

The University Reporter.

IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY.

VOL. VII.

IOWA CITY, IOWA, JUNE 15, 1875.

No. 9.

THE TWO RACES IN IRELAND.

BY THOMAS W. GRAYDON.

Our attention was lately called to Ireland by the Froude and-Burke discussion. Probably few think Mr. Froude has justified the English invasion of Ireland; but who has justified the Roman invasion of Britain, the Saxon, the Danish, the Norman; or, the extermination of the Indians on this continent? History presents us terrible scenes—countries overrun, peoples enslaved, oppressions, annihilations; we can not justify the inflicted wrongs, we *do* approve the results. The English historian and the Catholic priest judge history by different standards. The one, Carlyle's worthy disciple, comes saying: The two civilizations conflicted; the stronger and higher, and the stronger *because* the higher, prevailed. His opponent, the Dominican monk, tells us of penal laws and violated treaties, a proscribed priesthood and a degraded people, the peasant murdered in his burning cottage and the wail of his children on the midnight air, and asks our judgment. The standard by which Mr. Froude judges history is the Fatalist's, the Utilitarian's and that of Mother Nature, who is always rejoiced to have the strong race crush out the weak. Father Burke's standard is more in harmony with the common notions of justice. The Englishman's defense of his country is a defense of the laws of progress, of the times—not past—when "might makes right"; the priest's complaint is an indictment of "Specific Gravity," "the Persistence of Force," "the Survival of the Fittest." England's justification—the right of the tiger to his evening meal; Ireland's plea—the claim of the poor victim to its life. When we shall have reconciled Fate and Free-will, and settled the respective rights of the wild beast and his prey, we shall have satisfactorily judged the English conquest and occupation of Ireland.

There are three periods of Ireland's history of peculiar interest to the student of political or social science. The first is that of Henry VIII and Elizabeth, when the English colonists in Ireland adopted the Reformed faith, thus infusing a new element of discord, and making what was a war of races, also a war of religions. The second period is the last quarter of the eighteenth century, when the Irish parliament enjoyed a nominal independence. The third is the present, marked by Mr. Gladstone's Ballot Act. Briefly to consider these three periods is our task. When the Northern nations of Europe embraced Protestantism, hatred of her op-

pressors helped keep Ireland true to the Church of the Middle Ages. Besides, Catholicism appealing to our emotional nature, and cherishing an ideal of glowing faith, was intrinsically congenial to the Irish character. Only strong peoples assimilate strong creeds; the relentless logic of Calvin was for the Scotch, not the Irish, race. The explanation, then, of Ireland's present state, lies in the fact that since the Reformation the colonists and the native Irish have been as clearly divided in religion as in race.

In the eighteenth century we find the original inhabitants, deprived of their ancestral holdings, excluded from every office and voice in the government, disarmed, persecuted and outlawed, their religion proscribed and their priests under ban, subject to the most odious penal laws, without the means, and almost without the will, to better themselves. On the other hand, the Protestant colonists, the ruling class, had been alternately caressed and taxed by England, as her fears or her avarice dictated. They were literally the "Irish garrison." They governed the country and were themselves governed for England's aggrandisement. When by their enterprise any export or manufacture threatened English interests it was immediately suppressed. Their commerce with the American colonies had been prohibited, the exportation of cattle forbidden, and when they turned to the manufacture of woolen goods the trade in wool was completely annihilated. But these descendants of Cavalier, Roundhead, and Williamite—these colonists with their old Anglo-Saxon obstinacy, were not the men to endure such treatment. They had been trained in a severe school—one fitted to develop the virtues as the vices, of a superior people. Justly, or unjustly, their fathers had won the land by the sword, and they had been compelled to hold it by the same means. Surrounded by numbers who were uniformly their enemies, and whom they considered their inferiors, they had maintained their position by superior intelligence, vigilance, and courage. No doubt they were arbitrary and somewhat despotic, yet generous, proud, and self-reliant. Such men the Irish parliament of the eighteenth century represented, so far as it represented anything outside the British cabinet. In 1779-82 these men demanded the independence of their parliament, and England, weakened by her American and European wars, graciously granted to 100,000 armed volunteers what she had ever denied to the claims of justice. Yes, England, in her weakness, granted the boon of independent legislation, to snatch it again by the so-called union of 1800—a union conceived in the fine brain of that prince of moral prime ministers, William Pitt, warmed to life by the

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fanatical Tory re-action that followed the French Revolution, and ushered into the world by shameless intrigue and statecraft, by bribery and threats, by offers of safety to the Irish Protestant Church, and subtle promises of Catholic emancipation—promises which the subsequent action of king and ministers compels us to believe were never meant to be fulfilled.

In the past, the union of politics and religion has been the curse of Ireland. Mr. Gladstone, by the Ballot Act and the disestablishment of the Irish Church, did much to secularize Irish politics. By the Ballot Act he rescued the voter from the power of both landlord and priest. By the disestablishment of the Irish Church he estranged England's warmest supporters, the ultra-Episcopalians, and united the liberal Protestants with the Catholics in the Home Rule party. The motto of the Home Rulers is "Home legislation in internal affairs." They claim an independence similar to that enjoyed by each state of the American Union. They have learned from the past. They remember that once the great heart of England was moved to pity Ireland, when in 1782 she granted a nominally independent parliament to the demands of an armed people; they remember, too, another occasion, when the British prime minister, the victor at Waterloo, presented the Catholic emancipation bill to George IV, and said: "Your Majesty, it is forced on you and me; you must sign that paper, or prepare for civil war and rebellion in Ireland." With these records, the Home Rulers know what to expect from England's generosity.

