



The University Reporter.

IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY.

VOL. VI.

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No. 7.

A STRONG MAN ASLEEP.

The strong man sleeps. Approach, ye weak, and see
Him whom ye fear, as helpless as a child;
He lies before you like a fallen tree
That once reigned monarch of the woody wild.

His sleep is deep—a prophecy of death;
He is a brother to the senseless clod,—
A dead man seeking life with heavy breath,
Detained—enchanted by the drowsy god.

Come now, ye slaves of his—put forth your strength!
To-day the tables of your fates shall turn;
Your day of liberty has dawned at length,
And fiercely shall the sun of vengeance burn.

Fear not,—he is asleep. His mighty heart
The sheath of the assassin's knife shall be;
And with the life-blood drawn by deadly dart
Shall flow the tyrant's power: ye shall be free!

Away! away! his slumber is breaking,
And his terrible strength to life is awaking;
He springs to his feet with a lion-like bound—
Ah! his cowardly foes are not to be found.

LIG.

THE POWER OF SILENCE.

Satirical writers, in all ages, have made woman's volubility the target for their sarcastic arrows.

Solomon, with only the experience of six hundred wives, wrote upon this subject as from the depths of a vivid experience.

Pretended theologians have gravely tried to prove that there can be no provision for woman in a future state of bliss, since, at the opening of the seventh seal in the apocalyptic vision, there was *silence* in heaven for about the space of half an hour.

God works not by miracles, as at creation's morn, but delegates to natural laws the powers that move in such mysterious silence about us. The painting of the forest leaves in autumn, and the hanging of the clouds for the tapestry of the sky, are wrought in silence as profound as an angel footstep. We may search with Hall and Agassiz into the rocky strata of the earth, and name the finny tribes whose sepulchres have formed the Trenton limestone into such massive and perfect walls. We may find with the eye of the microscope, that the sand upon which the city of Richmond stands contains a beautiful sea-shell in every particle,

perfect in all its parts, and painted with the delicate tints of the rainbow's hue. We may find in the gravel beds of New York, hundreds of miles from the ocean's strand, the veined agate, smoothed by the rolling of the briny wave; and thirty feet below the surface of the earth in the town of Cambridge, Illinois, have been found portions of trees as perfect as though they were felled but yesterday. We might multiply illustrations until the mind would weary of the startling thoughts that they crowd upon it, and then be left to wonder if, in the by-gone past, God, by a fiat of His will, brought them in a moment's time to their present perfection, or wrought them out in silence by the ceaseless round of natural laws.

Go to the dingy room of the alchemist, who has spent years in experimenting with the subtle gases and the crude elements beneath our feet, and ask why the diamond that glitters and flashes upon the brow of royalty, having the same elements, is so unlike the dingy coal with which we fill our grates; and he can only answer, "God's seal of silence is upon it," or, like the illiterate clown, "it is because it is."

Silence is fearful, when nature seems to check her life-current with an unwonted calm, as she does before a hurricane. Every sound is like the tread of spirit-like forms, felt in the distance, but never heard. *Such* a silence fills the soul with dread prophetic visions of nature's end. There is *awe* and *terror* in the silence, when life is called from her citadel by the silent power that no finite being can defy.

As members of the community, we are unworthy of the name of reasoning beings, if we are not habitual students. We should daily engraft upon our natures, by observation, experience and study, some new mental power that shall bear fruit to gladden our own or the world's existence. We should gain some new resource upon which our judgments may rely; and from which our reasons may draw supply and nourishment. We may live in indolence on the refuse of other minds. We may, perhaps, shine in gems of wit that other hands have polished, but the light is gone in an instant, like the meteor's glare, and nothing is left but darkness. Nothing in the *mental* world shall ever bear the stamp of immortality upon it but that which has been formed and fashioned by the God-like power of silent thought.

In no part of the wondrous mechanism of human affairs is the power of silence so potent as in the moral world. To our darkened visions, the rebellious archangel thrust from Heaven, walks the earth like a conquering host. He comes with all the pomp and parade of circumstance and power.

We are deafened with the roar of his artillery. We grow sick at heart as we see the conquests he has made. He rouses the fierce passions of anger and revenge until men are blinded to the rights of others, and then with fire and sword, he reaps the untimely harvest of human life. He robs men and women of their natural birthright of intellect and reason with the subtle poisons of tobacco and alcohol, and drives them in crowds by thousands, through insane asylums, drinking saloons, and gambling dens, down to a black perdition. He gathers robed priests in solemn council from the four quarters of the earth to swear that a frail sinful man is infallible in judgment, and equal in purity and power to the Maker that created him. He writes "Ichabod" upon the dusty covers of the Bible in our Puritan College at the East, and Judas-like, would take the bag of money and shut the doors of our public schools in the West, with his Jesuit instrumentalities. He graces the foul and blackened libertine with polished and unblushing brow, and covers the offensive form of socialism with the gaudy livery of wealth, till we cry out in agony of spirit, like Elisha's servant of old, "Alas, my master, how shall we do!"

By prayer may our eyes be opened, till we can see that all around us are horses and chariots of fire, and feel that those that be for us are greater than those that be against us; because the battles of truth, though fought in silence, shall surely be victorious. Wendell Phillips calls St. Peter's the world's church, for her massive doors are open by night and day, and all are free to worship or admire. It is so vast in size that the nun may repeat her vow, the priest his Latin, or the choir its melodies, and no one be disturbed. All are equal here, and close upon the velvet robe of a jewelled duchess, once flaunted the rags of a filthy beggar. Though want and servitude had made him an abject, whining coward in the presence of English wealth, yet here, as he knelt before his patron saint to tell his beads, his eye wandered not; he saw the spirit beyond the form, earth lost her fetters, for he talked with his God in silent worship. Freedom is silently scattering her seed broadcast in the world, from the halls of majesty to the peasant's cot.

Conscience is ever writing Tekel upon the walls of every guilty soul, as did the unseen hand at Belshazzar's feast. Temples of worship dot every valley, and their spires, like index fingers, silently point to the throne of Him that reigneth, speaking alike to infidel and saint. Parents who, more than all beside, hold in their hands the future destinies of the world, need the silent power of mental and moral worth. It is all in vain to heap admonitions upon the heads of youth, that they should improve their time, bend every energy to the cultivation of the mind, indulge in no habit that shall hinder the workings of strong, earnest and vigorous thought, while the clear eye of childhood reads, with unerring sight, the inconsistency between the words

and the motive forces of the lives about it. It needs strong mechanical power to force water higher than the fountain head, and very few children have more natural talent than the parent tree that bore them, or more *developed* power than they received the impetus for, at a mother's side. There is a silent influence that all can feel, yet *none* explain, in the sacred precincts of the home that sends out a family of children, like the Beechers of our day, to places of eminence and power. The memory of a parent's hour of closet prayer, from which they come with the glory of the Shechinah resting upon their features, will be to sons and daughters that go forth to struggle alone with the stormy elements of appetite and passion, a silent influence that shall win them more to purity of heart than all the polished eloquence of earth. "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."

