

# The University Reporter.

STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA.

VOL. XI.

IOWA CITY, IOWA, MARCH, 1879.

No. 6

## NACOOCHEE.

"Nacoochee, Evening Star; once more we meet;  
At last, with glowing rapture, I may greet,  
May clasp with joy ecstatic, the one maid  
Most fair of all on earth; from whom I strayed.

"Long have I roamed; far seas have known my keel;  
Soft eastern gales have stretched my languid sail:  
Round Orm and Ind I've plowed the heaving deep,  
To yon fair climes where Nature seems asleep.

"And ah! fair maid; fair maids I've truly seen,  
From whom a king might choose a queenly queen;  
Whose life is love; who, living, must be loved;  
Who seem from Heaven's own beings scarce removed.

"I've seen the Orient's daughters, darkly fair,  
Full-limbed and graceful, rich of jetty hair.  
I've seen fair France's belles, and England's dames,  
And maidens of Italia, urge their claims.

"I've seen Hispania's child, of graceful arm;  
Of rich, warm heart, nor jealous of each charm;  
With eyes more radiant bright than midday sun,—  
Yet dark as night—which ever beckoned 'Come!'

"But oh! my Love; my love for thee was true  
As is the Northern needle; ah! it flew  
But stronger to its star, when I beheld  
Foiled Nature's strife to match thee clear revealed.

"Minerva thee designed; great Juno wrought  
With softened hand, to shape the blessed thought;  
Fair Venus gave thee breath. But, as they gazed,  
In wonder at their work, they fell amazed;

"And knowing men would worship thee, not them,  
They anxious turned to fashion more the same;  
They sought by copying thee to dead the charm,  
And save the immortal gods from such great harm.

"—But lo! the mold was broke; Minerva's plan  
Of mortal beauty lost, ere she began;  
The breath was breathed which gave thy life to thee;  
And thou canst ne'er be copied by the envious three."

## PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

### II.

PRESIDENT J. L. PICKARD.

Since it is quite certain that the individual needs, or the special desires of any one person can not be taken as the basis for an education suited to all, it is proper to inquire whether or not such a basis can be found.

The process of differentiation in the pursuits of men

is possible only to civilized society. The extent of the process is proportioned to the degree of civilization. That there are various pursuits requiring special training is due to the antecedent fact of a general culture which has shown the benefits of, and the necessity for, division of labor—the differentiation of employments. Whatever may be the demand for special training, growing out of the requirements of an advanced civilization, it is so much to be added to that training which has led to the necessity for special training and not to be taken as a substitute therefor. To discontinue the processes, which have obtained such good results in the past, simply because they eventuate in a demand for technical study, is extremely impractical, unless it can be made to appear that better results can be obtained by substituting a partial special culture for the more comprehensive and general.

The man who becomes a mechanic, an artisan, or an artist does not cease to be a citizen, nor does he fail to exert an influence upon his fellows. It is admitted that success in his chosen profession places him upon vantage ground, but it does not of necessity give him the ability to hold it. If in any employment he stands out prominent, by so much the more should he seek a preparation for a wider influence than that secured by his success in one particular line.

Most heartily do I subscribe to the doctrine that the need of the day is skilled labor, but not in place of a generous intellectual culture, *This* is fundamental; *that* essential, but in the nature of a superstructure.

Out of the same soil may grow a great variety of fruits—at first are the general elements of fertility and conditions suited to growth; later, the special culture and fertilizing demanded for the particular fruit desired.

It is to the general relations of the man to his fellow-men that his education must have reference, as well as to the special relations he sustains to his employment or profession. The artist or the artisan is to be made out of the man—not the man out of the occupation he may elect to follow.

A practical education, therefore, has manhood for its objective point—manhood first in its social bearings and second in its professional leadings. Whatever makes the better father, the more filial child, the more influential citizen, is not foreign to our practical view. Nor will professional training, as it shall be expended upon a mind already well cultured, be any the less practical.

I have said that the aim of all practical education should be, first, the development of manhood. The gift of speech characterizes man in distinction from lower animals. That which improves the manner or the matter of address is surely worthy of the regard of every practical man. *Language.*

Moral influence is another characteristic. Self-knowledge is a certain precursor to a healthy regard for the rights of those who are under our influence. One must learn from careful observation the conditions of influence—the effects of certain lines of conduct. The living of the past opens a field for such observation. *History.*

Man has the environment of time and space. It is important that he understand his relations to the world he inhabits—to the material objects which directly or indirectly minister to or modify his being; to the forces which are at his command, if he would change his surroundings; to the changes effected or in progress in the external world; to the problems which his daily needs force upon his attention. *Science, exact, physical, natural.*

All these, and yet these are not all, for man lives in a subjective as well as in an objective realm. No matter what his surroundings, at times he turns in upon himself, and is conscious that the *ego* is as real as the *non ego*. He cannot be the man it is possible for him to be, if he fails to make subjectivity a study. *Psychology.*

*Language, History, Science, Psychology,* are essential to that general culture which raises the man above his occupation and gives him control within it.

Specific training is as practical as the general study. Laying the foundations does not finish the practical work. Time may be given me for a little attention to the *practical* in professional study and in the industrial pursuits. But this article is already long enough.

### SKEPTICISM.

Our article on Skepticism, in the January number has received some attention. We are glad of it, as it was written by a careful writer, and sets forth in clear and unmistakable language, the real advantage of doubt, if applied in the interest of truth. Not a word in the article encouraged mere skepticism as such.

But, as usual, some readers are not careful. They misunderstand, because their reading is superficial. It seems that X. in the last number of the REPORTER, belongs to this class. Very likely he only read the heading, and took in the rest at a glance. He asks us: "Does the writer clearly apprehend the meaning of the terms used?" and then goes on to make quotations from Des Cartes down to Josh Billings (?).

Does X. clearly apprehend the meaning of his quotations? Does he really know what Des Cartes and Hume meant? Is he, perhaps, a disciple of Hume, the prince of skeptics? Or has he been only trying to air

his learning? In that case, especially as the subject is Hume, let him be sure to 'drink deep' or else not touch a writer so profound, for even as regards such knowledge, it is true that 'a little learning is a dangerous thing;' though, it must be confessed that so *very* little may be ludicrous rather than dangerous.

The best advice we can give X. is to study our article carefully, and if he has any capacity for logical thought, he will, we trust, modestly confess that he has tried to be smart, but only succeeded in being superficial. We say this in all kindness. Let X., in future, answer a manly argument in a manly way. Let him remember, before again rushing into print, that irrelevant quotations are not arguments, and flippant talk is not wit.