Prejudices of Saxon descent may unfit me for judging, yet, from an intimate knowledge of the Celtic character, I must say that Ireland is not now fitted for self-government. That she will be fitted for it when public opinion makes it possible, I hope and believe. When that day of her independence comes, it will have come—not through the Sword, but through the Voice and the Pen—through the burial of old jealousies and discords at home, and the ultimate aid of English Republicanism. Relying on these means alone, the Reformers are hopefully laboring on—laboring for the time when religion shall no longer be a factor in politics; when the two races shall be assimilated by common interests; when, with the rash enthusiasm of the Celt tempered by the steadiness of the more self-restrained Saxon, the whole Irish people shall be a united, independent people—a people with a secular political life. Visions of by-gone times cheer them in the noble struggle, as among the dying echoes of the past century, they hear the halls of the old Parliament house ringing with the voices of the patriot leaders—with the voices of the heroic Flood and the high-minded Grattan—men whose spotless integrity was as well recognized by French and English contemporaries as by their own countrymen—men the halo of whose genius sheds an immortal radiance o'er the few short years of their country's independence, while even yet their transcendent forms, towering through the mists of British corruption and treachery, seem to point ever upward to those clear heights, where calm, grand,

over-arched and begirt with the eternal sunlight, sit the pure goddesses of their adoration—Patriotism, Justice, Truth.

CULTURE, A BASIS OF BROTHERHOOD.

BY THOS. I. COULTAS.

The introduction of evil into the world brought countless woes, the dissolution of the human family following in their sad train. And viewing man through the medium of history as it unfolds his cold seclusiveness, and exhibits wild, warring, struggling, surging humanity, coming up the path of ages, we are prone to say the family relations will never be restored. To him who reads but pauses not to reason, to him who sees humanity only as delineated on history's page, but knows nothing of the principles unfolded by ethics and philosophy, how dark and foreboding the picture. Despair possesses him as he reads the first page of human career, for in the first family is a murderer, and the first soul entering heaven's gate is driven from earth by the hand of violence. Here are seen whole empires torn and rent in pieces, whole armies mown down on a thousand bloody fields, thrones shaken to their foundations, hearts bleeding with sorrow, even the church loaded with depravity's pestilential vapor, bearing the impress of evil, popes, prelates, and priests, led on by the powers of hell grappling the secular sword, until "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain" under the dominion of human passion. Sad indeed is the picture, but we are not without hope. Culture, her garments yet wet with the dews of a dawning day, her face luminous with the hope of triumph, unvailing to our astonished vision the measure of human possibility, on the basis of mental and moral attainment, proclaims the brotherhood of man. Culture is bringing about a fraternity of minds. Cultured minds must commune with each other, for upon this depends the march of intellect. Miles and oceans cannot separate them, neither can centuries divide them. Thoughts expressed ages ago are thrilling the souls of millions to-day, and although the grave has long since opened to receive the speaker, he still lives, as human hearts beat in sympathy with his utterances, and human lips reiterate them again and again. In fighting the fierce battles of life, in walking up the same pathway, in entering into similar investigations, a harmony of sentiment, an identity of interest have united the votaries of intellect in a brotherhood as sacred and consummate as the union of angels. Aristotle in his scientific researches investigated the wonders of animal life, unfolded many mysterious phenomena, gave us more enlarged ideas of man's relations to nature, more exalted conceptions of the plans of creation. All this, too, did Agassiz. Hence, through the medium of science, these two men communed with each other, and across the chasms of centuries clasped the hand of brotherhood.

than logic, and as Christian hearts are being deluged with love, they are becoming one as "the Father and the Son are one." Those of the ministry, too, with cultured minds and cultured hearts are soaring above the narrow creed and catechism, and as with the voice of one man, are crying out to humanity, "Behold, behold the Lamb!" From the banks of the Ganges, "from Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strand," from the shores of the Pacific, and where flow the waters of the Nile, from Alpine heights, and New England's palatial residences, comes the legitimate response, "I see, I see the star," and over every barrier they are coming—they are coming, to clasp hands around the cross of one common Redeemer, until soon in Heaven's courts will be heard the glad announcement, "the morning dawneth." O Culture, noble is thy work! thy dignity is the brightest manifestation of divinity; yea, the symbol of God's infinity, for no limit can be set to thy unfolding. Humanity as a unit comes and bows at thy tribunal, acknowledging the sway of thy scepter, and marshaled under thy banner marches forward to conquer death and hell, and with thee to scale the battlements of glory.

The University Reporter.

IOWA CITY, IOWA, JUNE 13th, 1873.

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TERMS INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

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

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

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

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

J. J. HAMILTON, Financial Agent.

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With but few days remaining of the school year, and, with some of us, of school life, we "make up" the last of the "copy" for the June issue.

With this issue goes our last opportunity of dunning our readers for subscriptions and contributions. And now we are done dunning. Our solicitations in this direction have always been made more from a sense of duty than with any hope, especially as to the latter item, of any considerable re-

turn. The few crumbs of advice we have scattered upon the boisterous waters of University life, we have not found after many days of patient waiting and watching. We have written the paper ourselves.

Whether we say it proudly or sadly, is our own business. What we have written, we have written, and we are willing to endure the abuse and criticism so unsparingly heaped upon us, considering the source—we repeat, *especially* considering the source. We have felt very easy about the matter since we found out about that —, and we are also ready for any credit due us.