Teachers, it matters not whether you stand behind the sacred altar in temples that wealth has built with a lavish expenditure, or like a Whitefield of old, who had, like his Great Master, a mountain for a pulpit and the heavens for a sounding-board, or behind some bare and box-like desk in a dingy school-room; success must ever come from the silent power of worth, that all may gain, but none can borrow. Your words may be as clear and beautiful as Arctic ice, but they will ever be as cold and powerless, if they are not wielded with conscious strength, and the heart-fire of earnest feeling. The true teacher is called to his work by a power that speaks to his inward consciousness, and he feels as the apostle of old did, when he exclaimed "woe is me if I preach not the gospel." Those who have never heard this voice, whose ideal of a student only reaches as high as a second grade certificate, and who only feel in teaching, the bread-and butter motive of sure pay with which to adorn the body, have never realized the dignity of the work in which they are engaged, and in the plain Saxon of indignation, they are a disgrace to our fraternity, and the sooner they can find business befitting the level of their intellects, the better it will be for young and old. No one should bear the title who cannot bring some honor to the family escutcheon. The field is as broad as the universe, and the destinies of the world are being hung, perhaps quite too much, in the scale of a teacher's accountability. Wholesome discipline is getting to be a thing of the past in many families, and I have seen stalwart men that stood six feet in their stockings, confess that their ten-year old boys were getting so bad they could do nothing with them, and, with tear-dimmed eyes, beg of some lady teacher to take them and make them good, obedient and learned. Deceit and equivocation are almost chronic infirmities among the young, and they interlard their commonest expressions with vulgarity and slang. Not long since I heard a young man say to his mother in a quiet talk, that he would "stand her upon her head" if she said much more. Instinctively, I looked to see her hang her head

with shame at the exhibition of such irreverence, but she smiled on as placidly as an unruffled lake. While searching for the cause of this state of things, the key was given by a fair faced lady of this Institute, who said to me in an adjoining room, "tell Miss — to kiss my foot." I must have looked the picture of blank astonishment. For an instant, I felt as paralyzed—as though I had received a heavy shock from a galvanic battery. As a teacher, I raise my strongest protest against such habits. They drop a silent influence that poisons and debases. We cannot raise others higher than the ideals in our own minds. If we wish our pupils obedient to law and order, we must not disturb public assemblies by levity and conversation. We should bring ourselves to the Bible standard of truth and virtue, and no more pollute our lips with slang expression than we would have centipedes for our nightly pillows.

One sentinel cannot guard the sleeping thousand from the enemy, but if each one on duty stands at his post, the work will be well done. As teachers, we have all found that to control or govern requires a style of merit that mental power cannot grasp. The rule of the rod and ferule is over. The teacher who thinks that they must be used is the Rip Van Winkle of our day. To tame the spirit by brute force is only an acknowledgment of moral weakness. I have visited many schools in seven of the United States and in the Canadas, but have never been so forcibly struck with the silent power of moral worth in governing as in a graded school of Rome, New York. A gentleman made a signal failure in trying to content the vicious and motley elements of canal drivers, street loungers, Irish, German and Negroes, before it was placed under the care of a Mrs. Jones. She is possessed of a will power that never flinches from performing that which she conceives to be right, and in one year, to all human appearance, she had taken the coarse and vulgar qualities from every nature, and inserted the refined, gentle and studious. There was no parade of power; a motion, a quiet word, or a gentle smile, controlled the whole. I almost reverence the quiet enthusiasm that thus inspires to earnest work, and the spiritual power that can thus mould and fashion depravity into goodness.

Progress is the Jehu that drives the world to-day, and those of us who have not the wonted power to keep before his chariot will be crushed beneath its wheels, like the fanatical devotee beneath those of the great Juggernaut.

Fellow teachers, we must gain this power by silent, earnest thought and study. I know that there are discouragements, like Bunyan's lions, on our path, but an earnest will shall close their mouths, and we can pass unharmed. I know how often heart and flesh almost fail to the truest workers, yet if we remember that our work shall live on forever, it gathers a silent grandeur that none but God can know, and nought but a seraph's tongue can tell.—Miss. S. A. PHELPS, in *The Chicago Schoolmaster*.

COMPULSORY CHURCH ATTENDANCE.

It is to be hoped that the regulation which compels students to attend public worship has crept into the University code without the thoughtful approval of the Faculty. There is, indeed, very good ground for a belief that such is the case. The fact that in nearly all denominational colleges such a rule exists, and that, with perhaps a few exceptions, all the members of our academical faculty have graduated from such colleges, accounts pretty satisfactorily for the existence of the rule in our own University.

That a general supervision of the morals and conduct of students should rest with their instructors, no one can reasonably deny; but that they should be allowed to interfere with the religion of students, many of whom are citizens, and all of whom are, at least, supposed to be intelligent, and responsible young men and young women, is quite another matter. In many cases, to be sure, the rule is practically a dead letter. A large percentage of students are connected with churches; others go to church out of mere habit, while to others there are many ways of evading the rule, or, at least, of escaping its intention.

It is not a difficult task to attend Sunday School in the morning, or prayer-meeting in the evening, when the idler, who has staid at home all day, has no objection to an evening stroll. Besides, it is generally known that many students pay no attention to the rule; their conscience not being too tender to allow them to forget church attendance, when they make their weekly report on Monday morning.

But the most serious objection to this regulation—an objection which will grow in importance with the institution itself, grows out of the peculiar relation between the University,—a State institution, and the students—citizens or future citizens of the State.

Whence do the Faculty and Board of Regents derive their authority? Why, from the State, to be sure; and in that fact rests the point of all political objection to compulsory church attendance. We hold that the State has no right, through any of its institutions or their governing officers, to make attendance upon public religious exercises a condition of the enjoyment of a right for which the citizen is taxed.

It may be objected, that the great mass of the people of the State are religious; and that it is to the interest of the University to retain this regulation in order to secure their favor. This may be true in a certain sense. Nothing is more certain than that, if the regulation should be abolished with a flourish of trumpets, there would be an increase of the hostility of already hostile church organizations which have pet institutions within the borders of the State. But were it quietly erased from the University regulations, there can be no doubt that the support of the University by the Christian people of Iowa, would be as generous as ever. But in considering this objection we must not lose

sight of the real relation of the University to the people of the State, as a *State institution*, it does not exist for a majority. It is for the people—every man and woman of them. It *ought* not to be prostituted to the whims of any class.

It is frequently urged that nobody is compelled to attend the University; that the compulsion affects only those who place themselves under its influence. But this does not satisfy the conditions of the question. Every man and woman in the State, has a right, a *positive right*, to the benefit of every State educational institution within its borders; and to deny a place in a State University, to any citizen of the State, who is unwilling to submit to this regulation, is the height of absurdity. And yet, under existing circumstances, every student is liable to *receive demerits* for not patronizing the churches of this city, at least once per week; and if the number of these demerits reach five, must submit to a suspension from the University.

