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YOU PUT NO FLOWERS ON MY PAPA'S GRAVE.

C. E. L. HOLMES.

With sable-draped banners, and slow measured tread,
The flower-laden ranks pass the gates of the dead.
And seeking each mound where a comrade's form rests,
Leave tear-bedewed garlands to bloom on his breast.
Ended at last is the labor of love;
Once more through the gateway the saddened lines move—
A wailing of anguish, a sobbing of grief,
Falls low on the ear of the battled-scarred chief;
Close crouched by the portals, a sunny-haired child
Besought him in accents which grief rendered wild:

"Oh! sir, he was good, and they say he died brave—
Why! why! did you pass my dear papa's grave?
I know he was poor, but as kind and as true
As ever marched into the battle with you—
His grave is so humble, no stone marks the spot,
You may not have seen it. Oh, say you did not!
For my poor heart will break if you knew he was there,
And thought him too lowly your offerings to share.
He didn't die lowly—he poured his heart's blood,
In rich crimson streams, from the top-crowning sod
Of the breastworks which stood in front of the fight—
And died shouting, 'Onward! for God and the right!'
O'er all his dead comrades your bright garlands wave,
But you haven't put *one* on *my* papa's grave,
If mamma were here—but she lies by his side,
Her wearied heart broke when our dear papa died."

"Battalion! file left! countermarch!" cried the chief,
"This young orphan'd maid hath full cause for her grief."
Then up in his arms from the hot, dusty street,
He lifted the maiden, while in through the gate
The long line repasses, and many an eye
Pays fresh tribute of tears to the lone orphan's sigh.
"This way, it is—here, sir—right under this tree;
They lie close together, with just room for me."

"Halt! Cover with roses each lowly green mound—
A love pure as this makes these graves hallowed ground."

"Oh! thank you, kind sir! I ne'er can repay
The kindness you've shown little Daisy to-day;
But I'll pray for you here, each day while I live,
'Tis all that a poor soldier's orphan can give.
I shall see papa soon, and dear mamma too—
I dreamed so last night, and I know 'twill come true;
And they will both bless you, I know, when I say
How you folded your arms round their dear one to-day—
How you cheered her sad heart, and soothed it to rest,
And hushed its wild throbs on your strong, noble breast;
And when the kind angels shall call *you* to come,
We'll welcome you there to our beautiful home,
Where death never comes, his black banners to wave,
And the beautiful flowers ne'er weep o'er a grave."

STABILITY OF LITERARY RENOWN.

"I find a touch of divine permanence in the most transient things of nature; the invisible of God is set forth by the visible," says an illustrious minister of this century. If in the *lower* forms of nature divine permanence is found, how much more may we find it in those higher intelligences, which approximate to Deity itself. So fitly has it been sung:

"We rear not earth's best monuments,
In sculptured marble forms,
But, from the quarries of the mind,
And the treasures of the soul."

As there are lives, which give traces of having been moulded on the hard anvil of circumstances, by great hammers, blow on blow, in Nature's workshop, so there are minds, which, in the crucible of a seeming fate, have grown brighter until their God-given faculties have brought forth an offspring worthy the age, which shall exist through time, and its influence be felt through eternity.

Time and progress, it is true, have ever marched together, through unnumbered ages, the one destroying, the other building up. Their work of destruction causes no commotion, but is accomplished none the less surely and steadily. But, as there are adamant rocks, which wind and weather never cause to crumble, though, lying near them are oolitic sandstones, which waste away with each succeeding storm, so there are monuments of brain work which bear the brunt of passing time, growing brighter, as they are borne down the ages, while many cotemporary works have fallen unnoticed and unknown in the progression of the world; forgotten, many of them, ere the hand that formed them, or the brain that evolved them, had crumbled into dust. Greatest among those, who have reared lofty monuments of literary worth, is he, of whom Dr. Johnson said: "The stream of time, which is continually washing the dissolvable fabrics of other poets, passes, without injury, the adamant of Shakespeare." By his wonderful and varied talents, he has won the title of the "Immortal Bard of Avon," and can never lose his renown, while human nature retains the characteristics, which have either adorned or disfigured it since the days of Adam. And he, who as no other has ever done, gave to the world his private sorrow

LYING is like trying to hide in a very dense fog; if you move about you are in danger of bumping your head against the truth; as soon as the fog blows off you are gone anyhow.—*Ex.*

and the intense suffering of an over-sensitive soul, and, by the very pitableness of his wailings, called forth sympathy, where one less gifted would have received only derision, has won stable renown, though weakened, it can not but be, in a great degree, by some compositions entirely devoid of merit. Yet sifted of their repinings and the faults and failings, with all the mistakes of his life, softened and shadowed by the mantle of passing years. Byron's renown will endure as long as the English language contains Childe Harold, with its energy, its spirit, and the glitter of its poetic beauties. Had the angel of unrest not gained such full possession of his life and faculties he might have left more works which would have been a monument to his greatness.

Although in the latest edition of Webster's dictionary, Schiller's name *is* omitted from the list of the world's distinguished authors, the measure of his renown is only bounded by the limits of German speaking people, and by the lovers of freedom and bravery.

In an entirely different field of literature, the name of Gibbon has been encircled with enduring laurels. While governments rise and fall and succeed each other, as they give promise of doing until the end of time, the author of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, will be considered in some degree worthy of renown. Though his work deserves *great* literary credit, it can never merit the greatest, being too strongly impregnated with infidelity; and it is worthy of note, that the clearest, most forcible, most noble thoughts have always been closely connected with strong religious faith.

But not the old world alone has been fruitful in writers, whose names and works will live while generations yet unborn, "in the love of Nature, hold communion with her visible form" and earth replies in "varied language." *Thanatopsis*, though the offspring of a youthful brain, will live on, and with it the name of Bryant, Nature's great interpreter.

As an earnest student of the beauties and grandeur of the far West, as she has opened up her wealth to the nations; as the faithful word painter of the picturesque in nature, combining vigor and a rare command of imagery, is he, who has trod the lofty Sierras so long, that they seem to have whispered to him the secrets, that for countless ages were their own.

Some one has truthfully said—every mother is an historian, though she writes not upon parchment, either history, novel or poem, but on the imperishable child-mind she may trace truths, which will remain indelible when time shall be no more. In a great degree is it given to Miss Alcott to mould young and impressible minds, through her written

works, and though in her case, as in that of every other writer, there has at one time or other, been a descent, not only from the sublime to the ridiculous, but from purity, to that which at least borders on the impure—yet great good is to be gained.

