

The University Reporter.

STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA.

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No. 9

THE SEA.

BY M. K.

Oh, bleak is thy wave as a desert grave,
Thou restless and turbulent sea,
And thy sobbing moan wails out alone,
Like a life in agony.

Yet the sunbeams rest on thy glittering breast,
And the blossoms fringe thy shore,
And the night wind's song as it floats along
Breathes music forever more.

The cloudlets, light from their azure height,
Droop low till they kiss thy wave,
But thy sobbing cry grows still more high,
Tell redly thy billows rave.

O, sea thou art like a dreamer's life,
Who moans o'er imagined woe,
Whose path is fair with sunlight rare,
And a shadow is his foe.

THE LONELINESS OF GENIUS.

FIRST PRIZE ORATION AT INTER-STATE CONTEST.

BY ED. A. BANCROFT OF KNOX COLLEGE, GALESBURG,
ILL.

Insects swarm: the lion forages alone. Swallows consort in myriads: the condor dwells companionless in the awful solitudes of the Cordilleras. Weakness wars with thousands: might battles a Goliath. Littleness is gregarious: greatness is solitary. The grandest realization of civilized society is the man of genius. His individuality is of the most distinctive type, and by its very intensity necessitates his insulation. But what is genius? What is life? Call it transcendent mental power; intensity of the intuitive and inventive faculties;—say that is of the heart, innate, soul-born, incommunicable. But is that all?

The mind perceives, the heart feels,—and the whole being vibrates with the pulsations of the great truth or strong passion, struggling mightily to the birth. Then genius, by a common instinct of nature in travail withdraws from the multitude, and in silence and in solitude, inswathes the bright children of its soul. Not in courts nor palaces nor classic halls nor coteries of the learned, are deepest emotions felt or embodied, grandest truths

discovered, or sublimest conceptions begotten or born; but from Sinai's slopes and the shores of Genesaret, from the chamber of blindness in London and the felon's cell at Bedford, have come the revelations that bless mankind.

Emerson says "Veracity derives from instinct and marks superiority in organization." So we may say, Loneliness derives from nature and marks superiority in endowment and delicacy in organism. These we conceive to be the main factors in the loneliness of genius — and shall so consider them.

Superiority of endowment,—the first and chief cause of loneliness in men of genius.

An almost necessary concomitant, the peculiar charm of lofty intellects, as of mountain peaks, is solitariness. Were the hundred Alpine summits equally elevated Mont Blanc would little engage the poet's pen or the tourist's eye. But peerless and cloudwreath, he towers in cold sublimity to companionship with the stars. So genius upborne by a faith that gazes upon the ineffable, holds lofty communion with the universal Soul above and around it.

Think of the Prophet at Horeb; the royal Buddha in the caves of India; the divine Dante wandering like the shade of an unburied Greek; Gibbon weaving his chaplet of immortelles by the lonely waters, of Lemnos; and Byron gathering on the deserted shores of the Aegean the jewels which to-day glitter in the diadem of his fame. Oh! the solitude of great minds! How they shun the crowd and seek peace and inspiration amid the solemn beauties and lone sublimities of nature. They wander through "the pathless woods;" they linger on the wave-washed beach, awed and thrilled by the deep anthems of the sea; they stand alone upon the mountain tops and hear untroubled the voice of storms. 'Tis a voice of nature—they know it well. Like the eagle, the *Oloros*—the "lonely" — of the Greeks, they gaze with undimmed eyes upon the sun of truth. This is the loneliness of genius. Or rather it is the expression, the outward symbol, of an inherent isolation, which often is hidden, yet is part as well as characteristic of all genius. Like Burns, the man of genius may mingle in the busiest scenes of life—at the plow with simple peasants, at the board of Edinburgh's nobility—yet his soul is ever 'like a star and dwells apart.' He stands

"Among them but not of them: in a shroud
Of thoughts which are not their thoughts."

Neither craving their applause nor fearing their displeasure, he is self-contained without arrogance, elevated without haughtiness, learned without pedantry, superior yet without vanity. Beings of a nobler faith,—they seem ambassadors or visitors from the courts of a higher sphere, and are estranged from the world by the peculiarity of their nature and their mission. The laureate of loneliness was the youthful Shelly. His eye caught the light of a coming dawn, and his soul the freedom of a looked-for age. His life was wed to the interpretation of the soul within, and the grander soul around him. He worshipped nature, oftentimes heard "the still sad music of humanity." Beside him, place the unpoetic, tender hearted Lincoln. His deep sad eyes and pensive hours gave many a token of a loneliness, hidden from the popular eye, yet real and pathetic beyond expression. His was a character grandly simple. Unconscious and spontaneous, yet vigorous and brave, it is the most unique, solitary and beautiful in our history.

The peculiarly delicate mental constitution of genius, especially if environed by unpropitious influences, is another and a frequent cause of intense lonesomeness.

Lord Byron's misanthropy and alienation illustrates this. His life was made up of the widest and wildest extremes and antagonisms. His nature warred with its environments and his environments mocked his nature. The springs of his life were early embittered and he felt alone in a hostile world. Born amid enemies, he died amid strangers. A lyre so finely strung could not be so roughly swept and no string be broken. Think of our wandering pleiad of poesy, the Byron of America. With the temperament of a delicate girl, he struggled with the coarse natures of a great city. He was a frail and beautiful exotic amid the sharp thistles, stunted pines and gnarled oaks of a northern clime—a trembling fawn among the uncouth denizens of the farm yard. Early and sadly Poe died as he had lived—alone; and the brightest star in American Literature went out in darkness.

But these men of genius are insulated more by their fineness of mental mechanism and their superlative sensitiveness than by the rough treatment of the world. And this utter absence of sympathy is often their heaviest and keenest grief. Gray's epitaph says, "He gained from heaven—'twas all he wished—a friend." Ah! that is it! Admirers, patrons, flatterers, they all have these; but how few have friends. And without intelligent sympathy, genius is as much alone in the thoroughfares or parlors of a metropolis, as by the sullen crater of Aetna or the voiceless shores of the Arctic sea.

But isolation not only results from the nature, but also enhances the power of genius. It concentrates and matures intellect and imagination; it deepens and intensifies every motion, it makes the soul self-centred and self-directed; and it counteracts the enervating and dispersive influence of society. The one law of society

is "Conform," and against it the unconscious spontaneity of genius must rebel.

Society discusses grave topics flippantly, or considers trivial subjects seriously. Only to itself does the soul tell its inmost thoughts, convictions and emotions. Moore and Coleridge and Dickens, by joining too often in the dissipations of society, undoubtedly diminished the strength and vigor of their genius and brought their grand careers to an untimely close.

