

# The University Reporter.

IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY.

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## THE SKEPTIC.

An aged sinner sat surrounded by his books;  
His mind was troubled; and in deep despair  
He searched within the vain philosophies of men  
If peradventure he might find therein  
Some hidden way whereby his lost and  
Ruined soul could rest contented in its state;  
His youth was spent in vain research,  
But still he questioned with his God  
The justness of his doom; "Why is it thus,"  
Still lingered on his lips, "that I, a creature  
Made by God with nature sinful, and  
Placed upon the earth amid temptations,  
Should accountable be held for yielding  
To the natural impulses of my being?  
Did He not foreknow, who made me  
Totally depraved, that I would sin?  
And yet he made me thus, and I  
Am held responsible; Would it be just  
In me had I the power a being to create  
Whose sole propensity should be to sin,  
And then because he lived as nature  
Made him, punish him predestined with a  
Doom, eternal, everlasting?" Thus he  
Reasoned, till his youth and manhood spent,  
His silver locks betokened nearness to the tomb,  
And, nor thinking he who gave him being thus,  
Gave also freedom of will and power to  
Choose 'twixt good and ill, he died, a  
Miserable, wretched death, condemned  
To darkness and despair!—  
O rash, and unwise man! to spend thy life  
In vain research to know the cause of  
Inbred sin; from whence it sprung  
And who the author. Rather, knowing thy  
Present state, but seek to make amends, and  
Prepare thy soul immortal for the life beyond.

JAS. B. ADAMS.

## DO WE NEED A NATIONAL UNIVETSITY?

The movement for the establishment of a National University has been discussed recently in the "REPORTER" and one or two other educational journals of Iowa, and pronounced injudicious and absurd. An apprehended conflict with local interests seems to have largely influenced the opinions advanced. Yet it is difficult to discover any grounds for such fear in the proposed plan of a University, as developed in the report of the Congressional committee. The conservative opponents of the measure may be reassured by the fact that this present movement in behalf of the higher education is pre-eminently a Western measure, and has moreover received the hearty endorsement of the National Teacher's Association, as a means of promoting the educational interests of the country at large. It may also be consoling to reflect that even if the plan proposed is absurd, because it asks the National government to inaugurate a new policy—to do that for national education which private enterprise would, for long, be powerless to accomplish; yet it is an absurdity that has received the strong sanction of the first statesmen of the Republic, having been recommended to the favorable attention of Congress by Washington, Madison, and J. Q. Adams.

The objections most frequently urged against the movement evince a total misconception of what is proposed.—For example, it is said that we already have too many colleges and universities, and that Congress might better appropriate the National funds to extend the facilities of those already in existence—especially the struggling colleges of the West and South, which find it difficult to compete with their older and better endowed rivals of the eastern states. This reasoning would be sufficiently forcible if it were true, as assumed, that the establishment of a National University would merely be adding one more to the already long list of institutions which offer to boys and girls the opportunity of pursuing the ordinary undergraduate studies. The school contemplated however, is not for boys, but for men and women, and especially for those who have already completed their collegiate course and taken their bachelor's degree. In the provisional draft of a university constitution, as submitted to the House of Representatives by the Congressional committee, it is declared that "no person shall be admitted for purposes of regular study and graduation, who has not previously received the degree of bachelor of arts, or a degree of equal value, from some institution recognized by the university authorities." It should be observed too,

PROF. of history, speaking of the wife of Mahomet, said: "She gave to him her hand and fortune." *Soph.*, very much interested: "What is that you said, professor? I didn't understand." *Prof.*—"Sophomores are not supposed to know much about such things; they have to wait a year or two." Sophomore is very doubtful about that.

that by accepting diplomas from only institutions of approved excellence, the direct result must be to strengthen the better class of colleges—while relegating the swarm of pretensions shams which now assume the name of college to their real rank of academies or preparatory schools.

A National University—a university in fact, and not in name only—is a legitimate and essential outgrowth of our American school system. It would bear the same relation to the higher colleges of the land, that the state Universities of Michigan, Iowa, and other western states, sustain to the academies and high schools of those states. Its influence could not fail to be felt powerfully and for good throughout the whole educational body, systematizing and co-ordinating the present chaos of college courses, and imparting renewed vigor and efficiency even to the grammar and district schools. Thoughtful men have long recognized the fact that the much needed improvement in our lower-grade schools can never originate in those schools themselves; that the vivifying influences which shall lift them out of their ruts of routine, can come only from the higher educational centres of the country. Hence while admitting the truth of the assertion that “our earnest efforts” should be given to improving the lower grades of instruction,” let it be borne in mind that this can be most effectually accomplished by making the higher education what it should be—more thorough and profound.

Again, it has been urged that American students do not make an exhaustive use of facilities for post-graduate study already offered by some of the older colleges; from which it is inferred that there is no demand for more advanced instruction than that obtained in the ordinary college courses. Admitting the facts to be as represented, do they not supply a very cogent reason in favor of an institution that would inevitably tend to *create* such a demand? It is unfortunately true that our countrymen have earned the reproach of a too intense devotion to money-getting; and that the great mass of even our college graduates have no higher thought, when once the coveted diploma is obtained, than to join forthwith in the vulgar scramble. But if, as a nation, we manifest this fatal contentment with superficial attainments, it becomes all the more necessary to do what we may to promote a desire for more thorough training—literary, scientific and professional. We firmly believe that no one thing could do so much to stimulate this desire as a grand National University, which by reason of the renown of its Professors, and the completeness and variety of its facilities for study and original investigation, should rank with the best institutions of the Old World. Hitherto we have as a people, lavished all our favor and encouragement on undergraduate instruction, to the utter neglect of this post-graduate training, so difficult to obtain, and so necessary to our advance as a nation.

The President of the New York Academy of Medicine speaks forcibly to this point in a recent anniversary address; his remarks although referring especially to New York city

as a field for University enterprise, are entirely applicable to the case in hand. “We could,” he says, “soon increase our number of say 2,000 students of medicine, law, divinity, art, and pure science, to five times that number, to the manifest benefit of our country in all relations, had we the money to pay eminent men for teaching, and to found fellowships as prizes for the few who prove worthy of special and enlarged facilities. As it is, those of our young men who can afford it, cross the ocean for what they ought to find at home.”