These are but a choice few of the many, to whom a great work has been given to do, and no matter how they may have prostituted their talents, they had their special work to perform, and although they *may* have been free agents, it is very evident that a Higher Power held the circle of their doings in his hand, and out of even some apparently wasted lives, brought good to many; yet we can hardly judge, for we know naught of life's beginnings; know naught of inherited traits; naught of moulding circumstances; we only behold the end achieved. As the seasons are unfolded from the bosom of the great future, do their appointed work on earth and go to form a part of the eternity of the past, so these authors, have come, have performed their allotted work and passed from earth, but the monuments which they reared will remain after the granite crumbles into shapeless sand; and who will dare say they will pass away, even when "the hills rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun" shall melt, and "the heavens be rolled together as a scroll?" Their influence on lives has been such that it must still, in ever widening circles, move on through the "Gates Ajar," until it reach the very throne of heaven and the talent, God-given, return to Him who gave it.

MISS N. OMER.

COLLEGE NOTES.

HEREAFTER examination for admission to Harvard College and the Lawrence Scientific School will be held at Cincinnati simultaneously with the regular examinations at Cambridge.—*Ex.*

THE Yale Faculty is talking of having only two terms a year—the first term to last from September to about Christmas, followed by three weeks vacation; the second term to last until June, with a recess of a week, without examination at Easter. Harvard has had only two terms for many years and the same plan was adopted at Dartmouth three or four years ago.—*Ex.*

A FINE arts University has just been founded at Jeddo in Japan, and the government has sent to Italy for three professors to fill the chairs of architecture, ornamentation, and painting and sculpture combined. They are to be engaged for five years and will receive salaries of 20,000 francs per annum.—*Ex.*

DARTMOUTH College has been the recipient, during the last twelve years, of some \$600,000 in gifts, and about \$700,000 more will become available in a few years.—*Ex.*

A SUB-FRESH'S DREAM OF THE MILITARY.

It was midnight in the city,
 Students all had gone to rest,
 Save, perchance, the wicked few
 Who spend the night in song and jest;
 Or, here and there, a lonely light
 Shone forth dimly in the night,
 Where unwisely burned the midnight oil,
 To light the foolish in his toil;
 Or, here, may be, forgetting all,
 A love-sick twain heed Cupid's call,
 And when at last he strikes his dart,
 While others sleep, they lose the heart.

But all the rest through Morpheus' charms,
 Had sought repose within his arms,
 And darkness with her quiet sway,
 Had gently hushed the din of day.
 'Twas Friday night, the day had passed,
 With work and drill, 'twas through at last,
 And wearied with the busy day,
 In troubled sleep a sub-fresh lay.

His dreams, at first wild, undefined,
 Showed men and guns and swords combined,
 In strange fantastic curious ways,
 That fixed at once, the dreamer's gaze.
 But gradually the scene is changed,
 And soldiers in long lines are ranged,
 While stretching far, to left and right,
 The lines of polished weapons, bright,
 Are glittering in the morning light,
 And all await the coming fight.

The dreamer on a gallant steed,
 Now at the front prepared to lead,
 Grasps his saber in his hand,
 And proudly looks upon his band.
 Already by his daring bold
 On honor's scroll his name's enrolled,
 But this day's work shall write his name
 Upon the brightest page of fame.
 And thus while waiting for the fight,
 Imagination wings her flight,
 And shows him honors to be won
 Along the course which he's begun,
 Until the world in song and story
 Shall mete to him the hero's glory.

The signal sounds and hearts beat fast,
 For this day's work will be the last
 To many, who in proud array,
 Rushed madly to the bloody fray.
 The fight's begun, and now they hear
 The clash of arms afar and near,
 And wildness takes the place of fear,
 As they rush to death with cheer on cheer.
 Our hero boldly leads the way,
 Where clouds of smoke conceal the day,
 And Death is reveling with delight,
 Within the lurid, awful light,
 Where war has changed the day to night.
 But see! the smoke is lifting here,

The enemy's works now plain appear.
 "Brave men," the leader to his band,
 As eagerly the works he scanned,
 "Yon foe must yield,
 Charge, and be victors of the field."
 The work is brief; they scale the walls,
 Victory's theirs, but their leader falls,
 Pierced through and through by many balls.
 And now the vision changes form,
 As when a calm succeeds a storm;
 Oppressive stillness reigns around,
 Unbroken by the slightest sound,
 While he's borne away he knows not where,
 Upon the light ethereal air,
 Which now is gradually growing hot,
 From some unseen cause, he knows not what.
 Deep darkness, with no ray of light,
 Produces black and awful night;
 But ghost-like lights now soon appear,
 Which fill the dreamer's heart with fear,
 And horrid forms then come in sight,
 Which chill him, even there, with fright.
 Behold! there comes upon the scene
 Another form, with a kingly mien,
 At his approach e'en demons quail,
 And when he speaks the fiends turn pale.
 He, coming forward from the rest,
 His frightened victim thus addressed:
 "Welcome to our dismal home!
 Welcome this black abyss to roam!
 Your blood-bought honors all in vain,
 Cannot here one joy obtain.
 On these poor wretches fix your gaze,
 They are your friends of other days.
 The old Battalion paved the road
 That led them to this cursed abode.
 The Pro-Drill boys I'm glad to say
 All are here, or on their way.
 Come, enter here and take your place,
 Among the imps of your fallen race.
 A brimstone diet and endless woe,
 Where every being is your foe,
 Must supercede your love of fame,
 Your insatiate longing for a name."

What more he said will ne'er be heard,
 For the dreamer's feelings were so stirred,
 While the demon's eyes like a living coal
 Burned into his very soul,
 And the grinning fiends and stifling air,
 On this side and that, and everywhere.
 With such horrid fright his heart did fill,
 That he awoke an "ANTI-DRILL."

J. W. C.

A New Orleans paper says: "Men are the salt of the earth, women are the sugar. Salt is a necessity, sugar is a luxury; vicious men are the saltpeter; hard stern men are the rock salt; nice family men are the table salt; pretty girls are the fine white sugar; old maids are the brown sugar; good natured matrons the loaf-sugar, and young men are the loafers."

CORRESPONDENCE.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., March 18, 1876.

I am requested to write something for the REPORTER, but really the task looms up before me like the ancient Israelites' "Tale" of bricks to be made and no straw furnished. Science is out of the question. In my present state of mind I couldn't write a scientific article that would not in all *probability* call down upon my head the anathemas of Prof. H.; I know nothing of foreign travel; stories of the school-room would be drier than "Visits to the Literary Societies," or, "Rules and Regulations of the I. S. U. Battalion." Were I to write of the people of Indiana, some of them might get hold of my article and I should be put down as a flatterer or a slanderer, according to circumstances. My only resource is to speak of the country, or what I think most of, and what other people by the same token, the least of—myself.

