



The University Reporter.

IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY.

VOL. VI.

IOWA CITY, IOWA, MAY 15, 1874.

No. 8.

“OLD TIMES.”

There's a beauteous song on the slumberous air,
That drifts through the valley of dreams;
It comes from a clime where the roses were,
And a tanelful heart and bright brown hair,
That waves in the morning beams.

Soft eyes of azure and eyes of brown
And snow-white foreheads are there;
A glimmering cross and a glittering crown,
A thorny bed and a couch of down,
Lost hopes and leaflets of prayer.

A breath of Spring in the breezy woods,
Sweet wafts from the quivering pines—
Blue violet eyes beneath green hoods,
A bubble of brooklets, a scent of buds,
Bird warblers and clambering vines.

A rosy wreath and dimpled hand;
A ring and a slighted vow—
Three golden links of a broken band,
A tiny track on the snow-white sand,
A tear and a sinless brow.

There's a tincture of grief in the beautiful song,
That throbs on the slumbering air,
And loneliness felt in the festive throng,
Sinks down on the soul as it trembles along,
From a clime where the roses were.

We heard it first at the dawn of day,
And it mingled with matin chimes,
But years have distanced the beautiful lay,
And its melody floweth from far away,
And we call it now “Old Times.”

—Ex.

LEAVES FROM AN ITALIAN JOURNAL.

* * * * Italy is a land of graves. With such a history it could hardly be otherwise. However noble her recent revolt from her oppressors—however brilliant her possible future—she can hardly expect the time to come when men cannot apply to her the old jest against hereditary nobles, that they are like potato-vines, the best part of which is under ground! In no part of the earth's surface of the same size can you find so many of these graves of which an American poet has truly said that they are

—“Pilgrim shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined
The Delphian vales; the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.”

But it is not the famous graves only of Italy that impress the traveler. It is the number and variety of the forms of human sepulchre, the wide extremes of wealth and poverty, of civilization and barbarism that are represented; the long procession of generations and of races that have made their last bed in Italian soil—Pelasgi, Etruscans, Hellenes, Latins, Gauls, Goths, Lombards, Saracens, Normans, Saxons, even to the newest of the nations, dwelling in a land far beyond the pillars of Hercules or the fabled Atlantis, but of whom every year some representative, like Theodore Parker, like Richard Hildreth, like the unnamed, but unforgotten, young lives that even Italian sunshine cannot save—is laid beneath the cypresses in the protestant cemetery of Rome, or of Florence. Honored and distinguished graves; Etrurian tombs that have guarded their sacred dust for three thousand years; ruinous, but still stately monuments, lining the Appian way; rows of tiny vases in the columbaria, each holding the handful of ashes that was once a Roman citizen; tiers of low sleeping berths in the catacombs, full of crumbling bones and the odor of sanctity; charnel homes where the commonalty are flung like carrion; marvellous old saxeophagi, not in or even on the ground, but elevated in high columns, as if the occupant thought it were to get a few yards the start of his fellows in the general resurrection.

I cannot put into words the entire impression made on my mind by this constant familiarity with tombs, but I will describe two or three of the incidents that combined to form it.

It was my custom on first reaching a large city, where I expected to stay some time, to walk about it alone, without a guide, and even without a guide-book, a day or two before commencing the regular round of sight seeing. Any memorable sight or place that one stumbles on unexpectedly in this way, is tenfold more enjoyable than if you had set out on purpose to visit it, and knew beforehand what you were to see. Guide-books, courriers de place, and a regular round of “the lions,” are indeed a necessity for any one who has not a life to spend in Italy, if he wishes to see all that is noteworthy; but they detract immensely from the pleasure at the time, and I was always glad to dispense with them as long as possible, and make a voyage or two of discovery while the place was still strange. So it happened, that a day or two after arriving in Florence, I was strolling through

a rather dull, out-of-the-way part of the city, and came upon a particularly shabby and unpromising old church. Its front was of the rudest masonry, such as would be built for a marble facing to cover. You often see such in Italy, that have stood one, two, three and four hundred years waiting for the marble finish, while the inside may be loaded with splendor. (An American congregation would spend their last dollar, and have a fair or a dinner, every week in the year before they would worship in such a looking building. But in Italy the government furnishes the church, and the religion, and the people feel very little pride in either.) There is always something to look at in an Italian church, however poor; so I raised the great wadded curtain that hangs over every doorway—and an excellent substitute it is for the door—and entered. The interior in this case was but little more promising than the outside; old, dingy, and yet unfinished and rude in many respects, with a roof that had been temporary ever since civil strifes prevented its completion, centuries ago. The only objects that struck my eye were several large tombs along the right hand wall. I stepped up to the first with languid curiosity, and read the name of Michael Angelo. I went to the next; it bore the name of *Dante*. Imagine the feeling of one who unexpectedly comes into such a presence; who finds two such names side by side. After a long delay I went on, the next tomb was that of *Alfieri*, the Sophocles of Italy, side by side with her Homer. I almost dreaded to look at the fourth, lest it should present the much talked of step from the sublime to the ridiculous by immortalizing some duke or cardinal, whom nobody out of Florence ever heard of. When I went to it I read the name of *Machiavelli*. The next I did not look at, for I turned on my heel and left the church. I knew there could be no fifth that would not seem insignificant in such company, and I would not break the charm of having stood for once alone with four such names.

Had I known that I was in Santa Croce, I should have lost half the surprise; for the church is famous, as you may imagine, for its mighty dead. The English, who cannot pay a higher compliment to anybody or anything than to say it reminds them of something at 'ome, call it the Westminster Abbey of Italy.

Dante indeed is not really buried there, the monument to him is only a cenotaph, recently erected, after a vain attempt to get back the bones of the proud and bitter old exile. But the rest I named all repose here, with others of all but equal fame. The fifth tomb, which I did not dare to look at, on a later visit I found to be that of Vasari, the historian of Italian Painting; and when I crossed to the other wall, right opposite the tomb of Dante, I found that of Galileo, beneath which his body lies now, and has for the last century, after lying outside the building for the first hundred years, as not fit company for the pious.

But in Italy, as elsewhere, it often happens that a man is remembered only by his tomb. Some of the Venetian

churches are filled with the most elaborate and showy structures in memory of long forgotten doges and grandees. That of the doge Peraro I recollect for one thing. It is a great three-storied pile, rising almost to the roof of the church, and crowded with statues, columns, etc., of white-black, and part-colored marbles. The first story of the tomb is upheld by a row of negroes, serving as coryatides. The heads, hands, etc., are in black marble, the clothes in colored; and the artist has anticipated the Pre-Raphaelites in his fidelity to nature. In the yellow marble breeches of each figure he has made a hole through which a black marble knee shows out with the happiest and most truthful effect. Had the artist's taste or convenience required a rear view of any of the figures, we should doubtless have had the same thing repeated on the spot where negro breeches are most apt to exhibit *locunee*, and I believe he would almost have turned one around on purpose, had it occurred to him with what happy effect a white marble shirt-tail could have been introduced, or rather extended.