It is idle to expect private enterprise to originate and successfully carry forward an educational establishment on the scale proposed—“providing higher instruction in all departments of learning.” Mr. Hoyt in his reply to President Elliott, well remarks, “neither names nor high aspirations, nor even the consecration of a small band of heroic teachers, nor all of these, can of themselves make a great University. There must be added *means*, to an extent of which our best equipped schools are but an aggravating suggestion. *There must be means*, not the stinted means which come of even the most generous private gifts, or are voted by the most liberal legislatures, but such as the nation with its vast resources, and it only can give.”

Let it not be said that in coming thus to the rescue of the higher education, the general government is leaving its proper sphere; it will but be acting in conformity with the whole theory of our public school system; and certainly if there be one internal improvement to which the nation may consistently commit itself, it is the increase of intelligence among the citizens who are the source of its power. England, France and Germany have lavished their money freely in building up magnificent institutions for advanced literary, scientific and professional training, and shall the great Republic be prevented by a short-sighted economy from crowning with a similar establishment her mighty fabric of public schools? We cannot close what we have to say better than by presenting the closing paragraph of the Congressional committee’s unanimous report:

“If then it be true, as the committee have briefly endeavored to show, that our country is at present wanting in the facilities essential to the highest culture in many departments of learning; and if it be true that a central University, besides meeting this demand, would quicken, strengthen and systematize the schools of the country, from the lowest to the highest; that it would increase the amount and the love of pure learning, now so little appreciated by our people, and so improve the intellectual and social status of the nation; that it would tend to homogeneity of sentiment, and thus strengthen the unity and patriotism of the people; that by gathering at its seat distinguished savans, not only of our own but of other lands it would eventually make of our National Capital the intellectual centre of the world, and so help the United States to rank first and highest among the enlightened nations of the earth; then it is manifestly the duty of Congress to establish and amply endow such a University at the earliest possible day.”

W. C. P.

## "THINGS OF THE PAST."

Icy winter is already losing his grip. No more than an arm load of the gnarled oak does the economical student now pile high nightly in his wood-box. Nor at the ringing of the chapel bell does the belated Fresh hastily, yet gingerly rub his downy cheek and chin with lumps of the frozen crystal. No more does the shout of the school-boy 'it snows,' go ringing through parlor and hall, waking up the baby, setting all the house in commotion, while he, innocent one, flees to the river, the ice-bound river. Nor, alack a day! No more can we see from our window the joyous lad of four-and-twenty summers draw forth with boyish glee from his mother's wood-shed his little red sled, Reindeer. What joy to see him hie to the hill to meet his dear little charmer, the dainty one of nineteen winters. How happy he is as she kneels and puts her dear little arms round his neck, and in the midst of rich girlish laughter says, "I'm ready," and away they go. How sad to think that the bitter and sweet of life must ever be blended. His sled is wrecked in a ditch; while he, unfortunate one, pitches forward, the dear little girl performs a hasty movement in mid air, and then, 162 pounds of grace and beauty come down heavily upon the breast of our guileless hero. For five minutes (with an absent, far away look in his dark eye) he walks round and hugs himself, to the anxious inquiries of friends as to how he feels, gasps out only, so, so, and is carried to his anxious ma, who puts him in his little bed.—But the delicate one goes on riding down hill with another fellow, whose life is insured, and who rather enjoys the fun. And so—

"All that's fair, must fade,"  
 "The fairest still the fleetest,"  
 "All that's sweet was made,"  
 "But to be lost when sweetest."

A good share of the last number of the REPORTER was devoted to reports of the literary societies. The writer of these articles seems to be endowed with rare abilities as a comic author and his "satirical" critique on the Hesperian Society cannot have failed to have procured for him the coveted reputation of a wit. Truly the Satires of Horace are not to be compared with it. The concession made in the first sentence of this most manly production is, without doubt, indisputable. The readers of the REPORTER are willing to grant even more, and state their belief that he was still in that deplorable state when he wrote the article—but it is a matter of regret certainly, that our college paper should be even for one month under the supervision of such an one. While the ladies of our University hold open sessions they do not offer a premium for abuse at the hands of any member of the audience, who might take this

means of venting his personal prejudice or malice. If the entertainment had been given by a traveling theatrical troupe the would be critic could not have treated the characters with more familiarity. We protest against the publication of such articles in the REPORTER which is read not only by the students acquainted with the members of this society, and therefore able to see the glare of the false representation, but also by strangers who judge of its truthfulness from its position alone. NOT A HESPERIAN.

## MEDICAL COMMENCEMENT.

The suspense of senior medics is past. The faculty and board of regents have signed their diplomas; twenty more dispensers of powders and pills let loose upon the community,—and this is how it was done:

On Wednesday evening the spacious chapel was warmed and lighted and soon after the striking of the 7 o'clock bell the expectant crowd came pouring in. About 7.30 that favorite of the "medics" the law class came marching in and filled a good part of the North-West quarter of the chapel. They had buried the hatchet and were quiet as the historical lamb. When that dead man's leg was brought in a smothered attempt was made to sing the class song "Saw a medic's leg off," but it was speedily frowned down by the majority of the class who were bound to conduct themselves with the solemnity due to the occasion of the annual delivery of the medical college. At eight the faculty and board of regents took their position upon the platform and the graduating class seated themselves in front in the seats reserved for them. The music which opened the exercises was solemn, in keeping with the occasion—a quality which characterized all the music of the evening.