Although the influence of mental isolation is highly favorable to intellectual development, it is often detrimental to disposition and character. Melancholy is the form it commonly assumes. To the youthful genius, the tendencies to doubt and despondency are almost irresistible. His mind at first forceful, buoyant and original, soon feels the conservatism of the world pressing upon and confining it like the fabled iron shroud. He fancies himself a young Enceladus beneath an Aetna of outgrown forms. If he submits as to the inevitable, he sinks into a gloomy pessimism in whose firmament there shines no star. If he resists, his misfortunes beget a bitter defiance of mankind and a scornful indifference to their affairs. He is the cynic or the misanthrope, the Diogenes or the Timon.

But it is when men of genius escape these phases of solitariness, and reach the sphere of a grander, nobler, purer loneliness that they attain to the ideal. When, forgetting the enmities of the present, they calmly await the glory of the future; when they exchange the mantle of selfish loneliness for the garb of philanthropy; when from the misery, the exile, the dungeon or the scaffold, to which an ungrateful people has consigned them, there comes a voice of prayer, "Forgive them for they know not what they do,"—ah then their genius transcends humanity—becomes divine. How sublime their silence before their accusers! What can they say to the ignorant and the superstitious? Stand by Socrates and Bruno and feel the utter folly of speech. "And when He was accused of the priests and elders, He answered nothing, insomuch that the governor marvelled greatly."

One closing thought seems voiced from the subject we have discussed. It is the ministry of genius to the children of men. Not useless are these God-made men, on whom abides "the light that never was on sea or land." Though dwelling companionless and high, yet are they apostles of good to the millions who tread the lowliest vales of earth. The else too sombre web of life, they brighten with threads of purple and gold. Into dull souls they breathe a quickening spirit. To the grovelling and earth-bound they are angels of a nobler and better life. Interpreters of deepest mysteries, they hold ajar for us the doors of the ineffable. Heralding all grandest truths, they are the pioneers of civilization, the exponents and prophets of that Golden Age, for which humanity waits.

DANTE.

BY JAS. G. EBERHART, CORNELL COLLEGE, IOWA.

DELIVERED AT THE INTER-STATE ORATORICAL CONTEST
AT ST. LOUIS, MAY 8TH, 1878, AND AWARD-
ED SECOND PRIZE.

The history of a nation is the history of her great men. Dante was the prophetic exponent of the heart of the middle ages, the embodiment of the character, and the realization of the science of his day. A character original, pathetic, and angelic, whose inspired soul led the intellect in its train. Tasso, Spencer, Gæthe, Byron, and Milton bathed themselves in the light of his resplendent genius.

His writings are as subtle as logic, and as sublime as nature's laws. The "Divina Commedia" is his *master-piece*. He incorporated into his immortal work the learning, philosophy, religion, and popular traditions of the mystic age. The universe was his field of labor; eternity the goal of his endeavor; and the solitude of thought his studio.

A pioneer in literature, he cast upon the waters bread which is feeding the starving millions to-day. Having entered the "Holy of Holies," he has wandered through the labyrinths of the human heart. The triple-headed dog Cerberus ceased his barking, and competition fled from Dante, as "from the glance of destiny." To him was given the keys of the bottomless pit. Devils trembled at his approach.

He lived as if seeing Him who is invisible. An angel incarnate, he recognized simply mind and spirit, and was not polluted by the touch of *earth*.

Who shall breathe a word against him, or say he was not conversant with the sentiments and principles which are the living springs of beauty? With one stroke of his fore-arm having shattered the kingdom of papacy, he fled from the terrors of torch and dagger, and wandered an exile in all lands. His persecutors coveted his fleshless palms and lifeless form for their city, ready to place them in "the damp vault that weeps o'er royal bones."

Dante's poetry differs from Milton's as the picture-painting of Mexico, from the hieroglyphics of Egypt. The images of Dante are concise and level with the common mind, while those of Milton are elaborated for the chosen few.

"If you examine Italian art," said Cornelius, "its decline begins when painters ceased to carry Dante in their minds." He was the connecting link between medieval and modern literature. In him the latter had its birth. It mattered not whether chasing the butterflies of youth, or all aglow with life's meridian glory, the chief magistrate of Florence, the immortal dreamer, or a banished hero, he was the same man of destiny. Mounted on thought's fantastic pinion he sailed from

mountain-top to mountain-top, and from glory to glory. The populace acknowledged him as prophet, priest, and king, and with trembling hand as if in the presence of the supernatural, exclaimed, "See there, the man who has been in hell." Like Luther he had heard the cry of others, "If there is a hell, Rome is built over it."

He cringed before no foe, and filled with that holy enthusiasm, the sure premonitor of success, his fame widened, and stars came out to adorn his crown. When he went out in death, no night followed. He lives in the bright light of his example, enshrined in the hearts of a worthy posterity, and he shall be forgotten only when men cease to revere genius and virtue, and trample upon their cherished memorials.

America, thanks to her own honored poet, Longfellow, begins to appreciate the transcendent intellect and pure soul of Dante. Who has not experienced the soul-subduing awe of his solemnity, or been raised to the lofty heights of his sublimity? Who has not felt the gloomy pathos, and keen sarcasm, and personality of his verse? He converted heathen antiquity into Christian mythology, and built up a new heaven and a new earth.

No muse called by fancy from the fabled heights—no ambition to spread a sounding name abroad—gave the world the grandest efforts of Dante, but we owe all to the inspiration of a young and beautiful woman.

Dante once stood as the shadow of a devil, in the back-ground. But under the glowing light of modern criticism and truth, he is transformed into an arch-angel wearing the victorious sword of a Michael, ready to smite the red dragon of the seven-hilled city, though standing upon the Prince of Darkness at the very mouth of hell.

As a simple light is seen on the mountain before the monster Vesuvius belches destruction upon listless Pompeii, so silently, under a propitious star of the Italian constellation, Dante began his state. He came—a mental and moral light, a savior and not a destroyer in the fiery times—to free the bondsmen, and point out the higher path of a Christian civilization.

His age, like ancient Pompeii now lies buried, and only by digging beneath the surface of his literature is it truthfully revealed. His literature unveils not only the history of his times, but also the foundation of his creative energy, upon which he reared the fabric of his fame.

He exemplified futurity to the material eye by the personified presence of living actors. Thus with rich hues of reality he made his scenes more impressive. He even clothed the myths which shock and amuse, while they flee from our grasp as "a shadow or a mocking spirit."

Dante shines by no reflected light. A star of the first magnitude, the center of all attraction, he shines in the firmament of creative mind.

The images of Dante are not rude forms struggling into notice, striving in vain to maintain their equilibrium.

They burst upon us as the first view of the sea, holding the eye by their infinity, and filling us with a longing to examine them with a closer gaze.