There are more of these great ducal tombs in the same church. The Frari—which we look at with a feeling of pity for the insignificance so pitilessly exposed by the grandeur of the monument to a forgotten name. One only awakens a different feeling, it is the least showy of all, and bears the name of poor disgraced, broken-hearted, old Francesco Foscari. But his pompons epitaph says nothing of the tragic ending of that long life. "In the 94th year of my age—in the 34th of my dogeship—in the 1457th of our salvation, I passed on to eternal rest."

There is another epitaph in the same church, that in point of taste is well matched with the ragged marble breeches of the doge Peraro; it is the tomb of Titian, greatest of Venetian painters, and one of Italy's greatest names. Two sentences, with the names of the Emperors that uttered them, are inscribed there—"Equus et cemes Titianus sit Carolus V. MDLIII. Titiano monumentum erectum sit Ferdinandus Primus MDCXXXIX—as if these were his titles to glory. I longed to write over them, *Titianus vir et pioter sit! Deus, creator caroli et Ferdinandi et ejusdem generis ommium!*

Very characteristic is the epitaph of an old lawyer in the Pesari Campo Santo. *Philippus Decius, seve de Daxio*. It relates his achievements and fame *in utroque jure*, the civil and canon law, and the immense fortune which he amassed by his practice—of which indeed the splendor of his tomb is itself a proof—and finally concludes with what will perhaps be called a most lawyer-like judgment of human nature: "de morte cogetans, hoc sepulcrum sibi fabricari cuairt, ne posteris suis crederet," anticipating his death he personally directed the construction of his own monument, not choosing to trust to his heirs for one. The old jurist's effigy is on the tomb—a keen, sharp, selfish face, in which you can read the temper of his epitaph.

Equally human, but more amusing is the mingled vanity

and humility of a female neighbor. Quamirs peccatrix, sum domina vocata Beatrix. In tumatrix missa, jaceo, quce amitissa, A. D. MLXXVI." Sinner as I am, my name is the Lady Beatrix; and *though* a countess, I have come to the tomb.

We have dwelt so long among the tombs, that I can mention but a single case more, and that shall be of one who never had a tomb or monument. In the Menco Borbanico, at Naples, in a large collection of ancient Roman armor, you will always see the spectators crowd thickest around one helmet. Not a remarkable helmet in itself—a heavy, servicable one, such as the fort soldier wore. When you get near enough to look into it you see the cause of the attention. It covers a fleshless skull, which when this helmet last was closed upon it held the brain and wore the flesh and blood of a Roman soldier. Eighteen hundred years ago the nameless legionary, whose skull we see buckled on his armor, drew his helmet over his brow, and turned out to relieve the guard and take his turn of duty as sentinel on the little stone sentry-box at the city gate of Pompeii. Little he thought, we may be sure, how long a watch he was to keep, for there he stood, the grim guardian of the buried city through all the long ages of its interment. Faithful unto death! Of how few can this be written! There is no mouldring saint in all Italy whose bones I would worship so readily as those of this nameless pagan.

PROFESSOR W. G. HAMMOND.

TWO WORLDS.

All that lives purely in the imagination, is to some the most beautiful part of existence.

Concerning realities whose fulfillment is possible to other mortals, but denied to them, they live in a dream-land of their own, as unprofitable as beautiful.

And others perhaps, with a vague perception of something *more* sublime than any earthly realities, dream of a perfection which now exists only in unexpressed ideas, but which they feel must somewhere in Eternity find a *real existence*.

All that is lovely in nature or art, charms us only as it affects our spiritual visions in refining old or awakening new ideas of purity and beauty, and as it breathes upon us something of the divine spirit of their creators.

And, on the other hand, the splendors of the natural creation as well as the material monuments of human skill, are both the results of sublime ideas, different in degree as their results are different.

The grandeur of the creations of man excite wonder and admiration, so vast and perfect appear the manual achievements of the men who reared them.

They seem to address themselves to the outward sense and fancy of the beholder. But faultless sculpture, painting, or architecture speaks to the feelings with *more* than the cold admonition of marble, canvas or stone. They are

expressions of human aspirations, and types of aspirations for purer and holier things.

We think of the natural beauties of the earth, which awe the human mind with the mighty grandeur of mountain scenes, or subdue it with the quiet and modest sweetness of the little flower, as something designed for mortal use and pleasure. They are *more*, they are the expression and embodiment of the loftiest ideal in existence.

Not a cold idealism which counts as nothing, all which the eye can see or the hand can touch, makes the noble man; nor yet the principle which makes outward splendor and display the main object of life; which regards education as the road to wealth, and wealth as the means of attaining that object.

The power of thought has been given us for use, as a part of the divine; and at the same time the means of ornamentation and art have been made a natural creation of man. As the infinite is perfect in *thought* and *imagination* and has given these expressions in the beauties of the visible universe, so should man combine the beautiful in thought with all that is pure and charming in art and elegance; the one expressing itself in the other, and the latter pleasing and elevating the former.

Fill the mind with lofty ideas; refine and ennoble them by every possible means of education and association; cause the natural surroundings to correspond in elegant taste and arrangement with the natural inclination of a mind thus cultivated, and you have before you that most beautiful double existence which constitutes the perfect whole.

It is not alone the old house with its familiar gables or gothic peaks, which you recognize as home; nor the meadows of grass and flowers, and the paths which lead to childhood's haunts never to be forgotten; nor the old well with its weather-beaten curb, which has quenched so many burning thirsts. It is the thought that went with the cup of water; the fresh ideas which *surprised* your youthful mind at their first coming, and which seemed to flit before you along those paths, and to spring up from the very grass and flowers.

The old house is full of them. Every recess and corner is sacred for some secret and indefinable longing of your youthful soul. And now those old walls are whispering to you again. They speak in deeper but milder tones. Perhaps they mingle in the mind ideas of patience and labor with the beauty and sparkle of youth. But the beauty is not gone, it is only softened and intensified by time and change. Those inward longings are deeper and stronger, and efforts are added to dreamy hopes.

Home is a place of double existence. The spirit which hovers over it and breathes from it is as sacred and *real* as the visible dwelling-place itself. We look out upon the vast universe with its myriad worlds and call it beautiful and complete. But we *think* of the *beautiful* idea which pervades the whole.

We live not merely in a world upon which we tread, but above, around and through it all, in the glorious ideal, whose divine and heavenly beauty blends in perfect harmony with the equally divine beauties of the real.

FLORENCE KINNEY.

BAUN, GERMANY, April 23, 1874.