My first view of "Hoosierdom" was not calculated to give a favorable impression. After having waited all day in Peoria, Ill., which, by the way, is the shabbiest looking city of its size that I ever saw, though full of "business," the train moved out of the depot just as night and a storm came on. The storm was bound for Indiana, too, and kept us company for nine hours. Rain? Well, yes, I should say it did. It poured on the roof of the coach and dashed against the windows like streams from the nozzles of a thousand fire hose; it beat in through the ventilators and beneath the doors, drenching the passengers and soaking all the seats, and when the train came to a halt, as it was often compelled to do by the violence of the storm, one could see by the lightning, a muddy torrent, rushing along the embankment, while the level land seemed a vast lake, and all the hillsides were roaring cataracts. Frequently the lightning struck the telegraph poles with a crash that could be heard above the rattle of the cars and the roar of the tempest; then the windows would blaze like the mouths of so many furnaces, and all the women would scream and spring from their seats, and even the sterner sex I imagine, would have felt more at ease if they had been "some place else." Such was my introduction to Indiana.

I find many things in the flora of this region that remind me of the Atlantic slopes of the Alleghanies, magnificent beeches, plenty of hard maple, butternut, and elm trees, with undergrowth of sassafras and dogwood. I dug some sassafras roots, but the bark did not taste as it used to taste when I dug it among the hills of old Chemung, and the sugar camp that I visited the other day but faintly called to mind those that I used to see in the Empire State. Some way the sap did not taste so sweet,

the bubbling kettles had lost their charm, the syrup looked thin and dirty, and the wax was not *that* wax whose delicious flavor had lingered in my memory since the days of my boyhood. Ah, perhaps there is the secret! Can it be that the change is in *me* alone? Have I, too, in becoming a man "put away childish things?"

Yet it seems to me that were I back in my old home, I should even now enjoy a ramble in the pine and hemlock woods in search of wintergreens and "squawberries," sweet cicely and ground nuts. The twenty years since I walked those hills and caught trout and shiners in the pebbly brooks seems but a few days, scarcely a month; and is it possible that one-fifth of that time I spent at the I. S. U.? How quickly the time passed; and how pleasantly. But I have written on too much already. Give my love to my Alma Parens and all my brothers and sisters. Good bye.

C. M. RAMSDELL.

AN ALUMNUS, of six years' standing, in passing his fondly remembered *Alma Mater*, is forcibly reminded of the element of change within its sacred precincts, as well as in the world without.

Recalling the days of his student life, he remembers when the beautifying of the campus was intrusted to the students under the supervision of the President and Seniors.

The May holiday for this purpose was always gladly welcomed, and the appointed hour was sure to find a promising number properly gloved and protected with sun-bonnets and broad brimmed straw hats, ready for the work, which they were easily persuaded to regard as past-time. Uncomplainingly did they rake and lift until the genial D. D. pronounced their labor done.

With what supreme satisfaction, on the succeeding days of the school year, did they tread the walks which they had dilligently helped to prepare. At the present time the broad, green expanse, so smooth and well kept, is the work of regularly hired workmen, and although it is well done, and the result far surpasses that under the old regime, the students take it as a matter of course, but do not feel half the affection for the dear old grounds, which the hard workers of the old times felt. The alumnus wonders if the methods of procedure within the walls have changed in like manner and degree. He wonders if lessons are learned and recitations are made by proxy, but is informed to the contrary, and wisely concludes that these outward changes are marks of progress both without and within. But he declares that he would not change his own school days in the pioneer period of the University, for all the progress and superior privileges of the present time.

IN RIGHT IS MIGHT.

A nation's proverbs change with its advancement in culture and civilization; yet are not so gradually and imperceptibly altered, but, as if the people suddenly awoke to a realization of a needed change, and it was made without apparent effort. In times, when a nation in the pride of its martial strength, would infringe with impunity upon its neighbor's rights, be they natural, civil, political, or religious, Might was Right to all. But when that height was reached, where difficulties between nations could be amicably settled by arbitration, a change in the proverb became needful—and Right took the precedence of Might.

As nations advance in civilization, duty, the foundation upon which all right rests, becomes for them, as for individuals, the guiding principle, and proves itself stronger than any of the other powers, which rule the human mind, far more powerful, even, than love, to which is generally attributed the greatest strength. It is the great underlying principle, sustained by which, the weak become strong, and without which, all strength is but the embodiment of irresoluteness. No character, individual or national, can be complete without this fixed foundation, I care not how symmetrically it may be formed, how greatly gifted, or how highly embellished.

Duty must be the pillar which sustains the whole structure of morals; without it, strength, piety, intellectual power, truth, enjoyment, and even love itself can have no stability. The whole fabric of being crumbles into ruins beneath us, and we behold nothing above, below, around but desolation, and it seems that our "prayers," if courage to pray remains, "go echoing through the soulless vaults of a waste universe," but if cheered by the knowledge that duty sustains, then, indeed Right is Might.

VIRGO REGIA.

Hydrogen to Chlorine.

Ah! whither, whither have you strayed
My beautiful, my green!
Come to your faithful lover's arms
My love, my own Chlorine!

Chlorine to Hydrogen.

In darkness bound, to my lone love,
I this fond message send:
When I have bleached this piece of cloth
I'll meet my Hydrogen.

Both.

Oh! happy day, oh! joyful hour,
To parted lovers fond!
The twain shall ever more be one,
In Hydrochlorine bond.—Ex.

NOTES.

GRACE is the absolute economy of motion.—Prof. Griffith.