Dante loved solitude, not the solitude of slavish fear which shrinks from sight, but grand and peculiar he rose like a pyramid above the gloomy desert of the fourteenth century. With eyes upon the subjective phenomena, inward, yet an accurate observer of the objective, he recognized the material as typical only of the ideal and the divine. He stood alone because head and shoulders above his fellows. He weighed the nations in the even balance of his justice.

His land is one of enchantment and wild despair. Everything wears the garb of vivid personality. The mystic chain of friendship is unbroken. The trees are so many tongues. The rended rocks tell their history. The myrtle into which Polydorus had been metamorphosed, when struck by the rude hand of desire, bleeds, and utters sorest plaints from its wounded side. The animals shake pestilence from their shaggy manes. The air moans in agony. The rivers run red to the sea. And only by worshiping at the shrine of changless Providence, are we led out to the "ever green mountains of life."

Dante's devils are to be hated. They are monsters of hideous mien, and immense proportions. His Lucifer does not appear as an arch-angel ruined, but as "*a seraph willfully fallen*." He bears no marks that would solicit sympathy, but maintaining his obdurate pride, is willing to wear the crown at the bottomless pit, an Arch-Fiend, rather than bow to the Lord Almighty.

Dante is led through the realm of Paradise by the celestial smile of Beatrice, who is the embodiment of divine science. Her smile deepens, until high on the wings of rising faith, he sees "grace culminate in the ever blessed Trinity in unity, whereunto is taken forevermore the glorified humanity of God Incarnate."

And now the wanderer returns and seeks repose in Florence the fairest home of Italy. Ah! Thou too Florence! Dost thou spurn him from thy bosom? Has the common mother forgotten her offspring? Is this rejection the fruit of his abundant sweat and toil in thy behalf? Dante becomes the adopted child of Ravenna.

"On thy hoary shores, fortress of falling empire! Honored sleeps the immortal exile."

Hear! Fairest Italy! Arise! Shake off the dust from thy garments, and take thy place in the front rank of nations. "The spirits of thy sons are standing on every step of the temple of genius since the Twelfth Century." Thy children call thee blessed, for Dante, the immortal, Dante, greatest of them all, sleeps in thy bosom. Ye streams that go dancing into the sea, sound his praise! Ye torrents, thunder it in your awful plunge! Ye soft skies, wreath yourselves in smiles and weep tears of joy. Ye silent voices of nature, whisper it to the winds! Ye winds, carry it upon your wings the world over! Ye purple hills, tell it to the stars! Ye

fiery battalions that tread the celestial way, sing it to the music of the spheres! Dante's ministers on trembling pinions wait to catch their master's least commands. Time, the tomb effacer, covers up all things human. Empires rise and sink as waves of the sea. The proudest works of man are short-lived and "dust to dust" concludes the noblest song. The lofty marble and bronze will crumble and fall. The iron bands will burst asunder. The everlasting hills will sink into nothingness. The earth will vanish as a scroll. The burning orbs that gem the radiant brow of night will wander "rayless and pathless," and midnight, universal midnight, will reign.

But Dante ever lives, and his spirit grows brighter by time. He sung impelled by the power, that rules in Heaven, and then gave his golden harp into angels' keeping, and it awaits his master-touch, to answer in sweeter strains, in the morning of the resurrection.

WHY vs WHAT.

The objection constantly urged to the expenditure of money, public or private in the support of educational institutions, is that the benefits derived from them, even by those able to attend are not at all commensurate with their cost.

Practical business men, liberally endowed with common sense, as evidenced by their success, daily assert that the schools with their extended courses and improved appliances, do not fit their pupils for the duties and struggles of actual life nearly as well as did the schools of their youth, when the school-house was a log cabin with puncheon floor and seats, the course consisted of the three R's, the apparatus of a substantial ferule; and that a college education actually disqualifies a young man for any non-professional vocations, as it gives him nothing he can make of use and fills his mind with false ideas concerning the relative dignity of the different kinds of labor and his qualifications.

It is customary for the friends of "higher education", so called, to "pooh, pooh" the assertions, to talk about old fogyism, a blind clinging to antiquated ideas and customs and to more than intimate an inability in the objector to appreciate the benefits conferred by the schools because he had never received them.

Intelligent, honest friends of progress in educational matters must confess that this is a very unsatisfactory way of disposing of their objections; yet if they inquire into the matters at issue they speedily discover that it is by far the easiest if not the only effectual way, for with regard to the mass of the students of all grades of schools, they are only too well founded. A further examination can not fail to convince the inquirer, that the cause of the difficulty lies in the object aim-

ed at in selecting and directing the pupils course of study.

Under the old regime, this very properly, was the acquisition of a theoretical knowledge of the branches studied, and as these were such only as would be called into daily use in after life, the mind was not distracted or over-burdened, and sufficient time was devoted to each to master it, hence the benefits derived were not only real but apparent.

But when the course of study was expanded into an elaborate curriculum without any change in the object, when the average pupil in the increased number of years that he attends school can at best only attain to an indefinite conception of the rudiments of the branches studied, and can not retain even this, after having laid aside his academics, yet imagines that he has traversed the field of the known, mastered all the products of human thoughts and labor and that his recognition and reward should be proportionately great, —what wonder that practical men, accustomed to judge of the wisdom of an enterprise by its results, noting the vast discrepancy between the cost in time and money, and the availability of the knowledge gained, between the pretensions of the graduate and his actual qualifications, should arrive at the conclusions they do.

The time has come for every teacher and pupil to ask and intelligently to answer the questions: Is the study of the higher branches prejudicial to success in any vocation? What should be the proximate object constantly kept in view in such study? The first does not admit of a categorical answer as it depends entirely upon the answer given the second. To the second I should answer that while it is to a limited degree to obtain a knowledge of the texts studied, it is far more to learn how to study, to acquire habits of study, and finally and principally to lay the foundation for a symmetrical, mental development, the proportionate cultivation of each and all of the mental faculties.

Here then lies the difficulty with the schools as at present conducted; the object they generally aim at is the cultivation of the memory and the giving instruction in various branches, the number of which render the time that can be devoted to each too limited to thoroughly master it. The average pupil leaves the school a mere sciolist and speedily lapses into the depths of ignorance from which he had but half emerged. The familiar saying that valedictorians are never heard of after their graduation, like all other sayings is the result of the observation of generations and founded on a truth.

The explanation is that teacher and pupil alike have conceived that a knowledge of the text studied was the object to be striven for. The tests of scholarship applied have been such as to gauge the memory only, the most tenacious memory has born off the honors, however dormant the other faculties, and now crammed with a

fragmentary mass of facts, rules and principles without coherency and impossible of application to the hourly exigencies of life, is unable to assist the unfortunate possessor under circumstances which to the man educated by the friction of business are absolutely simple.

