

The University Reporter.

IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY.

VOL. VII.

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No. 7.

THE STUDENT.

Within his room the student sits alone,
With folded arms in meditative mood,
Without, the storm-king howls in threatening tone,
As if to break upon his solitude;
Within the firelight wavers up and down
The flickering shadows, amber-hued and brown.

But the weird shadows' dance he does not see,
And winter's doleful shrieks he heedeth not,
For in such deep, absorbing thought is he,
That all external matters are forgot:
Within that motionless, emaciate form
A tempest raves that drowns the outward storm.

But wherefore does his face mantle with gloom?
The manly toga he has just put on,
And yet if he were going to his doom
He could not look more sad or woe-begone.
Let me, my friends, into his mouth put speech,
That of his sorrows he himself may teach.

Alas, he murmurs low, that all my toil
Has only put confusion in my brain!
Alas, that I have burned the midnight oil
To gather knowledge in vain!
Unheeded now they lie on memory's scroll—
A useless mass without a quickening soul.

* * * * *

Strange men have brought me stranger theories—
So just in argument and fair to view,
Each seemed incarnated with all that's true.

First came a young man with an Ism in hand
Which promised to fulfill each high desire,—
Contentment, certainty of heaven, and,
With movements cork-screw-like, escaped the fire,
Whose flames and fumes appear at every look
That scans the pages of the holy Book.

I took it heedless of the counsel given
By one whose head was whitened with the snows
Of many years—my pastor, who had striven
To guide my feet clear of consuming woes,
That lurk along a young apostle's track,
Once lost in which, love rarely wins him back;

* * * * *

Like to a meteor's shining was the hope,
And like a meteor's did its light go out,
And left me, blinded, all too soon to grope
Amid the mazy labyrinths of doubts,
Where never shines the Sun of Righteousness,
With healing on his wings to cheer and bless.

There met I with a man of ancient mien;
There lurked a pine-tree in his form; his eyes
With love-light shone, and in their depths serene
Was mirrored the calm blue of summer skies;
His actions were cathedrals, and his words
Were echoes of the wind and songs of birds.

"What do you here, my son?" the wise man said,
"Art chasing after some receding 'goal?'"
Or are you sick, or are your kindred dead?
Come, leave your books, and take a woodland stroll,
Bathe in the forest's sweet and ample shade,
And heal the wounds which poisonous sin has made."

He led me into soothing solitudes
Of leafy glades, and streams, and piles of rock,
And told me of the Over-soul that broods
O'er men's affairs; perhaps he could unlock
The secret court where gods in counsel sit,
And mete to men each ill and benefit.

As when, far off, the thick and heavy clouds
Come down and rest upon the mountains blue,
And both so intermix that each defrauds
The other of its own peculiar hue:
So in my life did spirit matter meet,
And their partitions from my sight retreat.

But Nature, strong and kind howe'er she be,
Could not conduct me to the throne of God;
No more could Reason and Philosophy,
Her servants, show the highway to be trod;
For, "To the Unknown God," on every side,
Their altars to my questionings replied.

* * * * *

"The soul that sinneth, it shall surely die;"
I feel 'tis true, and that I cannot rise
Of my dead self to the celestial sky;
Nor stings of guilt, nor penitential sighs
Can aught avail, if not some power above
Reach down and lift me with the hand of love.

"He that believeth, though he were as dead,
Yet shall he live," "Your sins shall be as snow,

Though they be scarlet now, though they be red
 Like crimson, they shall be as wool." To know
 The truth of this, and holiest light receive,
 I'll kneel and pray, and labor to believe.

* * * * *

O gentle doctrine of the mighty Christ,
 Doctrine of love, and of angelic peace,
 When shall mankind be to thy truths enticed
 From selfish errors finding sure release,
 And all the world 'neath thy life giving reign,
 Smile with new health and happiness again?

ZEIGLER.

—o—

RESURGAMUS.

BY K——.

O, the fair, calm light of a winter eve,
 As the frost forms fast on the barren earth—
 Like a new-born day that hath giv'n reprieve,
 To a soul who had no stint nor dearth;
 And the mounting moon, glancing fondly down
 With a smile of joy and a look of love,
 Speaks a prophecy to the old earth brown
 That the frost bears down from the vaults above:
 "O Earth that was new in the joy of spring
 And clad in the fabric of richest pride,
 To the praise of Heaven a true tithe bring,
 Clothed in wealth from vale to the mountain side—
 A wealth of praise and a world of love,
 And a boundless joy and a ceaseless song,
 And a tithe of these to the One above
 Thou as well didst give as did well belong.
 And thy frame waned wan at the autumn-tide,
 And the touch of Time marked thy toil-worn brow,
 And thou laidst thee down in thy glorious pride—
 Thou hadst done thy work and thou restest now;
 But when Time shall touch with the other hand,
 He will smite the powers that have bound thee down—
 In thy prime of strength thou again shalt stand
 With a fuller life, and a newer crown."
 And I heard the voice in the silv'ry night,
 As I bowed my head by a loved one's bier;
 And my sighing ceased, and my soul grew light,
 Till I mourned no more nor could shed a tear,
 For the fair, broad brow that before me lay
 And the fervent heart now forever still;
 They had borne their fruit and improved their day
 And had laid them down at the Master's will.
 Tho' the frosts of death did upon them fall,
 And the winter's snow all upon them spread,
 They shall wake at spring at the Father's call,
 For they only sleep—they are not dead.

JANUARY 23d, 1875.

RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

From the *Edinburgh Review* we extract the following remarks of an orthodox christian critic which appear to us very sensible. At the close of a review of the famous confession of Strauss, the well known philosophic writer who has completely renounced all faith in christianity, the *Review* gives the following advice: "Why should christian churchmen think it necessary to burden their cause and to hamper every movement of their strategy by undertaking the perfectly gratuitous task of making Gentile Christianity responsible for the whole of the Old Testament scriptures? *We are not Jews*, and there is no reason in the world why we should be weighted with this burden of understanding and defending at all risks the Jewish scriptures. It is a burden which was never laid upon us either by Christ or by his apostles. Our German race, in particular, as a matter of simple fact, was not trained by them. They were not our "school-master to lead us to Christ." Their difficulties are not our difficulties, and while we shall ever read them with the deepest interest and affection, we still feel no obligation whatever to solve their difficulties, or to perform the impossible feat of transmuting our Aryan minds into such a Jewish cast as to sympathize with and comprehend the singularities of Judaism during a literary history of 1,500 years. * * * No. It was not by the Old Testament that the Gentile nations were trained. *It was not by the Mosaic law* that our heathen forefathers were prepared for the reception of Christ. It was *by quite another agency*. *It was by that magnificent book of God* in which we have read ever since, and are reading to this day the ever opening revelations of His wisdom and His power. *It is the realm of nature which is our own proper inheritance*. It is *physical science* which has hitherto led us—why should it not lead us still through nature up to nature's God. And it is into such studies, therefore, that a Gentile church like our own may well throw herself with the greatest enthusiasm and ardour, and with the most devout sense that she is therein cultivating her own allotted breach of the husbandry of God, and is spelling out with ever increasing accuracy and fidelity the golden letters of her own especial revelation of His name.

The next point, so continues the *Review*, which we wish to commend to the serious consideration of the church is this: Is it right, is it truthful, *is it any longer possible*, in the face of all that is known upon the subject to pretend that *legendary matter has not intruded itself into the New Testament as well as into the Old?* It is now universally granted by all competent critics that the singular phenomena of similarity and yet dissimilarity presented by the three synoptical gospels are due to the fact that they are, like the Talmud, simply written notes of the oral teaching of the Apostolic age. * * * Why should we deny the existence of (these) subjective and imaginative ingredients in the Bible, when large portions of it are confessed on all

hands to be 'poetical,' when the very historical books of the Old Testament are classed by the Jews themselves and by our Lord under the head of the 'Prophets,' and when in the later Jewish literature, such as the book of Judith, Esther, Tobit, Maccabees, it is absolutely impossible to draw a hard and fast line, and to say, 'here prose ends and poetry begins?' * * * We are convinced that the candid admission of this fact * * * would go far to ensure a much more thorough and conscientious study of Holy Scripture than is, at present, at all common in this country. It would conciliate science, now almost *forced* by an *opinionated* theology into an attitude of hostile opposition. It would restore to the church's studies and then to all her practical work, a sense of soundness and reality * * * and instead of the bad conscience with which many excellent clergymen still approach the doorway of modern science and criticism, they would summon courage to enter, like St. Peter, at those suspected Gentile doors and to call nothing that God has cleansed, "common or unclean."

"E."

EULOGY ON THE CLASSICS.

Among the great body of the people a prejudice has ever existed against classical study. Even by a few of those who have attained some familiarity with the classics much opposition has been made to the great prominence given to this branch of learning in our colleges and universities. That the study of languages, of dead languages especially, should constitute so important a means of education, seems strange and incredible to many. However the education of youth does not so much depend upon the accumulation of a mass of facts as it does upon the strengthening and disciplining of the mind. Is not this the object? It certainly is. For this constitutes the difference between a learned philosopher and a youthful student; an eminent statesman and a village debater. The most important requisites of every man of business, of professional men especially, are fixed attention, accurate judgment, patient study, and sedulous application. Now these are the very requisites of a good classical scholar. These are the very qualities of mind which are taxed and disciplined in the prosecution of classical study. The pupil when he first enters the class room possesses only the germs of these qualities. They can never expand nor develop into their full grandeur and power unaided by education. Nor can they remain simply stationary. If this rich soil of intellect is suffered to be dormant and unused, qualities of mind which served to distinguish and render him remarkable as a child will only degrade and render him contemptible as a man. It is interesting to watch the progress of the young student. He that at first was unable to grasp the simpler elements of learning

soon becomes competent to undertake problems which tasked the ingenuity of an Euclid and a Newton; and to appreciate and understand the reasoning and philosophizing of a Cicero and a Bacon. Nor can this result be referred to the growth of years, nor the precocity of genius. Cicero attained, and holds his high position in letters and eloquence, not more by his extended genius, than by his indomitable energy and fine education. The oration against Cataline was not more the fruit of his commanding talents than it was the reward of his devotion to the muse of Homer and the pen of Thucydides.

Aside from its importance as an educator, classical study gives one a familiarity with the most refined and gifted minds of antiquity. The pupil becomes, as it were, personally acquainted with those who have been the delight and pride of buried nations. Before he became acquainted with their language and their works, their fame was unappreciated, their merits ignored. Now the names of Homer and Demosthenes; of Cicero and Virgil are not mere empty sounds. They recall to him the early days of poetry, of eloquence and philosophy. Homer's majestic verse leads him a delighted traveler through the realms of sunny Greece; along the 'deep-sounding sea,' and by the walls of Troy. Agamemnon, 'king of men'; 'swift-footed' Achilles; Hector the bold and noble Trojan; Ulysses 'of many wiles'; and Nestor 'of many generations of men' are to him living realities as drawn by the pen of the great master of song. The eloquence of Demosthenes begets a sympathy with heroic effort, an admiration of virtue and a love of liberty. It calls up before him in all the strength and power of reality, the Senate Chamber at Athens, crowded with an attentive and eager throng,—the noble mein and eloquent tones of the gifted orator speaking, not only for his own reputation and honor, but for the reputation, the honor and the glory of Greece. He feels something of that religious awe, which must have fallen upon that vast assembly when the orator, raising his hands to heaven, begins in the strength and music of Attic Greek, his pious invocation to the protecting Deities of the city. Something of the pride of country, love of virtue and hatred of vice as he speaks of the achievements of their ancestors and the malice of their foes. Nor are these results, the communication of nobility of sentiment, love of honor and morality, beyond the province of the study. For in the innocence of boyhood and the glow of youth the mind is as susceptible as well as a growing soil. The life of Socrates, the precepts of Plato, and the writings of Cicero cannot fail to engender in the breast of everyone, noble and lofty sentiments.