XX.

## University Reporter.

IOWA CITY, IOWA, MARCH, 1879.

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF,

CHARLES A. DICKEY, and EMERSON HOUGH.

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Two of us are going to quit; and as you all know what we ought to say, we see no reason why we should not save some valuable space, as we once saw done in the preface to a book.

The door of our sanctum again stands, &c., and we, Stephen Howard and Emerson Hough, having completed &c. lay down the editorial pen. ('Tisn't a real pen; it's a stub of a two-for-a-nickel lead pencil.)

It is, we assure you, with feelings of the greatest &c., that we break connections which have been so &c., and yet filled with so much of &c.

To our successors we would simply say &c.; to our associates we would extend the heartiest &c. for the unvarying &c., which we have experienced at their hands; to our readers we would remark that we are conscious our efforts have been &c. &c.; but if we have caused one &c. one etc., then we shall depart well pleased.

We prophesy a bright &c. for our paper, which, we are confident &c., &c.

And, as we step down &c., it is with mingled sentiments of &c., etc., &c.

WHY some students should consider it their special privilege to act as ruffians on certain occasions is a

question which never has and perhaps never will be solved.

But that some of them do look upon this as one their special rights, and act upon it accordingly, is a fact, and was fully shown at a recent session of the Hesperian Society. The hall being crowded almost to suffocation, a large number were compelled to stand up in the rear of the room. Of course it was very ungallant in the ladies not to furnish seats to these stalwart youths, and they of course proceeded to manifest their disapproval of such treatment, by conduct that would have done credit to a crowd of hoodlums, from the slums of New York. Scuffling, groaning, hissing and various other dulcet sounds, rose on all sides, and were the order of the hour. The requests of the lady president for quiet and order, were responded to by cries of "Louder, louder," "Can't hear," "Down in front," and much other slang which we forbear to repeat. Some of the best speakers in the society appeared on the floor, speakers whom most of the audience came to hear, but owing to the noise of the young men, (we cannot call them *gentlemen*,) not a word that they uttered was heard by most of those in the room.

One feature of the ladies' programme we must criticise as out of place, and advise them not to repeat it, as it had much to do with attracting the rabble, which created the disturbance. We refer to the dramatic performance. Such things are generally gotten up to create a sensation, and have no place in a society programme.

They are used to draw a crowd, and usually accomplish their object. But the *kind* of a crowd they draw was shown on the evening in question.

But still this does not justify the conduct of those who created the disturbance, who deserve the censure of all. It would have been no more than justice, if the ladies had given them over to the police. Let us hope that in the future the ladies of this school will be free from insult of this kind.

THE first of the short course of lectures prepared by the REPORTER, was given on the 14th of last month, by Chancellor Hammond.

The subject chosen, "Reminiscences of Heidelberg and Student Life in Germany," was one of peculiar interest to a University audience, and was rendered doubly attractive by the manner in which it was treated. The lecturer spoke of his own personal experience at Heidelberg; his personal experience elsewhere enabled him to judge it well, and to tell it well; and the two enabled his audience to pass a most pleasant evening.

The extreme differentiation and accuracy of German research was explained; the character and customs of the students were described. We had heard of the German University dueling corps, and we immediately fell in love with the system, when the Chancellor told

us that the average duel is no more dangerous than a game of base-ball.

We shall, of course, give no synopsis of the lecture. Those who were present do not need it; those who were absent do not deserve it. All of those who were not there missed such a treat as only the Chancellor can give; all of those who were there, learned something before they went away.

CAPTAIN CHESTER delivered the second lecture of the REPORTER course, at the Opera house, on the evening of March 4th.

In securing this lecture, the REPORTER corps offered to an Iowa City audience something which it could obtain nowhere else in the United States; for the Captain, in speaking of "Personal Recollections of Forts Moultrie and Sumter," told about things which never got into history. And he knew whereof he spoke. He was there; one of the seventy men who defended Sumter—perhaps not half of whom are now alive.

Of course, such a lecture, by a man of such popularity as Captain Chester enjoys, might be expected to attract attention. And it did. We were pleased to observe the large number of citizens who attended; who, in fact, made much more than half of the audience. It was a good audience, but we are convinced, not nearly so large as it would have been had the lecture fallen on a more propitious time. The week was full of entertainments; the Medical Commencement, and also Janauschek's Mary Stuart, came on the evening following; the Zet's exhibition on Friday; and a series of lectures was holding at the Reform Club, throughout the week; all going to take the time of which students are necessarily so jealous.

The audience, however, was a good one and a critical one, and evidently expected something good. And when Gov. Gear had introduced the speaker, and the latter had begun in his quiet manner, to relate his remembrances of a period which will long be full of interest for us all, it immediately became apparent that the Captain was going to keep up his old habit of never disappointing any one.

The lecture dealt, not with Captain Chester, but with Forts Moultrie and Sumter; the sufferings of the men were described, the particulars of the defence explained; and we all learned something new about the Fort which "was evacuated, but never surrendered."

Captain Chester has added another to the long list of favors received from him by the Reporter: and in behalf of ourselves and his audience, we thank him.

'Tis THE night of the Irving exhibition (Feb. 21st), and all the beauty and all the chivalry are gathered at the Opera House; and bright the gas jets shine o'er fair women and scared men, the heroes, who are to advance the glory of Irving Institute and "scoop" the Zets.

Here come the noble eight with the fire of victory in their eyes and a trembling in their legs! Now they stand before us in the fierce array of a spelling class. Ah, the knees of a hero fail him and he sinks; now he recovers himself and arises as though he had sat on something sharp! The signal is given and each one sinks down, taking his own time, the same as every one does during chapel singing.

If our readers will please turn their backs, we will change the tense of our verbs and proceed to say that the literary exercises were opened by Mr. Gilliland, a gentleman who has been more roughly and more unjustly criticised concerning his society productions than any one in the University; and we can but admire the indifference with which he ignores his critics. We are sorry Mr. G. did not select for his oration a better subject. Mr. Burrows attempted a vindication of Aaron Burr, a hard task to undertake. It looked as though James Parton had been working upon Mr. B's sympathies.