The graduate knows how neither to command business or to transact it and must perforce sink into some routine labor, some clerical position where neither reputation or wealth are attainable.

What is the remedy?

Direct the attention of both teacher and pupil to the true object of the latter's study. Mental development, the cultivation of the reason, judgment, imagination, sense, perception, memory and habit.

At every stage of progress let the question be Why? not What?

Let every rule and principle as learned be demonstrated by him to be correct and receive an abundance of original practical application. Let the course of study be so selected and so pursued that at its close the pupil will be prepared to commence the acquisition of knowledge.

Education must precede instruction. The latter is the work of a life-time and the reward of the student.

The educated mind seeks knowledge as instinctively as the plant, the light, and though the exigencies of a highly civilized life may seem to render it impossible for one to be more than a specialist, still the example of Michael Angelo and John Stuart Mill teach us that the power and compass of the human mind rightly developed, wisely directed and energetically applied to the requisition of knowledge, approach the infinite.

Let our schools be so directed as to give us minds like these and all ranks and classes will rally as one man to their support.

A correspondent of the *Ariel* has carried the Adam and Eve Apple question as far as there is a necessity of going. Beginning where his predecessors left off, he gives the following:

Editors Ariel:

It hardly seems to me that you have the right figures yet in regard to the apple question. If I understand the question correctly, Eve, when she 88142^M power her to judge good from evil, and Adam when he $8,812,042^M$ power him to judge good from evil. Total, $(88142)^{1000} + (8,812,042)^{1000}$ = a number which it would require more than three sheets of paper, allowing twenty-five figures to the line to express. To be more definite, a number of 6,908 places of figures, commencing with three, and ending with 2, out yonder in the direction of ∞ .

A little boy of four years standing in the moonlight by his sister, aged six, said to her, "Isn't God a very good man, Nellie, to give us such a beautiful moon?" "Oh! Freddie," says the sister, in an earnest remonstrance, "don't call God a man, for if there ever was a gentleman, I am sure God is one."—*Ex.*

UNIVERSITY REPORTER.

Issued MONTHLY by the Students of the State University of Iowa.

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WITH this issue the door of the sanctum stands ajar and the Editor Class '80 yields the pen to his successor Mr. E. Hough. Our duty as Editor has been a pleasant duty. The deliberations in council have been disturbed by no unpleasant feeling, and now at the close of the year we give place to our successor, knowing that in his hands the REPORTER's interests will be well subserved.

MR. JOSEPH B. CHAPMAN, of the Law Department, is collecting all the commencement performances for publication in pamphlet form. He intends to give in this pamphlet all the orations and addresses, entire, delivered during commencement. This is something new and will undoubtedly take well. All the students will want one or more copies. Graduates of this year may consider themselves especially favored in having their own and their classmates orations in full in such a shape that they can be preserved.

We hope he may be so patronized that there will be no hesitancy about undertaking this work in succeeding years; for it should become a permanent feature of the institution. They will be on sale Thursday, June 20, as soon as the performances are over.

COMMENCEMENT week is to be of more importance than during the past few years of the University's history. The exercises are to be held in the Opera House. The following is the programme:

Friday, June 14.—Meeting of Board of Regents.

Saturday, 15.—Closing lecture of Law course, 4 P. M. Law Class Day exercises at 5 P. M.

Sunday, 16.—Baccalaureate Sermon by President Fairchild, of Oberlin, Ohio, 4 P. M.

Monday, 17.—Anniversary of Literary Societies, 8 P. M.

Tuesday, 18.—Law Commencement 9 A. M. Law oration by Hon. James Gilfilland, Chief Justice of Minnesota at 8 P. M.

Wednesday, 19.—Alumni Association, Oration by Prof. F. E. Nipher, Class '70, St. Louis, 10 A. M.

University Oration, Rev. Oscar Clute, Keokuk, 8 P. M.

Thursday, 20.—Collegiate Commencement, 9 A. M. Master's Oration by T. W. Graydon, Class '75, Cin-

cinnati, Ohio, 4 P. M. Conferring of degrees, 4:30 P. M. Inauguration of President elect, J. L. Pickard, 8 P. M.

Copies of this programme have been sent to editors of papers in different parts of the state with the request to publish, together with an invitation to be present at the exercises. Students are required to remain until the last song is sung and the last farewell spoken. These changes are due, in a large measure, to the efforts of President Slagle to whom the University is under lasting obligations for efforts put forth in its behalf. Under the old *regime* commencement week excited little or no enthusiasm. True, the band was out, the usual forms observed, but further than that nothing to denote graduation day at hand. The reasons are obvious. No efforts were made to give dignity to the day and its duties. The old stereotyped formalities were revived but in form only, the spirit had fled. Let students and friends enter into the new arrangements with a hearty good will and make commencement week a glad time.

SUGGESTIONS CONCERNING THE BATTALION.

WE are glad to notice that the military requirements of the University are more rigid than they formerly were, although it seems to us that there could still be some wholesome regulations made concerning it.

In the beginning, the ease with which a student could be excused from drilling was remarkable, and was a common subject of laughter when no authorities were around. It is still too easy to gain an excuse. If a student is physically able to drill, there is no more reason why he should be excused from it than from any of the studies in the course. It is with great reluctance that, with any combination of circumstances, a student can be excused from a regular study; but to be excused from drill, he only needs to say, that he has too many studies on hand. How the faculty would smile if one should ask to be excused from Algebra, Geometry or Latin because he had too many studies on hand! The same smile should greet a similar request in the military department.

There is another thing that has been overlooked. Contrary to the evident intention of the Regents, the Engineering students have not been required to drill. We see no reason why they should not be required to participate as well as the others. They are a class of persons who, above all others, should have some knowledge of military affairs. Then if the drill is advantageous to any, these ought not to lose the benefit of it; and, if not, it is a great injustice to require it of others and excuse them from both drill and lectures in the winter. We would humbly suggest to the Honorable Board of Regents that they pass a resolution requiring Engineers to drill and attend recitations and lectures on tactics and military science.

Again, if the drill is to amount to anything, an hour every day should be devoted to it, instead of every alternate day. This is the only institution we know of, having a military department, which does not have daily drill. Every one, who has any experience, knows that a recitation, or any University exercise loses much of its interest when not participated in daily. One more complaint and we will submit the matter to the respectful consideration of the Regents. We are behind other institutions in the matter of uniforms. There is no good reason why students should not be compelled to procure uniforms. They can be had as cheap as other clothing, and are certainly as durable and as neat as any other suit that can be procured. A rule requiring every student to procure a uniform within five months after entering the University would be an exceedingly judicious regulation.

We hope, at the next meeting of the board, some attention will be given to these matters, and that such regulations will be made as to secure in the military department the earnest work and attention which are so characteristic of the other departments of the University.