We do not claim to have known any such case; but wish merely to point out this possibility of being denied the right of a citizen—on account of religious disabilities. Will the people of Iowa long let this remain unnoticed? Will our Faculty, or the Board of Regents, if the rule was made with their sanction, please "rise and explain?" Let them either prove the justice and necessity of the rule, or erase it at once from the University regulations.

Many other political objections may be made to compulsory church attendance; but those at present most pertinent, are the ones which relate to individual cases. These will receive our attention at some other time.

GIFT ENTERPRISE.

"February is an illustrious month. Who would not be proud to have it to say: 'I was born in the same month in which George Washington and almost all other great men were born.'"

The above is said to be the language of young Master Austin, son of Mr. Austin, an honored member of the law class of '74, only a day or two after he, the said Austin, jr., had made his advent into this *world of lawyers*.

The members of the law class on hearing of the memorable event of February 27th, thought it eminently proper to manifest in some way, their regard for their worthy brother, and to express their congratulations in some *substantial* manner. But what was the most suitable present for the little hero, was the perplexing question.

Some of the more enthusiastic worshippers of fair justice, were of the opinion that a set of law text books would be very appropriate, as the "young innocent" would probably immediately commence the study of the law, under the tuition of his father; or perhaps he would enter the Law Department the Spring Term, as no examination for admission is required. But one of a more practical turn of mind

suggested a *crib*, or *cradle*, as the most acceptable present for the *happy father's fortunate little son*.

Acting upon this wise suggestion a paper was circulated, which was gladly signed by both students and faculty; and a most beautiful crib was purchased—a crib with ivory castors and all the modern improvements.

Mr. Helm, the President of the Law Class, but who was once a *little child*, was chosen to make the presentation speech on Friday afternoon, March 6th. After moot court, Mr. Helm said: "There are three important periods in a man's life-time;" but we must not take time to give a synopsis of his speech. Of course it was eloquent, for there were not wanting any of the conditions of true eloquence. There was the *man*, the *subject* and the *occasion*. At the proper time the *cunabula* was brought forward and placed on the table; and it really looked so nice that it almost made us wish to live "childhood's happy hours" over again, if we could but spend them "in such a frame as this."

Mr. Austin, though somewhat surprised and a little embarrassed, responded in a very interesting little speech. After which Professors Hammond and Mott, being loudly called for, addressed the class and *father* Austin for a few minutes. Judge Hammond drew a very fine picture of the Law Department of the Iowa State University, about a quarter of a century hence, when the class will be composed of Mr. Austin, jr. and other illustrious descendants of the class of '74. The Professor intimated that it would be a much more *brilliant* and *promising* class, than the one he has the honor of instructing this year. (Mr. Austin considered this modest remark as a *compliment*.)

Next on the programme followed speeches by the remaining six married men of the class. They all made interesting congratulatory speeches; but their countenances wore a somewhat disappointed, anxious expression, seeming to say: "Would that heaven had made me such a crib."

GRATULANS.

JOTTINGS ABOUT SAN FRANCISCO.

We obtain a good idea of the change of base from ancient to modern civilization when we reflect that nearly every metropolis in Europe and Asia was founded by the will of a ruler with reference to military or political considerations, while all great American cities, on the contrary, have been located with reference to geographical or commercial advantages.

Great cities, at such places as New York, Chicago, St. Louis and New Orleans, are indispensable to our civilization; and no political considerations could have prevented them from rising at or near their present sites. The same is eminently true of San Francisco. Its harbor is certainly as fine as any on the Pacific ocean, and, perhaps, the safest in the world. Nearly all the commerce between America and Asia must pass through the "Golden Gate." From

the fact that it is the unrivalled distributing point for the entire coast, San Francisco has outgrown California beyond all proportions. It now contains one-fourth of the population, one-third of the brains, and one-half of the wealth of this great State. It is the only large city in the world a majority of whose citizens were born in foreign lands.

Our population, drawn by the glittering dust, from the remotest corners of earth, is doubly picked. Only the brave undertook the weary journey, and only the strong survived it. Even since '49 the stock has been considerably improved according to the laws of "natural selection"—the improvident and quarrelsome having been eliminated by poor whisky, good shooting and the vigilance (committees) of string bands. The streets cross at right angles to two different base lines, but without reference to the points of the compass. Owing to the regularity of the trade-winds and the judicious location of factories, San Francisco is never smoky. During three-fourths of the year it enjoys a cloudless sky. The temperature varies so slightly that I have never seen ice in winter (except some artificially frozen for table use), and do not feel safe to go out on an August evening without an overcoat.

The city has been laid in ashes four times; but, with the exception of the business portion, is still a wooden structure. Water is abundant and the fire department very efficient. None of the buildings are very high; owing to the frequency of earthquakes. Casualties from these, however, have been greatly exaggerated. Only eight persons were ever killed by them in San Francisco. Twice as many perish annually in Iowa from freezing and lightning—dangers here unknown.

People think there is much wickedness here. True. But owing to its systematic distribution—or concentration rather—honest people are less molested than in most cities. On the "Barbary Coast," and a few of its well-known feeders, there is unmixed vice. This is a well-defined portion of the city, inhabited only by gamblers, thieves, cut-throats and disreputable persons; and within its boundaries nearly all the robberies, murders, etc., occur. The respectable portion of the city is thus left comparatively clear and safe. In a ten minute walk on Kearney or Montgomery streets one may see a score of gold watches peeping out from under ladies' belts; and yet I have never heard of one robbed in that most crowded portion of the city. Have heard New Yorkers express surprise at this fact. Of course we have no Sunday or liquor laws. San Franciscans really believe in the capacity of man for self government. People are put upon their honor, as you students are at the State University, and with pretty much the same results. California was made for freemen to live in. Let me not be misunderstood. The idea is this: Do as you please without disgusting or annoying others. Drunkenness, profanity and vulgarity are severely punished. I knew an old man to be fined \$600 for indecency. Places of amusement,

public gardens, theatres, etc., are quite numerous. Of the latter we have five (English). One first-class institution, devoted to the legitimate drama, one on the other extreme, and three variously intermediate. There are also seventy-two Christian churches, five Jewish synagogues, and fourteen heathen temples. We have about as many adult Chinamen as there are grown men in Dubuque, Davenport and Des Moines. The *Celestials* are decidedly a feature in San Francisco. They are slow to learn our language, and adopt none of our customs. Some of them have lived here twenty years, but yet it is extremely rare to see them wearing anything that is not Chinese. The only articles of christian gear I have ever seen on Celestials are leather boots or shoes and felt hats, and those very seldom.