THE new catalogue for 1874-5 is out, and is quite respectable in appearance. It is printed by Mills & Co., Des Moines. In glancing over it we observe some new features, prominent among which is the revival of the prize system in the English department. We are opposed to this incentive to higher effort; were it necessary, or would space permit, we could give our reasons for opposing it. These prizes have been offered "through the liberality of prominent citizens of Iowa City, as incentives to excellence in composition and oratory." Though we are opposed to such a system as that of conferring prizes for excellence in any branch of study, we can not but express thanks in behalf of the students to these citizens who have taken this method of showing their interest in the University. It only serves to attest to the fact, that the citizens of Iowa City have a deep interest in the students of the University, and that they will at every opportunity, do all in their power to further the interests of the students. "A prize of \$40.00 to the Senior who shall prepare the best Thesis on a literary, historical, or scientific subject." We may expect from this class, ripe in scholarship, profound in thought, vivid in imagination, productions that will redound to their honor. "A prize of \$25.00 to the Junior who shall prepare and deliver the best oration." \$25.00 was all they could go on our prospective Juniors. What a rich treat in store for those who may have the pleasure of listening to the effusions of this class. The exercises, we fear, will be long, for every individual member of the class, laboring under the hallucination that he is the best writer and speaker, will compete for the prize. "Two prizes of \$15.00 each, to the two Sophomores who shall, in the preparation of themes, perform the most satisfactory work," and a prize of \$15.00 to the "Soph" who excels in declamation. Bombast seems to be an essential element in the constitution of a Sophomore production, but 'tis unkind to even intimate that our "Sophs" of next year will defile their productions with this element. Good work may be expected from this class. Several prizes are offered to the Freshmen who shall most satisfactorily perform work in the assigned exercises. Of course, we know comparatively nothing of the ability of this class, but if their talent corresponds to their number, the Freshman of this year may rest assured that their organization next year will

fall into worthy hands. Next year will bring with it friendly (perhaps) strife among the students, and we may expect as much disappointment as there now exists among the shelved Seniors.

WAR is a curse to any nation. Civil war is the most destructive agent to a government that can be imagined. Brothers fighting against brothers, fathers fighting against fathers, mothers praying for the destruction and overthrow of one army, and their sisters praying for the same result to come to the opposing army; all this is shocking to man's better nature, and in time of peace he shrinks with horror at the very thought of such a condition of affairs.

Of course, guns, cannon, &c., have to be manufactured in order to carry on a war. Our University cannon were doubtless manufactured for that purpose. The other night, when all good persons should be at their homes, as the janitor was sweetly sleeping, dreaming of the fine times he used to have on the banks of the Rhine; when the hum and hurry of business had died upon the streets, and the earth was clothed in a thick mantle of darkness well adapted for wicked deeds, some miscreant wretch or wretches, prompted by a spirit inspired by Satan himself, filled to the muzzle one of Lieut. Schenck's fine brass cannon, with brick-bats, pointed the peice towards one of the noble oaks that adorn our campus, touched off the cannon, strewing the ground for some distance around with fragments of bark and brick dust. This is fun at the expense of the state, and we hope that out of respect for the Faculty, and in order to preserve the hitherto good name of the University, and to maintain the dignity and decorum becoming to gentlemen, such acts will not be repeated.

A WRITER in the *Nation* re-discusses the old question "Why can't we have a comic newspaper?" We Americans are essentially a witty people; we appreciate wit; we are willing to pay for it. Witness to this the fact that crowds will flock to hear a "funny" man lecture when a handful cannot be coaxed across the street to listen to a dry discourse, no matter how full of wisdom. All attempts to establish a professedly humorous paper in America have failed while the English *Punch* lives on enjoying all the robust health its mirth provoking qualities are supposed to bestow upon its readers.

THE gravest charge that can be brought against an author is plagiarism. Nothing can more rapidly and certainly destroy his reputation as a writer, or his character as a man. In accusing persons of plagiarism we not only say that they are thieves—taking and appropriating to themselves what has cost another much time and labor—but, at the same

time, liars, professing that to be original which was the product of another's brain.

The extent of the wickedness and meanness which is necessary to the carrying on this practice can be estimated from the public opinion on the subject. Any one detected in the perpetration of this offense is justly treated with disdain and contempt by the general reading public, and looked upon by all honorable authors as unworthy of confidence or regard. The present age does not require mere machines to work over and patch up materials prepared by others, but active, investigating, inventive minds. The necessity of examining and studying the sentiments and opinions of other authors is also evident. We can always express our own opinions better when we understand what others think on the same subject.

The moral that may be drawn from these thoughts is extensive and important. Not only should we beware of plagiarism in its technical sense, but also shun anything which tends in that direction. Let us seek for originality and use personal effort as far as possible. To the use of outside assistance there is special temptation to one who is backward in his studies, or who is not naturally possessed of so brilliant or vigorous a mind as his associates and classmates. He thinks that he will use the auxiliaries till he shall be able of his own power to maintain his place. This course tends only to defeat the desired end. Letting the mind off with half duty makes it only the more unable to live by its own exertions—to stand alone. Individuality and independence may in some things be carried to an extreme, but in this direction there is no danger. It is impossible for the student to free himself too much from outside help in preparing for recitation or in carrying on any mental labor. We must not judge of our success by the space passed over, but from the thoroughness with which our work has been accomplished. We can never be sure that anything is properly or thoroughly done, until we do it ourselves unassisted by others. We are as an army subduing a foreign country. If our expedition is to be successful we must make thorough work. If we permit the enemy to remain in our rear and leave hostile forts untaken, although they may seem small and weak, they will turn upon us and take us unawares.

To learn half a lesson well, and by our own effort, is better than to half learn the whole. If we possess only a superficial and general idea of any subject, in a short time we will know nothing about it.