THE law students of Michigan University have tired taking notes, and are having them printed. A short-hand reporter takes the notes for them, at each lecture, in the forenoon, and then they are written out and printed in the afternoon of the same day. The enterprise is carried on by subscription.—*Ex.*

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY offers ten fellowships or post graduate scholarships, worth \$500 each, to graduates of any institution, who wish to pursue philology, history, ethics, metaphysics, political science, chemistry, natural history, physics, mathematics or engineering. *Conditions*—service as examiners, and general co-operation with the J. H. U.—*Ex.*

THE New York *Tribune* gives the following as the productive funds belonging to some of the colleges in New York: Columbia, \$4,413,652; Cornell, \$1,153,999; Hamilton, \$300,000; Madison, \$344,395; Syracuse, \$250,000; Union, \$465,000; Rochester, \$170,000. Some of these institutions own a large amount of unproductive real estate. Columbia owns \$747,320; Cornell, \$700,000; Hamilton, 320,000; Syracuse, \$300,000; Rochester, \$235,274. Vassar college owns real estate valued at \$657,347, but has only \$281,000 of productive funds. If the *Tribune* had mentioned the Northwestern, the figures \$2,000,000 would have appeared after its name.—*Ex.*

IN respect to elective studies at Harvard, 3 per cent. of the whole number of students elected Music, 6 per cent. English including Anglo Saxon, 12 per cent. fine arts; and one Freshman took Advanced Chemistry, 1 Sanskrit, 2 Natural History, 2 Sophomores took Advanced Physics, 2 Seniors Sanskrit, and 2 Hebrew. Latin seems to be the most popular of the elective studies, and French more popular than German. Of 318 examined for the Freshman class, 294 presented French, of whom 41 per cent. failed, and 201 presented German, of whom 21 per cent. failed. Philosophy, not including Political Economy, was taken by 37 per cent. of the three upper classes.

A CINCINNATIAN, who had purchased an oil painting at a private sale, called in an artist to consult him as to how he should hang it. The artist looked at it long and curiously, and then said: "I wouldn't hang it, if I were you." "Wouldn't hang it! Why not?" "Because the sentiment of the age is rather against capital punishment. I would commute its sentence to solitary imprisonment for life!"

The University Reporter.

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WE believe every successive editorial corps has felt called upon, to recommend a new plan, for the election of the editors, of the REPORTER; or at least to suggest some change in the present one. From a conscientious desire to do our duty, in this, as in all other respects, we submit the following:

1st. That the corps be composed of two editors, from the Academic Department at large; one from the Law and Medical Departments each, and one from the Alumni. The Alumni editor to be elected, at the regular Alumni meeting, held during Commencement; to hold office for one year, and have charge of a special department of the paper. The other editors to be elected as at present.

Among the many advantages, that we believe would result from the adoption of the proposed plan, are: 1st, The REPORTER would be made far more interesting to, and a much better exponent of, a large and constantly increasing class which it claims, theoretically at least, to represent. 2d, They would feel a positive interest in, and a responsibility for its success, and, consequently would give it a much more general support. 3d, They would be kept thoroughly informed concerning the University, her work and wants, and would feel a livelier interest in her prosperity. 4th, The number of editors would be reduced from seven to five, practically to four, and though their labors would be correspondingly increased, the increased sense of individual responsibility, they would feel, together with the increase in general effectiveness, which a small number always has over a large one, would much more than compensate them.

THE opinion of different people as to what constitutes good and becoming behavior in young ladies, are somewhat diverse. All no doubt agree upon a few simple elements of conduct, without which no

one could be a true lady; but beyond this the model young woman is quite an irregular, distorted creature, being buffeted and cuffed about, to suit so many varied tastes.

The student ladies are subject to a liberal amount of criticism, from time to time, and occasionally from visitors to the classes and literary societies of the University. Some have even expressed the opinion, that the ladies' societies are more injurious than beneficial, upon the ground that the exercises engaged in, encourage boldness and masculinity. These are evidently far behind the times, and still laboring under the old delusion, that women must never raise their voices in public. They are not aware that girls have escaped from the narrow limits of that education, which prevented them from acquiring confidence and self-respect, and which debarred them from gaining that literary culture, necessary to a finished education, as well as desirable in itself. We are certain that such disparaging remarks can not meet with approbation among the people—citizens or students—who have so long listened with pleasure and satisfaction, to the literary entertainments, given by the ladies. If those, whose daughters and friends are foremost in the literary work, see nothing exceptional, but, on the contrary, express their satisfaction at the constant improvement in composition, delivery and use of gestures, the opinion, and *such* an opinion, of strangers weigh nothing against the reputation or good influence of the societies.

PROF. EGGERT left the University, at the close of last term, for a journey to his Fatherland. So faithful a teacher has he been, in point of strict regularity of attendance, scarcely having missed a day in his class-room for years, that the middle building constantly impresses one, with the thought, that some one is missing. Many an Academic, since his departure, has felt lost without an occasional consultation, although he (the student) was seldom confident of winning the day. At last accounts he was tarrying in Paris. His next address will be, "Halle au der Saale." We are not informed as to his destination. His principal object is study and not the pleasures of travel. We hope, and indeed expect, before long, to hear from the Professor, through a letter directed to the REPORTER.

THE students in the different departments of the University, deeply sympathize with Prof. PARKER and his most estimable lady, in their sad bereavement. His profound scholarship, genial manners, and intrinsic worth are such, that all who know him, love him. While our hearts are burdened with grief, at the sad, untimely end, of two such noble promising children, we feel devoutly thank-

ful that his eminently useful life was spared to us. We feel that an attempt to write words of consolation, would seem like a very mockery of grief. May the God they so humbly and faithfully serve, sustain and comfort them, and in His own good time, make plain His mysterious providence.

THE bootless search for the bodies of the children, who were drowned, though commenced at once and continued for days by large numbers, of anxious persons, at a heavy expense of time and money, is a repetition of what has taken place, one or more times every spring term, since our connection with the University. Each time precious hours are lost in contriving and making implements, *after* they are needed, and the work is carried on without organization or system. We would respectfully suggest, to our City Fathers the propriety of providing and keeping on hand suitable drags and other apparatus, with an organized body of men, under competent leaders, to use them.

FEW of the graduates of the University have been as patient and faithful students, or as ardent lovers of their chosen pursuits, as FRANK E. NIPHER, Professor of Chemistry, in Washington University, St. Louis. For some years after graduating, he was assistant to Prof. Hinrichs, and became thoroughly imbued, with the master's love for science and scientific researches. In his new field of labor, he has gained an enviable reputation as a successful instructor and original investigator; his prospects, for eminent usefulness, are flattering indeed. In this connection we publish some extracts from the St. Louis papers:

PROF. NIPHER has arranged an apparatus for illustrating wave motions, which in the simplicity of its construction and the beauty of its effects can hardly be excelled. It consists simply of sixteen leaden balls swinging on silk cords as pendulums, and hung in the same plane. Those who are interested in things of this nature would do well to visit the physical laboratory and ask the Professor to set the balls in motion.—*Irving Union*.