EDITORS REPORTER:—Having reached our place of destination, on the banks of the Rhine, a few notes concerning places visited on our journey hither may perhaps be of interest to your readers.

We left Belfast on the 8th inst. and proceeded to Dublin; passing on our way the early home of Dr. John Hall, now so eminent as a divine in New York City. We rode through a great deal of beautiful country, which is quite common to Ireland. We also passed over that portion so famous as the "Rocky Roads to Dublin."

Dublin is a beautiful city, comparing favorably with Edinburgh. We spent a day visiting its many objects and places of interest, possessing the advantage of having a student friend, resident there, as guide. Trinity College is a fine institution, hoary with age, possessing magnificent halls adorned with statuary and paintings of the highest order, and richly supplied with all the equipments that go to make up a first-class university. The various Faculties embrace men of splendid talents, who are well known by their literary and scientific works. As we viewed the abundant facilities of Trinity and other universities of the Old World, for providing instruction for the student, we sighed as we remembered our own *Alma Mater*, and the meagreness with which her wants are supplied, and mentally prayed that our legislators might be endowed with broad and comprehensive views concerning the requirements of a university, when they come to legislate on her behalf.

Dublin possesses several fine cathedrals, St. Patrick's being perhaps the finest. Its inner walls, like all cathedrals which we have visited, are covered with statuary and marble tablets, placed there in honor of Ireland's great men, without regard to profession; we even noticed two cannon balls and some other utensils of war suspended against the walls, because of having done some "distinguished service" for the country. Had it not been for some other surroundings, we should have imagined ourselves in a gallery of art, or museum. Of the statues, we were particularly attracted by those of Archbishop Whateley and Dean Swift. The former was represented as lying upon his death-bed, and is said to be a perfect representation of the great man. The epitaph to Dean Swift was written by himself, and is characteristic of the man. Near by is the house of the Dean, from which issued his famous writings, anecdotes and witticisms. We could easily write a whole letter on Dublin, but we must proceed to touch upon some other points on our journey.

From Dublin we crossed over the channel to Holyhead, and from thence by rail to London. Passing through Wales we noticed a great deal that was attractive to one who has a love for the rugged scenery of nature. The part of England we traveled over was rather too level to be pleasing to us, although exhibiting a great deal of solid comfort, and many beautiful estates. We spent the greater part of a week in London, sight seeing. It is a great city, truly; throbbing from center to circumference with the most intense life. Long trains of cars thronged with people, are whirling along in every direction under ground, one train following the other every few minutes. The same activity is to be witnessed over-head, and still the streets are scarcely able to accommodate the traffic.

The International Exhibition was opened for the season, so that we spent the most of a day visiting the wonders of science and art at that place. Galleries of the finest statuary and paintings, representing the highest skill of every European nation, might almost be measured by the mile. Some paintings from the best artists, could well have filled up hours with the most delightful study, but we wandered on through galleries interminable till the mind was completely overwhelmed by contemplation. The Exhibition displayed every description of art in its perfection, but we have not space to mention more. Crystal Palace was in many respects a repetition of what had been seen at the former place. Here, however, splendid entertainments of music and theatricals are furnished to the visitors of the palace. We climbed to the top of St. Paul's, and looked out over the city with its roar and clamor; and although a pretty favorable day, its outskirts were lost amid the smoke and fog. One gets a splendid view of the Thames from the dome of St. Paul's. As you behold the numberless crafts ploughing its waters, you are reminded of North and East rivers at New York. Westminster Abbey is a magnificent cathedral, in some respects surpassing St. Paul's. The architecture of these cathedrals is very impressive and imposing.

Among the great men who have been honored by a place and the numberless statues and tablets of Westminster, we observe Charles Dickens, whose writings have furnished entertainment for so many leisure hours. The Houses of Parliament impressed us more than the men who make the laws there. To us, the House of Commons presented a very undignified appearance; there they all sat with their hats on, removing them when they rose to address the "Honorable body." An army bill was under discussion when we were there, and the speeches made on the occasion, we set down as very ordinary. We observed in one of the outer halls leading to the court room where the celebrated "Sir Rodger Tichborn" was tried, that the walls for a distance of fifty feet, on either side of the door, were black and soiled by the multitudes who daily thronged about to gain admission.

Madame Tussand's Wax Statuary and Historical Exhibi-

tion, seen by gas-light, is simply magnificent. As we noticed by our last REPORTER that our friend Prof. T. has been delighting the students by a description of this place we shall say nothing further concerning it.

The Tower, with its tragical history, is an object of special interest to all who visit London. How many sons and daughters of royalty has it confined? How many bloody executions have taken place within its walls? How many great and good men have been incarcerated at the whim of Kings? But we leave the bloody Tower, to wander for a time among the graves of Bunhillfields. We linger fondly at the tomb of the immortal Bunyan, and paid our respects to the last resting place of Dr. Isaac Watts.

The mortal remains of 120,000 dead rest here. What a scene it will be on the resurrection morn! Just across the street is City Road Chapel, sacred to Methodism. In the grave-yard behind the church, 5,000 lie buried. Among them are John and Charles Wesley, Adam Clarke, Richard Watson, Robert Newton, Jabez Bunting, and a host of other Methodist worthies. But without mentioning any other places visited, we must say a few words concerning the rich treat enjoyed on the Sabbath. In the morning we went to hear Spurgeon, at the Tabernacle. An audience of at least 7,000 were crowded within its walls. The singing was excellent, executed by so many voices. We thought a good organ might have aided in keeping the singers a little better together occasionally, but Spurgeon does not believe in worshipping God with a "box of whistles." The sermon was all that could be wished; I am not sure, however, but that Spurgeon's powerful voice and great earnestness will impress one as much as the matter of the discourse. Without any apparent effort, he makes himself heard distinctly to the farthest corner of the great building. He never waits after a break in the services for the people to get through coughing and blowing, but his voice rings out above the tumult like a clap of thunder in a storm. At 3:15 P. M. we heard Liddon, at St. Paul's. He is said to be the oldest preacher in the church of England; he certainly delivered an excellent sermon. A cathedral, however, is a wretched place to speak in; it is like declaiming from a crag among the mountains, the voice is heard echoing from all quarters. The music here was some thing grand—we are not so sure about its spirituality. In the evening we listened to a sermon by Funshaw, at Warwick Gardens. The large church was packed to its utmost capacity. Funshaw's discourse we considered as the finest of the three. Such a stream of gospel eloquence we never heard flow from the lips of any man before. He possesses a vivid imagination and a fine command of the best language, and hence presents the truth in its right garb. But we must leave London, simply saying in conclusion that we know of no place where the traveler can spend some of his time and money to so great advantage as at the World's Metropolis.