Another reason why we should depend as much as possible on our own powers, is that they are thereby continually increasing in strength and capacity for labor. We all expect sometime to be compelled to depend on our own exertions to make our way in the world; this is the only way in which we can properly prepare ourselves for that emergency.

In laying the foundations for an upright character, we ought to commence by raising our true colors, and standing

upon our own real merits, not professing to be other or more than we are.

THE rule requiring students to attend church, has this year been a dead letter upon the University statute books, but the prophesied evils consequent upon such a material change in "collegial tactics" have failed to appear, thereby fulfilling the scriptures in regard to false prophets, and we verily believe that the anticipated evils are *non est*. The truth is, such a rule is contrary to the spirit of our institutions as well as the letter of our constitution, and especially in a school like our University, a State institution, and where *most* of the students are citizens, and *all* of them of the age of discretion and accountability, and hence should be allowed, like other American citizens, all the rights and privileges of free, moral agents in matters pertaining to religion, and to choose for themselves whether they will be "bored" by the horns of a devil or the horns of a dogmatical dilemma, as we have no assurance that those who view the church as such a dilemma, will escape the former by enduring the latter.

Consider us not as advocating this dilemma doctrine respecting the church, but rather that every barbarous and tyrannical chain of religious intolerance, golden though it be, should we burst asunder, so that those who do honestly hold to such, or any other doctrine, may have equal rights with the rest of mankind, and not have their mental or spiritual food seasoned to suit the palates of other men regardless of their own peculiar tastes, for such theories are worthy only of the "mono-baptismal" alchemists of faith of the dark ages, and to substantiate our position and prove its practicability, we point you to the record of the University for the present year, one of the most successful in its history, and one too, in which the liberated "vassals" would have been most apt to abuse their liberty, it being natural for students as well as birds to breath more deeply of the air of newly acquired freedom, and to soar, if ever, up into its "thinner" regions.

The number of students who have this year attended church, at least of those whose attendance is a virtue, has not been perceptibly changed, except, perhaps, on those stormy or otherwise unfavorable occasions, where formerly the fear of an offended Faculty was a more weighty incentive to attend than the fear of an offended God.

As to the influence exerted this year, over the students of the Law and Medical Departments, whose attendance has never been compulsory, by the students of the academical department, let the improved reputation of those departments testify.

THE weather is so cold it is almost impossible for the seniors to eat all the ice cream they won or lost on the commencement speakers.

Our writer proposes a solution to the question in our general equality, or possible equality, of condition, social and political, to the absence of class distinctions which make impossible the construction of ludicrous combinations, such as are produced in Punch, by bringing together a lord and a hod carrier.

This may be to some extent an explanation, but we have to offer another, additional and supplementary. It is a condition necessary to the legitimate effect of wit that it be unexpected, especially is this the case with American wit and humor. It is light, sparkling, evanescent, like a glass of soda water, delicious and exhilarating, if taken when concocted, but a moment's delay spoils it all. It will not keep. And perhaps the fact that American wit possesses this peculiarity more than does the English, has been the death of so many comic papers. Suppose a friend says to you, "I propose to get off a joke, so be prepared for it. Here goes, &c." Now, unless that joke is *very* good, you are not going to laugh much, whereas if he had sprung it upon you suddenly you would probably have laughed with very slight provocation. Thus with a professedly humorous paper. Its witticisms, except the very best of them, fall flat, because they were expected; we take them as a matter of course; they amuse no more than the solid portions of a common newspaper, and fun which is not funny is disgusting.

Wit, to show to its best advantage, needs a back ground of seriousness, just such as is furnished by the solid portions of the ordinary paper. There they are given the air of gratuitousness, of happy accident, which is one their chief charms. Of course, a joke is seldom, in fact, the accidental impromptu performance it should seem to be.

There is no more cold-blooded, deliberate business than that of the professional humorist, as any one who has done much in the line of getting up humorous productions and performances can testify. The preparation of a comic production requires something more than mere wit, something more than the power to form ludicrous combinations. It requires the exercise of the nicest judgment to determine just what its readers or hearers will appreciate and understand, to know exactly how far to go without shocking the sensibilities of an audience. How often we have seen this truth attested in listening to comic performances in our literary societies. Productions good in general conception, perhaps rich in humor, are spoiled, as to effect, because the authors didn't know when they had said enough. We had carried a joke too far, or what is about as bad, stated it to verbosely, thus obscuring the real point. And right here we might say that we know of few better methods of acquiring the faculty of simplicity, conciseness, and directness of statement than in trying to state a witticism in the most effective manner. Indeed the power to do this is a good index of general literary ability.

Our great orators and writers have almost invariably been addicted to witticisms, and somewhat famous for their powers in this direction.

WHEN the announcement of Senior Commencement appointments became known, considerable surprise was manifested by the students in general, and great dissatisfaction was expressed by some of the Seniors.

While we agree with the almost unanimous opinion of the students, that the "immortal ten" are not the best representatives that could have been selected from the class, still we think, that all will agree, that with *three* or *four* exceptions, the selections are good ones and deserving of the honor conferred. The Faculty, of course, could not please every one, and this should not be expected. We sympathize with those Seniors who should have been appointed in the place of the *three* or *four* who were appointed, and can assure them that in their sorrow, they have friends who appreciate their delicate position, and who feel mortified at the result of the vote which passed them by, unhonored and unsung. So long as the Faculty select a fixed number to appear at commencement, just so long will there be anticipations "nipped in the bud," fond hopes blasted, ambitious longings never satisfied. As this is the first time selections have been made from a class, nothing else than disappointment was to be expected. The members of the lower classes, by the time of their graduation, will have become reconciled to the custom, and consequently, if any of them chance to be so unfortunate as to be over-looked in the selection of candidates to "do the University proud," on Commencement day, they will have illustrious examples in whose footsteps they may well be proud to follow.