CURIOUS EXPERIMENTS.—Prof. Nipher gave the result of a curious little calculation concerning the power of memory. In writing logarithms he had noticed that it seemed more difficult to remember the figures in the middle of a number than at the extremes. In order to test the matter he read off numbers containing six digits, to a person who wrote out from memory each number after it was read. For each 100 errors made in the writing the distribution was as follows: First digit, 0.8; second, 8.8; third, 26.4; fourth, 33.6; fifth, 27.2; sixth, 3.2; the greatest probability of error occurring just after the middle. The probability is shown to be almost the same as in the drawing of five balls from an urn containing white and red balls in the ratio of three to two. In this drawing six chances

may occur, 5 red and no white; four red and one white, etc.

Calculated from the theory of probabilities the number of times per 100 draws, that 0, 1, 2, etc., white balls will be drawn is as follows: 0 white balls, once; one white, 7.7; two white, 23; three white, 34.6; four white, 25.3; five white, 4.7. An actual experiment gave a result closely approximating to this result. Prof. Nipher added some curious observations concerning the doctrine of chances.—*St. Louis Rep.*

ONE of the most interesting sights we have lately seen, was that of two ladies of the Senior class, pitching quoits. We need not say that the pitching was brilliant, and attracted a larger crowd than the usual attempts to develop the muscular system do. It was perfectly safe to venture within fifty feet of the "peg," provided a sharp watch was kept up. One rash youth ventured much nearer, and actually escaped unharmed, but it was evident to all that he did so only at the imminent risk of a broken head. The young gentleman who acted as umpire, by placing his feet one after the other six times, succeeded in measuring the distance to the nearest quoit, (9 feet 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches.)

WE have received an anonymous article on "Military Drill." When will people learn to sign their names to articles they wish published? We inwardly smile at the egotism of the person who signs himself "Many Students." How many of this gentleman are there? We would say in order to satisfy the curiosity of outsiders that Mr. Many Students wishes to make the study of a text book on military science compulsory on all academical students, or "no military for him." Mr. —, has also sent us an article with no signature but "Ghersh."

"OUR school boards, school directors, and even Christian presidents of colleges, are, however, very generally guilty of poisoning the children by vitiated air, due to the absence of proper ventilation in the rooms under their control." (Hinrichs' Elements of Chemistry, p. 162.) The Sophomores of I. S. U. know the occupants of a room somewhere in the vicinity of said I. S. U., which, whether blessed with a christian instructor or not, would almost leap for joy to receive a supply of "Heaven's breezes."

THE janitor has broken the Golden Rule. He has bought some guineas, that sing their melodious strains under our sanctum window, to their own intense satisfaction and our delight. If the Faculty wish to see the University flourish, and become the light of the Northwest they must abolish those guineas. Gentlemen of the Faculty, we await your decision with anxiety.

THE numerous improvements being made in all parts of the city, convincingly demonstrate the energy and enterprise of our citizens. Notwithstanding the low prices and dull trade of the past winter, the music of the carpenter's hammer and saw, and the stone cutter's chisel, greets the ear in all directions. New business and dwelling houses are being built, old ones refitted, enlarged and repaired; new fences built and old ones painted and straightened up; new sidewalks and crossings put in; the gutters deepened and enlarged, and the macadamized streets renovated; the trees in the park trimmed up, the ground raked and the debris removed; a new iron bridge across the river, and all in the substantial manner so characteristic of Iowa City. It is said, that there is quite a favorable prospect for two new railroads to reach here during the summer, the C., C. & S. W., and the old N., C. & M. road; our capitalists express themselves as ready to do all, that can be reasonably asked of them, to aid in their construction. Should these expectations be realized, Iowa City will speedily take rank, as *the* city of central Iowa. Her citizens have already invested hundreds of thousands of dollars in manufactories, and new business enterprises are developing every year. Inexhaustible quarries of superior stone line the river banks, and an abundant supply of material for the manufacture of excellent brick is close at hand. The river furnishes sufficient power to run all the looms of Lowell. When the C., C. & S. W. R. R., is constructed, the extensive coal fields of Central Iowa will lie at her doors.

With all these advantages, and, what is still more important, a numerous class of wealthy enterprising citizens, we see no reason why her loftiest ambitions may not be realized. As the home of our *Alma Mater*, we take pride in her present and prospective prosperity, the more so that her citizens not only entertain a very kindly feeling for, but take a positive interest in the University and students.

WE learn that the enterprising editors and proprietors of the Iowa City *Republican*, contemplate issuing a daily. We hope it may prove true, though questioning the value of the enterprise as a financial speculation. The result of previous attempts to support a second daily here, have not been encouraging to say the least. Still Price & Wilson are the men to succeed in any case, and they have our heartiest wishes for their success. Rumor says that H. S. Fairall is to edit "ye local" department.

THE Laws are as light-hearted as the lark in the morning; they have handed in their theses. It's fun to see some, who are especially anxious to make a good impression just now, look wise and ask profound (?) questions.

LOCAL.

No foot-ball, no base ball, nothing but quoits, quoits, all the time.

How joyful the Seniors looked during their vacation of a week. Would we were all Seniors.

WANTED.—A poem on the "Old College Bell," for the first number of the REPORTER, next year.

THE base ball fever doesn't seem to pervade the University students as yet, although our Eastern exchanges report frequent games.

AT the primary contest of the Junior orators, Miss Slagle, Messrs. Clyde, Campbell, McIntire and Whipple were chosen to compete at the final contest.

As warm weather approaches, our boys in uniforms are compelled to throw open their coats and make different arrangements with their washerwomen.

BARNUM, the great show man, is coming, with his Colossal Centennial Exposition. Students should begin to economize their cigar and pin money.

OUR Chapel solos are becoming monotonous. Was the singing not better when the organ was on a lower level, and the ladies occupied front seats around it?

WARM weather is *coming*, but it is delightful to hear the complaints of the students, who had their stoves taken down May 1st, supposing they would need them no longer.

A FAMILY of Los, nine in number, honored the city by their presence, April 24th. As objects of curiosity they, were a success, but as specimens of "Ye Noble Red Man," a failure.

THE electrical current brings us tidings of the opening of the grand Centennial Exposition. Immense crowds, sublime music, magnificent display, marvelous sights, etc., etc. Does any philanthropist want to pay our expenses to see the big show? Listen.

WOULD it not be a virtuous act on the part of the Academics, to get the Laws a new set of quoits, in the place of the one they have broken? The city foundry would be happy to accomodate them.