From L. we proceeded to Harwich, and thence by steam

to Rotterdam, thence by rail to Antwerp, Brussels, Aix-la-Chapele, Cologne, and Baun. The limits of this letter will not permit me to dwell upon these places. Holland and a good deal of Belgium is low, flat and uninteresting. The people are cleanly, and seemingly industrious; but they speak *rather bad English*, however, still we managed to get our bread and butter among them. The country is so *Netherland*, and raised so little above the sea, that one would imagine a good large tidal wave would submerge the whole thing; but I guess they have the country pretty well guarded by dikes against the encroachments of the Ocean. It is a land of wind-mills; we counted them by the hundred. One could not help calling to mind Don Quixote and his famous exploits, as he observed their long sprawling arms whirled about by the wind.

From Verviers to Baun we passed through the most delightful country of our travels. We could find it in our heart to live in such a country always. The hills are clad with vines, and in many places the face of the country seems almost white with the blossoms of the ever abounding cherry tree. The season is at least six weeks earlier here than about Iowa City, hence every thing is wrapt in its verdant spring garments, which lends an additional charm to the landscape. As in England, Scotland and Ireland, the country is divided up into very small fields, by hedge and other fences; in Germany, on the other hand, they have no fences. The whole land, in the agricultural districts, is one extensive field, cultivated in small plats of a few acres each—here a patch of wheat, there of barley, yonder of some root crop, and so on. It certainly presents a very beautiful appearance to one as he passes along on the cars. I think some valuable lessons might be learned from their careful manner of farming in this country. But I must not weary the reader by a disquisition on agriculture.

We are settled at Baun for the summer at least, and if not pressed too hard by study, we may give our impression of things here in a future letter.

Truly Yours,

R. C. G.

THE IOWA COLLEGIATE ASSOCIATION.

The present age is preëminently one in which oratorical superiority is the coveted prize, sought after by many, obtained but by few. Amateur orators there are indeed, scattered all over the land. Some are sown by the wayside; a large number fall in stony places, and a very small proportion attain celebrity in after years. Why this is so easily perceived if we consider for a moment the slight attention that has been paid in the past in most of our educational institutions, especially in the West, to the cultivation of true oratory. Latin, Greek, and a number of scientific studies, each student is required to digest before he can leave Alma Mater as a graduate from her honored halls, but it is also equally true that many obtain diplomas while unable to write or deliver an oration that would do credit to a sub-freshman. (These remarks are not applicable in any sense

whatever to the class of '74) Recognizing the truth of this fact, and resolving that the future should not be a repetition in this respect of what had occurred before, the leading colleges of Illinois, Ohio, Wisconsin, Indiana, Iowa, and perchance Michigan, have decided to hold a grand inter-state contest, at sometime, not yet determined, at which valuable prizes shall be offered for the best specimens of oratory—taking into consideration thought, composition and delivery. The brilliant success which attended the contest held at Galesburg last February, gives ample assurance that these entertainments will be made still more beneficial and profitable as years come and go. Then but three States participated, now the circle has been enlarged to embrace six—and soon will comprehend the entire West. It was recommended at Galesburg, however, that each State hold a contest within its own limits, and that the person who should receive the first prize there should have the honor of representing the State in the inter-state contest. In order to perfect, or rather form the Iowa Collegiate Association, representatives from the nine principal colleges of this commonwealth met at Grinnell, Friday, May 1st, at 2 o'clock, in the afternoon, to transact the business, for which they had been called together. Mr. Adams, of Grinnell, after delivering an address of welcome to the delegates assembled, nominated Mr. Matthews, of Fayette, as chairman of the meeting. That gentleman took the chair, called the meeting to order, and declared he was ready for business. Mr. Salyes was elected secretary. On motion the credentials of the different delegates were presented and examined, and a committee having been appointed by the President to draft a constitution, the convention adjourned till 7 o'clock that evening. At that time the constitution was voted upon article by article, and so critical were the members of the association that it required about four hours to pass it. Not having the constitution at hand, I will give as best I can its most prominent features. None but under-graduates shall be allowed to contest. Each college shall be represented by one orator in the State contest. The orations shall be limited to 12 minutes. The judges shall not be in any manner connected with the institutions taking part, neither shall they be residents of the town in which the contest is held, or Alumni. The judges shall decide on a scale of ten—on these three points—thought, composition and delivery. The prize offered to the successful orator, the honor of representing the State in the inter-state contest. The expenses of all orators, judges, outgoing officers, and delegates to be paid from the general fund. This constitution may be amended by a three-fourths vote of the delegates at any annual convention. After the adoption of the constitution, the following permanent officers were elected:—President, Salyes, Grinnell; Vice-President, Miss Curtis, Ames; Secretary, Miss Fuller, Mt. Pleasant; Treasurer, Everts, Simpson University. Messrs. Everts, Adams, and Wilson were chosen as delegates to the inter-state convention to be held in Chicago, June 4th. After

deciding that the State contest should be held in Iowa City the first Thursday in November, 1874, the convention adjourned. Thus ended the sessions of the first Collegiate Association held in Iowa. Everything passed off pleasantly and harmoniously. All seemed enthusiastic in the work, and every thing conspires to prove that the State contest to be held at Iowa City next November will be a success in every particular. The Iowa City delegation are grateful for the uniform kindness and attention which they received at the hands of the citizens and students of Grinnell, and can assure them that it will not be soon forgotten.

EXEUNT.

Not all the students who left the University at the close of last term went east, for that reason we determined to travel towards the rising sun.

At the depot we found a large assemblage, a part uninterested lookers on, another part interested ditto, and a third and large part, students who were prepared to spend our short vacation away from Iowa City.

Having no lady friends to demand our attention, we strolled around, chatting with one and another until the time came for checking baggage, then we proceeded to the vicinity of the much sought for official, and found him the center of an admiring group. We followed the example of the majority, and began looking for our trunks. After getting them checked, we waited patiently, while a storm of such questions as, "What did you get in Chemistry?" "How much in German?" etc., echoed along the platform. At last the train was seen approaching, and every one and their friends flocked to the platform.

The cars were, of course, crowded, but after a good deal of trouble we were all packed in, and the cars started. After looking in vain for a seat, we started to look up our companions; two of them we found trying to translate the signatures of the legal board of examiners, which were attached to a document which one of them had. Missing the genial face of the little man of our party, I went in search of him, and found him in the smoking car, sitting on the chest belonging to the enterprising vender of peanuts, trying to get a cigar, while an S. F. looked on admiringly. At length he got his cigar, and lighting it, fell into a reverie.

"Then the air grew deenser,

Perfumed by an unseen censer."

as the smoke from the dozens of pipes, mingled with smoke from an equal number of cigars, filled the car. In fact, after the conductor passed through, smoke was about the only circulating medium; and this was continually inflated. It soon grew too dense for S. F. who sought the platform, ostensibly to take a last fond look at Iowa City, although we were nearer Downey than Iowa City.