At every turn one encounters these beings, whose smooth yellow faces, almond eyes, shaven heads, long, braided cues, flowing robes, white stockings, and shoes of wood and silk make them resemble the inhabitants of another world. They are mostly engaged in house-work, and in the manufacture of cigars and slippers. Outside of the city they are also employed on agricultural and public works. Some of them are wealthy. They are neat, honest, industrious, frugal and sober. On account of these virtues they can save money on very small wages; hence there is so strong a popular prejudice against them among the working classes, with whom they come in competition, that it will pay for business men to advertise "No Chinamen in our employ," and for demagogues to prove, at election time that an opposing candidate has at some time employed Chinese servants. If the Chinese in San Francisco were citizens, how eagerly these Solons would bid for their twenty thousand votes!

M. N. JOHNSON.

San Francisco, March 3, 1874.

1st Soph.—(wisely)—"I heard a tree bark over yonder."
2d Soph.—(not to be outdone)—"That's nothing, I heard it holler."

1st Soph.—"Well, if you had stayed long enough you would have seen it leave."

2d Soph.—"Did it take its trunk along?"

1st Soph.—"No; it left that for board."—*Philomathean*.

(Young lady at the library door.) "Is Don Quix-e-toe in?"

Librarian (blandly smiling,) "It is not."

(Young Lady.) "Well then, I'll take one of Oliver Twist's works, I always liked his writing."

With four years at a grammar school, three in prepdom, and two terms in English literature, possibly some folks will learn that Mr. Twist never wrote a book, and that to say Don-ke-ha-tah is all sufficient.

An editor once wrote: "We have received a basket of strawberries from Mr. Smith, for which he will receive our compliments, some of which are four inches in circumference."

Daughter—"Well, to tell the truth, I do not think much of the close of the sermon." Father—"Probably you were thinking more of the clothes of the congregation."

The University Reporter.

IOWA CITY, IOWA, APRIL 13, 1874.

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IRVING INSTITUTE EXHIBITION.

The following is the programme of exercises of the annual literary entertainment given by the Irving Institute, in Chapel Hall, on the evening of March 17th:

Oration—"Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian Spring," M. Austin.

Declaration—"The Raven," Al. D. Draper.

Debate—"Should Railroad Tariff be Regulated by Legislation?"

Affirmative—W. H. Robertson, M. F. Dunlap.

Negative—Cyrus Beard, A. E. Swisher.

Grange Legislation—Illustrated, J. W. Crain, and M. T. Owens.

Oration—"Where is the Goal?" W. F. Rogers.

After an invocation by President Thacher, and music, the President of the Society—Mr. Young—introduced Mr. Austin to the audience. Mr. Austin advocated a thorough collegiate education, and quite annihilated the common saying that "a smattering of knowledge is worse than none at all." Knowledge is a good thing—the more of it the better, of course, and if we can do no more than merely taste of the Pierian springs of poetry, romance, history, philosophy, etc., why, thank God for a taste; the admonition of Pope to the contrary notwithstanding.

"The Raven" was very well rendered by Mr. Draper, although it is exceedingly difficult to deliver this selection with effect, yet Mr. Draper did so in a somewhat original style, and won the appreciation of the audience.

Professors Pinkham, Mott and Matthews having been

selected as judges, Mr. Robertson opened the debate on the part of the affirmative. We do not remember much of the substance of this speech, but were much impressed with the gentle man's terse, argumentative style.

Mr. Beard then appeared for the negative. He thought railroad corporations were wrongly judged; that they did not make the fabulous profits attributed to them, and in proof of this cited the cases of Illinois and Michigan, where stockholders were not in many instances paid any dividends, and rates of tariff were even raised above the company's charges, by a board of commissioners appointed by the legislature; that the common law of the country afforded all necessary relief, and that there was no necessity of legislating upon the matter.

Mr. Dunlap showed the legality and demand for legislation upon this question; that the people were oppressed and had no method of relieving themselves except through this channel.

Mr. Swisher closed the debate in eloquent style by considering the justice, constitutionality, policy and practicability of the question. This speech was pointed and forcible.

The question was decided for the negative.

Messrs. Crane and Owens "got off" a most brilliant and sparkling series of jokes in their colloquy of "Grange Legislation." They personated respectively the Hon. Mr. Durham and Hon. Mr. Persimmons—members of the "hayseed" legislature; reading various bills and petitions that showed the patriotism with which the Granger's heart is fired. The boys could at times scarcely proceed with their "legislation" on account of the prolonged plaudits of the audience.

Mr. Rogers' oration, "Where is the Goal?" was a fine effort, and an appropriate conclusion of the literary entertainment. The main thought of the discourse was: Man can never reach the ideal goal of life in this world,—"eternity will tell." We notice that Mr. Rogers' productions are pervaded by the highest currents of ideas.

The music, a prominent feature of the evening's entertainment, was rendered by a quartette, consisting of Miss Blanche Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Cree, and Mr. T. F. Jones, with Mr. Freeman at the piano. To these excellent musicians much of the success of our literary entertainments must in justice be attributed.

The irrepressible Junior closed a late essay on capital punishment with the chaste expression, "To hell with all those who oppose my argument." The professor, with a foot-note to the production, remarked that moral as well as rhetorical improvement was needed.—*Tablet*.

"Girls, like apples, are hard and sour till crushed by (what kind of?) power.—*Holland*.

Some students have their thinking, like their washing, done out.

What is to be?—A verb.

The child who cried for an hour didn't get it.

MEDICAL COMMENCEMENT.

The fourth Commencement of the Medical Department occurred March 4th. Before the time for the exercises to commence, the Chapel was full and soon became crowded. The President, Board of Regents, Medical Faculty and Graduates now entered and took their seats. The exercises of the evening were then commenced with music by the band.

After prayer by Mr. Sparks, of the M. E. Church, the valedictory was given by Mr. M. Riorden. Mr. Riorden began with dividing the sciences into two classes. One, the exact sciences, dealt with truths capable of demonstration. The other, including social and political, ethics in theology, finance and trade, had to do with presumptive evidence and arrived at only probable truths. The masses are more directly connected with the latter than with the former. The present and future welfare of the citizen, and the State, the avoidance of war, poverty, pestilence and crime, naturally command attention before new asteroids, sun spots and spectral lines. The medical profession stands fully half on the side of speculative or inexact science. Though the complexity of the human frame and its diseases prevent absolute certainty in treatment, yet the science of medicine has become of incalculable importance, and is essentially what Shakespeare has called it, the proper study of mankind. The ranks of the medical profession are filled with great and scholarly men, who are doing a work, which will make them ever remembered. Every department of medicine is being diligently and ably investigated, and rich harvests from the broad fields of science are being constantly and largely added to its store. Well may that claim the study of a lifetime, which banishes sickness and sorrows from our homes and brings joy and sunshine in their place.