SPEAKING of the foundry, reminds us, that the last-time we were there, we saw some very tasty and substantial rustic cast iron seats, that our thoughtful City Fathers have ordered. They are designed for the park, and will afford delightful accommodations for happy lovers, when wearied by their moon-light strolls. Wonder if Koontz, our very efficient County Clerk, didn't suggest the idea?

THE Freshmen have unexpectedly proved industrious. They diligently roam the campus carrying "rubber guns," with which to chase away the little birds, that disturb the ladies so much and eat up the poor bugs that wish to live in peace. Of course it is rather hard on the birds, but then, it is fun for the Freshies and saves the lives of so many innocent and unoffending bugs.

WE wish to call the attention of such of our readers as have not yet decided what to do, during the summer vacation, to the card of Mr. M. B. Cochrane, of Davenport, which appears on the last page of our reading columns this month. Mr. Cochrane offers to students who will engage with him the most favorable terms. We would advise those, who have not yet found employment for the summer, to correspond with him.

THE officers of the Philomathian and Symponian Societies for the present term are as follows:

PHILOMATHIAN.—Pres., W. F. Lohr; Vice-Pres., C. N. Hunt; Rec. Sec., O. P. Myers; Cor. Sec., C. H. Converse; Treas., C. J. Neill; Sergeant-at-Arms, F. O. Parvin.

SYMPONIAN.—Pres., R. Pritchard; Rec. Sec., A. Brennaman; Cor. Sec., F. A. Fletcher; Treas., W. H. Sears; Usher, J. S. Eulow.

AT the free entertainment given by the "Sun-picture Man" the other evening, children were not admitted, unless accompanied by their parents or guardians. One of our most promising young men, who has discarded his short clothes and shaker this many a year, climbed the long stairway, expecting a rich entertainment, but the door keeper smiled on him kindly, patted his head patronizingly, and advised him to run home to his mother. He thinks "sun-pictures" very tame; a humbug, in fact.

THE Presbyterian Society have been improving the grounds around their church and have done an excellent job. Under the skillful supervision of Prof. Leonard, they have re-graded the lot, sodding it beautifully, re-laid the sidewalk, and propose to macadamise their front on Clinton street. The property is an ornament to the city, and eloquently bespeaks the taste and enterprise of the church. Rev. Mr. Osmond, their popular pastor, is away on his summer vacation.

ONE of our Seniors, who had been travelling in vain for sometime over an oration, which was to gain him the honor of appearing in the "Star Course" next Commencement, happening across the statement, that a fish diet was excellent brain food, as a forlorn hope, resolved to try it. Posting to the to the river, he asked the first boy he found, for a fish rich in phosphorus; the little wretch sold him a "shovel-nose," with the assurance that there was

enough phosphorus in it to make a box of matches. He proposes to take a special course in Science next year, and live on whale.

THE following, with some explanations, will afford food for much philosophising. The proceedings were had in the Iowa City circuit, and not ninety miles from the city. It would seem, from the reading of the latter clause of the report, that the loss of a "Good Moral Character" is a prerequisite to admission to the bar; especially among those who are opposed to the admission of students directly from the law-school. The reader will be kind enough to supply the "clerical error" of omitting the fundamental rule that "The applicant is presumed to know the law." The italics are our own.

"LAW '75."

"TO THE CIRCUIT COURT OF —, COUNTY IOWA:

"The undersigned, your committee to whome has been referred for examination and report that application of S—— for admission to the bar respectfully report that we have had the applicant under advisement and that we are fully satisfied that he is 21 years of age—that he possesses the request learning to enable him to perform the Duties of Atty. that he is a resident of the state and that he is a person of Good Moral Character until a reason date charges were made agin him and withdrawn and we THEREFORE recommend his admistion.

"D—— W****"

"J—— F****"

"JNO—— M****"

A FEW weeks ago, at the close of one of the lectures in the Law Department, our worthy janitor, Mr. Ruppin, entered and requested an audience. He then delivered, in his characteristic manner, an eloquent speech, replete with sound advice, upon the improvement of our present unequaled advantages, and upon various social and economic questions; accompanying it with the presentation of a set of quoits, to the lady and gentlemen of the Class, which had been purchased in Chicago by Hon. J. B. Edmonds, expressly for them. The Class promptly appointed a committee to draft and publish resolutions, expressive of their appreciation of the present and speech, who prepared the following:

WHEREAS. G. B. Edmonds, Esq., has presented to the class an elegant set of "quoits" for the use thereof, and

WHEARAS. Mr. Hermann Ruppin, the jovial janitor of the University, made the presentation, with appropriate remarks and advice, therefore be it

Resolved. That our hearty thanks are hereby tendered to Mr. Edmonds, for his timely gift, and our promise given to use the same faithfully.

Resolved. That we cordially thank Mr. Ruppin for his eloquent remarks so full of timely advice, and appreciating our need of the same, invite him to supplement them with a full course.

Resolved. That these resolutions be tendered to the REPUBLICAN, PRESS and University REPORTER for publication.

G. F. McCLELLAND,

J. G. BERRYHILL,

E. E. ALVERSON,

Committee.

ON the afternoon of Tuesday, April 25th, the startling report circulated through the city, that Prof. Parker and family, while attempting to cross the river in a boat, had been capsized, and his boy and girl drowned. A hasty investigation proved the report too true.

The Professor, his son and daughter, aged respectively, about 15 and 11 years, and his niece, a young lady, were out for a boat ride, had crossed the river, and on their return, Lenny, who was rowing, deceived by the quiet appearance of the surface, ventured too close to the dam, when the treacherous back-current seized the boat, drew it up close to the dam, and capsized it. One of the millers saw it and gave the alarm. Mr. Hemmer heard it, took in the situation at once, and, aided by a couple of others, pushed out in an old scow, just in time to rescue Miss Parker, as she was sinking the last time. The Professor, who is a vigorous swimmer, had climbed on the inverted boat and was next picked up. Lenny and Cora sank at once and those who were present very positively disagree as to whether they were afterwards seen. The citizens and students repaired to the place at once and commenced a search for the bodies, that was kept up all night. Next day the University closed and the students—gentlemen, of the different departments, divided into reliefs, and the search continued. Owing to the high water, great difficulty has been experienced in every attempt to examine the bed of the river.

On Wednesday, May 3d, the body of the boy rose to the surface, was discovered by a couple of boys, there fishing, and at once taken charge of, by the friends. Up to the present date, May 8th, Cora's body has not been discovered. The most profound sympathy is universally felt for the grief-stricken family, and most vigorous efforts have been made by all, to secure to them the sad privilege of committing to the grave, the remains of their loved ones.