Next came the debate; debates are generally a bore, but this was an exception. Mr. McIntyre opened with a solid, lawyer-like speech; he has gotten over his old fault and no longer races his tongue after ideas ever out of reach like a will-o'-the-wisp. Upon the negative the speaker was Mr. Snyder, whose arguments were good, and whose delivery would have been better had it been more animated. And next came Mr. Dickey; we would like to tell how Mr. D. was wont to set the audience in a roar, send chills of horror through the assembled multitude, or bring sweet tears to dear eyes; we'd like to do all that sort of thing, but we can't. We can't because Mr. D. is on the REPORTER corps, and it would look as though we were patting ourselves upon our back. And Mr. Patterson came also; he was witty. Some one near us complimented Mr. P. very highly by saying: "That stroke could not have been impromptu." This finished the debate.

In the "Morning Argus Obituary department," Mr. Skinner, was a "side splitting farce, with six acts and twenty scenes," all by himself. After the audience had got its buttons picked up in its hat, Mr. Chase delivered the valedictory. We think it the best thing of the evening; Mr. C. did not hold the people "spell-bound," but he kept them much more quiet than Mr. Skinner; it was not the quiet of sleep, but of attention, and the attention was rewarded. It is true Mr. C.'s arms were not always and forever moving as though they went by clock-work and had to go or break a big cog-wheel; but his gesticulations were not bad, and he showed us the desideratum of oratory by making us think of what was spoken, and forget the speaker.

The exhibition was a success, and we would confidentially whisper in the ears of the Irvings that it was the best ever held: and now, lest we forget it, we would as confidently murmur to the Zets that their exhibition surpasses anything of the kind ever undertaken.

Now, if the people will please keep their seats, we will turn the panorama crank and show what took place, two weeks from the time of the entertainment just described. Yes, here they come, nine braves, sitting with left legs over right and chairs leaned back against a painted primeval forest; they are not "Babes in the Wood," as a pretty girl back of us suggests, but Zetagathians, who immediately proceed to "get away" with the Irvings. Mr. Myers leads the onslaught. If you won't say anything about it to Miss Sudlow, we will again invert our tenses and remark that Mr. Myers could not be well understood in our part of the house, but those who did hear, called the oration a fine one; from where we were, we could see that the speaker's hands were well wiggled. Although Mr. Pritchard had just recovered from a severe illness, he declaimed splendidly; he has a voice rich and full, and knows how it should be used. Mr. Hunt's oration was the best we ever heard him deliver. Mr. H., and we think this a most exalted compliment.

The debate was opened by Mr. Enlow, the possessor of a clear mind and distinct voice. All of his gestures were not mapped out in curves, but that did not hinder him from going straight at the subject. Mr. Vanderpoel followed upon the negative, and said something about mad dogs, causing the ladies to tuck their feet up under themselves, and making the men look brave and determined. Mr. Smith did well, and would have done still better, but for his hatred of Anglo-Saxon words. Mr. Howard closed the debate for the side which won the question. Mr. H. is one of the very few Sub-Freshmen, if not the only one, who has been honored by a position upon an exhibition programme.

Mr. Fellows was the "funny man" and showed much skill, personating the many "cads" who wanted to "get shut of a dorg." Mr. Cowgill was valedictorian; he has improved greatly in delivery since the time he won the Soph. prize for declamation, by crossing the *Rubicon*. We have heard the thought of Mr. C's speech spoken of most highly: it is too bad that the gentleman should insist upon paying so much attention to the expression of each syllable, and so little to the expression of each idea.

After the valedictory, we were enjoying the singing of the Ladies' Quartette, and our bliss would have been ecstatic, had it not been for a muckle-pated fellow with a drooping, red mustache, who informed every one within the area of an acre, that "It was delicious! sweet!" We have saved that nuisance's life, several times by pulling ourselves away from him by our coat tails, but we have about concluded to let ourselves murder him next time.

The entertainment being ended, the people arose to go, while the presiding officer, in a few, well chosen and touching remarks, told their backs, 'he was glad to see 'em and would always welcome them with open arms to the Zetagathian Hall.'

A YOUNG man recently requested us to give him our photograph. We had not known the young man very long, and we told him we should be forced to decline, unless he could produce a certificate of good moral character, signed by the President.

It seemed very strange to us that he should say he only wanted our picture as a curiosity. It set us thinking; and we concluded that if he only wanted us as a curiosity, he could not have us at all, no matter how good his moral character might be. But from this remark we afterward discovered that the young man was a savage; a savage in disguise. He wore french-toed boots and a stand-up collar, but he was nevertheless a savage, and he wanted our scalp.

Well, if we wear a scalp-lock, it is but natural that our enemy should covet it. And if we braid feathers into it, and paint it, and shave all the rest of our head, then we are provoking him to take our scalp, and are to blame if he does so.

There is something rude in the idea which made a daguerreotype a sacred thing; which lends only a lesser interest to the photograph. It is Democracy which is crazy after relics and reminders. Nobility does not trouble itself about ruins. There shall be a time when human nature shall advance to the tokens of other customs; when photograph and scalp, reminders either, or trophies both, shall yield to the types of a higher mental culture, and sink into collections of antiquities.

Savages don't talk; they haven't anything to say. They can't reason in the abstract; they must have the tangible hair. Civilized man has more words, because more ideas; but he still keeps battle-flags. By-and-by, paradoxically enough, man will improve in the same manner, till he ceases talking; he will leave words by the other extreme. He'll think. Why, our young friend, are there not

"Moments when the soul  
Springs to the front of being?"

Well, why shouldn't the soul stay there? Have you never looked into the eyes, have you never clasped the hand of a friend who was a thousand miles away?

Our sarcastic friend does not believe in the mental atmosphere; he does not believe that the photograph will ever be left with the battle-flag and scalp; he says that the idea is more beautiful; that the lineaments of a dear friend are faithfully portrayed; that the souvenir is accurate and convenient.

That is just what we are trying to get at. 'Tis a weakness to need the souvenir at all. 'Tis not simply love makes us preserve a dead child's shoes.

But suppose, just for the sake of the argument, you know, that we confess ourselves to be yet so little above the simple savage, as to still need something to occasionally jog our mental elbow. We do confess it. A gentle blush steals upon our cheek as we acknowledge that in a small paste-board box which is situated in the southeast corner of our trunk, there rest a number of these shadow faces; the aforesaid blush creeps

higher as we admit that we sometimes look at these things; we are quite suffused as to the countenance while we add that there are some which no one but ourself has ever seen—because they are so exceeding ugly, yon miserable cynic explains.