In it there is much that is waiting to be done. Many important problems are pressing to be solved. We are forcibly reminded of this, when a fatal disease, some dire epidemic sweeps over the land, like a whirlwind, leaving death and desolation in its path. Trials and difficulties may come; but there will be pleasures and privileges with them. May we use aright that power which is so precious, and which knows nothing of national enmities, sectional dissensions, or political strife. A profession which benefits, equally sufferers of all races, ranks and religions. Daily observant of the presence of death, witnessing its sudden stroke, its open or secret advances, we are reminded of the shortness of life, when measured by our moral wants and intellectual cravings. Let us not forget, when we shall have obtained success, and our lives have become as glad fountains of health to those around us, that a higher power still guides us, whose humble instruments we are. The foregoing in a somewhat condensed form, contains some of the remarks made by Mr. Riorden. Afterwards he addressed a few words to the Faculty, Regents and graduates, and closed

with bidding "all a most cordial farewell. The valedictory was followed by music, and the conferring of degrees by the President. Music having been again given, an address on "Life, the Test of Living," was delivered by Hon. D. N. Cooley. It was an excellent address, and worthy a christian and educated gentleman. The last exercise was the presentation of two prizes by Hon. H. C. Bulis, of Decorah, to Miss R. Hanna and Mr. Minthorn. The graduating class numbered some twenty-six persons. May they make as good a record in the practice of their profession, as they have in the study of it. *

REPORT OF THE JUNIOR CLASS MEETING.

Wednesday, March 18, was a gala evening for the Juniors. This being the last meeting of the term, an unusual interest was manifested, and the literary exercises were especially entertaining. First, was a salutatory by T. W. Parvin; subject, "Battle of Lutzen," which was replete with interesting facts from German history. This was followed by a disputation by W. H. Fannon and Elia Osmond. Subject, "Man vs. Woman." During the discussion Mr. Fannon was exceedingly animated, and defended man with more eloquence than argument. Miss Osmond replied to this storm of eloquence in a manner very calm and self-possessed, refuting these statements with all the grace and gentleness of her womanly nature. An essay by Miss Clark, "Coöperative Industry." She showed a thorough knowledge of the subject, and, with her consent, we hope soon to see it in print. Debate—Question: "Mental capacities of the sexes; are they equal?" Affirmed by Misses Kinney and Smith; denied by Mr. Jack and Jack Lamb. The debate throughout was remarkably lively and the most intense interest was exhibited, as was shown by loud applause and cries of "that's so." The decision of the judges was unanimously in the affirmative. Mr. Lamb, disgusted with the decision, called for a vote of the house, which concurred with the former decision. Select reading by Miss Evens—"Hiawatha's Wooing." During the rendition of this poem the strictest silence prevailed, which indicated a high appreciation of the lady's elocutionary powers. Valedictory by J. J. Scerley—"Are college students subject to mental hallucinations and hyperboles?" This Junior displayed to good advantage his recent acquirements in Schuyler's Logic, and by a series of superstitious assumptions clearly proved the first part of his subject, and for want of time deferred the other till the next meeting of the class. Critic's report by A. A. Guthrie, who severely criticised all the performances except the above disputation. After a short recess the class proceeded to the election of officers, with the following result: President, O. J. Berryhill; Vice-President, Emma Smith; Recording Secretary, T. W. Parvin; Corresponding Secretary, Walter Robertson; Treasurer, Florence Kinney; Sergeant-at-arms, A. A. Guthrie. X 'S.

THE PLAINS.

Buffaloes, antelopes, overland to Pikes Peak, Indians! If you have ever been on the plains, boundless stretches of high, grass land, wide, beautiful valleys and wonder inspiring mirages are associated with long, dry marches up slopes interminable, down slopes never ending, till at last you are on the banks of a beautiful stream, or at the side of a cool spring of crystal water.

"The Plains" is a name used to designate rather indefinitely, a portion of country lying somewhere west of the Missouri river and east of the Rocky Mountains. Their northern and southern boundaries are even less definitely fixed, but the plains are supposed to lie largely within the States of Nebraska and Kansas.

The water system of this region is simple; it consists of the Platte, the tributaries of the Kaw, and the Arkansas rivers. The course of these rivers through the plains is essentially from west to east, and the descent of the country towards the east is so rapid that the direction of the smaller streams inclines to be much the same as that of the rivers, giving a series of nearly parallel watercourses. I have now told pretty much all I know of the Platte, and shall hereafter speak only of the country traversed by the Kaw, or Kansas, and its tributaries, and the Arkansas.

These streams have witnessed the famous exploits of Kit Carson, Wild Bill, and many others. Their currents have been stained with the life blood of many a "brave" as he met death in a hand to hand fight with other "braves." A history of romantic wars, of cunning craftiness and terrible slaughter might be written if the rocks could speak, if the sands could talk. But I turn from the thoughts of these deeds of blood, of stubborn daring, of ruthless murder, to the hills, the plains, the streams.

See, bounding the valley of the Kaw and its tributaries, those flat-topped hills all of a height, and surrounded near their tops with ledges of stone so abrupt as to resemble walls. They are not of the same height but their tops are in the same plane, descending toward the east as the river bed descends. How respectfully they stand off from the streams, leaving a broad, low plain between themselves and the water.

Here near the Smoky Hill river stands Fremont's Rock, a broad-topped stone, supported on a single pedestal like the leg of a center-table. Here the old Path-Finder is said to have encamped while on his famous mule ride across the plains.

Who ever built yonder house among these smoky hills, its roof nearly even with their flat tops? That also is a rock hewn out of the hill by the ever active elements. Here again is the fresh debris just where the water left it. Here are big stones tumbling down the hill-side, and there are cañons worn by the torrents. Surely nature has not here completed her work. She is still tearing down the

plateau and widening the low plain. This is a land where the wonder-working hand of formative nature may be watched as it so unpretentiously yet so rapidly performs its mighty work.

But come over into the Arkansas country. Up, up, up we wind among the Smoky Hills. Here are ledges of sandstone, there of limestone. There has been a small landslide, exhibiting a so-called alkali pit, and everywhere like a soft carpet, is the famous buffalo or musquite grass, short, fine and almost downy. At last we are at the top of the divide. There stands a heap of stones, the work of the Indians; nearly every hill-top behind us has one. But the country changes. The flat topped hills to right, left and behind us, in front, gently undulating. Do we travel a bed, or a descending road? There are indeed, a few flat-topped hills this side of the divide, and here and there the elements still have work to perform. But surely the Arkansas had cut its channel when the Kaw was but a wandering streamlet over the highlands. These sloping hills seem finished. The high arid plain is torn down, the broad valleys are completed and nature rest, or amuses herself with miages, making here a lake, there hanging a grove from the clouds; now raising up hills in the valley, now drawing them close around the observer. Now she takes away the lake, the grove; the hills have fled away. It is evening, yes, the time of *even-ing*, leveling, smoothing the landscape. But more of miages hereafter.