Again, by means of the classics, the student obtains a mass of useful information. Nor is this acquired unaided by the Greek and Latin texts. Although it may be, it is scarcely ever done. The manners, customs, laws and literature of the ancients are rarely understood or appreciated except by those who have early familiarized themselves with their authors. The same spirit which engenders a

contempt for ancient learning, begets a contempt for all that appertains to the ancients themselves. Those who fail to appreciate Livy or Thucydides, can have little sympathy with or take little delight in the works of a Gibbon or a Milman. Yet how important is all this information! Ancient and modern times are closely connected, the rise of the one dates from the fall of the other. The languages of modern civilization are intimately connected with those of Greece and Rome. The elements of our religions and laws were cherished in the same classic garb. The relics of ancient art serve as the models of modern genius and effort. The works of Milton and of Dante are deemed worthy of applause and honor, as they approach the strength and beauty of Homeric or Virgilian song. The crumbling ornaments of Grecian sculpture merit and receive the devotion of artistic study at the courts of modern Europe. The history of our rude ancestry are chronicled nowhere so energetically, or so faithfully as in the writings of a Tacitus.

In fine, lastly, no better recommendation, no finer eulogy can be pronounced upon classical study than the success of its votaries. How very few are they compared with the mass of mankind, yet how numerous, both among the illustrious dead and the living band of the famed and distinguished of earth.

Z. T. B.

ABOUT THE LIBRARY.

The brief article on the Library, which appeared in the REPORTER for March, is doubtless the expression of a general dissatisfaction. It may not, therefore, be uninteresting to consider how far the writer's criticisms are just and reasonable, and what changes can be made in order to remove the causes of complaint. The writer asserts that much time is wasted by students in finding out whether certain books are in the library; and suggests as a remedy that "the railings be placed near enough the shelves to enable students to read the titles, but not near enough for them to reach the books."

The truth is that no person is now obliged to consume any more time in finding out whether a book is in the library than he would be obliged to spend, under the operation of the proposed new rule, in waiting for the librarian after he should search out the book for himself. The only present cause of delay in obtaining books is that, on occasional days, the librarian is unable to serve students as fast as they come, and that some are therefore compelled to await their turn. But this inconvenience would not be removed by placing the railings nearer to the shelves.

The question is therefore pertinent, what advantage would come from the new arrangement? In the first place it is to be noticed that it could be effected only in that inconsiderable part of the library immediately behind the librarian's desk. Between the alcoves further back there is no place "not near enough for students to reach the books."

As our friend has not advised that the railings be entirely removed, we will not attempt to answer the question whether that change should be made, any further than by saying that we do not believe that it should. But, even if the students should be enabled to read the titles in that small part of the room, they would not be any better off than now; as there are now *three catalogues* in the library besides the poor old "Rerum" at which our friend pokes so much malicious fun. It is very seldom, indeed, that these are all in use at the same time. Our friend may see some to us incomprehensible difference between reading the title of a book from the book itself, and getting it from a written catalogue; but if the justice and reasonableness of his dissatisfaction are to be measured by the extent of this difference, we must insist upon his conjuring up some new "images of woe" before he enters the field as the champion of change.

No one denies that there are some great inconveniences in the present mode of regulating the drawing and returning of books. But we believe that they are, at least just now, unavoidable; and the changes advised in the article referred to is not only impossible but even hardly desirable. If a student has a tolerable fair knowledge of English and American literature, he may reasonably be supposed, unless he happens to be "looking up" some question or subject, to know just what book he wants; and all he has to do is to ask for it, and, if not out, he can get it without the trouble of searching for it himself. If he is looking up a question or subject, the difficulty would remain the same after as before the proposed change, with this difference, that he is then obliged to consult the "Index Rerum" and the various and several other indexes and encyclopaedias exclusively. These are already placed within his reach, so that here, also, he is without just cause of complaint. After considering those who know what they want, and those who are looking for information on specific subjects, there remain the by no means small number of those who have but little knowledge of literature. We submit to the candid judgment of the reader whether it would be beneficial to such persons to make any change from the present regulations.

H.

CITIZENS OF IOWA CITY.

Every grateful student cannot but feel under obligations to the good people of Iowa City. Strangers we come here, and are received into their homes and made to realize that we are part of the family. If the dear good men and women knew how much they contributed to the happiness of the student, they would rejoice. Some selfish individual may here remark, "Oh, yes! they only receive you into their families as a means of increasing their domestic revenue." But this is false as well as malicious.

ORATORICAL CULTURE.

To be a good speaker is the acme of a true student's ambition. To this conclusion we are irresistably drawn, after having observed for half a year, the tenor of conversation and course of discipline of the majority of Iowa City students. Don't charge us with saying it is the only ambition, but in the multitudinous aspirations of an Iowa college student, and Iowa students are like all college students, the desire that he cherishes deepest in his heart, and longs most to realize, is to be an orator. The Society Halls, the only really beautiful part of the institution, if we except the germ of a cabinet, located in the central building, proclaim this truth. And now, although we have listened with pleasure to many earnest and thoughtful speakers, we are compelled to say, if the dictates of our conviction be followed, that this thirst for oratory, this ambition to become persuasive and eloquent speakers, is prematurely nourished.

To be an orator requires something more than ability to shower forth loud sentences copiously and courage to face an audience while doing it. All of us are prepared, no doubt, from experience and observation, to say that a speaker who keeps his hearers from weariness must be instructive. He must be easy and natural, forcible, but not forced in his delivery, and he must be free from a stereotyped form of expression. But in these three things especially is this early drill in the art of writing and speaking most pernicious.

First, he must be instructive, and every student, tacitly acknowledging this, and also recognizing his own inability to instruct outside of his own limited experience and observation, to which, by the way, he almost never alludes, relies on books for his ideas, and in far too many cases, for the very form and substance of his reasoning. This habit of dependence once formed, clings more or less tenaciously through life.