Suppose then, we confess ourself a mere New Zealander in thought; we can meet the photograph's defenders on yet another ground. We cannot help having all kinds of goods; and we object to putting the same price-mark on all our goods, when we do not value all alike. In 2,000 years the differentiation of price-marks alone will have abolished the photo from its present relations; will have scalped the men who now scalp their enemies.

To be sure, a photograph may now be a sacred thing; a bow of ribbon may be a sacred thing; a lock of red hair may be a sacred thing; a notch in a stick may be a sacred thing. The idea which makes each sacred is beautiful; therefore it has utility; therefore it will live; but a truer kindness, a purer unselfishness will free the idea from its awkward image.

Now, in 2,000 years, according to our theory, neither photo nor ribbon will be known; but suppose, just for the sake of the argument, you know, that in 1,000 years the ribbon will do as well as the photo; even then, shall we—or our grandchildren—designate each faded bit of the row of bits with the mental label, "This is a Friend."

And you, young cynic, you in present imperfection, did you ever prize the picture of a person whom you did not in the least admire? "Simply as a thing of beauty," you say? Pshaw! That is a sensual admiration; you would not prize the picture without it.

And did you ever feel in the least satisfied with the picture of a friend whom you really *did* admire? No; it's the something beyond the picture which you want.

Do you not see that the photograph is but a relic of barbarism? Do you not see that we have totally annihilated all that class of persons who, on the slightest provocation solicit photographs? *No?* Then may you live 2,000 years.

#### LOCAL.

- "I will have my Bond!"
- Clinker wishes he could keep his boots blackened as easily as he can his collar.
- '80 has nine ladies. They are called the Heavenly nine. They do not play base-ball.
- \$30,00 have been promised to each of the Society halls by the Regents. The money is to buy gas with.
- Another boy at the home of our Professor of German; this makes a gross or so,—we speak in round numbers.
- Clinker, who fell down stairs in attempting to carry two pails of water, says he came out first at the bottom, but the water made a good second.

—"How far above the horizon does the sun rise?" the Prof. asked with a wink in his eye. The class wanted time to think.

—"Upon the azure dome of heaven the starry stars seem to—to be—to be pasted," said the Professor, his eyes in a fine frenzy rolling.

—That was an awful mean trick of the Scientific student who persuaded a Law, that a two story bottle of mucilage was filled with hair oil.

—Clinker wants to know what a fellow is going to do when he can't build his fire till he has dried his kindling-wood, and can't dry his kindling-wood till he has built his fire.

—The officers of Irving Institute for the spring term are: Pres., D. C. Chase; Vice-Pres., I. S. Gilliland; Rec. Sec., J. G. Dougherty; Cor. Sec., Wilson Reid; Treas., W. D. Evans.

—There is a fierce Fresh accoutered in pistols and bowie-knives, whom you can't joggle without making spill a weapon. He expects to pass examination by intimidating the Faculty.

—Mrs. T. H. McBride would give lessons on Piano or Organ, to a limited number of pupils. Refers to the Teachers of the N. E. Conservatory of Music. Residence on East Market street.

—There is a Fresh. who wants a pair of Indian clubs that will go with a crank like a coffee-mill, so a fellow can take the greatest amount of exercise with the least amount of exertion, you know!

—Iowa City gloats over a sepulchral barouche that looks like a hearse; it is drawn by two poor, sad eyed horses, which sometimes glance wistfully back as though they thought they belonged inside.

Welcob, welcob, mirdful Sprig,  
Habby birds are on the wig,  
Flittig about frob dree to dree,  
Sigig sogs of belody.

—The Board of Regents, at its last session, determined upon a new course of lectures upon the "Diseases of Fossils." As each of the Medical Departments claims the course, it will be apt to cause a great deal of bitter feeling.

—The following are the officers of the Zetagathian Society for the spring term: Pres., O. P. Myers; Vice-Pres., Harvey Ingham; Rec. Sec., C. S. Rogers; Cor. Sec., A. T. Horton; Treas., A. J. Kerr; Sergt.-at-arms, J. B. Dabney.

—Eli Perkins thinks every college ought to have a Professor of Wit. We think so too: and the other Professors ought to be his first pupils. The present method is rather hard, sometimes, on the girls who haven't got pretty teeth.

—One of our Sophs who recently went forth from the all protecting arms of his mother and *alma mater* in order to teach school, was arrested for assault and battery, because he saw fit to whip one of his scholars. He was acquitted.

—We have just forgotten the best joke that ever was forgotten. A royal joke! A joke that would tickle the gods; make old Jupiter chuck Venus under the chin, clap Mars on the back and call him "Old Boy." Pshaw! why can't we think of it!

—Let us just whisper something in your ear; the next time you meet a friend, casually remark to him that, "The study of mankind is man," and see if he don't immediately look around for applause, while he says: "The study of mankind is woman."

—"You do not seem to remember dates very well," said the Prof. kindly, when Clinker located Shakespeare's birth at about the time of Byron's death. "No, no, Professor, it isn't that! I can remember any number of dates, but I can't think, to save me, what happen on 'em."

—On the morning after the big Bohemian masked ball, a lady was heard to ask one of our Seniors: "Well, Mr. A., how did you like Aggie's dancing?" "Aggie's dancing! Aggie! Ag—! Who's Aggie?" inquired he, quite aghast. "Oh! Aggie is our hired girl; didn't you know?"

—It has been asked again and again why strangers leading chapel exercises are not introduced. Upon the rostrum there is a wagging of wise heads, a questioning glance, an affirmative nod, and then the students are addressed by some one, whether an archangel from Heaven or a Wild Bill from Texas, nobody knows.

—One of our students is a preacher, and also a lecturer on temperance. And yet he could not see anything strange the other morning in the Chemistry class, when the Professor insinuatingly asked him for a cork-screw; he could not see why everybody screamed when he produced one big as an auger, with a patent metallic cup on the end of it.

—*Professor in German*: "There is no getting around it; our time is short, and you *must* take one fifteenth of the book at a lesson." Then, after a moment of profound calculation, he added: "*No*; hold on! I am mis-taken; we wont get through; we must take more. I assign this class *one sixteenth* of the whole book!" The class passed out silently.

—The officers of the freshman class for the Spring term are: Mr. Westover, Pres.; Miss Hanford, Sec.; Mr. Groschell, Treas. Mr. Paine was elected Janitor. Mr. Paine's election would have been unanimous, had it not been for the one dissenting vote which his modesty prompted him to cast. '82 knows how to appreciate and reward true worth.