After prayer we listened to a valedictory address by A. O. Williams. His address was a credit to himself and his class, a little too hurried perhaps in delivery yet withal thoughtful and animated. He commenced by taking up the vexed question of science and religion, saying that there is no necessary connection between them and that they contain "no elements that should bring them into conflict." Yet there does exist a strong analogy between them in that when a false conclusion, either theological or scientific, is once impressed upon the common mind, generations pass before the impression can be obliterated. To effect this obliteration the indispensable adjuncts are, truth, reason and time, especially the last. This was well illustrated by the history of moral revolution as well as the history of science. Science, said the orator, has never advanced except when separated from theology. This was especially the case with reference to the science of medicine which has always "oscillated between extremes." Then followed a general account of the rise of medical science. "Disease was once looked

upon as a material substance to be vanquished by force, for which purpose powerful drugs were administered in hot haste and in heroic quantities until recovery irrefutably established the correctness of the theory, or death revealed the inscrutable mysteries of Providence." Now, however, except among a few, not theory, but the experience of all time governed medical treatment.

During the course of his remarks, the speaker made an earnest appeal for legislative aid toward increasing facilities for spread of anatomical knowledge which must continue to be, as it has been, supremely efficient in dissipating clouds of medical errors.

The conferring of degrees came next in order, and, one by one, as their names were called, the members of the graduating class walked up on the right of the stage, received their diplomas and walked down on the left. The circle was complete—they walked up ordinary men and came down doctors. The birth was complete and twenty hearts were happy. Governor Carpenter delivered an address in behalf of the faculty to the class. Then the various prizes were distributed. We drew a significant conclusion concerning this prize system from the fact that the greatest number out of sixty students competing for any prize, was six, the least, one. Several prizes were taken by Juniors, because the Seniors, according to their own explanation, had no time to compete.

After the exercises in the chapel the class repaired with their invited guests to the St. James to partake of a banquet gotten up for the occasion by Col. Wood. Several men of note from divers parts of the State and many fair ladies graced this *recherche* entertainment.

Toasts were responded to by Gov. Carpenter, President Thacher, Judge Dillon, and others.

At two o'clock, cloaks and overcoats were resumed and the guests departed satisfied that if the medical class of '75 are as successful in practice as in entertaining friends, they will win the first laurels of their profession.

The names of the graduating class were as follows: Bice, Braedin, Bridenstein, Ballard, Wats, Campbell, Doolittle, Goodman, Carrel, Hudgin, Handel, Laughers, Shephard, York, Williams, Case, Townsind, Young, Hall, Knight.

HOMME DE LOI.

#### HAMMOND LITERARY SOCIETY.

To the visitor, there is no feature of the University more interesting than the various societies of the institution. It is really a matter of wonder how these Sons and Daughters of the Granger State contrive to fill their halls to overflowing with the beauty and chivalry of the city at every meeting. Their sophomoric gushing is weekly honored by the presence of an audience that would inspire Phillips to his best efforts; that would wring tears of gratitude from an Episcopal clergyman in this the lental season. The causes

are undoubtedly to be attributed mainly to the rare energy and commendable efforts of the individual members. Their rooms are elegant and attractive; adorned with tapestry, antique busts, and pictures of the distinguished moderns whom Iowa delights to honor. Beauty and song alike conspire to lead their devotees to these evening *soirees* of the youthful *litterati*. Passing by the collegiate societies proper, we desire to say a few words of one that is much neglected, not only by the outside world, but also by its own members.

In the language of the catalogue, "There is a Literary Society conducted by the Law Students for mutual improvement in literature, known as the Hammond Literary Society." To the hero of some village debating club, saving up his hard earned dollars, and dreaming with fond anticipation of the time when he shall enter upon probation here as a student of the law, perhaps this is the most attractive sentence therein. Ill staid wretch, the vision of thy shocked face rises before us, when Prof. H. tells thee and ninety others like thee next year that "the greatest curse of a student is mere fluency, the much vaunted gift of gab." But fear not my embryo brother. The Hammond Society will not increase thy malady. With comical gravity, the first week of every year the Prof. in charge reads slowly, and with painful effort the following notice: "There will be a meeting of the students to-night, to organize the Hammond Literary Society."

There are seventy students enrolled, night comes, and with it sixty-nine limbs of the law to organize the Hammond Society. A relic of last year, sometimes an injured innocent one whom a heartless committee failed to appreciate, calls the meeting to order, and acts as chairman *pro tem*. An ancient constitution, venerable from its associations with '66, and thumbed by successive classes is produced, articles are read and reread, amendments are voted, rejected, then voted again. Debate waxes warm. The sixty-nine limbs divide into many factions. One led by a youth from the grasshopper region, hero of many a village debate. Another by a 'gentleman of the ould sod,' and still another by a young gentleman of solemn mein and clerical habit. The hero of the village debate persists in retaining the floor. The clerical gentleman calls him to order. Twentyspeakers are bawling Mr. President, and Erin defies and denounces the chair. The Relic leaves the chair in disgust. A student, who has distinguished himself by a learned dissertation upon the customs and usages of the Jutes and Angles, is called to the chair. He proves to be a man of spirit. Hero still keeping the floor, the President appoints a committee of two to hold him down. They restrain him. But he consoles himself by alternately calling in muffled tones, for the ayes and nays, and moving to adjourn. Thus the Hammond Society is annually reorganized. Their meetings are held in the lecture room of the department, a very excellent one for the purposes for which it was created. But by the sickly glare of two or three small lamps, it presents a desolate, uninviting aspect at night. As the debate waxes

warm, the fire is neglected and the unfortunate visitor shivers as with the ague. At first very many excellent papers are read, and able speeches made, evincing much talent. Eventually, however, all interest dies out. Their meetings are neglected. A few desirous of the popular applause, join the various collegiate societies. (A rather questionable performance, and of doubtful practical utility. It is a retrograde movement. As inconsistent with the nature of those societies, as it is derogatory to the standing of a professional student. It is a sacrifice of class dignity, and honor upon the altars of personal vanity and ambition.) At the opening of the winter term the meetings have been discontinued. Not by any official action of the society, but by the silent consent of all, implied in this that none of them come. The treasurer carrying in his pocket the funds of the Society, eases his conscience by smoking 'Havanas' with individual members, regardless of expenses. Thus ends the Hammond Literary Society.