There are graduates of this college, who carry also a diploma of either the illustrious Zetagathean or Irving Society, who would not venture to write an essay of any description without consulting one or more authors who have written on the same subject. Facts, of course, must be collected from all reliable sources, but it is the fault of young writers to take, not only the facts, but also their rhetorical garments in the folds of which are sure to be found the sage conclusions of the author.

Out of this first fault the second almost inevitably results, namely, an artificial style of writing and manner of speaking. Without enlarging on this proposition, we will direct your attention to actual illustrations. Take for example the combined excellence of the State as it shone forth last fall in the State oratorical contest. According to the dictum of judges who were bound by interest and honor to be impartial, the very cream of student oratorical ability was before us. There was plenty of vehemence and assumed

enthusiasm, but with a single exception, no natural "true inwardness," which causes its force to be felt and carries conviction with it. We are fastidious when listening to a speaker. Like true gormandizers, we demand variety, and in this respect the prematurely formed orator (?) has unfitted himself to please. It is noticeable that these hot-house declaimers have a limited and familiar round of phrases which recur on all occasions, as most strikingly illustrated in the case of itinerant elocutionists.

But you tell us these men do sometimes become orators. True, but not until they have unlearned their boyish manner of speaking and forgotten their studied lyceum attitudes. They do become orators, but not until their orations are founded on their own extended experience and observation, or on their own vigorous, intelligent thoughts. And the bottom stones of this foundation can be properly laid during college life by hard critical study only, and this honest, laborious study should be the chief work of the under-graduate.

HOMME DE LOI.

RESOLUTIONS.

The following resolutions commemorative of the death of ROBERT P. HANNA, were read in the Zetagathian Hall, Friday evening, March 26, 1875, at the public literary session of that Society:

WHEREAS, Under the dispensation of a mysterious but all-wise and merciful Providence, we are called to mourn the loss of our friend and brother Zetagathian, Robert P. Hanna; and

WHEREAS, We have ever recognized in him a true friend, a faithful brother and earnest Society member, one who stood firmly to his convictions, unswerved by fear or favor; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in his death the Zetagathian Society has lost a member always zealously active in the Society's behalf, and ever ready in the discharge of duty.

Resolved, That we sincerely sorrow over his early departure, and, remembering his gentlemanly demeanor and christian deportment, we will cherish evermore his memory as among the choice and hallowed treasures of our experience.

Resolved, That we tender to the family and relatives of our deceased brother, our heartfelt sympathy in this their dire distress.

Resolved, That we present to his family a copy of these resolutions and request their publication in the city papers and in the UNIVERSITY REPORTER, and that a transcript of the same be spread upon the records of the Society.

F. E. BRUSH,
E. C. SANDERS,
A. T. FLICKENGER, } *Committee.*

The University Reporter.

IOWA CITY, IOWA, APRIL 15th, 1875.

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Iowa City has been favored with more literary and musical entertainments this winter than for many years before. In the way of lectures, we have been entertained by the erudition of Bayard Taylor, the sarcasm of Miss Edgerton, the eloquence of Bradslaw, the polished eulogy of Colfax, the wit of Bret. Harte and the indescribable charms of Henry Clay Dean. In music it is sufficient to say that Camilla Urso, the Mendellssohn Club, the Prussian Band, the North Carolinians, the Uniform Concert Troupe—have all visited our city, not to mention several concerts by our own singers. Truly this has been a season long to be remembered, and, as is most eminently fitting, it will be closed by a series of lectures on various literary subjects, which will be announced in due time, by the members of the—Junior class of the University. Knowing that from the reputation of this immortal class of '76, that much larger audiences will be in attendance than at any of the previous entertainments, they will be given in the chapel which is more commodious than our city halls. Reserved seats can be procured at the University library, or at the REPORTER Office, where the terms will be made known.

The Junior girls who have been enjoying the front seats at chapel all the year, are respectfully invited to step back to their proper position behind the Seniors, and the Seniors to move forward to make room for them. "Pride goeth before a fall."

WHAT course of study to take; whether it were better to spend one's time in college practicing philological gymnastics on a Homeric root, or in counting the wrinkles on a clam shell, is a question which far be it from us to agitate, feeling that while those who have given their sole attention to either know its beauties and benefits too well to be impartial, those who like ourselves have just a smattering of each, are too much mixed on the subject to have an opinion at all. However, it seems to us that the inducements offered to the student of natural science are sufficient, if rightly understood, to attract more devotees than they do. Saying nothing of the commercial value of such knowledge which is to say the least, as great as that of any other, no pursuit brings into action more and more various powers of mind and body.

No metaphysical, mathematical, or linguistic problem demands the application of better judgment and finer logical powers, or affords a better field for the display of intellectual acumen than the question of the causes and effects of glacialization, the meaning of the unconformability of certain strata, the the formation of gold-bearing quartz, and the method of circulation of sap. The problems are the more valuable because of the kind met in after life, the data being 'actual' and not 'hypothetical,' and hence the conclusions 'contingent' and not 'necessary'. Moreover, the acquirement of this 'data' furnishes better discipline for the hand and eye than perhaps any other class of studies. The extent and value of this discipline may be appreciated when we bear in mind the fact that observations made by a person not trained to such work are habitually considered by scientists as of very trifling importance.

The memory also is cultivated which, indeed, is the chief objection raised by those who pursue any branch of natural science only the required one term. But during the first term while the alphabet is being learned, any science is intolerably dry and tedious, excepting perhaps astronomy.

The point we wish to make however is that no one with a predilection for any branch of natural science need be deterred from devoting his attention to it by the fear of becoming thereby mentally dwarfed or one-sided.

The question of how a College paper should be run is just now receiving a thorough discussion among leading college exchanges. Some have adopted the plan of giving the whole matter into the hands of one or more business managers who take the responsibilities and the profits, literary and financial, only stipulating to run the paper in the interests of the college. This plan has its advantages, theoretically speaking, and probably its disadvantages, also, to develop which sufficient time has not elapsed.