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QUERY: Would it not clear up the mist which lies around the Faculty's decrees if they were to make known their system of marking students? If it were understood and published, as class standing is, then those who fell below the standard of the chosen ten would know why they were rejected, and have not the slightest ground for suspecting injustice or partiality; and also, the other classes would know better how to improve their time. Judging from some of the appointments this year, a student might easily conclude that in order to appear at Commencement, which is an ambition of every true student, he should devote himself entirely to his studies and abandon the literary work, which heretofore has been considered as important as any study; then from *others* appointed, you would not conclude thus, and from some it is hard to make any conclusion.

Oh, for more light!

ANY Junior who will deliberately go to his neighbor's and study up the old Virgil which he has entirely forgotten, and then read it to his girl (who studies it), as if it were as fresh in mind as when he was a *Sub*, can be put down for a deceiver and a cheat. "Beware, young girl; he's fooling you."

THE cold and backward spring this year made the students fear that May-day would be postponed until June. But at last the fiat came, and on the morning of the 28th of May many hearts beat high in anticipation of a glorious holiday. But alas, the naughty sun only appeared long enough to make a cold and formal bow, and retired beyond the curtained morning, whence neither the sobbing rain nor sighing students could induce him to return. But brave hearts bent on pleasure are stronger than circumstances, and lowering clouds, and even falling rain, are unable to dampen the spirits of students freed from the weary labor of college. Long before the time of the usual chapel bell, parties were seen laden with baskets and umbrellas, wending their way to the river to spend the day rowing and eating. At 8 o'clock the Phi. Kap. party assembled at the head of Clinton street, and notwithstanding the ominous appearance of the sky, started gaily for the picnic grounds at Downey. It was discovered by the occupants of the foremost carriage that the rain, which had been slowly falling ever since they started, had spoiled the woods for a picnic, but as it had not affected the traveling they continued the drive, all the other carriages following their wild leader. After a while the brilliant idea struck one of the more thoughtful, that it would be prudent to discover where they were going. Thereupon a convention was held, and it was decided to remain where they were. Mrs. Foster, the lady of the comfortable New England farm house near by, threw open her entire house for the entertainment of the party. The horses were safely sheltered in the large barn, whose threshing floor, wide hay mow, and large swing, furnished a much better place for a picnic than any grove or grass-covered lawn. The dinner was served at the house—the early afternoon gaily spent there. At four o'clock the sun was shining brightly, and the party drove back to the city, by way of West Liberty, feeling that the rainy morning, instead of lessening the enjoyment of the day, had greatly increased it. A cool atmosphere and clouded sky are far preferable to a blazing sun and dusty air.

The hearty thanks of the party are tendered to Mrs. and Miss Foster, to whose kind hospitality it is indebted for a delightful day.

Owing to the fact that the Anniversary exercises of our literary societies, from their sameness year after year, are not so interesting as they might be, it was decided by the ladies' society to vary their part of the programme this year; and instead of having the usual orations from the societies, they have invited Mrs. Parker to deliver her lecture on "The Education of Women," which she has kindly consented to do.

PROFESSOR E—, to a student from Council Bluffs, guilty of a rude trick in class: "Sir, such acts are not permitted in this country, but we will overlook this one, since it comes from the confines of civilization!"

AND so we are to have no class-day exercises. Fourteen to sixteen the vote stood. Even "the four traitors, together with 'the ten' we have," were not enough. The Flick-er of hope with which the speech announcing the object of the meeting had inspired us, faded away as fog before the sunlight of arithmetic. Like a drop of water on a hot flat-iron, we "dried up" amid a storm of hisses, and we had nothing to do but to retire "'mid shout and groan and saber (sergeant's drill sword) stroke." The "Retreat of the Ten"—with no Zenophon to immortalize us. None to tell the tale, for had not the Faculty decided that there should be no historian found among "the ten"? and did not the class vote that no historian should come from among the twenty-three?

So the tale which will never be told, and the song which will never be sung, and the revelations which will never be unfolded, and the oratorical fuel which will never be ignited, can but add to the already countless illustrations of cases of "mute inglorious Miltons," Gibbons, Websters, and Daniels. Oh, my friends and classmates! Oh, ornery sixteen! Think what a weight of responsibility rests upon your shoulders, for this literary annihilation, this "slaughter of the innocents," this clipping, as it were, of the wings of genius! As a class we were not remarkable for many things. We were not famous for astronomical ability; through the classics we never walked when we could ride; in chemistry we never made great lights, though the Professor sometimes made them for us, burning and shining, and odoriferous (pew!). Few of us mastered the mysteries of levels, transits, and theodolites. But we had one taste in common. We were literary, and as a class were supposed to have a keen appreciation of literary excellence, especially of our own.

But, alas! that characteristic was not a characteristic after all, judging from *that vote*. Perhaps it is well—and the thought comes to us with healing on its wings, healing for our sick souls—perhaps it is well we are to have no historian. He could only say: "The class of '75 are only remarkable for not being remarkable for anything"—except perhaps, mute-ual disunity. It may be rash in us to assert unqualifiedly, that the class has no other peculiarity. The members are mostly younger than the average of graduating classes. As they grow older they may develop some now latent peculiarities. In the meantime we can only watch and wait.

