after its interests than others. This we will do to the best of our abilities; but it is a new work for the majority of the corps and we may make mistakes. We do not at present contemplate making any changes in the form of the Reporter. The editors desire to make it as near as possible a true representative of the institution. They therefore invite communications from those previously, or now connected with the University, on all subjects of interest to its members. It is hoped that every student will feel a deeper interest in the Reporter than the payment of one dollar is likely to inspire. As it is your paper, give it the benefit of your support as well as criticism. It may not be what you would wish. It probably will not be, but if you would have it changed, work for it that change may be produced.

With regard to our exchanges: We are glad to see you all, and wish you success. We trust that our connection with you will ever be friendly. We will expect to criticize and be criticized; but our main object will be to point out excellence and not to pick flaws.

Now, having made our bow, we leave the Reporter with you, hoping that it will receive from you the same generous treatment in the future as in the past.

LEGISLATIVE VISITATION.

Friday, the 13th of February, was, for two reasons, a memorable day in the annals of the Law Class of '74. First, because of attending Judge Miller's lecture at half past seven in the morning, an hour at which most of the class are supposed to be still recuperating from the legal labors of the previous day; and, secondly, because of the visit of the Legislative Committee, whereby professional students were required to attend the morning service in the chapel. It is supposed that because of the relations existing between the makors and the limbus of the law, the class was detailed as a guard of honor to meet and conduct the committee to the chapel. Accordingly, as soon as the President and Senator Murphy were seen emerging from the entrance of the St. James, the class, accompanied by the Law Faculty, marched in double file to meet them. Opening their ranks, through which the Honorable Senators and Representatives passed, and closing in behind them, they together proceeded to the chapel. Through the admirable arrangements which had been made all were comfortably seated, and after the usual morning service the President addressed the committee. After warmly welcoming them, and briefly narrating the history and present condition of the University, he proceeded, in a forcible manner, to portray the needs and necessities of the institution. During the day the committee visited the different departments of the University. When in that of the law they were invited by Judge Mott to address the young gentlemen of the Law Class. Messrs. Bonham, Murphy, Leahy, Young and Russell responded in short, terse speeches. They paid a tribute to the noble profession of the law, with one accord expressed themselves as well pleased with the University, and desirous of assisting her on to future eminence among the educational institutions of our country.

THE INTER-STATE COLLEGE CONTEST.

The contest for supremacy in oratory came off in Galesburg, Ill., Friday eve., February 27th, and was participated in by the several colleges of Wisconsin, Illinois and Iowa. It was the first, and perhaps the finest literary entertainment ever held in the West. The arena, in which the enthusiastic followers of Demosthenes and Cicero met to test their skill and speech, was the City Opera House—a worthy place for such
contest, the architecture being such as enabled an orator to speak with perfect ease, and to be distinctly heard in every part of the building.

Upon this occasion it was filled to its utmost capacity, there being over two thousand people assembled within the frescoed walls; and the impartiality with which this grand audience gave its applause, and the patience with which it listened to a three-hour's programme, will be gratefully remembered by the speakers, and leave a lasting impression upon the mind of the casual observer.

The task of writing would be a pleasant one, but I will refrain from encroaching upon your (as I understand) already well filled columns with a very lengthy article. The first prize of one hundred dollars, was awarded T. Edward Egbert, of Chicago, Ill. The second prize of seventy-five dollars, was awarded Geo. F. Foster, Beloit, Wis. Both of these gentlemen delivered orations of solid merit, and yet, could the audience have decided the matter, one of those prizes would have gone west of the great Father of Waters. Although unsuccessful, Iowa need not be ashamed of her representatives for they reflected credit upon their State and her institutions. Henry C. Adams, Grinnell, was acknowledged to be the most graceful and pleasant speaker of the evening, while E. Brush, Iowa City, was attributed the deepest thought. One may safely predict for these two gentlemen a successful future. The Second Annual Inter-State College Contest will be held in Iowa City sometime in February, 1875. R. J.

"THE KOHONOO."

ENS. REPORTER:—Under the above title some one gave, in your last, what was termed a "personal sketch." There are many motives which prompt human beings to action, but if any good motive prompted this effusion, it has, as yet, failed to discover itself to most readers of your excellent monthly. The writer has come down from that elevated position which an author should occupy, and dealt a personal blow at some one, whom we know not, and one, no doubt, who is as deeply sensible of right and wrong, and, perchance, of the etiquette of the day, as he who conducted this assault.—"Skizzix."

All persons have peculiarities, some of which, although they prove no advantage to the possessor, go to make up the wonderful variety of which human society is composed. All have rights, which, by individuals, as well as nations, should be respected. Shall one, because of his opinions or "style,"—for his very individuality—be the subject of such a personal sketch for our reading? And again: it may with pertinence be asked whether "Our Reporter" shall become the organ of such sentiments? Sentiments! We do not here pen criticism for our editors who, through so much self-sacrifice, perform the duties placed upon them, but we do venture this humble request, and we believe it the sentiment of the students, that no such personal matter appear for the entertainment of the readers of the Reporter; and let those who presume to gain a hearing from its columns not presume to make open mockery of society's most sacred ornament—modesty. STUDENT.