The study of these high and low plains, of standing and falling rocks, of debris, of cañons, of long, swelling slopes, of bluffs and streams, all point clearly to an original high plateau, traversed first by the Arkansas, which gradually cut its way through the light soil and crumbly rocks, and formed a drainage system which slowly moulded the country first into high and low plains, separated by steep bluffs; then gradually wore down the bluffs and plateaus to swelling slopes and broad valleys, leaving indeed here and there a ragged bluff or small plateau, to tell what once was here. Then come the Republican, Solomon, Saline and Smoky Hill rivers of the Kaw system, and have proceeded so far as to work out broad valleys and many gentle slopes, but there are yet broad plateaus and steep bluffs to busy the elements for ages to come. E. B. C.

By some oversight the Rhetorical exercises of the third section of the Senior class were not mentioned in the last issue of the REPORTER. They were of a very high order, and the legislators present, expressed themselves as highly pleased with the matter and manner of the performers. The exercises were as follows:

D. Murphy—"The Great Preparation."

I. N. Weiman—"Our Christian Statesmen."

W. F. Rogers—"The Nebular Hypothesis."

E. C. Sanders—"Science and Atheism."

YAINE.

Some time has elapsed since Anglo-Saxons have recovered from their astonishment at the temerity of a Frenchman in presuming to sit in judgment upon the merits of English authors.

Of course Englishmen would never allow that Yaine has ever shown himself worthy to be considered a standard authority on this subject. Yet his dictum is important; not chiefly because of its partial correctness, but on account of the point of view which the great critic chose. True to national habit Yaine is recklessly logical. Indeed whoever admits his premises, or definitions, must assent to his conclusions. His standpoint is distinctively non-English, and for that very reason no other author gives English-speaking people so clear a view of the peculiar genius of their own literature. Yaine helps us out of ourselves. With him we can survey the grand fabric of English letters with an impartial eye. We can, for the time being, cast off our accustomed mantle of national sentimentality and inborn morality. We may be glad to get back under the shelter which the Anglo-Saxons' social conscience affords, but we feel that the excursions have done us good. We have obtained a new sense of English grandeur and folly. We now know wherein English literature seems great, and where it seems ridiculous to foreigners.

When we take up Yaine's books we instinctively turn, at first, to see what he has to say of our modern novelists. Thackery and Dickens are the two representative ones.

A novel is the representation of characters as they really exist, says Yaine. A novelist's chief resources are his imaginations, but his ideals must symbolize reality, without respect to the moral.

Tried by this test Thackery fails to be a novelist at all. His characters personate ideas. Hence they are exaggerated. Their performances are deliberately arranged so as to suggest edifying lessons. Hence they are unnatural. His men and women are wholly good or wholly bad, and not the delightful mixture found in real life. In fine, Thackery's productions are *prose* satires calculated to strike at some abuse or inconsistency. They are merely moral machines. This, according to our authors, is not the mission of the novel. Yet to this use has English society invariably perverted it, saying to the novelist: "Be as interesting as you please, but punish the bad and reward the good." In real life God's sun may shine equally on all, but in the realms of fiction let none receive its benefits except the upright. Yaine remarks that in France they do differently. It is a comforting as well as novel reflection that some French novelists wrote as they did, not from pure, innate wickedness, but merely to be consistent with their conceptions of a novel.

Dickens could not, being an Englishman, help being sarcastic and moral. He redeems himself by being wonderfully imaginative and by giving the creations of his fancy the appropriate compound of faults and virtues found in

everyday life. Yaine places Dickens at the head of modern English novelists, and calls his fantastic imagery and odd conceits the legitimate productions of an imagination which, while it never rose to the sublime, was so fertile as to personify everything in nature, even the most common and unromantic of inanimate objects.

To make trees and walls think, and to put a speech in the mouths of sticks and stones, would be an affectation in most writers, but in Dickens it is perfectly natural. It is something he cannot help. It is the peculiarity of his genius.

Yet Dickens is not free from the vice of idealism. Many characters each represent "a vice, a virtue, or a ridicule." Those faces "have always the same expression, and this expression almost always a grinace." "Miss Mesey will laugh at every word; Mark Tapley will say 'jolley' at every scene; Micawber speaks through three volumes the same kind of emphatic phrases." This seems to be Yaine's pet criticism. He cannot sympathize with English love of morality, nor with authors who attempt to inculcate it. He loves Byron, and calls him the first of English poets, seemingly, for the reason that he lacked all sentimental delicacy, and never hesitated to strip the gilded mask from the face of fashionable English society, and expose to view the deformities he thought were beneath. Yaine even seats Byron in the chair of the public censor, an honor at which the poet himself would doubtless be somewhat astonished. "Beyond British cant there is universal hypocrisy; beyond English pedantry, Byron wars against human roguery." Byron's impatience of restraint is something which he has in common with Frenchmen, and it is this which our author appreciates. These features of the book are especially interesting as we have a sort of double view. While Yaine holds up before us a series of vivid pictures, illustrative of all that has made our language respectable, we perceive on the other hand, embodied in our author, the animus of French literature.

R. L. PARRISH.

PERSONALS.

'76, Miss Anny Kerr is teaching near the city.

'78, E. E. Gibbens will not return to the University this term.

Miss Hinman, Normal '71, has returned to this place, and is teaching in the city schools.

Mrs. Remley of class '73, spent a few days in the city visiting friends, the latter part of last term.

Medical '73, T. W. Achilles, formerly assistant in German, in the University, is practicing in Iowa City.

We regret to say that A. J. Schoonover has been called home by the death of a sister. We lean that his mother is also dangerously ill.

C. B. Kimball, Medical '74, has begun the practice of his profession at Wilton. We cordially recommend Mr. Kimball to the citizens of Wilton.

H. H. Hiatt, class '74, is in the city, and will be in his society this term. You don't know what else he is going to do.(?)

Miss Green, who was in school last year, has been since that time, staying with friends at Saratoga Springs, New York.

Abe E. Wood, a former student of the University, is stationed at Fort Clark, Texas, as Lieutenant in the 4th U. S. Cavalry.

Thomas Mattison, class '73, has at last been heard from. He is principal of the schools of Marble Rock, Floyd county. Good for Marble Rock.

Miss Alma McKenzie has gone home to teach the young ideas of some of the Hamptonites how to shoot. We hope to see her back next year.

Among those who left school at the close of the Fall term we notice J. J. McConnell, R. W. Lee, and Misses Ella Sheridan and Mary E. Campbell.

Frank Lyon is attending the University again. He looks as though he had had a very pleasant time since he left. We are glad to see such students returning to the University.

Mr. Brooks, class '73, has been compelled to leave the classical halls of Iowa's State University, and has returned home to superintend a farm near Des Moines. Tally one for the Grangers.

Miss Ella Gordon, class '77, we are sorry to state, left the University last term, to engage in teaching. Young America placed under her charge, have great cause to be congratulated in having received so cultured a lady to act as their instructor.