No doubt in the future, not very distant, some classmate, stepping aside for a moment from the hurry and rush of active life, will note down for the delectation of posterity, a few of the things which might, in all appropriateness, be said next Commencement. Let us hope some one of us, a self-imposed historian, will make it a labor of love to write the history of the class of '75, while the most gifted of our number sings the praises of those who have won fame and fortune, and sheds a few tears over the fate of those who have gone wrong in the journey of life.

ATOMS.

THE new catalogues are even better than last year's. The Faculty have carried co-education even to the extent of mixing together the names of the boys and girls, which is well.—A girl at Vassar College devoured 9,152 griddle cakes while completing her education.—The girls in the Freshman class at Wooster wear regulation straw hats three feet in diameter. We notice a tendency to wide-rimmed straw hats among *our* Freshman girls.—It is said that President McCosh, of Princeton, purposes introducing billiards into the college for the purpose of keeping his young men out of the saloons.—Boys of Council Bluffs High School are all afflicted with love-sickness. It is an epidemic much more to be feared than small pox. You can vaccinate for small pox. For the other nothing can be done but to have it and get well.—A Harvard School of Geology will be opened July 1st, at Cumberland Gap, Tenn.; 5000 square miles of country are to be covered during a term of nine weeks. The number of students is limited to seventy-five; none but men of culture and standing will be allowed to take part.—Tennessee University have drill; its college paper says "cadets have been singularly afflicted with headache of late; attack comes on just at drill time."—Junior Ex. at Tenn. University was *short*; fifteen orations, one poem, seven pieces of music, two prayers.—Monmouth is quarreling about dancing.

LOCALS.

WANTED, a fighting editor.

Ask Sophomore Schmidt if he can determine magnitude.

This hot weather makes Blackstone stand only about 15 pages in the shade.

PHOTOGRAPHY becomes more and more thriving as a business.

Persons wishing to have July REPORTERS sent to them, away from Iowa City, should leave their addresses at the office.

PARTY at residence of Dana Stone was a success. About 50 present. The *elite* of the Academic and Law Departments.

DID it ever occur to some of our Seniors that it is much more credit to a man to be asked why he *didn't* "come on" than why he *did*.

Next Commencement will place quite a number on the cross-roads of life. Be sure you know where you are going, keep watch of the guide-boards and look out for robbers.

THE librarian says it would be well for those wishing to draw books for summer vacation to prepare quite an extended list, arranged in the order of their desire for them, and the proper number of each list that are not out can be drawn in that order.

An unexpected rain storm nearly squealched the last University sociable.

"Going through the rye" is the latest for the raids on the distilleries.

The small pox scare has gradually subsided. Students are beginning to think, "wonder if I'll pass."

It was intimated in the Law Class the other day that a couple of students had leisure. Our catalogue says not.

FINANCIAL editor says, "Fork over your dollar." Please let him have his own way about it. We are in great need of money. We shall need some to pay that extra editor.

Professor Hinrichs has finished his lectures on mineralogy and is now lecturing on meteorology. As the Soph's can't absorb all he says, they have to take notes.

Botany Class. Prof.—"Mr. O., what is a plant?"
Mr. O.—"It has not been defined in class Professor, but I should say it is a vegetable in a herbaceous state."

A MEMBER of the law class was so enraged at the article in the last REPORTER, about Law Commencement, that he remarked that if he didn't know he was about the best man in the class he should resign.

A boating party recently met with quite an accident. In getting into the boat one of the gentleman fell into five feet of water. Tender looks and kind words could not prevent his clothes becoming damp. Coroner not required.

Boat rides, picnics, and buggy-riding are in full blast. Wonder if the Phi. Kap.'s had a nice time at their picnic? It didn't rain quite all the day, only enough to lay the dust. We are told that they had a pleasant time, *transparent, ah?*

The "relics" of the law class of '74 have been incorporated into the present class for the review of Blackstone. They (the relics) were not a little surprised at the reception given them by the "moderns"; but they gathered themselves after an effort. It is hard to foil an old Co—on.

CLASS IN LIVY.—Teacher inquires, "Where is Tarentum?"
"In the northern part of Italy," said the pupil. "In the northern part?" "No, not exactly." Teacher closes the colloquy by saying, "You will find it in the southern part." The class thought it pretty good for a Prof.'s son.

JUDGE COLE was greeted with prolonged applause as he appeared in the Law Department to instruct the class upon the subject of Domestic Relations. The present class however, be it creditable to them or no, appear to care more about the theory of said relations than the practice or reality. We suggest, for the furtherance of domestic tranquility and felicity, that the senior class be permitted to share the benefits of the Judge's instructions, as appearances indicate a priority of *practical* need in their favor for such knowledge.

ON A PAIR OF PANTS

BOUGHT AT THE SUGGESTION OF A FRIEND.

When these pants are gone—'od rot 'em!—
I'll procure a copper bottom,
With a pair of leather legs;—
They shall painted be like tricot,
And no dandy, whim or freak, oh!
Ever more shall make me take them from my pegs.

Then no more I'll hear the story,
That—despising fame and glory,
And respect of woman fair—
I am wandering—such a pity,
In this God-forsaken city—
With the seat torn from my pants, my only pair.

That the cold wind from the wild-wood
Whistles freely where in childhood
I was chastened by the rod,
That I, knowing not, nor caring,
Go my way, and take my airing,
Disregarding Mrs. Grundy, man, and God.

Bowdoin.

The sociable (which was to be) on Thursday evening, May 17th, was not a success, if a large attendance is a requisite on such an occasion. But a small number assembled, though these few made merry the meeting by singing familiar songs. The enthusiastic persons present soon dispersed, the janitor turned off the gas, and the life of one more sociable passed from earth to—leaving behind no reminiscence that will go down to history as striking or important.