PERSONAL.

'77, Law, Geo. B. Simonds has opened an office in Omaha, Neb.

'82, F. W. Weeks and M. F. Westover, have returned for examinations.

'77, Robert Goshorn will teach in the Winterset schools again next year.

'76, J. W. Richards is editor of the *Waterloo Courier*. Julien waxeth corpulent.

'77, W. A. Gibbens has been teaching during the past year in Iowa county.

Effie Kemis left the University the first of the month to take charge of a school.

'76, O. H. Brainerd has been teaching during the present term in Moline, Ills.

'80, Alma McKenzie has gone home on account of the sickness of her sister, Emma.

Prof. Fellows delivered an address at the closing exercises of the Waterloo schools last week.

Mr. Albert White, a former student of the University has been visiting relatives in the city.

'79, Effie Richards is spending the summer in Minneapolis, where she is receiving medical treatment.

'78, Law, W. F. Hindman spent a few days in the city. He intends to go to Kansas soon to practice law.

'77, J. C. Warnock has been at home in Coal Valley, Illinois during the present term. He will return and finish the law course next year.

'76, Law, J. H. Mullin of the law firm of Saunders & Mullin of this city has forsaken the legal profession for the more congenial one of the stage.

'75, Law, Geo. P. Hand has a good practice in Cambridge, Ills. We always predicted success for Mr. Hand. He was one of the good earnest students of his class.

'76, Geo. F. Polley had his entire geological cabinet burned recently. It was quite a loss to him, as he had quite a large collection. His home is at present in Denton county, Texas.

E. H. Borton sends us a letter from Hays City, Kansas. He advises graduates of the Law and Medical Departments to "Go West," and those of the Academic who intend to teach to stay far from Kansas.

'76, Law, Geo. F. McClelland recently met with a severe accident dislocating his shoulder and bruising him considerably. He has recovered and has just formed a partnership with Emlin McClain, class '74.

While in Waterloo recently, we had the pleasure of listening to a concert in which Prof. Otto Schmidt and Miss Katie Funck were the principal performers. Not wishing to speak disparagingly of our home concerts, we must say that this surpassed any we have attended this season.

—MARRIED.—June 5th, at the residence of James G. Hill, by Rev. E. T. Hiscox, Chas. M. Lodge and Miss Angie V. Hill. Miss Hill has been, for several years, an earnest, deserving student of the University. We congratulate them, and hope their entire future may be as happy and auspicious as the beginning.

—Also on May 30th, at Hampton, Iowa, Mr. Edwin B. Howard of Bangor, and Miss Emily F. Lybarger of Liscomb, Iowa.

Mr. Howard was formerly a student of the University, and of late, has been extensively and successfully occupied in various business pursuits. May great happiness attend him and his chosen companion.

The *Fairfield Ledger* gives an interesting account of the marriage of Frank Garretsen of Muscatine and Minnie Atcheson of Fairfield. Both have been worthy students of the University. The well wishes of the REPORTER go with them.

LOCAL.

—Vacation at hand.

—Battalion drill is getting interesting.

—Oh! for a lodge in some vast ice-house.

—Examination days are come, the saddest of the year.

—The Juniors were to have class hats, but failed to find any containing a brick.

—The Seniors have sat twice for class pictures without serious results.

—The class of '78 is a great collection of wisdom. —*Prof. Hinrichs.*

—Some of the Cornell boys were accompanied by their ladies on Decoration day. The ladies came to see the Decoration ceremonies, not to watch the game.

—The prize orations of Mr. Bancroft of Knox College, Illinois, and Mr. Eberhart of Cornell at the Inter-State Oratorical Contest at St. Louis in May are published in this issue.

—The Freshmen have new hats, or, more properly put, the new hats have Freshmen. The style is becoming and a Freshman with his new hat looks as pretty as a little red wagon.

—Sophomore officers for fall term '78 are: President, Miss Lou Younkin; Vice President, John Jones, Jr.; Secretary, Miss Hattie Dennis; Treasurer, Mr. Hunt; Editor, Mr. Hough.

—On Decoration day, the boys of the battalion covered themselves all over with glory. Such perfection in the art of war as was exhibited at the cemetery on that day is rarely seen. With a little more practice the boys could, in firing by battalion, get two guns off together.

—The following are the officers elect of the Junior class for next term: Prest., Miss Florence Clark; Vice President, Chas. B. Burrows; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Smythe; Recording Secretary, Chas. E. Patterson; Treasurer, Jas. G. Dougherty; Sergeant at Arms, Chas. A. Dickey.

—The Senior Editor has been off again. They missed his smile at the meeting of the Good Templars at Minneapolis last week so they sent for him. Joe put on a clean shirt—it's a habit he has—and with a "God bless you" from the corps started on his journey. He likes Minnesota. He will migrate and start a sawmill as soon as he can get his diploma and a saw-horse.

—There has been a great deal of complaint of the rain during the past month or two, and it is almost invariably attributed to the fact that Prof. Hinrichs is training eight or ten new weather clerks. We, of course, don't wish to hinder the progress of science, but we hope the Professor will try and satiate the demands of science, hereafter by limiting the number of novices to one or two.

—The July number of the REPORTER will be sent to the subscribers' address as given in the catalogue unless otherwise ordered. Those wishing it sent to any other address will notify the financial agent. We would also be glad to have subscriptions renewed at the end of this year. One dollar will insure you a monthly budget of miscellaneous, editorial, local and personal matter which can not be had anywhere else.

—Prof. Pinkham and wife entertained the Senior class and faculty at the residence of Mrs. Hobart on Dubuque street, May 31st. The Professor and lady made a new departure as to hours, having the guests arrive at six and depart at pleasure. This proved to be a pleasant arrangement, as there was enough time for merriment and conversation without the necessity of late hours. It is needless to say that all enjoyed the occasion exceedingly and would be glad to have the host and hostess *encore* them.

—Locals abound not this month. As a consequence REPORTER readers cannot be entertained with this species of College news. We had fondly hoped that during the exercises of the battalion on Decoration day, somebody would shoot a Freshman—so we could write his epitaph. But no, the fates were unpropitious. Then we thought a kind Providence would remove hence a Junior or two—they are now ready for translation—and we would record his exit with tears. But Providence seems to be reserving the Juniors for some good purpose—for what is one of the mysteries—so their members still answer the summons of the dinner bell. The Seniors too are passive. Their only action of note was their sitting on the stone steps of Central Hall waiting for the sun so their pictures could be taken. In this dilemma we sat down by the willows with mingled feelings of sorrow and gladness; sorrow, because there were no locals to write up, gladness because the days of our tribulation were soon to end.