H. J. Chambers, class '75, is living in Mason City, where J. D. Glass, Law '70, is practicing. Mr. Chambers has commenced the study of law, and writes that he is well pleased with it. He left many friends in the University, who wish the success and prosperity which his abilities merit.

Will Osmond, class '73, one of Newton's most accomplished teachers, spent his vacation among his old University friends. Will was always popular among the boys, and quite a favorite with the girls. Everybody was glad to see him, and we hope to behold his pleasant face soon again. He has our best wishes for his success.

T. W. Graydon, class '75, junior editor of the REPORTER, during the first part of the Fall Term, has returned to the University after a four months absence spent in teaching at Lellsville, Iowa county. He has a host of friends here, who gave him a cordial shake of the hand, and expressed their pleasure at his return.

LAW PERSONALS.

Law '74, Mr. Irwin has gone home and will not return this term.

Law '73, Mr. J. W. Cone, of this class, has entered the law firm of Cornell & Bro.

Law '74, Mr. Honnold has gone home to care for a sick father. Mr. H. is a good student, and we hope ere long that circumstances may be such as to justify his return.

Law '74, Mr. Allen has gone home. He enters an office and does not expect to return here till next year.

Law '74, Mr. Hagle, who has been in this department two terms, has returned to Louisville, Illinois, where he goes into practice.

Law '74, Mr. Campbell's eyes are better. They have improved so far that he hopes they will soon justify him in resuming his studies with the class.

Law '74, Mr. J. F. Thompson of this class, who was a member of the Forest City Bar, Iowa, before coming here, has returned and resumed his practice there.

Law '74. Of the members of this class who completed their course at the close of the Winter term, Mr. B. S. Baker has located and entered on the practice of the law, at Webster City, Iowa. C. M. Lee is resting and enjoying the sweets of home in Iowa City. S. M. Hughes has entered the Senior class of the Academical Department, where he expects to graduate at next Commencement. E. W. Smith is *rusticating* at his home at Kankakee, Illinois. H. Davidson is at Washington, Iowa, preparing to enter on the active practice of his chosen profession.

LOCAL

Base ball revives with the warm weather.

Wood taken on subscription at this office.

The University is getting fast. It goes by R. R. time.

The Seniors handed in their subjects the first day of the term.

There are ten female school superintendents in Iowa. What Staté can beat it?

Little Cuss is the affectionate term one of the *Sophs* uses, when speaking of *his* girl.

The Zetagathians will give their Tenth Annual Exhibition in the Chapel, Friday evening, April 24th.

Ethercial voyagers tell us that no better view of the city can be obtained than from the lofty center dome of the University.

Longfellow is the most popular poet among the students. It is a difficult matter to get hold of his poems in the library; they are almost constantly out.

Miss Lottie Schreiner, the Freshman editor, has taken the place of Mr. Rohde, as teacher of German. It is wonderful how many attractions they are adding to this study.

Students! if you come across an original joke, or a bit of University news, just drop it in the REPORTER contribution box, in the middle building. We don't see everything.

The Legislature has given us an appropriation of \$46,000. The thanks of all the friends of the University are due to those gentlemen who worked so earnestly for its interests.

A great number of the students remained in the city during vacation, and had hard work to keep from dying. Those whose homes are near enough to the city to allow a good visit home, enjoyed themselves better.

We hear of several private reading clubs that have held pleasant meetings during the past winter. This is a most beneficial manner of conducting social gatherings—especially among students. Let the idea be more extensively acted on by another winter.

We suggest to our borough dads that a mending of the sidewalks in certain places would be very appropriate, and in order just now. We are not the only ones that have stubbed our toes against loose and protruding bricks, but we believe ourselves to be the only ones who didn't swear about it.

March 18th, 1874, Messrs. Yunken, Yarnell and Irwin, Law class '74, applied to the Circuit Court in session in Iowa City, for admission to the bar. The court appointed an examining committee, before whom the gentlemen passed successfully their examinations and were admitted to practice. Mr. Yarnell and Mr. Irwin have been in the Law Department two terms, and Mr. Yunkin one.

The Woman's Temperance Crusade has not yet made its appearance in the city, though we have had several temperance lectures and general attention called to the question. At a recent meeting of the ministers of the different churches, the opinion was expressed that the woman's temperance movement is of God, and resolutions were passed to the effect that they—the said ministers—would "help those women" to the extent of their power.

In answer to the invitations of Professor Currier and wife, the members of the Freshman Latin classes, assembled at their residence on Friday evening, the 28th of last month. To any one who has ever been there on a like occasion it is hardly necessary to say that they spent an enjoyable evening. No one understands better the art of entertaining than the Professor and his wife; and these social gatherings at their house are one of the pleasant features of school life.

Messrs. Baker, Lee, Smith, Hughes and Davidson, Law '74, having completed the prescribed course of study, were admitted to final examination at the close of the last term, and were pronounced by the examining committee to be competent to discharge the duties of their chosen profession. They will receive their diplomas at the regular Annual Commencement in June. The board of examiners were Hon. John McKean, Judge of the District Court, and Hon. S. H. Fairall, L. B. Patterson, G. B. Edmonds and H. F. Bouorden, of the Iowa City Bar.

STUDENTS' PRAYER MEETING.—The Tuesday evening Students' Prayer meeting has grown into magnificent proportions. It is no longer a weekly meeting; for the interest manifested has been such that a very large number of the students have met *every evening* for several weeks past, and it became necessary to remove to a larger room. Several of the citizens and city ministers have joined in the work, which has taken the form of a prosperous revival. Much good has been done in the name of Christ, and we sincerely hope it will remain permanent and spread through all the departments of the institution. The meeting convenes every evening in Prof. Calvin's recitation room, at 6:30 o'clock, and adjourns at 7:30.

That is gay! There was a good laugh in the German class, the other day. It must be remembered that the German prefix *ge*, is pronounced like the English word *gay*. The Professor asked what prefix would be required, if the German to marry one's son or daughter was to be expressed. *Student*.—The prefix "*ver*." *Professor*.—But how is it if a young lady marries a young gentleman, or *vice versa*? *Student*.—Oh! well, that is *ge*, (*gay*). Chorus of young ladies, O yes, *that is gay*. (Universal applause, while the gravity of the Professor gives way.)

The usual routine of study and recitation was varied, a week or two since, by the appearance, in the Iowa City *Daily Press* of a series of articles from the pen of Mr. J. P. Sauxay, formerly of this city, but now a special student at Yale College. The first article consisted principally in a few verbal criticisms of Mr. Brush's oration delivered in the Inter-Collegiate contest at Galesburg last February. The remaining ones were written in criticism of this University—some of them rather severe. The letters were ably answered in a letter to the *Press* over the signature "E."