The actual necessity of a Literary society in the Law Department, is questionable. The various club and moot courts as well as the daily class exercises, furnish excellent opportunity to cultivate a graceful, and at the same time, professional delivery. The preparation of essays and orations, consume much valuable time. If, however, those interested in the success of the Law Department, deem it best that such a society should be conducted, there is ample opportunity as well as need, for them to aid in the establishment of one upon a permanent and substantial basis.

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### MINNEHABA.

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Longfellow has endeared to his fellow-citizens many a spot in the New World by the touching melody of his song. He has wrested many a place from insignificance and enshrined it in the popular heart by the charming magic of his verse. Many a silvery cascade of surpassing beauty and loveliness, plunges along the mountain gorges of the Sierras, or precipitates itself from the cliffs of the Alleghanies, but no one of them has more than a local reputation, while the "Falls of Minnehaha" has become a household word.

It is strange that notwithstanding all this seeming familiarity, so many mistake their location and place them in the Mississippi. As a matter of fact, they are situated about a mile from the great "Father of Waters, in the river of the same name, midway between the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis. The Minnehaha river has a depth of two or three feet and a width of about forty. For some distance above the Falls the stream meanders along the outskirts of a thin wood, now nestling up among the bushes that stoop and caress it, and now venturing out

through an unprotected opening. Gliding stealthily on under railway and highway bridges, soon, as if gladdened by the sight of its beloved woods, it springs joyfully downward into the leafy embrace that seems to give it a cheery welcome. Here

"The Fall of Minnehaha

Flash and gleam among the oak trees,  
Laugh and leap into the valley."

"Laugh," that is the word, no other will express it. It is not the pouring of water over a precipice in a continuous stream, but a broken, silvery sheen, the shattered fragments of a sheet of water falling in gleeful profusion into the bosom of the valley below. Back of the Falls and beneath the overarching cliff, which forms them, is a pathway by means of which one may pass through the mists and spray from one side of the Falls to the other. One receives no impression of the grand or sublime, but simply feels that they are charming, lovely, *beautiful*. And then, connecting with them the romantic story of her who received her name from them,—*"Wayward as the Minnehaha"*—they possess an irresistible fascination for one at all inclined to the poetical.

"But alas! The white man's axe has been there," and the utilitarian idea has rendered it a place of money making. Thousands of visitors flock thither every month, and it is fast being transformed into a fashionable resort. The old "arrow-maker" is gone, and *fairer* Hiawathas woo and, win maidens less artless than the dusky Minnehaha. H.

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### RESOLUTIONS PASSED BY SENIOR CLASS ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT P. HANNA.

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WHEREAS, It has pleased and All-Wise and Holy Providence to remove from our midst our friend and fellow classmate, ROBT P. HANNA:

*Resolved*, That we feel the loss of our class-mate all the more deeply from his removal just at the close of his college career, and after the many years spent in faithful labor as one of our number.

*Resolved*, That we mourn for one endeared to us by his genial disposition and manly character, and who by his christian fortitude in suffering has left an example worthy of all imitation.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our departed brother, as an expression of our deep sympathy for them in their affliction.

*Resolved*, That the publication of these resolutions be requested in each of the city papers, and in the UNIVERSITY REPORTER.

T. W. GRAYDON,  
W. H. FANNON,  
ROLLIN J. WILSON, } *Committee.*



that sepulchral cavern. We would rather waste it in some less dismal place. It seems advisable to call the students together occasionally to hear "announcements," but don't tack a chapel service to it unless some purpose is subserved thereby.

Probably we are not competent to pronounce upon this matter, but it strikes us just now that there are only two consistent courses for the faculty to pursue, either to recommend the discontinuance of chapel services or to attend them. More anon on the same subject.

We are sorry our University Library cannot be made as convenient as 'tis extensive and well selected. We do not know that there are *many* ways in which it could be rendered more convenient, but it does seem as if the railings could be placed near enough the shelves to enable students to read the titles, but not near enough for them to reach the books. By this means the students would save a great amount of time, for how often do we enter the room and find a dozen persons loitering about with their hands in their pockets and their eyes at times fixed listlessly upon the crowded shelves in the *distance*. In one part of the room we observe a person carefully turning the leaves of a large book. His anxiety seems to increase as he proceeds. We approach and discover that he is trying to find out whether or not a certain book is in the library. After spending an hour at his task, he quietly lays the book down, draws a long breath, and leaves the room. Half a dozen rush for the "*rerum*," five of whom resume their old positions. Another hour is spent in the same manner, when the bell strikes four, and the scene is closed for that day. As the library is open but two hours daily, it is likely that our turn will come about the sixth day, and then perhaps we will learn that the desired volume is not in. Now if we could have examined the library ourselves, we could have learned that in much less time. Again, when visitors come into the room they cannot tell whether the books are standard works, or agricultural reports. 'Verily, these things ought not so to be.'

It is but a short time, since it became generally known among the students, that Prof's Parker and Currier were making preparations to spend the summer months in Europe. The effects produced upon our minds by hearing this report, were various. At first our sympathies were with our instructors, and we rejoiced that after spending many years in discharging their duties as Professors, at length the opportunity was offered of recruiting themselves by cessation from active work. After having drilled many classes in the geography of Greece and Italy, and the history of the nations which have flourished there during the successive ages, they are permitted to set foot on these class-

ical shores, and visit many places possessing peculiar attractions to Professors of Greek and Latin. But a second thought reminds us of the loss we will sustain by their absence. While they are visiting the cities of Kings and Emperors; and the mountains, plains and valleys, the wonder and admiration of all ages, we continue to pour over musty books, a task made more irksome by the absence of their accustomed encouragement and assistance. Yet judging according to this very selfish standard, our own comfort and convenience, will we not be richly repaid for this temporary sacrifice? All the stores of knowledge, collected during these six months, will be at our disposal.

Historical mysteries and mythological queries will be settled beyond a reasonable doubt by their increased knowledge on these subjects. We will receive accurate descriptions of the prominent places and objects visited. This will be the next best thing to a personal visit to the Old World; indeed we are not certain, but that the majority of the students will at present receive more practical benefit from thus visiting Europe by proxy, than in person. During their travels they may rest assured that they possess the earnest wishes of the University students for their safety and prosperity.