—The Seniors have their new cloths. We've heard that fine feathers make fine birds, but never supposed that such a transformation could be effected through the agency of a cane and a few yards of broadcloth. They appear in full dress occasionally, with bears oil on their head, and they always dye their moustache, if it's not already dead.

To a casual observer nothing remarkable in their make-up appears, but more critical observations will prove that fine suit, so faultless in its fit, to be the work of Taylor, the tailor, on west Clinton Street; that new style collar (you can tell it's from Bloom's) will arrest attention; that hat (imported expressly for Senior use by Goldschmidt & Sawyer) will need more than a passing glance.

If there is a cloud in the sky about the size of a man's hand, each Senior will have one of those fine, large family umbrellas (found only at Clapp's.) If his habits are a little out of tune he will have one of those fine nickle cigars (to be had at Fink's.)

Happy Seniors; going into life's conflict thus attired, victory cannot but perch upon your banners. The age is practical and the Reporter's advice would be to pluck a few feathers from the wings of your imagination and fix them in the tail of your judgment.

In friendly contest, the Senior base ball nine met the Junior nine recently on Blackburn square. Nine innings found them with an equal score, but, in the tenth, the Seniors triumphed over the younger brethren by the following score:

SENIORS.			JUNIORS.		
	O	R		O	R
Scott, r f.....	4	3	Backenstos, 2b.....	5	2
Denkman, 1b.....	2	3	Patterson, c f.....	2	3
Finkbine, p.....	2	5	Burrows, s s.....	3	1
Cassidy, 2b.....	4	2	Dickey, 1b.....	4	2
Fellows, 1 f.....	4	2	Chase, c.....	2	3
Sherman, s s.....	4	2	Cowgill, 3b.....	3	3
Giessler, 3b.....	3	4	Dougherty, 1 f.....	5	1
Miller, c f.....	3	3	Wadleigh, p.....	3	3
Butler, c.....	4	1	Lohr, r f.....	3	4
Total.....	30	25		30	22

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

The clouds are black ;
The forests roar,
The Maiden sits
Upon the shore—
The breaking waves roll in with might,
She sighs aloud in the darkening night ;
And her eyes are dim with weeping.

“My heart is dead ;
The world is void,
And naught more gives
Of things enjoyed ;
Recall thy child, thou Holy One !
With earthly pleasures I am done,
For I have lived and loved.”

“Thy flood of tears
In vain is shed ;
Laments will not
Arouse the dead ;
But if they heal the heart and soothe,
After the vanished pleasures of sweet love ;
The Heavenly One will not deny.”

“Let floods of tears
In vain be shed !
Let not laments
Arouse the dead !
To mourning hearts, the sweetest treasures,
After dear love's vanished pleasures,
Are love's laments and sorrows.”

W. D. D.

The ancient rivalry between the Mt Vernon and the University Base Ball Clubs culminated this term in two friendly matches. We have only space to append the score:

Mount Vernon, May 25th, 1878.

UNIVERSITY	B	H	R	O	MT. VERNON	B	H	R	O
Fellows, c f.....	1	1	4		Sturgess, 3b.....	0	1	3	
Goshorn, c.....	2	1	3		Dean, 1b.....	0	0	4	
Brown, 3b.....	1	1	3		Sartori, 1 f.....	1	2	2	
Preston, 2b.....	3	2	2		Cook, c.....	5	3	1	
Skinner, s s.....	0	0	4		Terry, p.....	1	2	3	
Vanderpoel, r f.....	1	0	3		Bromwell, c f.....	2	1	3	
Suiter, 1 f.....	0	1	3		Sessions, 2b.....	0	1	4	
Chase, p.....	3	1	3		Peckham, r f.....	1	1	4	
Macomber, 1b.....	2	2	2		SeEVERS, s s.....	1	0	3	

	13	9	27		11	11	27		
Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
University	0	1	0	0	0	3	3	0	2
Mt. Vernon	5	0	0	0	1	1	2	2	0

Umpire—C. J. Powers.
Scorers—University, Wm. Osmond.
Mt. Vernon, G. W. Murray.

Iowa City, May 30th, 1878.

UNIVERSITY	B	H	R	O	MT. VERNON	B	H	R	O
Fellows, c f.....	5	4	2		Sturgess, 3b.....	1	1	3	
Goshorn, c.....	4	2	4		Dean, 1b.....	1	1	4	
Chase, p.....	5	1	4		Cook, c.....	1	0	4	
Preston, 2b.....	1	2	3		Bromwell, c f.....	1	2	2	
Skinner, s s.....	2	1	4		Peckham, r f.....	0	1	3	
Vanderpoel, r f.....	2	1	4		Sartori, 1 f.....	0	1	2	
Suiter, 1 f.....	1	2	3		Terry, p.....	0	0	4	
Brown, 3b.....	2	4	1		Sessions, 2b.....	2	0	2	
Macomber, 1b.....	1	3	2		SeEVERS, s s.....	1	1	3	

	23	20	27		7	7	27		
Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
University	0	5	1	3	4	0	3	1	3
Mt. Vernon	0	0	0	0	2	1	3	0	1

Umpire—C. J. Powers.
Scorers—Mt. Vernon, G. W. Murray.
University, Wm. Osmond.

—The Elocutionary Reading given at the Opera House on the evening of May 25 by Miss Minnie White was attended by an appreciative audience. The introduction by Prof. Pinkham was characterized by the grace and care noticeable in his best efforts. The musicians acquitted themselves creditably both in respect to selections and rendition. The six months spent by Miss White in the preparation for this her chosen work has been productive of great improvement. She has always been heartily greeted by Iowa City audiences which are now justly proud of one whose native ability for imitation will continue to win for her golden opinions. The programme for this evening was well carried out. The spirit with which she engages in each performance is sure to reward her efforts with success and make her hearers feel, as on this occasion, that their highest expectations have been realized.

LIBRARY NOTES.

The following is a list of a few of the new books lately added to the Library:

- Artist Biographies.—Rembrandt.
- “ “ —Claude Loraine.
- “ “ —Murillo.
- “ “ —Dürer.
- “ “ —Sir Joshua Reynolds.
- “ “ —Raphael.
- “ “ —Titian.

Beecher, Edward.—History of Opinions on the Scriptural Doctrine of Retribution.

Flint's Source of Muscular Power.

Burlingame, E. L.—Current Discussions. Vol. I.—International Politics.

Hale, E. E.—What Career?

Froude's Life and Times of Thomas Becket.

Cooke, P. St. Geo.—The Conquest of New Mexico and California.

Darwin's Different Forms of Flowers on Plants of same Species.

Nicholson, The Ancient Life-history of the Earth.

Castelar, Emilio.—Life of Lord Byron.

Dale, R. W.—Nine Lectures on Preaching.

James, Henry, Jr.—French Poets and Novelists.

Blackie, J. R.—The Natural History of Atheism.