A fastidious lawyer, after the custom of that class, went out to spend the evening. After the usual remarks on the weather, silence reigned for the space of a quarter of an hour, unusual as it was unaccountable, words refusing to come at the bid of his silent tongue. Finally, after gazing long at the Notes that enveloped his lower extremities, he raised his anxious eyes to her smiling face, and said: "Don't you think I have pretty large feet for a man?"

OUR next issue will contain, it is hoped, much interesting matter, and those wishing extra copies would do well to leave orders soon. In addition to usual accounts of Commencement exercises, extracts from speeches, &c., we will print tables of statistical information concerning the two graduating classes. In these tables will be given age, height, weight, prospective profession and other items as far as can be obtained of members of both classes.

WE are informed that much complaint is made in certain quarters by long-suffering and slow-to-wrath parents concerning injury caused to gates in front yards. Some Seniors are said to be implicated. Now, it strikes us that any man who has sustained a fair reputation through a long college course is very foolish to ruin it at the last moment by leaning on a front gate. He'd better "go in a moment" if he can't make up his mind to go "straight home."

THE SONG WE LEAVE BEHIND US.

The song of Old John Brown has become so old in the Law Department that a "rest" is desirable, but if they must retain the tune or be without music (as it is the only tune all the class know), the following parody of the song is submitted:

Blackstone's body lies mouldering in the grave,
Blackstone's body lies mouldering in the grave,
Blackstone's body lies mouldering in the grave,
But his soul inspires us on.

Chorus—Glory, glory, glory halleluiah,
Glory, glory, glory halleluiah,
Glory, glory, glory halleluiah
But his soul inspires us on.

We'll sing a song of his pupils on the stage, &c.,
Why they came marching on.

Chorus.

Zac. Brown's knapsack is strapped on Griffith's back, &c.,
As he'd gone marching on.

Chorus.

We'll send Judge Ellis down the "ribber" in a boat, &c.
As he goes marching home, &c.

Chorus.

We'll hang Anna Savery upon commencement tree, &c.,
As we go trudging on, &c.

Chorus.

We'll feed her on its fruits till she "cotch" a high degree,
&c.,
As we gaze boo-hooing on, &c.

Chorus.

Dillon was a corporal in the army of his sire, &c.,
So he came marching "on", &c.

Chorus.

We'll send Jack "Hirschl" to his place among the stars,
&c.,
As he goes twinkling on, &c.

Chorus.

We'll lift our hats to Emma Haddock, sure, &c.,
When she comes marching on, &c.

Chorus.

We drink to Dodge's health a keg of lager beer, &c.,
As he came justly "on," &c.

Chorus.

David Gordon Edmonson is a favorite one, &c.
So we'd have him come on, &c.

Chorus.

We'll give Capt. Baily the rousing loud huzzas, &c.,
As he'll go marching on, &c.

Chorus.

Macy's memory can't moulder in the grave, &c.,
For he's not all "put on," &c.

Chorus.

We'll ask Judge Hammond to give all degrees, &c.,
Then we'll go marching home, &c.

Chorus.

Then won't we hang up the shingle and the beau,
As we get lively on, &c.

Chorus.

IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES, 1875.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday, June 24th, 25th and 26th.
Examinations.

Friday, June 25th, 8 P. M.—*Union Anniversary of Literary Societies.*

Saturday, June 26th, 4 P. M.—*Closing lecture of Law Course*,—W. G. HAMMOND, LL. D.

Sunday, June 27th, 5 P. M.—*Baccalaureate Address*,
—PRESIDENT THACHER.

Monday, June 28th, 4:30.—*Law Class Day-Exercises.* 8
P. M.—*Alumni Anniversary.* Orator, W. C. PRESTON, B. Ph.
Poet, S. V. GRAVES, A. M.

Tuesday, June 29th, 8:30 A. M.—*Law Commencement.*
4 P. M.—*University Oration.* REV. C. C. BURNETT, Fairfield.
8 P. M.—*Address before Law Department.*—GEO. G. WRIGHT,
LL. D., U. S. S.

Wednesday, June 30th, 9 A. M.—*Academical Commence-*
ment. Master's Oration, R. SAUNDERSON, A. B. BURLINGTON.

—o—
HESPERION SOCIETY elected the following officers for Fall
term of 1875:—

President—EMMA HADDOCK.

Vice President—HULDA HANSON.

Recording Secretary—MINNIE KIMBALL.

Treasurer—DORA MOSER.

OFFICERS of IRVING INSTITUTE for the Fall Term of 1875:—

President—ROBERT BYINGTON.

Vice President—A. H. CHAMBERS.

Corresponding Secretary—A. E. CHURCHILL.

Recording Secretary—CHARLES KETNER.

Treasurer—R. D. ROBERTS.

Sergeant-at-arms—JOHN BALDWIN.

OFFICERS of ZETAGATHEAN SOCIETY for Fall Term of 1875:

President—EUCLID SANDERS.

Vice President—H. P. COPE.

Corresponding Secretary—A. B. BENSON.

Recording Secretary—J. W. RICHARDS.

Treasurer— —JOHNSON.

Sergeant-at-arms— —MCCRARY.

If one confines himself to *facts*, he might be excusable for not constructing witty and telling paragraphs. But where one draws on his imagination for the materials for his "items," as does a certain "local" in this city, we think he might get up something with a little *point* to it. Unimportant truth is bad enough to endure. A vapid, pointless lie is abominable, and then to try to make such a thing the foundation for a personal slur.

The editors for '75 and '76 having been very much annoyed by certain attempts to *create* criticism during the last few days, have taken special pains with this number of the REPORTER, and, therefore, pledge themselves to set up the ice cream to every one who finds an error in it.