After a time we reached West Liberty, and here our part of the voyageurs stopped. As we approached the depot

door we heard Lex utter a frantic Gh! and then rush after the departing train; after a while we saw him coming back, puffing with his exertion, and coming into the depot, he exclaimed, sinking into a seat: "D-did you get the b-band-box?" "There it is, right by you," said the funny man, pointing to the object of his search, which he had taken from the train without the knowledge of Lex.

We now had before us the pleasing prospect of waiting at the station at least two hours for another train, and we scattered over the town in search of supper. After doing justice to the good things of the hotel, we returned to the depot, and found that we had still an hour to wait; we attempted to get up a walk around, *a la sociable*, but it failed; then one of our number discovered that he had a deck of cards in his trunk, but he had lost the key to the trunk. In spite of this fact the cards were obtained; an inverted valise served as card table, and while Lex, Junior, and the little man played, the funny man, who did not play, was sent out to reconnoiter with instructions to inform us of the approach of the train or of the advent of an officer to arrest us for playing cards within the precincts of the "town which belongs to the Quaker church."

We heard nothing from our sentinel until he informed us that the train was coming, at least he heard a noise in that direction. The cards were put away, and over coats and valises picked up, when we were told not to be in a hurry, as it was only the bus coming.

We went out on the platform, and watched in the "starry night" for the appearance of the star in the south which should herald the coming of the train. At last it came, and we got aboard; the cars were nearly full, and one man who occupied two seats with six feet of iniquity, and upon whose supposed rights we had trampled, informed us that there were plenty of vacant seats—though in more ways than one I confess that I could not see it.

After getting seats, we tried to court the drowsy god, but he did not pity us at all, and finding that we could not sleep, we thought that we might as well make a noise, and strains of "Upidee," etc., echoed through the cars, though I am not quite certain that the echo was not the growling of the passengers.

A few stations more, and Junior left us. By this time the cars were pretty well filled, and the little man having a seat to himself, and wishing to retain it, placed his valise in one end of it and laid his head on it. This worked well for a time, but at last a man with a bear-skin overcoat came along, and throwing it over the end of the seat, said, "I'll come back soon, and share this seat with you," and then went into the next car. The little man had no idea of giving up the seat, and so, seeing another man who was snoring sweetly, and who occupied the entire seat, he transferred the coat, and going back to his own was soon apparently sound asleep. The owner of the coat came back soon, and finding it, sat down—never dreaming that it had changed places since he left it.

After a while the people began to leave the cars at the stations, and we were left more to the exercise of our own sweet wills, and we laughed, and sang, and joked, until the light in the east grew brighter, and in the end the day broke, and with the appearance of the sun came the end of our journey upon this road.

The usual quota of sleepy passengers left the cars, and sought the omnibus; the same habitually tired driver drove us to the other depots. But we were too late for the first train, and once more had to wait at the station; but this tale of our exodus is already too long, and I will bid you adieu.

R. W. J.

A man near Fondulac, had a pet calf that he was trying to yoke. In an unfortunate moment he conceived the idea of putting his own neck in the yoke, to let the calf see how it would seem to work with a partner. This frightened mister calf, and elevating his tail and voice, "he struck a dead rush" for the village, and Mr. Clark went along with his plug hat in one hand, straining every nerve to keep up, and crying at the top of his voice: "Here we come, dang our fool souls; head us somebody, we're running off."—*Triad*.

Last spring a student of Natural History, while out walking, captured a fine crab, and stowing it in his pocket, he forgot all about the poor captive. Reaching home he hung up his coat, but before sitting down he put his hand in his pocket to take out a little tobacco, and the consequences were that he took out a little crab. The Natural History man said "Darn," together with one or two naughty words, and the last state of that crab was worse than the first.—*Chronicle*.

The London *Graphic* reports that out of the 106 men who have recently attained mathematical honors at Cambridge, and the 29 who distinguished themselves in the Law and History, Tripos, there were 46 boating men, 15 cricketers, 10 foot-ball players, and 15 who devoted themselves to athletics proper, and some of them were proficient in more than one of these pastimes.

The regents of Michigan University have adopted a resolution requiring every student, before entering the university, to pay \$10 if a resident of Michigan, and \$25 if from any other state, as a matriculation fee; and \$15 and \$20 respectively annually while in attendance at the institution.

Chicago wants to have the next World's Fair held there. "In the first place," says a Boston paper, "it isn't certain the next world will have a fair, and, in the second place, those who'd be likely to attend it will prefer a more pious town than Chicago."—*Ex*.

The President of Cornell University says the women of that institution study as hard as the young men, and succeed as well in examination; and that they have raised the average of conscience, manliness, and decency more than ten per cent.

It is said that Professor Proctor, the English astronomer, is so well pleased with the educational advantages to be obtained in the United States, that he proposes to educate his children in this country.—*College Courant*.

The University Reporter.

IOWA CITY, IOWA, MAY 13, 1874.

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TERMS INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One Copy, one year, \$1.00. | Six Copies, one year, \$5.00

Published monthly during the collegiate year, October to July inclusive. Communications on matters of interest are earnestly solicited from students, teachers, Alumni and friends of the University everywhere.

Anonymous articles are invariably rejected.

Any and every past and present member of the University is an authorized agent to solicit subscriptions for this paper; but we are responsible only for funds actually received by our financial agent.

Address all orders and communications to University Reporter, Iowa City.

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ZETAGATHIAN EXHIBITION.

The tenth annual literary entertainment of the Zetagathian Society took place in the Chapel Hall, on Friday evening, April 24.

The evening was a favorable one, and the great number of those present upon this, as well as upon other similar occasions, attest well the favor with which these entertainments are regarded by the public in general. The exercises were opened with music, after which an invocation was pronounced by Rev. Dr. Murphy. Mr. Helm acting as chairman, then introduced Mr. E. S. McLoud, the first speaker, who addressed the audience on "The Three Dynasties, Hohenstaufen, Hapsburg, Hohenzollern, and their relation to Germany. Reviewing briefly the aspect of European affairs at the time of the Hohenstaufen accession, he traced the political history of Germany from that period to the present time in a clear and vivid manner; showing the diverse forces which have been at work to make Germany what she is to-day; that no sudden restoration has taken place, but that for centuries she has been gaining in strength, until now, although just emerging from an inglorious past, she stands the central figure among the nations of the earth. For an historical oration, Mr. McLoud's performance was exceedingly interesting, and he evinced a thorough knowledge of the history of the time.

Next in order was a declamation by Mr. W. J. Welch, subject: "My Pipe." This was a piece very difficult to render well, yet Mr. Welch did so with effect. He entered

into the spirit of the piece, and defended his pipe with an earnestness and regard that could not have been *entirely assumed*.