There is not one who will not gladly welcome them back, and rejoice to see them in their accustomed places, strengthened in body and invigorated in mind.

The law school of the University is certainly a very excellent one. The principles of the law are ably expounded by competent teachers, and as thoroughly inculcated in the minds of the students as possible in the time allotted. Somewhat familiar with the workings of the most prominent of these schools in the Union, we think honestly that the practical parts of the law, practice and pleading, are more thoroughly taught than in any school of the country. But yet, while we concede all this, we much regret that the institution should offer such inducements to dullness and incompetency, and furnish a vehicle for misguided youths to drive forth to inevitable failure. In assuming to take the raw material, good, bad and indifferent, and make a lawyer in one year, the school does injustice to a barred profession, and carves out many an image of a Mansfield and a Marshall that is rough and hideous to behold. It is evident that the worthy professors of the school are sensible of this radical defect in the organization of this department. Owing to their efforts an advanced course of study has been instituted and is already in successful operation. The attendance of some eight or ten students this, its first year, is an encouraging harbinger of its ultimate success. Many students of the present class proper purpose continuing their studies therein next year. We hope the day is not far distant when the school, as to time of study, will be modeled either upon the plan of the Albany or Harvard law schools. There is one defect common to all law schools, the law standard of

admission, in fact no standard at all. Coming to the University at the opening of the year, we overheard, upon the train, a lady special conversing with an expectant sub-freshman. The sub was gloomy at the prospect of failure in his examination. The lady consoled him by saying that if he failed he might enter the law department, for, said she with great naivete, "they all do that." While this is not quite true in actual practice, it is altogether possible. A man may be too lazy to plough, too dull to peddle, too ignorant to enter a grammar school, too cowardly to steal legitimately, and yet enter the best law school in the land.

He does enter. He graduates sometime, somehow, and ever afterwards drags out a miserable existence, a disgrace to a barred institution, a reproach to a grand profession, an ulcer to society, a walking combination of ignorance and infamy. And yet this man might have dozed out a harmless existence as a night watchman, or have married a boarding-house keeper and have lived on the income, had it not been for the injustice done to himself and the world by a learned institution.

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### THE JUNIOR'S "EX."

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We groped our way into the University Chapel at 7:30 P. M. on the evening of Feb. 17th, to find it already filled, but not lighted, except by the uncertain flicker of a few matches. Our anxious inquiries as to the cause of "this thusness" were met by the students, that the supply of gas had failed. As the matches were soon exhausted, it seemed as if *voice* and not *actions* would be the test by which the large and critical audience assembled must judge the merits of the performers. But at 8 P. M., just as we were wondering which of its speakers were glad and which were sorry for the "great misfortune," the gas suddenly come on again, and the exercises were commenced by prayer and music.

The President then announced the subject of the first oration, "The Future of American Democracy," by J. J. Hamilton. The speaker proceeded in his usual thoughtful manner, to describe and picture the leading characters of American Democracy, and to draw from facts presented, the conclusion that ignorance of the principles of statesmanship is the wreck which the ship Democracy should most carefully avoid. Perhaps it was because we were not so tired when we heard Mr. Hamilton, as we were two hours afterwards, but the matter of it struck us as the best of the eight. The speaker's most evident fault, is his attitude which can best be described in the words of a friend, "He looked as though he was trying to shoulder himself."

The next speaker, J. C. Shepard, spoke on "The Age of Petrarch." We have heard Mr. Shepard's choice of a subject called unfortunate. Perhaps it was not as taking as some; neither was it as school-boyish. It showed careful thought and careful reading. We claim to have been much

interested. The speaker gave a comprehensive view of Italian literature of the time of Petrarch comparing it with Contemporary English literature.

Miss Lou McKenzie then delivered an admirable oration on "The Expressions of Thought." The subject suggests the line of thought pursued. Miss McKenzie's voice needs cultivation. However, we are not inclined to dissent from the commonly expressed verdict that "This was, on the whole, the finest oration of the evening."

The next oration was delivered by O. H. Brainard on the subject "Earth and Man." Mr. Brainard has a magnificent voice. His speech was a proof that geological illustrations may be made as attractive and feasible as more hackneyed ones.

Miss Lucy Evans come forward in her usual graceful, sprightly manner, and spoke on the subject "Hoc Age." We shall never think of that pretty little maxim again, without having our flagging energies incited to more persevering effort.

Mr. Draper spoke on "A Pulpit Reform." Tried by a test by which we will all have to be judged when we leave College, namely, the manner in which we can interest an audience, this oration was certainly a success. We do not think Mr. Draper's future congregations will sleep much under his sermons.

An oration on "Conviction as a Source of Power," was delivered by Mrs. Cook. We have heard it highly commended by those competent to judge.

The last speech was by Mr. Byington on "The Utility of Strife." The audience were two tired to appreciate this oration as highly as it probably deserved. There was a too evident effort on the part of the speaker to articulate plainly which made his speech seem a little labored.

On the whole, the exercises reflected credit on the class and on the Professor, under whose training they prepared themselves.

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The annual exhibition of the Zetagathian Society occurred on Friday evening, March 12th. Not even the Oratorical contest could boast so large an audience. Long before 8 o'clock the hall and gallery were jammed and many went away unable to get in. Those who had gone at six o'clock in order to get the front seats, looked relieved when a quarter before eight, 14 Zetagathians made their way through the crowded aisle, followed by the choir, and seated themselves on the platform. Immediately afterwards the programmes were distributed, and expressions of agony passed over the countenances of those who came to see the drama and tableau, as they glanced at the long list of preceding exercises.

The subject of the Salutatory was "The Present Contest," by Mr. Springer. On account of the bustle and din in the gallery and back part of the hall, occasioned by the struggling for seats by those who were not yet resigned to stand-

ing all the evening, much of Mr. Springer's oration was lost to the audience. It was delivered in a most graceful and pleasing manner, and received great applause at its close. The next was Mr. Zeigler's poem, "The Student." It was a mixture of styles and sentiments. The first part of the poem was humorous and highly appreciated by the audience; but while he doubtless had his best thoughts in the latter part, he had unfitted the minds of his hearers for them and thus lost their full attention. His style is rather Emersonian.