EXCHANGES.

We notice in the *College Argus* for May a most excellent article headed "Reading lessons." How often with feelings hovering over the boundaries between amusement and disgust, have we sat listening to literary [?] people passing opinions upon novels. Of the so-called well-read members of a community, but a small percentage can give any clear, distinct, or adequate reason for their generalized verdict, "excellent," "splendid," and the meek subjection to such unreliable judgment is most prejudicial to the literary reputation of such second-hand admirers and utterly subversive of any capacity to intelligent criticism.

"Have you read the last novel by Miss ——?" "On some countenances what despair do we not see pictured, as the poor unfortunates realize their inexcusable ignorance of the work announced." "The happy propounder of the electrifying question undoubtedly considers it of the greatest advantage to his social status that he has been watchful enough to procure the first copy sold over the counters, and after running through its pages in the dusty turmoil of a railway car, now to be able to eclipse for a time the admiring assembly by his literary ascendancy."

One of the worst effects of the desire to be considered a "member of the literati," is that it induces many a one to waste his time, weaken his mind, and do injustice to the author by skimming hastily over a book for the sake of being able to say "Yes, I have read it. Isn't it splendid?"

THE *Collegian* for June, is, as usual, full and unusually good. However, the fault with which its editors reproach themselves is still to be seen. That is, if it be a fault to show a decided tendency to heavy articles.

Heavy articles are a good thing to have, if they *are* good. The chief criticism we have to offer upon the heavy articles in the *Collegian*, is, that they are evidently written to be heard rather than read. Probably they are the productions spoken of by the editors as having been prepared for the literary society and then spoiled as to effect, in delivery, by the authors forgetting their pieces at most interesting junctures. But in such cases we would suggest remodeling and condensation before publication.

THE *College Herald* for June has just come. We don't remember about the May number, but think if it had been as good as this one, we should not have forgotten it.

ALL THE CANDOR OF YOUTH. Junior (who has just read about "The Burial of Sir John Moore"). "Now, then, which of the verses do you like best?" Fresh. (with alacrity). "Oh, I know—

"Few and short were the prayers we said."

—*College Argus*.

—"Have you been matriculated?" asked one of our professors of a new student. "Yes father had me matriculated at the time when Aunt Susan had the *small pox*," was the reply.—*College Times*.—*College Herald*.

PERSONALS.

Frederick B. Benton, Law '75 is married.

LeGrange Powers, class '72, has paid us a visit.

J. B. Jack, '75, teaches in Oskaloosa next year.

T. Graydon, '75, teaches at Independence next year.

Prof. Parker at last accounts had sailed for Athens.

Barth, Medic '75, is in Montezuma, a partner of Dr. Vest.

Cyrus Beard, Law '74, was married to an Illinois lady last month.

Col. Clark, Law '74, has taken a new partner—a nine pounder.

Miss Ella Hamilton, of the Sophomore Class, is teaching this term.

Martin, Medic '76 is steward of Mercy Hospital at Davenport.

E. S. Wishard, Law '75, is teaching in North English, Iowa County.

B. B. Ellison, Law '74, has a shingle out on Main street, Hopkinton.

E. G. Smith, Law '74 is teaching in Hopkinton, Delaware County.

Bice, Medic '75, Practicing in Dallas Co., in a little town on the R. I. R. R.

J. E. Cook, class '70, a prosperous lawyer of Jessup, was here last week.

Geo. Teller, '76, is studying law in the office of Anderson & Knowlton, Albia.

J. A. Pickler, class '69, was in town a few days ago. He is practicing law in Muscatine.

Frank Patten, '75, is back to put himself in training for Commencement, we suppose.

Wm. Little, class '73, former superintendent of the Oskaloosa Schools, is residing in Iowa City.

Col. Clark, Law class '74, would have made a strong candidate for the class cup, if any had been offered.

Fred Wicher was called home by reason of the severe illness of his sister. He will not return this term.

Alfred Guthrie is principal of the 3d ward city school. He will graduate with the present Senior Class.

We were glad to see Homer Seerley among us again. He has the Principalship of the Oskaloosa schools next year.

Harry Lacy, Law '73, was in the city a few days ago on business. He is in the office of Grant & Smith, Davenport.

D. W. Bruokart, Law '72, took unto himself a better-half in the person of Miss Sadie Williams, of Independence, on the 18th ult. He has been practicing his profession in the above named place since his graduation.

Wm. H. Black, from Iowa College, Grinnell, has entered the Junior Class. The acknowledged superiority of the University over other institutions of learning in Iowa, annually draw to it students who are desirous of availing themselves of its superior advantages.

Gorham No. 2, of "cheek" fame, was called suddenly home last week. His numerous friends wept at his departure and are now sadly sighing for his return. Just before leaving the city, in order that his friends might keep fresh a remembrance of him, he presented them with locks of golden hair which hang so profusely from his brilliantly bedecked head.

Our friend Z. T. Brown has returned to finish the course in the Law Department. He is the same jolly Brown who left us last winter, and perhaps a little browner as he has been following the footsteps of the Father of his Country as wholesale gardener, *absque hoc* that he never cut down his father's cherry tree and confessed it.



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[Pres. Raymond Vassar Col. [W. H. Prescott. [For ce Mann. [A. H. Clapp, Government Printer. [John G. Saxe. [Pres. Hitchcock. [Pres. Clark.

20 TO 1.

The sale of Webster's Dictionaries throughout the country in 1873 were 20 times as large as the sale of any other Dictionaries. In proof of this we will send to any person, on application, the statements of more than 100 Booksellers from every section of the country.

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