Mathews, William.—Monday Chats by C. A. St. Beuve.

D'Aubigne, J. H. M.—History of the Reformation in Europe in the Time of Calvin.

Cook, Joseph.—Boston Monday Lectures. Orthodoxy.

D'Agincourt, J. B. L. G. S.—Samlung der vorzüglichsten.

Denkmaeler der Architectur, der Sculptur, und der Malerei vorzüglichweise in Italien, vom 4ten bis zum 16ten Jahrhundert. 2 vols. (Presented by Mr. Siebel, of Oskaloosa, Iowa.)

The London Times.—Weekly Edition. 1877, vol. I.

Newcomb's Popular Astronomy.

Parnell's Poems.

Bowles, S.—The Switzerland of America.

The Impartial Philosopher. 2 vols.

Gifford, Wm.—The Baviad and Meviad.

LAW DEPARTMENT.

LET whoever believes that compositors go to Heaven, look at the fourth line of the third verse of the poem on the front page.

The law nine played another game of base ball with the Oxford nine two weeks ago, and beat them by a score of 37 to 7, regaining a part of the reputation they so negligently lost in the game with the Academics.

The board of examiners has been appointed by the Supreme Court, for the examination of our class. Thursday, the 14th, the trouble begins and by the appearance of this issue no doubt our fate is determined. If not we have one favor to ask of the class; don't be too hard on the examiners. Many of them have large families dependent on them for support and all no doubt are of good moral character. If there is any point they don't quite understand explain it to them privately but don't give them away before the crowd.

COMMENCEMENT ORATORS.

The following gentlemen have been appointed commencement orators: Mr. Lewis Clapp, Iowa City; Mr. H. C. Hadley, Boston, Mass.; Mr. E. A. Hendrickson, St. Paul, Minn.; Mr. W. Holcombe, Chicago, Ills.; Mr. C. B. Jack, Iowa City; Mr. A. W. Johnson, Logan, Iowa; Mr. C. A. Lovelace, Iowa City; Mr. G. A. Mathews, West Union, Iowa; Mr. F. J. Macomber, Lewis, Iowa, and Mr. A. H. O'Conner, Washington, D. C. These gentlemen are well fitted to represent the largest and, as we are told most promising law class in the history of the institution.

CLASS ORGANIZATION.

As yet we have heard nothing of a permanent class organization and it's high time to think about it. One should be completed immediately. In the course of a couple of years ere yet the memory of our classmates shall have died it will be really a pleasant affair to meet again our old friends and talk over the days of yore.

To be sure all could not attend but at least a third could and would. Say in about two years then, most of the boys who ever will, will be settled down. We believe the Love Club have agreed to meet here in 1880 and we would suggest that as being as good a time as any. Let's have a meeting and appoint two good live men as President and Secretary respectively and June 1880 will see as talented, as merry and as — we were going to say handsome, but we do not wish to usurp the province of the ladies—a set of lawyers as can be scared up.

A MISTAKE.

Some discontent has been shown by the members of the class, in regard to the time appointed for holding class day exercises. A committee was appointed to wait on President Slagle, about the affair. He regretted it was out of his power to rectify the matter, and referred them to the Board of Regents. Now Saturday, to say the least, is a very inconvenient day. It is more than probable the class will have to work until three o'clock in the afternoon on their examinations, and from three to four is the time appointed for the Chancellor's last lecture; so that, the average law student will not be in a condition to do himself or his audience (if he should happen to have one) justice. Besides it is impossible for the friends of many of the "performers to be present on that day.

The class day is always considered the last meeting of the class, and is a class affair all around; so much so that it is very unusual for College Authorities to interfere in any manner. We have no hesitation however in believing that as soon as the Regents are informed of the matter they will change the date to Tuesday afternoon, or some other one better fitted than the one assigned.

AFTER.

The class of '78 will soon be a thing of the past; of its members some will launch immediately into active business life, some will lie around a long time waiting for something to turn up, and some poor unfortunate will begin teaching District school. None can have everything as they want it in this world, and the rule applies very forcibly to a young lawyer. In him is required more true moral courage, more *adhesiveness*, than is required in the occupant of any other position.

He must be a man who will not "Lie supinely on his back" till Fate waft him good fortune, but one who will wrestle with Fate and win from him the good luck he desires. The profession of the law is in such a condition now that money and even influential friends, will not long bear a man up in it, unless he have natural and innate resources to back him; he must have a vigorous and acute mind, an elastic and go-a-head spirit and most of all an appetite for hard work and the pluck to wait.

If one feels his weakness, in any of these respects, he had better not prolong the struggle but have the manliness and courage to drop behind the dry goods counter, the breaking plow or that position for which nature has fitted him. But if he feel within him the essential requisites let him stick to his profession and never let go through all the dark day that visits nearly every man in the beginning of his professional career.

Our class is like a lot of wafers thrown in the stream; those that possess the natural qualities will soon rise to the surface and float, those who lack them will remain forever under. So you will soon be able to see if you are fitted for the profession you have chosen; and remember, it is better, a thousand times better, to be a first class brick mason than a fourth class lawyer.

THE HISTORICAL STUDY OF LAW.

II.

The reading of obsolete portions of Blackstone and similar works is often advised on the ground that the student will thus learn law historically, or the history of law. I use these two apparently synonymous phrases purposely, in order to base a distinction upon them. A student should learn the law historically, in fact he must do it if he wishes to understand the law and its reasons. A very large part of it cannot be understood without tracing the processes by which it has come to wear the shape it now has, still more of it can be learned more easily in this way than any other. A student who takes the pains to study the causes from which particular doctrines or institutions have arisen will often find in them a single tread which may serve a clue through the otherwise hopeless labyrinth of conflicting doctrines and fluctuating legislation. Thus, for example, the great variety of rules, statutory and other, respecting appeals and writs of error, can easily be understood if the student begin with the simple fact that under the name of appeal we have two distinct institutions; the appeal properly so called of the canon law by which a case is removed into a higher court for new trial before other judges, and the proceeding in error which was the only method of review known to the common law, being a new action brought in the same or another court—according as the writ ran *coram vobis* or *coram nobis*—to prove and remedy some specific error in the original proceeding. This distinction once mastered, all the complicated and often arbitrary provisions of our codes and statutes of practice, may easily be reduced to variations upon one or the other mode. While without them these are but a task for the memory without system or meaning. But a student cannot be expected to see the meaning of historical facts unless the connection between these and the law of to-day is carefully pointed out to him. And this is what scarce any of our books attempt to do. While the literature of English law contains its full share of antiquarian research, contributed by a long line of industrious investigators, from Spelman and Selden down to Mr. Foss and other contemporaries, it has but little, almost nothing indeed, of history so called. Even the little which may be found there intelligently tracing the mode of legal development, and the processes by which feu-

dal principles and rules of the Law Merchant have been blended into the common law of to-day, is written for the benefit of the mature lawyer, and not of the tyro. Reeves has reduced the Year Books to a compact and systematic statement of the growth of that great edifice which the conveyancers and special pleaders of his time regarded as the law. But to say nothing of the extent of his work, and its heavy, forbidding style, there is a long gap between his last results and the law of to-day which prevents his work from being of much service when the beginner needs it most. A good continuation of Reeve from the reign of Elizabeth to that of Victoria is not to be found, though we have recently had more than enough of hastily written little books professing to tell the story of modern English law. Nor can the student find any account whatever of the mode in which the common law was transplanted to our shores, and the many important changes, legislative and customary, which it underwent during the century and a half that intervened between that transplantation and the beginning of our American reports.*