If a paper of this kind can be made self-supporting, this plan seems adapted to accomplish that result. Heretofore, bankruptcy seems to have been the inevitable grave of them

all, and there seems to be no connection between the character of the paper and their fate, the best succumbing to the results of financial mismanagement as often as the poorest.

Another evil inherent in college journalism, namely, the changeableness of its literary tone, due to, and generally commensurate with the changeableness of its editorial corps, is met in some colleges by holding semi-annual elections, and electing only half of the corps at a time, thus keeping the paper at all times partially under the control of those who have previously had six months experience. That this must have a beneficial effect upon the tone of a paper we need tell no one who has done editorial work for six months and found him-elf at the expiration of his term of service, just fairly beginning to learn the duties of his position. That this plan, or some other equally good, could be adopted in our college seems eminently desirable. The plan which is pursued here now, no doubt in theory eminently representative, is in some respects the most objectionable that has yet been devised for the management of a college paper. It is objectionable because it provides for terms of office so short that editors do not have time to more than become accustomed to their duties before they are relieved of them and a new set of learners and consequent blunderers are in stalled. It is also objectionable because the editors from the higher classes, upon whom most of the work necessarily falls, are so few that they cannot do their work well in addition to their other duties.

These reasons are amply sufficient to account for the fact that the REPORTER has not generally attained that standard of excellence it might have been expected to reach considering the usual ability of the editorial corps. In our opinion, one remedy for this is more editors and a longer term of service. We should like to hear from our constituents upon the subject. We said the plan now pursued was a representative one. We referred to kind rather than amount. It is reasonable to suppose that the editorial ability in the two higher classes is greater in amount than in the lower. Hence they should be represented by more editors, which has not been the custom.

—o—

AGAIN the steady military tread is heard around the campus. Again the words "forward march" come to our ears. Again little squads are seen traversing the University grounds, under the charge of some brave hero, who has fearlessly stepped forth from the Junior or Senior ranks, thrown off his literary or scientific countenance, and now appears with all the dignity of a protector of his country's liberties. The rusty musket has been brightened up and now it flashes in the April sunlight, telling that willing hands and patriotic hearts are ready to rush to action at the country's call. Martial music floats upon the balmy breezes. The flashing suits of uniform, with brass buttons and upright collars, the quick and graceful step, and the lofty bearing of the *Lieutenant*, all tell us that the University Battalion still liveth.

In the REPORTER of last month we read some complaints of the manner in which the chapel exercises are conducted, and the inconvenience the students feel from being compelled to spend a quarter of an hour in chapel daily. There is, doubtless, a foundation for these fault-finding remarks, still, we are unable to view matters in exactly the same light in which they have been represented.

The principal argument against the present order of affairs, was, that students should not be compelled to attend chapel because all of the members of the Faculty do not choose to avail themselves of this privilege. When the chapel was built, the principal object was to have a room suitable for this very purpose. It is unreasonable to suppose that several thousand dollars would have been expended in building the chapel if there was no need for it, and if no beneficial results were to be obtained thereby. If chapel going is beneficial to students, which we certainly think it is, it will be just as much so whether all the Faculty are present or not. We don't think that the absence of the Professors should be made an excuse for the absence of the students. But it was not so much our intention to discuss this question, as to present another subject in reference to the chapel, which we consider of more real importance, for students will probably be required to attend chapel in future, and we had better make up our minds that it is all right.

It is well known to everyone who has had opportunity to observe, not only that the chapel is hard to speak in, but, also, that it is a room in which it is difficult for the audience to understand what is said. In certain parts of the room almost nothing can be heard that is spoken from the platform. When announcements are made, there are always some who are unable, even with unusual care, to hear what is said.

We should say, by way of explanation, that this subject was suggested to us by one of the Honorable Juniors who was studying his oration for Junior Rhetoricals this term. Without doubt he was troubled in mind, lest after all his preparation, his fine effusion would be wasted on the desert air. This evil in question has been very annoying during the preceding terms of the year, and will be still more aggravating this term. Besides the daily chapel exercises, and Junior Rhetoricals on Friday afternoons, commencement week will soon be upon us, when the chapel will be in constant requisition.

If there are any available means of breaking up this habit the chapel has of echoing whenever anyone speaks within its walls, they should be adopted. In churches and large halls wire stretched across the room has been beneficial. If there is any possible virtue in this method now is the time it should be tested.

—o—

Why don't we have a spelling school?

A NUISANCE.

We have frequently heard it remarked that at the exercises of the Literary Societies and at the public entertainments of the University, the attendance of small boys is a nuisance. The simple attendance of these boys is, in itself, no nuisance, provided that they behave themselves with propriety while there. At the Literary Societies the members could form themselves into sentinels, and in this manner hold the little disturbers of good order under proper restraint; but this would be neither agreeable nor practical. To keep them quiet at the exercises in the Chapel, would necessitate the calling in of a squad of police. Those who were present at the Junior Exhibition will remember the disturbance they created—though we must confess that the confusion was due, in part, to the labored efforts of older ones who ought to know better and who should show proper respect for the place and the occasion. One novel method of correcting this nuisance was suggested to us by an impulsive youth, viz: "To station at the entrance of the Chapel or at the doors of the Society Halls, as the case may be, two policemen, with hickory clubs in hand, with orders to smash every boy who presents himself for admittance." This, no doubt, would be an effectual remedy, but we question the humanity of the measure. To prevent the noise and confusion incident to exercises in the Chapel, we would respectfully suggest that there be charged an admittance of say, 10 cents, from boys under the age of twelve years. The number of boys would be fewer, consequently the volume of noise would be less. They do not produce so much confusion at the Society Halls, but when there is to be an extra programme, the little fellows find it out and come thronging into the Halls in squads of ten and fifteen, even before the members of the Societies arrive. We would offer no objection to their attendance at the Literary Societies, were it not from the fact that they occupy too many seats and thus prevent those who are older and more capable of appreciating the exercises from enjoying the coveted privilege.