—*Instructor in Tactics*: "What is a regiment?" *Student*: "Ten companies." *I. T.*: "What is a battalion?" *S.*: "Two or more companies." *I. T.*: "Now, if I should have a body of ten companies out here, and I should call it a regiment, and you should call it a battalion, which of us would be right?" *S.*: "I think in all probability *you'd* be." He got his X.

—"I want a seat in front!" "Sorry, madam, but all the front seats are full," said Clinker, who had ushered till his legs were about to drop off. "But I see a vacant seat, and I'm going to have it." "Oh, very well!" said Clinker, smiling sardonically, as he politely seated her over a red-hot register. And then the lady began to swell like the toad that wanted to be an ox, till the hot air floated her out of the room. And now Clinker is dodging her relations.

—Dean Peck reported as to the prizes offered by the Faculty, that the examining committee had seen fit to raise the standard of excellence and hence there were no prizes to award.—*Press*.

For the benefit of any poor, deluded medic, who may hope to win a prize, we would say, that Goldsmith Maid could not travel fast enough to keep up with the ever changing "advancements" of the medical examiners.

—On Friday evening, March 14, the Senior class and other members of Miss Sudlow's Literature class, at the invitation of Mrs. Currier and Miss Sudlow, spent the evening at the house of the former. To those who know Professor and Mrs. Currier and Miss Sudlow, it is unnecessary to say that the class spent a very pleasant evening.

Long may they live, and may every Senior class have as good a time as we had, when they, too, spend an evening at Prof. Currier's.

—DR. GUSTAVUS HINRICH, Professor of Physical Science in the State University of Iowa; Member or Correspondent of Scientific Societies, in or near Berlin, Vienna, Königsberg, Emden and Iowa City, in France, Germany and the United States; Author of *THE Elements of Chemistry and Mineralogy*, *THE Principles of Chemistry and Molecular Mechanics & c c c*; Chief of the Iowa Weather Service; Author of Numerous Scientific Books and Papers, has, we are sorry to say, a cold.

—D. R. Pryse, Esq., has made a valuable donation to the Library in the shape of Nicholas' Pedigree of the English people. The attention of students is specially called to his position that the Celtic aborigines were largely *incorporated with* the Saxon invaders and not *dispossessed and slaughtered* as maintained by Green, Freeman, and many others.

We hope Mr. Pryse will be successful in interesting his Welsh friends in the purchase and donation of the "Annals and Antiquities of the Counties and Families of Wales," by the same author, a work that could not fail to interest all students of English history, and especially those of Welsh parentage.

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#### GOOD GIRL'S GORNER.

Will you be a sister to us?

No, a lady can't wield a cane well, she either attempts to carry it like a lace-edged pocket handkerchief or a baby.

Miss Z. wishes to know what will remove whiskers from a lady's face. A little shaver—if he comes into the room at the right time.

When men looked on Medusa's head of snakes,  
They turned to stony statues where they stood.  
They would have turned to cast-iron hitching stakes  
Had she but worn a stylish winter hood.

The maiden arose and in a sweet voice translated: "The Gauls swept down upon the Carthaginians, and there was great bloodshed of men and baggage," and then her sympathies overcame her and she burst into a flood of tears.

"We just had the awfulest time!" said Clinker's girl Connie. "We upset right in the road, and I was all covered up with wraps, and then Mr. Jones stood on my head." "I should think you would rather have stood on your own head," said Clinker; and then he wished he had died a thousand years ago.

Agonized maiden, despondently weeping,  
How can your bitter remorse atone?  
How can it give you the lover, now sleeping,  
Pierced to the heart by a corset-bone?

"It has been moved and seconded that we adjourn, are there any remarks?" said the president of one of the ladies' societies, in a big *basso profundo*; "and if you girls over there don't pay better attention and stop curling your frizzes on slate pencils, I shan't be president another minute, there now!"

Two Sophomore ladies were discussing the merits of their respective beaux. Said one: "My fellow's a Junior; so now!" "Well, I don't care," replied the other, in a tone of withering scorn; "I'd like to know if your fellow has got a gorgeous pompadour moustache like mine has!"

We heard Clinker telling about it. He said: "You know my girl has a little brother, don't you? Well, he was in the parlor the other night when I got there. Of course, Connie and I didn't need him especially, and I saw she was trying to break it to him gentle, without letting on to me. Connie's awful proper. By and by he seemed almost persuaded, and went and sat on the edge of a chair near the door, and grinned at me and hollered: "Hi! Cap; say, will yer gimme a nickel to skip?" And I reckon when Connie rose up and reached for him he did skip."

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#### PERSONAL.

Mr. McLean, another old student, now a lawyer at Des Moines, is no longer a bachelor.

W. P. Whipple, Law Class of '78, engaged in the practice of law in Vinton, was recently elected solicitor of that city.

Julien W. Richards, Class '76, has taken a companion "for better or worse" in the person of Miss Lou Pierce, also a former student of the S. U. I. (Cards not having been received, we cannot give date.)

Mr. and Mrs. John Black, of Queen City, Mo., were in the city a few days ago, visiting friends and classmates of the latter. Mrs. Black was formerly Miss Sarah Luse, Normal '71; this was her first visit to the University since graduation.

Jan. 8th, 1879, at the home of the bride, Mr. W. H. Graff, of Sigourney, to Miss Sophronia Muzzy, of Camanche. Miss Muzzy was for several years a student of the University, completing the normal course in '73. Mr. Bently, a former student, has also taken a partner for life.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

In the still hours preceding sunrise on Sunday, March 2d, 1879, at her beautiful, newly-made home, in Iowa City, ended in perfect peace the earnest and faithful earthly life of Ellen W. Guthrie, wife of Prof. A. A. Guthrie, Superintendent of the city schools.

The funeral services, held in the Presbyterian church, conducted by the Rev. Wallace, of Washington, and Dr. S. N. Fellows, were attended by a great number of sincerely sympathizing friends, who completely filled the auditorium and gallery, and mourned the departure of one universally admired, honored and beloved. The name of Ella Osmond has ever brought to the hundreds of students, who walked the halls of the University when she did, most pleasant and fond recollections, and now the news of her early death carries with it to each heart a pang of sadness. Of that little band of twenty four, graduated from the University, June 21, 1877, she is the second called to her rest, and those who remain are bowed in sorrow at the death of a bright, noble, christian woman, for whom they will ever cherish the kindest remembrance. She will ever live in our minds and hearts, as well as in those of the deeply bereaved families to which she belonged and was so affectionately attached.