THE NEW TELESCOPE.—The new telescope so long talked of, has at last arrived, to the joy of all interested. It is truly an admirable and powerful instrument; one to which the planets must reveal many of their secrets, and which will shoot many a star, as well as show definitely and conclusively whether the moon is made of green cheese or not.

The instrument was made by Howard Grubb, F. R. S., of Dublin, a gentleman who has manufactured most of the telescopes for the eclipse expeditions. Its cost was \$1600; is a six feet focal; five inch object glass; equatorially mounted, with very fine right ascension and declination circles; clock-work arrangement with some new devices for attaching and detaching the clock-work, and also for temporarily retarding or accelerating the rate of the clock, without removing the eye from the eye-piece. There is furnished with the telescope, a very fine spectroscope, with a power of two, six, eight or twelve prisms; also a cylindric lens to be used in observing the spectra of fixed stars.

A piece of ground at the head of Clinton street, has been donated by the city to the University, on which to erect an observatory. Professor Leonard tells us that all will be ready for "star shooting" some time next June.

"APRIL FOOL!"—

Which I wish to remark—

That for ways that are queer

And for things that are dark,

A certain chap here—

thinks the students of the Iowa State University can take the lead, for the reasons following—that is to say: On the first day of this month, the above chap, whom we'll call Tompkins for short, was supremely happy on account of his having April-fooled several of the students that day. But these students turned the tables ere the day was done, and Tompkins don't feel well in consequence thereof. There lives in the city one of Eve's fair daughters, for whom Tompkins' heart yearneth, and on that day these students wrote a note—imitating the

young lady's hand as near as possible—and sent it to Tompkins, requesting him to meet her on the corner of College and Clinton streets at 9 o'clock p. m. Promptly on hand at the appointed hour was Tompkins. A female form, with features thickly veiled, awaited his coming. He flung his arms about her and kissed her three times for her own individual self. But the beautiful queen of night—peeping out from behind a cloud—threw her silvery rays upon the pale face of Tompkins, as she likewise did upon the unveiled features of the blackest wench in the city; and at that moment arose a chorus of voices from the vicinity of the fire-consumed Clinton House, "How are you, April fool?" Then up the street there dashed three students, with whose lusty shouts of laughter, mingled the oaths of the pursuer. The colored woman, in consideration of a dollar, performed her part handsomely.

CLIPPINGS.

Bookkeeping may be taught in a single lesson of three words—Never lend them.

A man in Peoria claims to have a stone that Washington threw at a wood-pecker, on his father's cherry tree.

In Wisconsin, a man reported that he couldn't find a word in the dictionary, because the blasted book hadn't got an index.

Senior, (translating Latin)—"Dost thou call me a fool?" (hesitating.) Professor.—yes, that is correct, proceed with the next sentence."—*Targum*.

England has three universities, Scotland has four, Prussia has six, Austria has nine, Italy has twenty, and the United States over three hundred.—*Exchange*.

Prof. E. A. Sophocles, of Harvard College, is going to Europe for a few months' visit. Probably going to see old Damocles, Pericles, Ripides, Cantharadies and other Suchasthes.

An excited father called in great haste on Dr. Price, and exclaimed, "Doctor, doctor! my boy has swallowed a mouse!" "Then go home," quietly replied the doctor, "and tell him to swallow a cat."

The astronomer Proctor, is of the opinion that the moon is without atmosphere or water. The Brooklyn *Argus* thinks the latter fact excuses her for taking a "horn" which she providently does with her first "quarter."

A young lady had coquetted until the victim was completely exhausted. He rose to go away. She whispered, as she accompanied him to the door, "I shall be at home next Sunday evening." "So shall I," he replied.

A man at Princeton College believes in having "a place for everything and everything in its place." He nails his slippers on the wall, four feet up, and then all he has to do of an evening is to wheel up his easy chair in front of them.

Certainly the crusaders cannot resist such an appeal as the following: "Oh woman! in our hours of ease, you know we'll do whate'er you please; we'll promise to renounce the sin, of Bourbon, brandy, rum and gin, and go so far as to refrain, except (when tempted) from champagne; and have some mercy, do, my dear, and leave, oh! leave us, lager beer."—*Exchange*.

Prof. Donaldson, in his late aerial voyage, having been driven *terrafirmaward* by a rain storm that caused two great an accumulation of water upon his balloon, the *Scientific American* suggests that in the future he provide his balloon with an umbrella.

A Freshman's dulcinea broke in upon him thus: "I learned something, Eddie." "Why, what was it dearest?" "Why, I never knew what my cat's name was until last night, when Uncle Tom's big black cat came up the back lot crying out "Moriar!"—*Exchange*.

Ignorance is named the mother of devotion, yet if it falls in a hard ground, it is the mother of atheism; if in a soft ground, it is the parent of superstition; but if it proceeds from evil or mean opinions of God, it is an evil of a great impiety, and, in some sense, is as bad as atheism.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

Once a careless man went to the cellar and stuck the candle in what he thought was a keg of black sand. He sat near it drinking wine until the candle burned low. Nearer and nearer it got to the black sand; nearer and nearer, until the blaze reached the black sand, and as it *was* sand, nothing happened!

Question (in history): Give a brief sketch of Oliver Cromwell?

Answer: Cromwell was a very wicked man, and led a very wicked life. But on his death-bed he repented, and his last words were, "Oh, would that I had served my God as I have served my king!"—*Advocate*.

A stranger in one of those towns where the crusade is raging, stuck his head into a saloon which he mistook for the postoffice, and in which a lot of women were praying, and asked: "Is the mail changed yet?" "No," replied the keeper, "the male isn't changed, but the females have changed things badly in the way of trade."—*Exchange*.

While Prof. — was engaged with a telegraph messenger at the recitation room door the other day, two Sophs "went through" his overcoat. The spoils were light but very interesting: A cigar holder, a recipe for removing grease spots, a bag of canary seed, and a postal card on which was written, "The undershirt and hose which you took from the line on Cleveland street, you will do well to return, as you are known"—*Orient*.

"CHEEK."—Scene in a railroad carriage. Commercial Gent, (to swell who was smoking a fragrant Havana)—"Would you oblige me sir, by changing into another carriage, or putting your cigar out *pro tem*?"

Swell. (Nonchalantly)—"O, certainly." (Throws his cigar out of the window.)

Commercial Gent (Complacently producing and filling his meerschaum)—"Sorry to trouble you, but I can never enjoy my pipe when there's a bad weed a-goin!"—*Punch*.

A young lady, the daughter of a rich petroleum operator, before returning from boarding school, had a party given for her benefit. Upon the bottom of her invitation cards she caused to be inscribed "R. S. V. P." and one was sent to a young man, who had also made his money by boring. He did not come, but sent a card with the letters, "D. S. C. C." Meeting him in the street she asked him what the letters meant. "Tell me first what yours meant." "Oh, mine was French for 'Respond if you please.'" "Well, mine was English for 'Darned sorry I can't come.'"—*Cornell Times*.