THE JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

The annual exhibition of the Junior class took place on the evening of February 19th, and was a decided success. The following was the programme, printed in the highest style of the art:

Modern Sampsons........................... Chas. B. Jack.
Compulsory Education........................Edwin W. Craven.
Heredity......................................John T. Scott.
Radicalism vs. Conservatism................Robert P. Hanna.

Mr. Jack, a very Sampson himself, handled his subject in a masterly manner. He showed some of the elements of strength in the great men of history and what has perpetuated their fame, and wound up with the prediction that the giant intellects of the present day would wield a like power on future generations.

Mr. Craven put forth some strong arguments for Compulsory Education, showing that education of the masses is an absolute necessity to the success of our government, and that, as there are five millions of our youth that cannot read, they should be compelled to attend the common schools and other institutions of learning provided for them.

J. T. Scott's "Heredity" proved conclusively that certain traits of character are often transmitted from father to son "to the third and fourth generation." Among the instances he gave of the workings of this principle were the Beechers, Napoleons, etc.

Mr. Hanna's production was a fine one. He thoroughly discussed the workings of the two great forces of Radicalism and Conservatism—the one, a dissatisfied, clamoring movement of reform; the other a stationary, satisfied, implicit faith in the present order of things. His illustrations, showing that both elements were essential to true progress, were good.

The Advantages of Individualism found in Mr. Wilson an able advocate. Though his production was not as well constructed as that of his opponent—Mr. Fannon—yet it contained some very good points, and was delivered with better effect. In fact, it is the general opinion that Mr. Wilson's delivery was superior to that of all the other speakers. Mr. Fannon's speech was exceedingly well written, and distinctness of utterance in its delivery was a feature worthy of imitation.

The music of the evening, furnished by the Presbyterian choir, was most excellent, being agreeable interludes in the programme.

The Senior Class of '74, on Friday, February 27th, bid a long, a last farewell to Rhetoricals forever, no more will the appreciative audiences that have greeted their rich literary performances with rounds of applause, bend forward with rapt attention to catch the slightest whisper, as it fell from the lips of the modern intellectual Samsons. Senior Rhetoricals are a thing of the past, and will but live in memory. The burial services were nobly conducted by Professor Pinkham, assisted by T. J. Williams, "What is Success?" Alfred Wood, "Silence is Eloquence!" Miss M. Terrill, "Innominatum!" Wm. Young, "How shall we solve the Problem."
LOCAL.

Why did the Law boys make the Coralville boys get on the fence?
The old Symponian Society has exceedingly lively meetings. Call in and see for yourself.

The Synanagnostes acknowledge the receipt of some delicious peanuts and a cracker from persons unknown.

No more Rhetoricals for this term. The Seniors have made their last public appearance as a class, until Commencement.

The snow is fast disappearing, and we shall be obliged to forego the pleasures of sleigh-riding, which of late have been so enjoyable.

Why do A. O. G. W. look so down-hearted? Mr. Morrow would not let them drive for the Heap’s and Erodolph’s when they went sleighing.

The bogus programmes of the Junior Exhibition attracted considerable attention, reflecting credit upon the Juniors and Seniors who got them up.

Music is becoming a distinguishing feature of the exercises in our Literary Societies, and we have heard it intimated that Wednesday afternoon of February 25th, through the house did all in her power to make the evening pass off pleasantly, and succeeded admirably. In all respects it was a most enjoyable affair, and will long be remembered by the favored ones who were there.

Judge Cole resumed his duties as teacher in the Law Department Monday morning, February 16th. The young gentlemen of the law class gave him a hearty welcome. As a teacher, Judge Cole has few equals, perhaps no superior.

The class are always glad to see him, and enjoy their communion with him in their class-room.

Wednesday afternoon he gave the class a good, practical lecture. Subject: “Future Location and Practice.”

Wednesday afternoon of February 25th, through the exertions of Judge Cole, the Law class had the pleasure of listening to a lecture on “Forensic Oratory,” delivered by Capt. Gaston, of the Iowa City Bar. The lecture was replete with interest, and the manner and style of the speaker combined to make the effort a very happy one, and we trust that the course of lectures re-inaugurated by Mr. Gaston may not again fall into neglect.

PERSONALS.

G. C. Huebner, teacher of German in the Agricultural College, visited Iowa City last week.

Smith Hanna, class ’73, gave us a call last week. We were pleased to see him and wish that he would call again soon.

’T6 T. W. Hanna, who has been teaching young ideas near Muscatine, has returned to his old haunts.

R. W. McClelland, normal ’73, is teaching at Frankville.

John F. Polley, class ’75, is Principal of the Clayton schools. We understand he is enjoying the dignity of pedagogue very much.

E. B. Howard, “Special,” has been absent the two past terms, traveling in Michigan, in connection with a wholesale house of Milwaukee. His books, for this short time, show a greater balance of profits than the salary of any one of our University Faculty. Mr. Howard is well named the Business Student. He is welcomed among us.

Law ’74, James Campbell has gone home for a time. His eyes are troubling him. We hope, however, by rest from study, he will be enabled to meet us again in the class-room.

’72, R. E. Fitch, is reported as follows from Laramie, Wyoming, by one of the school officers: Mr. Fitch is doing a good work for us. He is a hard worker, and he has such system that his labors tell. Thank you for giving him to us. University graduates are in demand out here.” The statement in reference to his salary in our January number was incorrect. He receives $100 per month, instead of $150.