"O, who can forget the mild light of her smile,  
Over lips moved with music and feeling the while—  
The eye's deep enchantment, dark, dream-like and clear,  
In the glow of its gladness, the shade of its tear.  
As a cloud of the sunset, slow melting in heaven,  
As a star that is lost, when the day light is given,  
As a glad dream of slumber which wakens in bliss,  
She hath passed to the world of the holy from this."

'77.

A few weeks ago we were again reminded that "the young may die," when the tidings reached us that another schoolmate had passed away. Mr. Geo. P. Russell, Law '73, and for two years previous a member of the Academic department, died at his home in Des Moines Jan. 20th, 1879.

He ranked high as a student, and his many friends predicted for him a brilliant future, but after battling long, he fell a victim to that dread disease—consumption.

The last years of his life were those of an active, earnest Christian. The church, society, and the bar,

have each lost an efficient and worthy member, and his wife and child (a boy about two years old), have lost a husband, a father.

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#### OUR EXCHANGES.

We heard a clamping upon our stair-case; and immediately our room was illumined by the smile of the Ancient. Wan-faced and haggard, with difficulty supporting himself upon a patent crutch, he seemed but a shadow of his former self; but he was still the Ancient.

"Old man," said we, gloomily, "why do you come here? 'Tis but to meet your fate. You have completely ruined us; you have got all the pious papers in the United States down upon us; you have deprived our life of joy, and our nights of sleep; and you shall surely die. In fact, we thought we had killed you."

"Oh! most lame and impotent conclusion," remarked he, seating himself.

"You lame and impotent old sinner," we cried, "hold your peace, or we'll make a conclusion of you on the spot."

And we reached for an ax handle which we keep under our pillow. 'Twas vain. He was already absorbed in the *Round Table*. We watched him. He had a hard struggle when he reached the biography of Hypatia; he smiled pityingly as he read, under "The Regimen of Health," the sober advice to Beloit students on the subject of soap and water; he did not finish the article on Snow; but when he read "Concerning malice in Criticism," he seemed pleased, and read the following aloud: "We have always found that a little spitefulness, a little malicious speech to or about a friend, raised that friend greatly in our estimation. So we have come to the conclusion that a little malice is not practically injurious. Isn't pure goodness a little stupid?" That tickled the Ancient; and he straightway remarked, "This would be a fairly meritorious paper, if it would check its tendency to indulge in articles of an undue length, and would devote a larger amount of attention to the editorial and local departments."

He now cast longing eyes at the *Berkeleyan*, which, in its new green cover, was lying near, with the picture of that most impossible pair of pantaloons still prominent upon its back. We believed the *Berkeleyan* deserved a far better criticism than lay in the power of the Ancient to give; so we remarked, with appropriate gestures, "This is a periodical of established and deserved literary reputation. It contains sixty odd pages, all replete with valuable matter and advertisements. Its literary articles are good; for, though long, they sustain the interest admirably. Its editorial department is well filled and ably conducted; but its local columns are poor and uninteresting. It is scarcely our ideal of a college paper, because it approaches too nearly the character of a literary magazine."

But that miserable Ancient did not hear us; he was reading the *Tripod*. Our fingers nervously clutched the hilt of our trusty ax-handle. We looked at our watch; it was three minutes of four. "At half-past four," we muttered, "he dies! Nought on earth can save him."

"The *Tripod*," said our unsuspecting victim, "is, I see, placed partly in the hands of the collegiate classes, and partly in the hands of the literary societies. It stands up well; its head is level; and, although a small paper, it is an able, sprightly, well conducted one, and far above the average college journal."

The *Tripod* had scarcely left his hand before he had grasped the *Student Life*, of St. Louis. "This issue is scarcely up to the old standard," said he; "I do not observe anything particularly good in it, not even in the clippings. It was accustomed formerly to occasionally furnish a few good locals, but it has apparently desisted." We noticed that the Ancient had his finger between the leaves of his book on Criticism; we opened it at the place, on the 894th page, and read, in large capitals, "Kick the Little Ones." We glanced at our watch; it was thirteen minutes past four.

"The *College Courier*," resumed our *bête noir*, "is a good paper, well arranged and well printed; but we believe it manifests a slight disposition to grumble at things. It is equalled or surpassed, this month, by the *Madisonensis*; which also is admirable in respect to typographical appearance; and by reason of its negative virtues, would deserve little unfavorable notice, if it did not adopt the foolish custom of publishing reviews of *Scribner*, *Atlantic*, etc., periodicals which are above the ordinary exchange editor, and too generally read to need notice."

#### MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

THE ninth annual commencement of the Medical Department of the S. U. I. took place, Wednesday evening, March 5th, in the University chapel. The hall was well filled. Music was furnished by the Iowa City band. After prayer by Rev. Dr. Fellows, of Iowa City, the valedictory address was delivered by Mr. F. H. Little, of Muscatine, Iowa.

Gov. John H. Gear, after an address, brief, but pregnant with truth and meaning, conferred the degree of Doctor of Medicine upon the graduates, fifteen in number, as follows: J. T. Breneman, Chas. M. Bcll, F. H. Little, S. C. Case, J. M. Carroll, M. F. Merchant, P. K. Watters, J. T. Armstrong, F. Seymour, Summers Pettengill, S. G. Moorehead, W. S. Gibbs, S. M. Rice, J. M. Lewis, Miss Minerva Lewis.

The address, to the new M. D's, on the part of the Faculty, was then delivered by President J. L. Pickard.

It was listened to by all with the deepest interest, and many of the burning words of the speaker impressed themselves indelibly upon the minds of the hearers, serving to strengthen their steady courage, and good resolutions, by kind admonitions and good advice. The M. D's retired to the lecture room, where shaking of hands and parting words were the order of the day.

At a recent meeting of the Medical Faculty, a radical change was effected in the existing prescribed course of study. They have determined upon a systematic graded course of instruction, and that each branch entered upon by the student shall be completed by the end of the term. It requires an attendance upon three courses of lectures. The revision as devised at the time is substantially as follows: The junior year includes lectures upon anatomy and chemistry, practical dissecting clinics.

The intermediate year, lectures upon physiology, materia medica, practical dissecting, chemical analysis microscopic anatomy, clinics. Senior year; lectures on practice of medicine, surgery, obstetrics, medical jurisprudence, insanity, eye and ear, and diseases of children, practical operations upon the cadaver, clinics.