The Debate, "Are we as a nation tending toward centralization," was opened by Mr. Griffiths. We have not sufficient space to notice arguments in this debate. Mr. Griffiths spoke very fluently as he always does. His gestures are graceful, he is a very easy speaker; too easy to be impressive. He was applauded vociferously as were all the others.

Mr. Duntan the next speaker seemed to imagine himself in the pulpit and opened his argument with the trite theological phrase "in the language of the text." He made a good argumentative speech, though it was spoken with too little animation.

Mr. Wright, after the applause which greeted his appearance had died away, laid down the heads of his discourse with great precision, and defended them with great vehemence. Mr. Wright always makes the appearance of believing what he says, whether he does or not, which adds much to the effect of his speeches.

Mr. Fannore closed the debate with a logical and eloquent defense of our nation, which held the complete attention of the audience throughout. His distinct articulation gives him an advantage over many who have stronger voices—he can always be heard without effort—his delivery was animated, and his was certainly the best speech of the very excellent debate.

Mr. Cope's Medley on Peculiar Idiosyncrasies was well rendered and highly appreciated. While all recognize Mr. Cope's talent as a declaimer, many did not like his selections, which were anecdotes of different personages, ending with an extract from Pleading Extraordinary.

Mr. Wilson's oration on "The Potency of Character," was a very fine production indeed, and well delivered; his thoughts were good and eloquently expressed. He had the best oration of the evening.

Next came the Drama "McDuff's Cross," so patiently awaited. It was an entire success—the parts were well chosen—the sombre attire of a monk was well adapted to the pale finely cut features of Mr. Potter, while the staid manners of Mr. Clyde were very appropriate for Father Ninian, and the other gentlemen made firey young lords.

The Valedictory by Mr. Jackson on "The Leaders and the Led," was of a historical character and evinced much study and careful preparation. He labored under the usual disadvantages of a Valedictorian—a tired and restless audience, yet they were quite attentive. His oration was well delivered. The exercises were interspered with music under the supervision of Mr. Cree, which was excellent as

it always is. Also the Violin, Guitar and Mouth Organ trio? by Messrs. Berryhill and Bonbright deserves mention not only for its novelty but for the very fine music. The exercises closed with the tablean "Ben Adam" which was exceedingly fine. Altogether this was the best exhibition ever given by the Zetagathians to our knowledge.

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## ABOUT US.

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TAKE NOTICE.—Whoever has any copies of the October number of the REPORTER to spare, will confer a favor by returning same. Financial Agent will pay 15 cents per copy.

J. J. HAMILTON.

THE owners of dogs are now happy. The blood-thirsty medicines, have departed.

A FEW more hymn books would add to the singing at chapel services, at least in volume.

PRAYER meetings have been held by the students every evening for four weeks past, and are still continued, they have been well attended, and much good has been accomplished.

A Freshman concludes to try his hand at Tyndalism; here is his opening sentence: "As we look back through the dim vista of the great future, we behold the indelible footprints of an Almighty Hand."

A SENIOR thus describes his unsuccessful attempts to gain the attention of a young lady: "I wanted to see her ever so much, but some old fellow rushed in ahead, and there I was eliminated by substitution."

PROF. in Rhetoric. "What is *tautology*?"

Junior:—"A superabundance of sense."

Prof:—"Then there is very little tautology in this class. Excused."

"I SAY, Freshie," said a Soph. the other day, pointing to his friend, "here is a fellow that wants to see the greenest man in college." "Well," coolly replied the Freshman, "I should think he might be satisfied with you."

PROF.: "Can you tell me why the name Attic was given to the Attic language?"

Fresh.: "I suppose sir, because it was considered the *loftiest* language of the times."—Fact!

A YOUNG man asked for a copy of Homer's "Odyssey" at the library, the other day, and the assistant librarian not finding it, remarked in a reflective and innocent way, "Well, we haven't any of Homer's latest works in at present."

PROFESSOR: "What English word have we derived from *Tantalus*?" Soph: "Don't remember." Professor: "Tantalize, is it not?" Soph; (somewhat bewildered, but with air of sudden recollection:) "'Dandelions' oh, yes sir!"

A SENIOR remarked to a Junior just before the examination in Milton, that she had read more in Paradise Lost than was required, "because she wanted to see how the characters turned out."

SCENE: Our boarding house. "Digby, will you take some of this butter?" "Thank you, ma'am. I belong to the temperance society. Can't take anything strong," replied Digby.

PROF. in Zoology. "You have perhaps noticed a cow leisurely chewing, chewing *his* cud with eyes half shut and—"

*Young lady students*:—"He, he, he."

AN observing Fresh: "I saw in an infirmary a young lady whose neck was so weak that she was compelled to have a frame about it to hold up her head."

An experienced Junior: "I have seen hosts of young ladies in the same condition, and they were not in an infirmary either."

RECITATION in Intellectual Science:

President, (by way of leading question)—"On what does the acuteness of the sense of hearing depend?"

Senior, (with the prompt confidence of thorough conviction)—"The size of the ear."

THE first time a married woman was permitted to bring an action in England, without joining her husband as co-plaintiff, it struck the lawyers with so much surprise that they commemorated it by the following Latin distich:

*"Ecce modo mirum, quod foemina fert breve Regis,  
Non nominando virum, conjunctum robore legis."*

A SENIOR at the close of last term, leaving his books with the dignity of his class, was on his way to D—t, where he intended spending at least half the vacation visiting his future home and making new acquaintances. The train stopped at West Liberty, and an old peanut woman commenced singing, "Apples, Cakes and Pies." The Senior poked his head out at the window and hailed the woman to ask her if she had 'pumkin pies." "No," says she, "but could make them with your head." Senior took his head back again.

A YOUNG gentleman of this city in whom we have the utmost confidence, gives us the following conversation which he overheard, between two colored citizens the other evening as he was returning from prayer meeting:

"Sam, does you know Jonah?"

"Jonah, what Jonah?"

"Why, Jonah dat swallowed de whale. Don't you know him?"