There can be no greater mistake than to suppose that a student obtains a knowledge of the law as a historical science by reading any amount of antiquarian information. The actual condition of the law in the reign of Geo. III, or of James I, is no more the history of the law than that of the reign of Victoria. The delusion that he is learning law historically because he reads a book which treats in great detail of the statutes and decisions which had been passed just before the author wrote, is accountable for more sheer waste of time than any other mistake perhaps in a student's whole course. Such information doubtless is of great value to the writer of history. A student of exceptional ability and learning, might even deduce for himself its proper lessons after going through a large part of the vast mass of such learning which our legal literature contains. But even such a student has no time for the task, and the less gifted, who form the great majority, have neither the time nor the qualifications. To make the past condition of the law any service to the great body of students, it must be presented in a form expressly adapted to their wants. One or two volumes

*I may be permitted here to express my deep sense of the loss which American law has suffered in the death of Emory Washburn. No one who survives him probably has a knowledge at all comparable to his of the colonial period of our law. The few articles on that subject which he contributed to the Society of Antiquaries, mere fragments as they are, show the thoroughness and ability with which he had pursued this favorite study. About the time of his retirement from the law school to which for twenty years he was so great an ornament, it was suggested to him that the leisure thus given him should be employed in reducing his vast acquisitions of such learning to the form of a history of American law during the colonial period. He received the suggestion with much interest and would very probably have carried it out had his life been spared longer. There could hardly have been a nobler or more fitting task for the closing years of a noble and useful life, and we may wait long before we may see another man in whom so many of the requirements of such a task are united as they were in this venerable statesman—jurist—lawyer and teacher of law.

of moderate size, containing a succinct sketch of the development of English law (from its origin among the Germanic tribes to its transplantation to America,) from the time it crossed the North Sea in the keels of Hengist and Horsa to the time it crossed the Atlantic in the ships of the Virginia Company and the Mayflower would be of more value to them than the most voluminous collection of legal authorities. Such a history might leave unmentioned a large part of the topics which occupy the most space, and require the most critical investigation in a full account of the Anglo Saxon or of the Fendal period. It would be needless to devote chapters to the exact distinction of the multifarious titles by which the law classes men in a rude age, or to reason at great length and with critical acumen upon the exact measure of the Saxon hyde or the relative value of the ora, the thrynsa and the scat: but the writer should show distinctly that our modern notion of land as individual property had not yet been formed; that the Roman actio had not yet reduced to its present form the trials *per pais* of the folk-mote; that these trials did display in its full strength the principle of trial by one's peers, while they did not in any form contain a jury, and that the fables of the Mirror and Mr. Finlason are productive only of confusion. So in the following period we could spare very much of the space usually given to *aids and reliefs and guardianships*, and the forms of homage and fealty and all the long, obsolete, external forms of feudalism, while there should be clearly shown the rise and development of that marvelous system, the mode in which it dominated and preserved society, and the processes by which it made of turbulent and unsettled Barbarian tribes compact nations capable of firm government and fit to enter that career of progress in freedom which has filled the succeeding ages. Here in America we could dispense also with much which an English history of the law should contain. Titles and advowsons, copy-holds and entails are matters that an English lawyer must still regard as practical however rapidly they may be passing away at present. But the American student needs only the briefest mention of them in their connection with the system. The origin and the history of the manifold courts in which the King for so many centuries dispensed justice need only be given with sufficient fullness to make intelligible the remedies they gave, and the division of their jurisdiction. But on the other hand those divisions, and the forms of actions which grew out of the multifold writs, and the entire course of procedure in an action at common law should be fully detailed in connection with the doctrines of substantive law that so largely have grown out of them.

W. G. H.

—The Juniors, last circus day, were refused the job of feeding hay to the elephant; that sagacious animal objected too strangely.

LIGHT LEGALISMS.

—Our Surgeon wears a plug hat.

—Fashion notes—Sixty days after date, I promise etc., etc.

—“Mamie, who's sweet?” “I guess you are Georgie.”
Moral. Small boys have ears.

—If you can't see the point to any of these jokes, study them for a while, it's there.

—The law class men made the best record, of any of the players, in the Cornell base ball game.

—The laws were beaten in their ball game—but then the academics must be good for something, you know.

—Again the cry of “Down with the capitalists,” and “bloated landholder” is heard in the land, and *now* what have we been doing?

—Why is the law class like the Mediterranean Sea? Because it's noted for its beautiful i(s)les. Go way now! what kind of a way is that to talk to us?

—The clothes borrowed by the Seniors, from the members of the law class, for the occasion, look very well in the new group picture of the former.

—“It must be so plato(h!) than reasonest well,” sighed a member of a boarding club, “Thy color argues, thou hast not seen a dish cloth for a month.”

—Law class! Law class! do you heah me sah? Come right in heah, an' quit yo' foolin' wid dot good-fer-nuth-in' niggah, Academic. Haint you no respek tuh youh fader an' muder?

—A firm believer in Ingersoll's doctrine propounds the following: Why is commencement week, like a hole drilled in a stone quarry? Because, it's going to be a “blarsted” bore.

—A law sends us the following:

Cram, brothers, cram, cram with care,
Cram for your quiz with the Chancellaire,
A three days talk with Examinair,
A two days write with the Chancellaire,
And you're sent on your way, a good lawyair.

There are thirty-six other verses but as we fear they would not be appreciated we refrain.

—The true history of the private enmity, between George Washington and Thomas Jefferson, has at last leaked out. As they were standing on the White House steps one morning, Mr. Washington said to his friend—“I say Tom will you take something?” “Don't care if I do, George,” said Mr. Jefferson. “Well then,” said Mr. Washington, “let's take a walk.” From that moment a bitter enmity sprung up between the two great men. Jefferson, to revenge himself, told all the boys that “Wash. was a teetotaler;” and that stigma still clings to the name of the Father of our Country.

Moral. There are some feelings so sacred, that our dearest friends may not trifle with them.