If the members of the Societies will permit us to offer a suggestion, we will merely say that if the little boys be required to stand during the exercises, their thirst for literary pabulum will be quickly satiated. At least the plan is worthy of trial. We trust that we have not been unjust toward the boys. We were once a boy and remember the trials as well as the pleasures of boyhood. God forbid that we should, by word or deed, do anything that would detract in the least, from the true and really profitable pleasure of the boys.

"Silver Threads of Song" is the fitting title of a musical publication, containing, among a few choice favorites, some fresh and strikingly beautiful melodies. It contains an operatta written especially for children. Price 60 cents, post-paid. It is issued by S. T. Gordon & Son, 13 East 14th street, N. Y.

LOCALS.

MOTTO of law class is, *soc et tu um*.

THE law term examinations in the law department were very thorough and satisfactory. The result was gratifying, alike to Professors and students.

MEDICAL undergraduate writes back to his preceptor that he has just "theropentically aborted a typical case of sulitus." It seems the patient had sore throat.

PROBABLY the biggest thing in the popular amusement line during the spring season will be Barnum's Great Roman Hippodrome. It employs 1200 men, women and children.

THE time of singing of birds is come, and the voice, not of the turtle exactly, but one fully as melodious crying "battalion, attention," is heard in our land.

ELECTIONS in ladies' literary societies are exciting affairs. Law student overheard one member say in an earnest way to another, "are you a McKenzie man?"

(Instructor in German.)—"What is the German for Greece?"

(Smart Sub. Fresh.)—"Grease ich."

BOARDING.—Good board can be obtained at the Misses Orr's, Dubuque street, east side, one block north of Methodist church. Also, furnished and unfurnished rooms for rent.

IRATE Seniors stand ready to reward liberally whoever will show them the man, woman or child who perpetrated that April fool sell on them.

HE worshiped no goddess, "but success and with an eastern devotion he knelt at her shrine." Bonaparte did this because he was so ambitious. One of our law students is so ambitious that he meditates kneeling to a Schr(e)in-er too. We don't think this pun is worth all the time we spent upon it.

THE Soul Stirrers of the University Battalion for the spring term will be as follows:

Seerley—*Big Blower*.

Draper—*Head Pounder*.

Pottle, Dodge, Wicker, Ellis—*Small Head Pounders*.

Treynor—*Little Blower*.

A NEW and valuable feature has been instituted in his lectures by Judge Hammond. He prepares in advance of his lectures snyopses of the subject treated of. This is issued in pamphlet form, purchased by the students, and is a very valuable auxiliary to their labor, and increases the worth of the lectures two-fold.

HALF a dozen hardened villains have formed themselves into a society for the purpose systematically killing the pretty harmless little birds that hop from twig to twig singing their praises, etc. Said villains wish to have it understood that their organiztaion is intended to be a mixed one, at least there is nothing in its regulations forbidding ladies from becoming members. There is a chance for the girls who wanted military drill to satisfy their belligerent propensities.

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YESTERDAY the river was filled with floating ice and logs. Some of the natives turned out to secure the *flatsam*. A man and his little son had secured a rope around a very large and fine piece of timber. They experienced much difficulty in landing it. A strolling law student good naturedly lent a hanp to pull in. Making a misstep he tumbled over a steep bank into twelve feet of water. The little boy much excited called to his father to jump into his boat and help the struggling Lex. "Hold on to the rope, my son," said he. "There are seventy of them law students, but there is not such another stick in the river." He saved the wood. But that law student is absent at roll call.

GRAMMATICAL DISCUSSION.—1st. Jun.—How do you parse "set on fire?"

2d. Jun.—"Why, 'set on' is a compound verb; same as 'set on a dog.'"

1st. Jun.—"Yes, but—but there is a difference between setting on a dog and setting on a fire."

WE understand that two Senior officers are to fight a duel with cadets rifles as soon as the cartridges come. Cause, love affairs. Distance, 1500 yards. This is a much more honorable and manly way of settling such affairs than by getting a new tie on one's cravat and ridiculing the other fellow's big feet. We understand there is considerable competition for the expected vacancy.

SERENADES ARE IN ORDER.—One of our estimable city ladies says that she believes in serenading on general principles; but practically it seems hardly appropriate that she should be interrupted in the midst of her evening devotions by the unhallowed strains of "Old Grimes is dead." The contrast of sentiment gives a shock to one's nerves which effectually precludes a state of mind conducive to blissful dreams. Let serenaders take warning and save their most religious and devotional pieces for such hours.

ON Wednesday evening, March 24th, Prof. Pinkham delivered a lecture on "California" to the members of the Freshman and Rhetoric classes. The Professor was favored with a large audience, and the audience was favored with a very interesting and instructive lecture.

It would be impossible for us to relate to the readers of the REPORTER the many wonderful things of which the Professor spoke. We can only say that, after hearing this lecture, one has a better and more genuine idea of California as it is, than after reading a great many books on the same subject.

Nor many evenings since, a couple of our military musicians (supposing they had gained considerable proficiency in handling the sticks) went out to serenade. They stationed themselves under the window of the fair one's room, and commenced pouring forth their feelings in a very appropriate manner.

The lady of the house hearing something unusual, and noticing that her little son was not in the room, raised the window and said, "Robbie, don't make so much a noise out there." The music vanished.

THE three Sub-Fresh. who got into a cattle car thinking it was only going to switch, and were thus led to take an involuntary trip out west, say their excursion might be appropriately termed a soft thing all through. First, going as steers in a cattle car, and the bottom of said car being filled ankle deep with trampled straw and filth, they had a soft thing there. Then when they jumped off train before it stopped in order to avoid the impertinence of railway minions, they landed, one of them at full length, in 14½ inches of mud, which was a soft thing. Finally, the trip of seventy miles cost them only twenty-five cents apiece. They thought they would be able to get the smell of the cattle cars out of their clothes before vacation ended.

"WHERE a woman," says Mrs. Partington, "has been married with a congealing heart and one that beats desponding to her own, she will never want to enter the matrimonial field again."