"Why, plague his big moufed soul, was he from Virginny? Well, de Virginians always was sum for Fish."

When the law students came to this in Smith on Contracts, the Prof. was called on to give a translation. He gave a literal translation, and immediately one of the lady members gave a liberal translation as follows:

"Most wonderful thing

"A woman does bring

"Into court, a writ from the king!

"Nor has her old man

"Been joined that she can

"With him be a co-plaintiff.

"And yet the court agreed

"That plaintiff did not need

"To join with her, the said *old seed*."

THERE has been a separation between an up town lover and his sweetheart. She presented him with her photograph, which he, on his bended knees, swore he would always wear next to his heart. While making his last Sunday evening call, he pulled out his handkerchief from his back pants pocket, when, lo! the photograph fell at the lady's feet. She says he is either a liar or else his heart is not in the right place.

WE visited the Academy lately. It happened to be the hour of recitation for the grammar class. The sentence to be parsed was, "That is a canary."

*Blushing female student*:—"Canary is a noun, third person, singular number, masculine gender."

*Teacher*:—"How do you know it is masculine gender?"

*Gushing student*:—"Because it *is* only male birds that sing."

AS MRS. SMITH with mathematical precision and a pewter spoon, dealt out the peaches to her circle of students, one Sex interrupted with: "Mrs. Smith, you like me the best, don't you?" "How so, Mr. Sex? smiled the dame." Why you have given to the others only three peaches, while to me you have given four, and with them a lock of your hair. There was a laugh from the wicked students, a few cutting remarks by Mrs. Smith, and now the Sex does n't board there any more.

A gentleman friend of ours recently made a call on a young lady. The chair on which he had seated himself tipped over, and he found himself sprawling at full length on the floor. Parents of said lady rushed to rescue, to see if any permanent injuries resulted; and young lady herself was in a great tremor of excitement. He cannot decide whether it was a put-up job on him, or whether it was purely accidental. We trust he will ease his mind of the burden.

So far as we can judge, the present is a model Freshman class. After we had delivered our first chapel oration one of them inquired why we did not lecture the coming vacation if we wanted to save money enough for the ensuing term. He thought that if we could talk like that we should prove a success on the lecture platform. He warranted us ten dollars if we would lecture at his home. It is certainly pleasant to find the members of the lowest class displaying such fine literary tastes, and it augurs well for the future reputation of the college.

"There was a sound of revelry," or rather of Seniors, by night. At class-meeting they had elected Jake Lamb president in that gentlemen's absence. Now they were going to call on him and make him "set up" to peanuts and apples. It was not a matter of bargain and sale of votes for Jake had no opportunity of saying whether he considered the office worth a bushel of peanuts or not. They arrive at the house, one by one they go in, the first is received cordially: the fifth with a stare of surprise; the other twenty-five go in without ringing; Jake surrenders at discretion. We had always thought the class of '75 lacking in a spirit of conviviality; we were mistaken.

At a late hour a proposition is made to elect a president once a week, and a committee having been appointed to work the matter up among some of the members, class adjourned to meet again at C. J. Berryhill's.

*Rep't of Sec'y.*

A JUNIOR, reciting Physiology, said that scholars should not be made stand on one foot, for if teachers punish in that way they will become bow-legged. Prof.—Which?

SCENE: Prof. Calvin's Zoology class. Prof.:—"What's the scientific name of the elephant?"

*Blue-eyed beauty*:—"Bos americanus," followed by discomfiture on part of student.

THOSE who enjoy good trotting can gratify their taste any day by a walk to town *via* College street. We understand that a member of the faculty has a very promising twenty year old in training for the next fall of snow.

*Prof. in Logic*.—"What is man's prerogation?"

*Senior*.—"Thought."

*Prof.*.—"What is woman's?"

*Senior*.—"Talk."

SCENE: Chapel. Fresh.—"I once saw a fellow who bit off the end of his tongue in his effort to save himself from falling off a horizontal bar."

*Soph.*.—"Did it injure his articulation?"

*Fresh.*.—"No. He ate as much as he ever did."

*Prof.*.—"What pronunciation do you employ, sir?"

*Mr. S.*, (modestly).—"Mongrel, if you please, sir."

The boys came down. The speech which the Prof. was on point of delivering on Greek vowels, accent, etc., evaporated in the confusion, and order was at once restored by the familiar words: "Please to translate, sir."

*Tutor to Soph.*.—"Do you understand this statement?"

*Soph.*.—"No, sir."

*Tutor*.—"You may demonstrate at the board that the statement is not a correct one."

*Soph.*.—"I accept the statement, sir."

Beautiful example of childlike trust.

PROF.—"Are you prepared this morning, Mr. —?"

*Senior*.—"Yes, sir, kind of prepared."

*Prof.*.—"Please explain what you mean by kind of prepared."

*Senior*.—"Well, I thought that between myself and yourself we might make a recitation."

*Prof.*.—"That will do, sir."

PROF. in Psychology, illustrating some subject, said:

"Mr. M., what kind of an emotion does that line on the black-board produce in your mind?"

*Mr. M.* (quickly).—"A disgust for mathematics."

JONES, of "our class," complains that his fire does not like his company, and when he comes in he most always finds it out.

AT an evening party a few nights since, a young gentleman and a young lady sat together in an unfrequented corner of the room, discussing the merits of mince pies and plum-pudding. The young lady expressed a great aversion to both, but the gentlemen said he liked them, and was particularly fond of plum-pudding, whereupon his companion exclaimed, "Oh! then you're like little Dicky Dout, ar'n't you?" The young

man looked surprised, but stammered out, "I think you mean Jack Horner!"

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A very small coal box having been placed by Ruppin at the stove nearest the platform, in the lecture room of the Law Department, caused a cartoon to be placed opposite one of the windows, on the wall about fifteen feet from the floor. It represents Prof. Mott, sitting at table looking towards the stove, and Mr. N——, standing at the stove with shovel in hand, eyeing the Prof. in apparent agatation.