On account of sickness, Mr. Arthur Springer was unable to be present and deliver his oration on "Buddhism." The debate followed, question: "Should the Press be Totally Free?" Affirmed by A. T. Flickinger, and D. A. Myers; denied by F. D. Jackson and E. C. Sanders. Mr. Flickinger opened the discussion in a clear fair manner, laying a good foundation for the speakers who were to follow him. He showed the difficulty of determining how far the press should be restricted, and of finding persons who should act as censors; asserting that the public were sufficiently protected against libel by the general laws of the land.

Mr. Jackson came next, arguing in a very able and eloquent manner that all professions were subject to restrictions, and to leave the press free would only tend to lessen its influence. He spoke also of monopolies, and how the country is at present flooded with obscene literature, and the injury it was doing, morally as well as intellectually.

Mr. Myers cited the Constitution of the United States which provides that the press shall be entirely free. He said that the attempt at restriction aimed at the fundamental laws of the land; that it would defeat its own end; that it was impossible and impracticable. This speech was thoroughly argumentative and convincing, and no doubt had much to do with the decision of the judges.

Mr. Sanders thought the affirmative had not a right understanding of the word "totally" as pertaining to the question, for they had been willing to leave slight restrictions on the Press. He showed the injustice of *no restriction* in the Copy Right Law, which would be done away with; leaving authors entirely unprotected. His arguments were clear and to the point.

The debate was a decided success, each side being well sustained. The decision of the judges, Rev. Dickerman, Dr. Pryce, and L. B. Patterson, was in favor of the affirmative; but they requested the chairman to state that the contest was very close.

Mr. T. W. Graydon delivered a poem in his own peculiar original style. The subject was "The Philosopher's Stone." We shall not attempt to give any of the substance of this poem, other than to say it concluded with the very beautiful idea that this stone was "love."

A colloquy on "City Politics" was conducted by Messrs. C. C. Wright, C. D. Clark, and J. N. Neiman. The loud and frequent plaudits from the audience expressed the approbation with which it was received. Mr. Wright especially deserves notice for the able manner in which he sustained his part. Messrs. Clark and Neiman also deserve high commendation for the style in which they delivered theirs—all did remarkably well. It was one of the best colloquies ever delivered in the institution.

An oration by Mr. J. L. Griffiths closed the exercises of the evening. The subject, "The Thinker Dies, but the

Thought Lives on," suggests the general tenor of the whole discourse better than we can if we portray it. Comments are needless, the effort spoke for itself; it is only necessary to state that it was delivered in his usual eloquent and graceful manner. Mr. Griffiths has already won for himself a reputation as one of the best orators which our institution can boast, and it was fully sustained on this occasion.

The music provided by Mrs. Pryce, Miss Glen, Messrs. Hamilton and Kimball, with Miss Moon as accompanist, constituted a pleasant feature of the occasion. It was rendered in the best of style, and much of the success of the entertainment is due to this cause. S. V.

WORK TO-DAY.

BY J. W. JOHNSON.

Work to-day, thou monarch, man;
Wait not for coming hours;
Do *just now* what e'er you can,
Then you'll pluck the brightest flowers.

Life is labor, and success
Will crown your noble aims;
Hard on fame thy footsteps press,
Work will kindle nobler flames.

Do not till to-morrow leave
What should be done to-day;
You in after time will grieve,
'Tis more than idle play.

Rouse ye, for the fight of life;
Put on an armor strong,
To him who battles in the strife,
Triumph doth sure belong.

Work to-day, 'tis God's command;
Time will not her progress stay.
Rest waits in the Better Land,
To gain it, we must work to-day.

LOCAL

- Had the mumps?
- Circuses begin to invade towns.
- How beautiful the University campus looks!
- Oh, my! just see the Seniors under their new "plugs."
- The Catalogue for 1874 is being prepared, and will be out shortly.
- Ice-cream and soda-water, features of the season, are put down as a matter of course.
- Students, lounging on the green grass with books scattered 'round them, are now visible.
- Boys, 'tis time to discuss "cremation." Let Science and the Bible, the currency and tariff have a short rest.
- We didn't have it in our heart to kill the first mosquito of the season, so we covered him with Webster's Unabridged, and left him alone.

—Whether the advance of civilization is due more to Mr. B. and Mr. S., or to Mr. O. and K., has not been decided. "Time will tell."

—If certain gentlemen don't stop playing pins and matching nickels during class, the President may be honored by a call by these same gents.

—Friday, the 15th, was a holiday, and though it was a wet, disagreeable day, students in general enjoyed themselves by fishing, boating, pic-nicing, &c.

—The Phi Hooka Si, or some other heathenish society, is having its meetings about the city. If it is anything like the *Fiaff*, may the Good be——

—The Juniors are riding Pegasus this term. We have only heard two sessions, but these were an improvement on the previous Rhetoricals of the year.

—At certain periods of one's life the plug fever is as natural as the seventeen-year-old-love-sickness. A member of the Law class has it to-day—that is the plug fever.

—The ten orators chosen from the Law Class for commencement exercises, are: Freels, A. Clark, Beard, Swisher, McCollum, E. G. Smith, Reyque, Meyers, Helm, and Austin.

—The Law Department have regaled the 10 o'clock classes with some very fine vocal music this term. The only improvement we would suggest is that they sing lower *in future*.

—Again we ask, in behalf of students and others who have no box-toed boots, why in thunder don't the city authorities fix the torn up, jagged, and altogether dangerous spots in the sidewalks?

—We pitied a Dubuque street man the other night, indeed we did. The sad look upon his countenance was truly heart-rending, as he stood there in the cold holding the lantern whilst his wife carried in a ton of coal.

—Winter is nearly over. The gentlemen are beginning to collect on the steps of the Center Building to the *inexpressible delight* of all the lady students. That is right, gentlemen; but be sure not to forget to stare when they come around.

—The Seniors are making sad havoc among the maidens hearts this term—it is their last opportunity, and they are coming in well on the home stretch. Girls, look out, or before you know it some handsome Senior will change your last name to his.

—The Sub-Freshmen played the Laws' a game of B. B. the other day, coming out ahead to the tune of 43 to 19. If the Law had not done so poorly the 3rd Ward might have challenged them afterwards, but they have since decided it would only be a waste of time.

—The reading clubs still meet regularly at the rooms of their respective members, and such expressions as what's trumps? you niggled, it is my turn to play; mingled with the falling of dice on the back-gammon boards, may be heard by the passer-by—that is to say, after the reading is over.

—Prof. Eggert's reply to Mr. Sanxay's article in the *State Register* is a manly protest against the injustice of the criticisms the Yale gentleman has seen fit to make upon our institution. We commend a thorough perusal of the article to all the students; it is very well written and will amply repay a careful examination.

—Some members of the Law Department evidently suppose that the lamented Greeley intends to run for office again from the manner in which they sport white hats, regardless of expense. We would only suggest that Greeley is dead, and will not be a candidate again for official honors; so put up your white hats, gentlemen, or put a band of crape on them, out of respect to the memory of the deceased.