This experiment will no doubt prove to be a most fortunate division of the course. The faculty have not stopped in their advance in improvement, by simply modifying the course of study, but now make the startling announcement to the world, that *no one shall be admitted, as a member, within their halls, until he has passed a satisfactory examination in branches which our common schools teach.*

This is a vast stride toward a complete revolution in the present loose and abominable practice of turning loose upon the public a class of men, who, perchance, can scarce read or write, and whose general education and mental capacity, and judgment, is inferior to those upon whom he is called to practice his art. The medical profession, it is needless to say, is an overcrowded one; there are many who do not deserve to hold position in its ranks; it must be purged, and the only way to reach this result is through our colleges; by stringent requirements and examinations, which they exact.

#### HOMEOPATHIC MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

The prospects of this department for the ensuing year are very encouraging.

At their recent meeting the Board of Regents created a chair of surgery in the Homeopathic Medical Department, and elected A. E. Rockey, M. D., of Ottumwa, to fill the position.

The closing exercises of the Homeopathic Medical Department took place February 27th. Prof. Cowperthwaite delivered the closing address. His subject was "The Doctrines of Hahnemann," which pleased as well as instructed his audience. After a few remarks by President Pickard, the Professor invited the students to a reception at his house in the evening, and the last time the students were all together was indeed a very pleasant one, not soon to be forgotten.

The following gentlemen received the degree of Doctor of Medicine: Sheldon F. Davis, R. C. Newell, Jas. H. Thompson.

## Law Department.

NOS—EGO.

With this issue the term of our editorship expires, and not like all truly great and able editors, we feel our fallibility. Beside this, the use of plurals, in referring to self, leaves a vague impression upon our own mind, if not with our readers, that we are not the plain, honest *ego* of by gone days. But now, having said all that we can in our present enlarged capacity, wishing the REPORTER a future more brilliant than its past, regretting inability to do for it more than we have done, we bid its readers a kind farewell.

And now that I am myself again, I absolutely declare that I am not an exceedingly good looking man, rather too short and too robust with a head inclining to be large; an uneasy swing in my walk, and wrinkles of age on my forehead; but yet I wear my own hair, neither queued, nor cropped, nor braided, nor dyed, am not addicted to the use of strong drink, nor tobacco, and in the humble walks of life, expect to realize that "lawyers work hard, live well, and die poor," for 'tis the object of a trade to make money, of a profession to bless mankind.

JOHN CAMPBELL is called home by the sad message of a brother's death. In his bereavement he has the sympathy of classmates and instructors all, who hope for his early return.

JUDGE HOWE has given the class some admirable and carefully prepared lectures during the term. The series on "Requisites of a lawyer" are especially entertaining and valuable, and while wishing they could be published in full, we regret the more that we cannot present our readers some satisfactory report of them.

In justice to our class, our profession and ourselves, we must say a few words in reply to "our Homeopath" in the last REPORTER. She really doesn't say anything absolutely bad about the Laws, but makes some extravagant statements that all will recognize, and it seems to us leaves the poor Medics in rather a worse light than before.

The Homeopaths bring new comers among us, and evidently feeling their importance, of course everybody will for the present overlook whatever failings and inconsistencies they may have.

CHANCELLOR HAMMOND, awarded by one of the most popular and able judges of the Iowa Bench the distinction of being the most learned man in the State, should also be known and admired for industry, earnestness,

and devotion to duty. Close application, combined with the rigors of our climate, is undermining his health, and now, for the third winter in succession, he has had to yield for a time to bronchial and lung affections.

For several days confined to his room though now convalescing we take pleasure in saying, he has been much hindered in the preparation of his works for publication. His course of Wednesday afternoon lectures on "The History of English Common Law," given during the present term to large and appreciative audiences, shows most careful research, deep thought and elaborate preparation. 'Tis fortunate for the class that illness comes during his brief respite instead of detaining him from class-room exercises, and we sincerely hope for his speedy and complete recovery of health.

JOHN AUSTIN.

III.

And so plans of the greatest promise came to an untimely end, in disappointment, and what seemed to be hopeless failure. One more was added to the countless number of lives, capable of much utility to their fellows, that have been literally thrown away in England and America, for the want of some provision enabling them to pursue their favorite science or art, in the interests of humanity at large, and without reference to the immediate profit or glory of any school or sect. Mrs. Austin tells us that "it was from no unsteadiness of purpose, no shrinking from labor, no distaste to a life of comparative poverty and obscurity, that he abandoned the pursuit to which he had hoped to devote his life. If there had been found for him some quiet and humble nook in the wide and rich domains of learning, it is my firm conviction, that he would have gone on, slowly indeed, as the nature of his study and his own nature rendered inevitable, and with occasional interruptions from illness, but with unbroken tenacity and zeal to the end of his life."

Yet this was in a land where there are more endowments for educational purposes, more wealth given for the support of teachers and students, than in all Protestantism beside! It is melancholy to reflect that while Austin was starved out of his career, there were half a dozen professorships and like places in the older Universities, intended for exactly that purpose, held as acknowledged and shameless sinecures by men who could very well live without them. (The proof of this may be found in the Reports on Legal Education, already referred to.) But we of America must be very cautious how we rebuke the faults of our English cousins in this regard. While millions are lavished yearly by public and private liberality, upon schools and colleges of every kind, how many places are there among them all where a man like Austin could find even "the quiet and humble nook," that would enable him to pursue his work,

free from anxiety as to tuition fees? Is there *one* such nook in the country, except it may be in the one department of Theology? and there, would the most earnest pursuit of truth recommend him so well as a correct utterance of the particular shibboleth of his sect? Although Mr. Austin lived twenty five years after the failure of the Temple lectures, he never resumed his task, and never completed the course in accordance with his original plan. He seems to have thrown aside the entire mass of manuscripts in disgust, and to have shrunk from even the effort of arranging its fragments. In 1832 he had published the first six lectures, under the title, "The Province of Jurisprudence determined;" but when the small edition was exhausted, after some years, he would neither permit it to be reprinted without change, nor give the labor necessary to revise it to his own satisfaction. It might seem that he had dismissed the subject finally and entirely from his mind, if it were not for the prospectus of a large work on The Principles and Relations of Jurisprudence and Ethics, of which a single copy only remains to inform us that he cherished such a plan. But the plan was nothing more. The work never existed, unless it were *in nubibus*, or *in gremio legis*, or in some other like legal equivalent of non-entity. It never "fed the uses" of the students of Jurisprudence, or of the author's own aimless and obscure life. No life of such talent and promise ever seemed so utterly wasted and resultless as his, down to the very time of his death, in 1860.