THE Seniors are almost dying of ennui. It was no unusual thing during vacation to see them sitting in little groups on the sidewalk, at the corners of the streets, bemoaning the days that had come in which they had no pleasure. It is still too cold to go boat riding, or to take very lengthy promenades. April fool jokes grow stale after a few days—and no one knows who are to be the representatives at commencement.

THE following was found pinned to a glove which had been hung up in Central Hall, to be reclaimed by loser :

Only a lady's glove,
Hardly worth speaking of,
Yet what a tale of love
Hangs thereby.

Between the posts they steer
"Look out for your bustle dear,
They placed these posts too near,"
Was all he said.

Sweet must his voice have been,
Charming his accents then,
More than the sons of men,
Else had not this fallen.

Dropped, she'd have missed it
From where she placed it,
Perceived she'd lost it
Out of her muff.

But the gay guileless one
Thoughtlessly passing on
Thinking of him alone
Left this behind.

This tale which we have told
Doth the wee glove unfold
Telling of fingers cold
And of hearts warm.

ATOMS.

Drill—mud—umbrellas—buds—eggs—etherial mildness—botanical enthusiasm—croquet—moonlight rambles—plug hats—boat rides—duck-hunting—lambs—happiness—surveying—moving—house-cleaning—serenades—martial music—parsnips—freshets—fishing—rejuvenation of nature—all this and much more, follows the vernal equinox.—Juniors are about to bore us *quam abutere potentiam?*—Billiards are "the go" in Eastern colleges—legislative appropriation for Wisconsin's State University is \$160,000—I. C. B. B. C. are making great parade of their justly deserved amateur championship.—Prof.'s Parker and Currier have been heard from. They arrived in port safe and sound—some impudent fellow intimates that reports of literary per-

formances have become as accounts of military regulations once were—too numerous. Hereafter they will be scarce.—Madison University folks are jubilant over the late Junior Exhibition, say they never had a good one before. We are so used to having good ones, that we don't make quite so much fuss over ours—topics which agitate other colleges now are marking system, election of college editors, chapel, boat-clubs, chess, and April fool jokes.

CLIPPINGS.

The man who said "the loud of tongue shall fall,"
Must have referred to babies when they squall.

HISTORY CLASS.—Prof.—"What were the three great feasts of the Jews?" Student—"Breakfast, dinner and supper, sir."—*Ex.*

MEMBERS of the law class have organized a temperance society. The cardinal precept is, "we pledge ourselves to drink whisky moderately.—*Ex.*

SADDEST thing in life is to see a man go through college, hold a professor's chair, finally attain to the Presidency of a great University, and then kick at a Professor's dog and miss him.—*Chronicle.*

SENIOR devoted to Geology:—Down on his knees with an eye glass examining a big flat stone with some scratches on it made by a passing sleigh two days previous: "How wonderful is that science which allows one to track a trilobite of a trillion years."—*Chronicle.*

PROF. IN CHEMISTRY.—"In learning the Atomic weights, we cannot depend entirely upon our own memories."

Student (on the *qui vive*) "Upon whose memory then can we depend?"

Second Student—Upon the memory of your neighbor who has the book open.—*Transcript.*

WHEN you meet men at the beginning of the term, the Freshman says, "Had a good time; mother did not know me when I got home." Sophomore remarks, "Rather dull; haven't seen a card or a billiard cue for four weeks." Junior laments, "Oh, yes; had a good time; but leaving my —; don't speak of it." Senior says, "Quite pleasant, thank you."—*Ham. Lit. Monthly*

"Miss —, why did you keep addressing me as 'landlord' the other evening at the Philal banquet?" Smiling she answered, "Because you bored me." Junior subsides and regrets that he ever gave up chopping logs in order to gain a college education.—*Lawrence Collegian.*

SCENE.—Examination in physics.—Prof.—"Mr. A., do all animals that have teeth, bite?"

Mr. A.—(After due deliberation,) "Well, y-e-s sir, all that have fallen under my observation do."

Prof.—"How about the whale?"

Mr. A.—(Blankly.) "He never fell under my observation, sir."

"Kind words are wonderful in their way," says an exchange, "but so far as children go, a boot-jack is best."

"See," said a sorrowing wife "how peaceful the cat and dog are." "Yes," said the petulant husband, "but just tie them together and see how the fur will fly."

A man having a bill against a distant merchant sent a letter of inquiry to a banker in that locality. The reply was, "He is dead; but he pays now as well as he ever did."

"Dr. Willson says that a *Faculty* is an objective abstraction. A Junior who has cut drill now and then, can't see the point. He affirms that it is a very obvious reality and entirely subjective in its nature."—*Era*.

EXCHANGES.

McKendree Repository thinks the REPORTER's eight columns "Society Criticisms," scarcely appreciated by "foreigners." We were deeply interested in the *five* columns of "society criticisms," with which McKendree's April number favors us.

The *Bowdoin Orient* has a very readable and logical article on "College Prayers." Chapel service *must* be a queer affair as managed at Bowdoin, "with the faculty seated like sentinels among the students, as if they came to prayers for no other purpose than to watch the students. "Watch and pray" might well be said to be their motto.

We do things better here. However, there is a paragraph concerning the utter lack of devotion among students at chapel which might be read with profit by some of us. There are many in college at the present day who read the works of Spencer and others of the same school and bow to them as teachers. These students have an uncomfortable way of asking questions. "You believe in the Bible" they say. "Then you believe that when it *is* being read, it represents God speaking to you. When prayer is being offered, you are supposed to be addressing the Creator of the universe. Yet in either case you do not show as much respect as if you were addressing a common person."

The *Berkleyan* evidently thinks that itself (and about two others) are the only western college exchanges "which give justification for their existence." It thinks it a good rule "that matter has no right to be put in print when written for the sake of filling up space." We presume the *Berkleyan* means by this that matter should not be printed unless written by some one who has something to say, and is burning to say it. Perhaps the California University is filled with such persons. There is no telling what a college which has an "Oratory Contest" may possess besides. We are not so fortunate neither, if we are to judge from occasional remarks on the subject in most of our exchanges. Perhaps that is the reason we and they do so poorly.