—Boat-riding, buggy riding, etc., seem to be the principal amusements for the students during this term, and very pleasant ones they are too. Nothing more agreeable, at least on earth, can be imagined than a moonlight evening, a pretty girl, and a boat rocking listlessly to and fro on the water. An evening spent in this manner is not lost, because sociability is to be cultivated during our college career as well as literary improvement.

—The base-ball mania has again seized the boys. Sub-Freshman and Senior are alike fascinated by the sport, and may be seen gracefully wielding the billow. Saturday, May 2nd, in a practice game between the Iowa City nine—the champions of Iowa—and the University nine, the latter were victorious by a score of 34 to 23. The clubs were out of practice, and this accounts for the high score on both sides. The University boys are sighing for more clubs to organize.

—The Professor in the "outline study of man," desiring to have the best students on the front seat, to inspire him during recitation, requested two members of the Senior class to occupy that place in future. Wishing to do all in their power to gratify their instructor, they immediately took the settee so kindly reserved for them, and now hold the post of honor perfectly oblivious to the envy and jealousy they have thereby engendered among their class-mates. Be virtuous and you will be happy.

—The very finished and excellent orations of the Senior class may have taught the Juniors how to make good selections. The first division gave the following:

A Modern Tendency.....	Chas. P. Berryhill
To the Poor Students.....	A. E. Chalfant
The Field is Open.....	E. W. Craven
What is the Destiny of Spain?.....	W. H. Fannon
Over the Sea.....	C. T. Finkbine

There was music, rendered by the Misses Lee and Moon, to add to the interest of the occasion.

—The Rhetoricals for May 1st were conducted by the following gentlemen:

A. H. Hull.....	Agassiz
A. T. Flickinger.....	Battle of the Boyne
C. S. Hurley.....	Unity of the States
A. A. Guthrie.....	Exhibition of Natural Character
Rob't. Hanna.....	The return of A. Stephens to the U. S. Congress.

The music was truly excellent, and will probably not be equaled by any of the other divisions. We recommend the other sections to also bring on their mouth organs, jewsharps, etc., if they wish to immortalize themselves.

—The delegation from Iowa City to the Grinnell Convention, decided by a vote of two to one—the Juniors voting in the affirmative, the Senior in the negative—that that quiet

town would be a fine opening for a saloon, if a license could be obtained for the same. This conclusion was arrived at after the two Juniors had wandered all over the municipal territory, seeking for stimulants, and finding none. They returned from their tour tired and disgusted, and there and then gave utterance to the words which are embodied in the resolution stated above. They requested us not to publish their circumstances, and tried to pass it off as a joke, but a sense of duty has compelled the Senior member to give these facts to the public.

—The fact that no one knew who were going to come on Commencement, gave an opportunity to the Law boys for having a good deal of fun the other day. Some of them collected around one of the stores, and when any of their friends came, they would take them one side and tell them confidentially they had just received a telegram stating they were appointed valedictorian for the Law Class. They continued this business till about seventy or more of the students had been made happy, for with only one exception all had rejoiced at the good fortune of their friends. This was a tall, dark haired Senior, who was painfully surprised to think that a member of the Law Class should dare to so outrageously offend *his dignity*.

—Not long since a curly haired Senior, after taking his girl to Society, thought he would like to study the stars before going home with her. So with this object in view they *waited* about seventy-five diamond minutes. After they had finished this toilsome study, and their minds were filled with happy thoughts of their future, &c., &c., the Senior reached the gate with the fair one. Now, Mr. Senior was not thinking of gates just then, so having shook her hand and made his little bow (nothing more), he passed on; but the fair one, having waited till he was out of sight, turned to open the gate, which a *careful Soph.* had fastened. To make a long story short, that girl to this day blesses the man who made that fence low enough to jump over in a dark night.

—Not very long ago, two members of the class of '75 wended their steps to a billiard-saloon (no unusual thing by the way) to manipulate the ivory balls for a short space of time. All went merry as a marriage bell, till at the close of the game, both discovered simultaneously that neither of them had any money, and it behooved them to inflate their currency. They stated their case clearly and concisely to the proprietor, and promised to hand him the quarter the next day—the owner of the saloon not being a Granger, was not easily taken in—looking them squarely in the face, he said, gentlemen, that is altogether too thin; one of you I will retain here as security, while the other gets the 25 cents to pay for the game. Thus one tarried at the den of vice while the other scoured the town far and wide, to find some one who would lend him a quarter, simply that and nothing more. As the credit of the hunting Junior was not very good, we do not know but that one is fasting at the saloon yet, while the the other is begging on the street. We trust that this will be a warning to others, and that they will shun the folly into which these youths have fallen.

PERSONALS.

N. H. Wood, Law '72, is police judge and justice of the peace, at Winfield, Kan.

P. D. McAndrews, a graduate of the Law Department, is Deputy Auditor of Cherokee county, Iowa.

Miss M. E. Campbell has been compelled to go home, on account of sickness. Her brother, a graduate of the Law class, came for her.

U. S. Hart, Law '73, who was so severely injured last spring, is still at his home in Camanche. We understand he has not yet recovered.

Law '72 J. T. V. Cray, who has been in successful practice at Dexter, Iowa, leaves that place to enter on practice at some point in Texas.

Law '73 Joseph J. Clark, has located at Mason City, Iowa, where he has formed a partnership with Mr. Stanberry, a lawyer of that place.

Dr. Minthorn, medical '74, has located at West Branch, Cedar county, of this State. Mr. Minthorn received the second prize for his ability to dissect.

Ed. B. Cousins, '72, was here a few days since. He is attending a Theological School, at Chicago. The people of Wilton heard his trial sermon.

J. E. Cook, an old student, was here visiting again this term. As he is not acquainted with any young lady here, he must have come expressly to see his Alma Mater.

Law '74 Zach. T. Honnold, whose absence from the class on account of the sickness of his father, was noticed in the last REPORTER, has returned, and resumed his studies.

Prof. G. L. Pinkham has been sick, and unable to hear his classes, for several days. Nature is no respecter of persons. Professors and students are now and then given a friendly call by him.

Law '74 James B. Campbell, who was compelled to suspend study and go home during the winter term, on account of ill health, has returned to the class with his wonted vigor restored.

Law '74 Ben. Hagle, has established himself at Sonesville, Ill., in partnership as junior member of the firm of Chesley and Hagle, where he is achieving a good degree of success in his profession.

—Mr. S. B. Warner, one of the editors of the late editorial corps of the *Collegian*, has been in the city. Judging from his appearance, we would think Cornell College was an excellent place to train students.

Law '74 R. W. Buchanan, rejoiced his many friends by his reappearance in the class at the opening of the present term, fully recovered from his illness, which was the cause of his absence during a part of the winter term.