AFTER two weeks of intense anxiety, the bodies of Prof. Parker's children have been found. The funeral services were conducted in the Chapel hall, Wednesday, May 10th, at 8. A. M. The services were opened by a very appropriate piece of music entitled "They Gently Sleep," after which Dr. Healy read a few selected passages of Scripture, and offered a brief prayer. Pres. Thacher, then made a few very impressive remarks speaking in eloquent terms of the rare virtues of the departed ones, and adding words of solace to the afflicted family and friends. A procession was then formed to accompany the remains to the depot. First were Lennie's classmates headed by Prof. Currier, then the Faculty, Academical students, Law students, and afterwards the citizens. The remains were

sent to Grinnell, Ia., the former residence of the family, where they were interred.

The following order was issued by Lieut. Schenck:

HEADQUARTERS BATTALION, I. S. U., }
April 26th, 1876. }

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 2. With deep regret I have to announce to the Battalion, the loss of its first member since my connection with it. As a mark of respect for the memory of LEONARD F. PARKER, Jr., students of the Battalion will wear the usual badge of mourning, crape on the left arm, officers on their swords also, when on duty, for the period of one month.

By order of Lieut. Schenck, Prof. Mil. Science.

O. H. BRANIERD,
1st Lt. and Adjt.

WHEREAS, The Divine Being hath in His infinite wisdom seen fit suddenly to remove by the hand of death, our worthy and highly esteemed classmate, Lennie F. Parker, therefore,

Resolved, By the Second Sub-Freshman class of the Iowa State University, that in this removal of brother Lennie, our class has lost an honorable, amiable, promising and much respected member.

Resolved, That we, the members of said class, most cordially extend to the family and friends of our departed classmate, our warmest and most heartfelt sympathies and condolence.

Resolved, That the Secretary furnish a copy of these resolutions to the parents of the deceased, and also to the UNIVERSITY REPORTER, the city and Grinnell papers, for publication.

J. C. NEILL, }
J. A. BOWLES, } Com.
HATTIE DENNIS, }
PHEMIE ROBINSON, Sec'y.

ON Friday, April 21st, a large crowd assembled in the chapel to hear the Sophomore Declamatory contest. Before the commencement of the exercises, Prof. Pinkham made a few remarks explanatory of the drill and choosing of the contestants. At the request of the contestants it had been decided that the prize should be divided, giving ten dollars as the first and five as second prize. The judges chosen were Pres. Thatcher, Prof. Leonard, and Mr. A. A. Guthrie. The subjects and the order of speaking were as follows:

Pyramids, not all Egyptian, A. N. FELLOWS.

Horatius at the Bridge, - J. J. POLLARD.

The Irish not Aliens, - - S. S. GILLESPIE.

The Polish Boy, - - - Miss ADDA KELLY.

The judges awarded the first prize to Mr. Gillespie, the second to Miss Kelly. The speakers did honor not only to themselves, but also to their instructor, Prof. Pinkham, by the general excellence of their delivery.

The order during the exercises was very good, but before they commenced, members of the Law Class, who had assembled in considerable force, showed themselves destitute of the first prin-

principles of good manners. Their yelling, singing, and stamping, was but a repetition of their behavior at the lecture of Prof. Hinrichs, and was simply disgraceful. Disgraceful, not only to themselves, but also to the University. We would suggest to these members of the class that it would be but the part of good sense that they should absent themselves from all places in which they cannot act as gentlemen.

Our Financial Agent hands us the following for publication.
—Eds.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to *The Manual of Tachygraphy*, *The Elements of Tachygraphy*, and *The Note-Taker*, Mr. Lindsley's popular series of text-books on short-hand writing. After examining the various kinds of brief writing now before the public, and learning the verdict of those who have examined into the older and more cumbersome styles, we have no hesitancy in pronouncing Takigraphy the best system of short-hand extant. *The Manual* is a treatise on the first style of the art, and is indispensable to the student in acquiring, and the teacher in imparting a thorough knowledge of Tachygraphy. *The Elements* is designed to follow *The Manual*, and having mastered it, the student will be fitted to use the corresponding style of the art, and after practice can acquire a speed from three to four times as fast as our ordinary writing. Having gone through these two works, the next book to be studied is *The Note-Taker*, in which contractions are introduced, and after a thorough mastery of the principles an industrious student can soon become a verbatim writer. Altogether, while we especially commend Takigraphy, we cannot speak in too warm terms of Mr. Lindsley's admirable arrangement of the steps to be taken by the student in these three works. We are indebted to the publisher, Mr. D. Kimball, Box 398, Chicago, Ill for these three neat and useful books, to whom all communications on the subject should be addressed.

MARRIAGES.

At the residence of the brides parents, March 20, HENRY D. TODD, former member of class of '77, to Miss MARY DEERING, Normal, '72—Rev. Mr. Phelps officiating.

In the Cimmaron, New Mexico, *News*, Frank Springer's paper, we find the following marriage notice. Koogler is an Iowa University graduate and editor of the *Las Vegas Gazette*, in that territory:

At Las Vegas, N. M., on the 6th day of April, 1876, Miss MARY E. SUTFIN, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Sutfin, to J. H. KOOGLER. This ceremony was performed at the Presbyterian church, by the Rev. J. Annin, in the presence of a large concourse of citizens of the town and vicinity, at 9 o'clock P. M. The reception was held at the residence of Dr. Sutfin, immediately after the ceremony, where many friends extended their congratulations to the newly wedded couple. A first class supper embracing an abundant quantity and varied and excellent quality of food, was included in the programme. A dance was improvised in the dining hall of the exchange hotel, for all those, who are given to dancing. The evening was fine and the whole affair passed off pleasantly and decidedly satisfactory, at least to the editor of this paper—LAS VEGAS GAZETTE.

BREVITIES.