However, has the *Berkleyan* ever reflected that some of the very best literary work has been done under the pressure of necessity, to fulfill contracts, by writers whose needs and ob-

ligations impelled them? In fact we suspect that literary work, like any other kind of work, is sometimes well done by men who with, perhaps, a love unadapted for their professions in general, would not in those particular cases have done what they did if they had not been obliged to.

So we don't think the *Berkleyan* rule a very safe one, and if it ever should happen—perhaps an improbable occurrence—that any really good original article comes to our hands, we will print it without asking whether it was written to fill up space or not.

In an article in the *Transcript*, (Delaware, Ohio), we note the following: "We are told, I know not how true it is, that the government will place an army officer at our institution whose duty it shall be to educate the students in military tactics, and that the faculty is favorable to the appointment. How the students would like it is a question, but as for my own class, I am sure it would receive their approval, etc." We presume it would be wrong to dampen their martial ardor, but some of the "sick" members of our University corps could tell them a sad and instructive tale of their military experience. Indeed if the Wesleyanites do not succeed in making arrangements for having a Military Department at home, we can furnish here profitable (?) employment in that line for some of the more warlike of them. Five dollars per term is the amount offered for substitutes to fill unexpired terms of service in our University corps. It just pays matriculation fees.

Among the most lively and welcome of our exchanges is the *Niagra Index*. To an outsider, one of its interesting features is the good natured roughness with which it treats its exchanges. It makes a remark, perhaps not intended to be sarcastic, about never having seen an original poem in the REPORTER.

We don't know exactly why so few original poems have ever been published in the REPORTER. We have thought that perhaps it was because our standard of poetical excellence was so high. So we have lowered it a peg, and as a result, we have in this issue several poems purporting to be original. Indeed we see nothing in the productions themselves, which should hinder such a conclusion. We say this not intending to reflect on the poems at all, but only by way of forestalling criticism by exchanges.

We presume it is a compliment to a college paper, to say that it looks like any other kind of paper. At any rate, that is the remarks the *University Press* always calls forth from exchanges. We notice a very sound article in it entitled "Brain and Body," taking strong ground in favor of more and more systematic physical culture.

A writer in the *Trinity Joblet*, (Hartford, Conn.) puts some trite principles in a pointed way. We clip the following:

"We refer more especially to the prevailing habit of slighting certain studies in the curriculum, and turning every energy upon others. One is to be a lawyer. Shall he, then, soil his hands by digging for Greek roots? No, he will let pig-headed simpletons do all the rooting; but he will go to the gymnasium at unseemly hours to shout his "Sir, we are not weak!" He

will learn a certain set of gestures, because he will often have occasion to point out some despicable Member of the House, and must needs do it tellingly. Another is to be a doctor. He will not pay the least attention to translations (except in so far as by judicious curbing he may ride securely on his pony;) but the meaning of abstract terms he will commit to mind, because hereafter, you know, he needs to understand the difference between "nux vomica" and "vox humana."

What truths do they not take into consideration? This, at least, that a man will succeed the better in any one thing for having a clear idea of any other one subject."

We commend this to the attention of specials.

We have received the following exchanges:

College Spectator, University Review, University Bulletin, High School Tripod, Tarquin, Newspaper Reporter, Tyro, Argus, Volante, Triad, Archangle, School Journal, Mercury, Irving Union, Iowa City Republican, Iowa City Press, Anamosa Eureka, Indianola Tribune, Olio and Music Folio, Indianola Herald.

PERSONALS.

Mr. Swofford is again among us.

Gorell, medic. '75, is practicing in Jasper county.

Henry Carmichal, gave us a call last week.

Kirk Osmond is book-keeper in Saunder's grocery.

Misses Irwin and Richardson are teaching at Sigourney.

Goodman, medic. '75, gives physic at Edenville, Mar. Co.

Bradenstine, also medic. '75, hangs shingle at Iowa Falls.

Campbell, of same class, is settled somewhere near Council Bluffs.

P. M. Broceline, best posted man of medics. of '75, is settled in Iowa City.

A. O. Williams, medic. '75, is practicing at Eldon, Jefferson county, Iowa.

Mr. Chambers, formerly a University student, has returned and joined the Junior class.

M. R. King, Normal '72, spent a few days with us not long since. He is practicing law at Keokuk.

Miss Lillie Cochrane, of the Sophomore class, is teaching at Lansing, Iowa.

Thos. Mattison, class '73, moved among us a few days during vacation. He is teaching at Wilton, Iowa.

Our old friend and classmate McCloud, has been among us again as large as life. He expects to enter the medical department next year.

Mr. Graydon, of the present senior class, who has been teaching during the winter term, has finished his school, and is pursuing his studies in the University.

R. M. Goshorn, class '77, will not be in school the spring term, but will so arrange his studies as to graduate with the model class of the University.

E. S. Wishard has completed his law course, and now belongs to the prospecting corps. There is but one feeling as regards Wishard, esteem for his rare qualities of head and heart.

N. T. Hellyer of the present law class, and an attorney at law, is spending his vacation in the western part of the State. He desires to return and prosecute his studies, and will do so if his professional engagements permit.

Chief Justice Wilson will not return this year. His many friends miss his pleasant countenance and genial smile. It now makes light and merry the heart of one, who has been patiently waiting his coming all these long and weary months. Here's to you and yours C. J.

Will Osmond spent his two week's vacation in Iowa City. His genial face and pleasant conversation make one forget, for the time being, the dark side of life. Vacation spent in Iowa City without a visit from the "pride" of class '73, would hardly be enjoyable.

We have just heard from one of those members of law class '73, who "mutually pledged each other that they would regularly subscribe for, and take the *University Reporter*, and once each year report to it their whereabouts." The person in question is B. F. Harrington. He is practicing law with good success in Denver, Colorado.

Will some more redeem their pledge in this matter?



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