Mr. John Hall, a former student of the University, gave us a call last week. He looked well—by the way, John is a good looking boy—and says he is getting along finely. It gives us pleasure to note the prosperity of such a deserving young man.

Miss Lizzie Hess, Medical '74, will practice her profession here in the city. The *Republican* says of her: "Miss Hess is a lady of fine culture, and large experience in life for one of her age—a woman of rare intelligence and noble character. She graduated among the first in her class, and cannot fail to be admirably fitted to minister to diseased humanity."

Law '72 J. C. Macy, now a resident of Des Moines, and a successful lawyer in that flourishing city, spent a day lately among his friends here. He had so much business on hand that he had but very little time to devote to visiting, yet he gave us all a pleasant smile and a cordial shake of the hand. We are glad to see him at any time, and wish he would call oftener.

'73 Smith Hanna, principal of the Wilton Academy, was seen, natural as ever, on the streets of Iowa City not long ago. He is succeeding very well in his present field of labor, and gives general satisfaction. Like many of the other graduates from our University, he is destined in the course of time, if he but persevere, to attain an enviable position in the educational annals of Iowa.

The following, taken from the Burlington *Hawk-Eye*, will explain itself: "Prof. Chas. White, of the Muscatine High School, is in the city, visiting relatives and friends, and making himself generally agreeable to the pedagogical fraternity. Prof. White is a son of Mr. C. A. White, so well known to the scientific annals of Iowa, and bids fair to become the peer of his father in the educational world."

MARRIAGES.

By Prof. Fellows, at his residence in Iowa City, April, 18th, 1874, Miss Carrie Gregg, of Downy, a former student of the University, to Mr. John Skiroing, of Jefferson, Green county, Iowa.

CLIPPINGS.

Waisting sweetness—Putting your arm around a pretty woman.

Ridiculous enough! A 200-pound poetess is writing about what she would "if she were a sunbeam."

A man may as well expect to grow stronger by always eating, as wiser by always reading.—*Collier*.

"Thou rainest in this bosom," as the chap said when a basin of water was thrown over him by the lady he was serenading.

Tutor—"Tantalus stood immersed to his waist in water which fled from his hands when he attempted to lift some to his mouth."

New Soph.—"I should think he would have sat down."—*Courant*.

Quiz, who is an old bachelor, says it is mighty hard when a person enjoys the reputation of being called a bear when he can't get a hug.—*Ex.*

Latest news in the class room: Instructress—"Miss—give an example of doubtful affirmative." Miss—, (innocently) "Ask papa."

A Vassar girl, speaking of Homer, her favorite Greek author, said: "I have not read his *Ænied*, but his *Idiocy* is perfectly sublime."—*Ex.*

An exuberant youth of Pittsfield said to a supposed friend: "Hello, Joe! Oh! excuse me, I thought you were another chap!" Laconic student: "I am."

One of the Juniors was once a member of a base-ball club, but doesn't exactly remember the position filled. Thinks it was *stop-cork*—*College News Letter.*

A freshman is exulting over how he made April fools of his instructors last Wednesday. He got his lessons unusually well, and then when called upon, he sang out, "Not prepared."

A paper innocently asks if there is any harm in sitting in the laps (e) of ages. It depends altogether upon the kind of ages. Those from seventeen to twenty-five are extra dangerous.—*Ex.*

At the laying of the corner-stone of the new capitol of Iowa, no speeches were made, except a few remarks by a workman, who got his fingers pinched, and they were brief and to the point.—*Ex.*

One of the professors happened to say one day that he had been enjoying *Oliver Twist*, when a Freshy innocently remarked that he never before suspected the professor of chewing tobacco.—*Ex.*

"Brother Lawson can sing better than I can, but by the grace of Heaven I can fiddle his old shirt off," is what one deacon, with a shade of jealousy, said of another at a late prayer-meeting.—*Ex.*

One of the professors asked a student to give an example of a mixed metaphor. The boy confidently spoke out: "When my tongue shall forget her cunning, and my right eye cleave to the roof of my mouth."—*Chronicle.*

Professor, to student in philosophy class: "How are hot springs formed?" Student: "By water running over heated rocks." Prof: "How are rocks heated?" Student, "By eternal fires." Prof: "Yes, and so will you be."—*Central Collegian.*

An ambitious young lady was talking very loudly about her favorite authors, when a literary chap asked her if she liked Lamb. With a look of ineffable disgust, she answered that she cared very little about what she ate, compared with knowledge.

The professor in his lecture on electricity, stated that persons under different conditions might produce a spark. "Here," said one Junior to another, "you were conditioned in Physics and I in French. Shake, let us get up a little sparks."—*Chronicle.*

A Senior, after several admonitions from a Prof. for his low standing, and utter disregard for his studies, asked him if "familiarly didn't breed contempt?" On being answered in the affirmative, he turned to the Prof. with a smiling countenance, saying that was his reason.

A Senior, intending to teach for the winter, was informed by his chum that he would probably be called on sometimes to preach on Sunday. "Oh! I can preach well enough," he ex-

claimed, "but (a sorrowful expression coming over his face) I can't pray worth a d—n." Fact.—*Argus.*

"It feels quite embracing to-day," said a young lady to a Senior. A few minutes after, with a treacherous red spot on his cheek, and an oath on his tongue, he swore the bloodiest vengeance against every woman that didn't have a full command over the English language.—*Targum.*

A Senior stuffing for examinations, has developed the ethics of Sunday work in a way to render further elucidation of the subject unnecessary. He reasons that if the Lord justifies a man for trying to *help* the ass from the pit on the Sabbath day, much more would He justify the *ass* for trying to get out himself.—*Tripod.*

One of the young debaters in society the other evening, while talking about the different versions or translations of the Bible, said: "The Roman Catholic virgin of the Bible is not like the English virgin, and therefore they will not accept our virgin." Undoubtedly he was somewhat mixed, as he did not notice his mistake.

What will not woman do, says a Brooklyn paper, for the man she loves?—

"Her hand was the first to reach and drag
The bottle from the shelf—
'It is your curse, dear John,' she said,
And drank it up herself."

Mr. Lorenzo Day has lately been married to Miss Martha Week.

A Day is made, a Week is lost,
But Time should not complain;
There'll soon be little Days enough
To make a Week again.

—*The Cadet.*

Another old citizen of Illinois is prematurely no more. "In life's great game of poker," as an aged minister tearfully observed in his funeral discourse, "he has thrown down his hand, which, permit me to say, brethren, was equal to four aces and a queen; he has surrendered his chips, drained his glass to the dregs, and walked out." And, what is most remarkable about it is, the full force of the impropriety of keeping her rat-poison in the tea-pot did not seem to strike the old lady until about the time of the inquest.—*Ex.*

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