THE Seniors and Juniors are now studying electricity, and one of their number has made the assertion that, under favoring conditions, an electric spark will pass from one person to another, at least if a fellow should be alone with a pretty girl, and should approximate his lips to hers, a sharp sound like the snap of an electric spark may be quite frequently heard. Now this is an assertion which should not be taken on mere hearsay, but every seeker after truth should satisfy himself on the question. It is perhaps pertinent to remark, that one essential condition is that gentle quality of the mind which distinguished Barkis.—*Ex.*

SHERIDAN, the wit, had employed a tailor named Berry, and upon his death his son succeeded to the business. He immediately presented bills to his father's debtors, among others to Sheridan, with but a poor result. With a look of amazement he dismissed the knight of the goose with the following impromptu: "Why, what a *mull* Berry! You've sent in your *bill* Berry, before it is *due* Berry! Your father the *elder* Berry would not have been such a *goose* Berry! You needn't look so *black* Berry, for I do not care a *straw* Berry!"—*Ex.*

THE best example of rich and varied imagery that we have found for a long time, we heard in the last rhetorical. In the course of the oration, life was compared to a mill turned by the wheels of eternity, which communicated motion by means of the belt of time (!) Man passes through the "smut-mill," whence the good are sent up to the "loft of virtue," and the bad to the "cellar of hell." Taken altogether this oration was remarkable for the uniqueness of its thought.—*Ex.*

NORMAN M'LEOD was once preaching in a district in Ayrshire, where the reading of a sermon is regarded as the greatest fault of which the minister can be guilty. When the congregation dispersed, an old woman, overflowing with enthusiasm, addressed her neighbor: "Did ye ever hear one thing sae gran'? Wasna that a sermon?" But all her expressions of admiration being met by a stolid glance, she shouted, "Speak woman! wasna that a sermon?" "Oh, ay," replied her friend, sulkily, "but he read it." "Read it?" said the other, with indignant emphasis, "I wadna cared if he had whistled it."

"REALLY, my dear," said poor Mr. Jones to his better half, "you have sadly disappointed me. I once considered you a jewel of a woman, but you have turned out only a bit of matrimonial paste." "Then, my love," was the reply, "console yourself with the idea that the paste is adhesive, and will stick to you as long as you live."

PERSONAL.

- '80. Irving Runnels is in school again.
- '81. A. L. Johnson has returned to school.
- '81. John H. Hull is at his home in Denver.
- '77. Ida Osmond is teaching near Lone Tree.
- Medic. '77. Thos. L. Roberts is still in the city.
- '72. Miss Mary Porter Craig is visiting in the city.
- Lizzie Felltner is teaching near Downey this spring.
- '79. Dora Moser is at her home in Hamilton teaching.
- '80. Miss Kate Keckley teaches in the Third Ward School.
- Special. C. M. Coe is running a "local" quill at Indianola, Iowa.
- '75. R. L. Parrish was in the city visiting friends not long since.
- G. W. Wilson's address is Davenport, Ia. He is at Mercy Hospital.
- Special. Isabel R. Coe is teaching near Clarence, Cedar county, Ia.
- Miss L. S. Conant, a former student of the University, is in Toledo, Ia.
- Class '75. A. Hull is Principal of the public schools of Webster City, Ia.
- Rev. Howe and lady were in the city a few days not long since, visiting relatives.
- Law '73. Chas. A. Berger recently visited the city. He is practicing law at Dexter, Ia.
- Special. A. L. Pascal, because of ill health, has returned to his home at Grand Mount, Ia.
- '80. J. D. Steere, after a long illness, is convalescent. He left the city April 28th, for home.
- Medic. J. B. Carder is completing his studies at "Long Island College Hospital" Brooklyn, N. Y.
- '75. Miss M. E. Bailey has returned to spend the spring term in the city, in the study of music and German.
- A. J. Greiner was in town the other day. He is farming near Muscatine; will probably return next January.
- Bruckhart, Law '72, was in the city a few days, lately. Reports progress. Has built a fine practice in Independence, Ia.
- '78. Miss M. Allie Clark has returned to school this term. She has been teaching for some time in the western part of the State.
- Medic. '73. J. N. Hemsted has taken one of Johnson county's fair daughters to preside over his home in Pottawattamie county.
- We have heard it whispered that our friend, Allen Judd, of our Junior Class, is to deliver the Commencement oration at Garden Grove Seminary.
- Special. Miss Laura Wilson is not in school this term. It is her intention to visit Canada and the Centennial before returning to the University, next fall.
- Mr. C. M. Brown, Law '76, has been confined to his room thus far this term by sickness. A part of the time he has been quite low. His classmates are anxious to welcome him among them again.
- Messrs. Young, Davidson, Martin, and Gates, of Cornell, paid the University a short, but pleasant visit, about the 22d. Come again boys, and if we cannot promise you a lecture by Tilton, we will do the agreeable to the best of our meagre abilities.
- Messrs. Vanvalkenburg and Wilson, of Ft. Madison, visited the Law Department a few days since, and made some excellent remarks to the class. Mr. V. took charge of the State Normal School in 1858, then occupying the present Law hall, and conducted it successfully for two years. He is now engaged in the practice of the law at Ft. Madison, Ia. Mr. Wilson is editor of the Ft. Madison *Plain Dealer*.

EXCHANGES.

The *College News Letter* devotes a good share of its valuable space to the University. First we are treated to two columns on Gov. Kirkwood's address to the Medical Class. The *News Letter* man disposes of the Governor and his speech with an ease and certainty delightful to behold. Accustomed, as the Governor, is to being beaten by college men, we question if ever before he has experienced such a complete and crushing defeat. Brothers of the *News Letter*, we humbly take off our hat to you.

Prof. Parker is the next unfortunate who has unhappily roused the ire of our Grinnell friends. The Professor, in an ungarded moment, called the Iowa College "denominational," at which it bristles up like a hedge-hog, and snarls out: "'Tain't neither."

In another paragraph it finds fault with the appropriations and attendance of the University. If we should see such articles in any other paper, we would think they were dictated in an envious spirit, but of course, we could not suspect the *News Letter* of anything of the kind.

The *Oracle* contains a poem, which, for beauty and simplicity of thought, is equal to one which has been lying on our table, waiting patiently for publication.

An Alumnus, writing for the *College Courier*, after saying that "The *Courier* has no equal in the West," and making various suggestions for its improvement, finally remarks that "The editorial *corpse* is too large. * * I am a trifle skeptical about the wisdom of some movements. The last one of choosing an editor-in-chief was a good one, and a necessity from the size of the *corpse*." What can be the dimensions of the *corpse*? Possibly it should be interred.

The *Packer Quarterly* contains some first-rate articles. The paper is well and tastily arranged. It would be well if most of our college papers would decrease their quantity of matter and improve the quality.

The *Niagara Index* has what it terms a "Growlers Department." But it does not seem to succeed in confining all of its growling within the allotted space.

If the "*Archangel*, from Oregon," has any "git-up-and-git" remaining, it will in its next issue handle the *University Press* with unglved hands, unless the latter's two-column review of the former is so near the truth, that assault would be impracticable. If the *Archangel* is properly named, the *Press* will probably retreat at the first "blow of the trumpet" indicating hostilities.

M. B. COCHRAN,



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