The Prof. requests: { Mr. Neiman, will you please be so kind as to put some coal in the stove? }

Mr. N. responded: { May it please Your Honor, there hain't no more in the box. This cussed little box won't hold more than would fill two spoonsfulls. }

These young Nasts should not be so humble, as the secret-ing of their names indicate. The Illustrated Journals of the country need their imposing talents, and judging from the hight at which the cartoon was posted, we conclude, that these jolly boys have some *peculiarities* of the monkey as well as the caricaturist.

—o—

#### AMERICAN AUTHORS—LITERARY LIVES AND LIVING.

Notwithstanding Boston's claim to its being the home of literature, the birth-place of science, and the patron of art, there are quite a number of authors who reside in New York. Among them are Mr. Richard H. Stoddard, Bayard Taylor, Dr. Holland, Edmund C. Stedman, Dr. John W. Draper, John Hay, James Parton and others.

Edward Eggleston lives in Brooklyn, whither John G. Saxe has lately removed. George William Curtis' house is on Staten Island, where lives William Winter, and whence C. P. Cranch has but lately departed to Cambridge. Bret Harte's home is now in Morristown, N. J., where he lives, he says, "in the only house in which Washington never slept." Hartford has Dr. Horace Bushnell, Louisa Bushnell, Samuel L. Clemens and Charles Dudley Warner. Col. T. W. Higginson, Rev. C. T. Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. Greenough, and Mrs. Hunt make Newport their home.

Longfellow lives in Cambridge, where Quincy street, of which such boasts have been made, has lost two of its noted residents in Professor Agassiz and Mr. Thies; but on it are still the houses of President Eliot, Professor Pierce, and Henry James. In Cambridge also live Horace E. Scudder and Arthur Gilman. Dr. Holmes is on Beacon street, Boston; Mr. Sumner found his home in a hotel in that city; and Mr. Field's house continues to be known for its literary hospitality and its valuable library. Of other residents in Boston may be mentioned the venerable Charles Sprague, Robert C. Winthrop,

Dr. T. W. Parsons, Mr. Hale, Francis Parkman, and Mr. Motley when in this country. Hiram Rich lives in Gloucester, where he is a cashier of a bank, as Sprague used to be in Boston; J. T. Trobridge lives in Arlington; Mrs. Spofford and Rev. William M. Barke in Newberyport; and Mrs. Thaxter remains at the Isles of Shoals, for which she has a remarkable affection.

Donald G. Mitchell is near New Haven, which also counts among its near residents Rev. J. S. C. Abbott. His brother, Jacob Abbott, resides in Farmington, Maine. Concord has Mr. Emerson, Mr. Alcott and Miss Alcott, who spend their winters in Boston; William Ellery Channing, F. B. Sanborn and Frederick Hudson. Miss Phelps resides in Andover, with her father, Prof. Austin Phelps. Mr. Whittier's house, in Amesbury, is well known to literary pilgrims. Edmund Quincy's residence is in Dedham, Mass. John J. Piatt and wife have their home in Cleveland, Ohio, in the summer, but are in Washington during the winter. Among its other winter residents are "Gail Hamilton," of Hamilton, Mass., and Mary Clemmer Ames, of New York. Walt Whitman has long held a government clerkship in Washington. George H. Boker, when not abroad, Dr. S. Austin, Allibone, and Mrs. R. H. Davis lives in Philadelphia. Mr. Ryant has long occupied a house at Roslyn, L. I., and his son-in-law, Parke Godwin, lives near by.—*Am. Newspaper Reporter.*

#### NOTICE.

The Senior Elective in *English* for the Spring Term, is *American Literature*. Though the expression English Literature is used in the catalogue, (an expression proper enough in its general application), it has been the custom for some time past to study American authors solely, during the last session of the year. It will be the design to consider not only our recent literary characters, but also the poets, orators, and miscellaneous prose, writers of Colonial and Revolutionary times.

G. L. P.

#### PERSONALIA.

Dolittle, 'medic' of '75, has located at New Sharon.

Law '74, M. Austin, has opened an office in Toledo, Iowa.

J. K. P. McOllum, of class '74, is practicing law at Platts-mouth, Neb.

G. G. Rodman, law '72, has recently been elected city Solicitor of Washington.

Willie Ormond, class '73, came up from Rock Island to attend Medical Commencement. He returned the next day.

Prof. Pinkham was confined to his room for several days, but is now able to attend to his duties. Overwork was the cause of his illness.

Charlie Ross, son of Hon. L. W. Ross, of Council Bluffs, spent a few days last week with his friends here. He will probably be a student of the University next year.

Henry Clay Dean lectured here under the auspices of the Library Association. His lecture was well attended and was generally appreciated. He was clad, it was said, better than usual.

Beard, of law '73, and E. G. Wilson of the present class, have formed a co-partnership for the practice of the law at Washington. They are the successors of Bennett & Beard. *Where opportunity and ability meet, success is sure.*

P. H. Riordan, of North Adams, Mass., has been chosen chaplain of the law class. It will no longer be necessary for the law boys to frequent chapel, when they are in need of spiritual lubrication, as that article can now be found at home.

W. E. Crosby, formerly superintendent of Davenport city schools, and at present editor-in-chief of the *Common School*, accidentally inveigled himself into paying a visit to the University, and wandered into the President's Mental Philosophy class. He pronounced what he saw and heard fine.

Mr. Ed. R. Sayles, class '76, has severed his connection with the University. This was a surprise to his many friends and is regretted by all. Mr. Sayles came from Iowa College and entered the University at the beginning of the present school year with the expectation of completing the course. For reasons which seemed to him sufficient, he decided to commence at once the study of Law. He will soon enter the office of one of the prominent Attorneys of Lyons, Iowa. The best wishes of his student friends accompany him.

#### MARRIAGES.

SHELDON—DICKINSON.—The cards of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Sheldon, Frances M. Dickinson, have been received. The corps send their best wishes for a long, happy and useful life to them, and congratulate the bride on her choice of one whose many excellent qualities as student and friend, are not forgotten.

#### OBITUARY.

DIED, Thursday morning, March 18th, at Iowa City, ROBERT P. HANNA, of class '75, aged 26 years.



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