So it would have been, but for one woman,—the wife who had loved and worshipped him for forty years of marriage, with a devotion that all the failures of his career, all the world's neglect, all the poverty and privation of a wandering, unsuccessful life, could not shake. Mrs. Austin was the sister, we believe, of Isaac Taylor, of Norwich, and must have had a full measure of that rare spiritual insight, and appreciation of whatsoever things are lovely and of good report, that have marked his religious and philosophical writings. The Preface she prefixed to her husband's collected writings, must seem, to a cool and critical judgment, a vast exaggeration of the powers and work embodied in those writings. But it will be read with delight, as one of the most charming prose-elegies in the language, while there is a heart that can feel the exceeding beauty of a wife's unquestioning confidence and self-forgetting love. After quoting one of his letters before marriage in which, with what seems to have been his habitual morbid anxiety as to the future, he speaks of privations and disappointments before them, she says:

"The person to whom such language as this was addressed, has therefore, as little right as she has inclination, to complain of a destiny distinctly put before her and deliberately accepted. Nor has she ever been able to imagine one so consonant to her ambition, or so gratifying to her pride, as that which rendered her the sharer in his honorable poverty. I must be permitted to say this, that he may not be thought to have disappointed expectations he never raised; and that

"the effect of what I have to relate may not be effe-  
bled by the notion that it is the querulous expression  
"of personal disappointment."—Preface, pp. 3, 4.

In the year after Mr. Austin's death his widow reprinted the volume of 1832, and then with wonderful patience and assiduity labored upon the long neglected manuscripts until every possible morsel of his lectures was reproduced in the edition of 1863. The result was a success so marked and brilliant for a book of the kind, that the dead author, in his most ambitious dreams, could hardly have anticipated it. There has been nothing like it in the last century of English law. Many causes, beside the real merit of Austin's writings contributed to the result. In the thirty years since the delivery of these lectures, the time had been slowly ripening for a new advance in "in the greatest and the slowest  
"of all sciences," and what John Austin, in the prime of his youth, spent all his strength on in vain, came to pass as it were, at a touch from the hand of a woman, who worked for his sake, not her own. But while all the world were reading and talking of the book, and of him, she had rejoined him.

W. G. H.

#### MEMENTOES AND BRIEFS .

- Aaron Yearous, '78, teaches at Bismark, Iowa.
- Chas. E. Thompson, '78, is practising at Fairbury, Neb.
- Monroe asked for a citation. The boys say it's a joke.
- Who says the "missing link" is found in the law class?
- Jas. A. Vanatta, '78, is a prosperous attorney of Hastings, Neb.
- Wm. C. Lewis, '78, is engaged in professional business at Elkader, Iowa.
- John B. Earley, Spencer, Ind is summoned by telegram to the sick-bed of his child.
- Hedges & Scott, '78, have dissolved their partnership at Geneva, Nebraska, but remain there in practice.
- Thos. McCulla, '79, not finding a suitable place for location in a recent tour of Nebraska, goes to Cherokee, Iowa.
- Query—Who are the darlings of the Law class?  
Ans.—There is but one—Douglas J. Darling, of Clinton, Iowa.
- A telegram announcing a sister's illness, called home on the 18th inst., J. H. Carruthers, of Indianola, Iowa.
- Said H., in arguing a case: "Attorneys would never see any rest if this state of things were allowed to exist."
- The Judge, in some instances, has to look six times in order to discover the position of one of our lilliputians—he's so astute.
- Senator M. N. Johnson, '76, Decorah, Iowa, spent a few days in the city lately. 'Tis whispered round that something besides a sister's love was the attraction.

—Medics, beware! Laws will pay off old scores when they get you on the witness stand. "There's a good time coming."

—Law: "Why doesn't C. step into B's shoes in that case? Prof.: "Because it isn't necessary—he can stand in his own shoes."

—Jno. P. Swisher, '76, one of the most promising of Cedar Rapids' young attorneys, makes us a visit, bringing sunshine and gladness.

—Edwin C. Hawley, '78, is establishing a good professional business in Red Cloud, Neb., and has been recently elected mayor of the town.

—No Spring vacation for the weary, care-worn Laws, but a steady pull from winter holidays, till commencement. Who will weep for us anyway?

—James A. Rice, '77, mayor of Oskaloosa, and recently re-elected to the same honorable position, has been visiting the University and friends in the city.

—A Medic from Oregon was heard to inquire: "Ohio joins onto Iowa somewhere near Marshalltown, doesn't it?" The Law, who was present, expatiated.

—L. W. Clapp, '78, displays the shingle and dignity of a lawyer in this city, where he has resided from early youth, and has drunk deep from the fountain of knowledge.

—John J. Seerley, '77, an industrious, worthy attorney of Burlington, makes Iowa City friends another visit, though, we presume important business is the occasion of his coming.

—After so many months have passed, an honored professor tells us that "the profession of law isn't entirely free from tricks." We had suspicioned as much but now we are absolutely sure of it.

—Prof.: "Would you be excused from giving notice when endorser is dead?" Law: "Well, you wouldn't know where to send the notice." Professor thought he would in some cases.

—So far as we can learn from mere observation, Day and Knight are perfectly harmonious at the same desk, but the presence of the former does not, as ordinarily, completely dispel the shades of the latter.

—We are creditably informed that our ex-classmate, Wilson, Deputy Clerk of Fremont county, has confessed that he will soon become a benedict. This seems to account for his not returning. Poor boy!

—Our valiant Sir Knight recently made a sudden excursion into the interior and took part in an impromptu tournament, to his great amusement and infinite satisfaction. He came out unscathed, undaunted, and yet unrenowned.

—Big Law, shrugging his shoulders: "New suspenders! Rubber in them!" Now, you can't guess which one it was; we have no less than fourteen men who raise the beam at 180, of whom the heaviest, weighing 204, is said to be the handsomest man in the class.

—A strange coincidence—a long hair attached to a piece of paper with a certain interjection preceding goes straight to the man from Lincoln; while, if unattached, it passes freely about the class, and is frequently found upon the shoulder of an innocent victim.

—Mr. D. is fondly and substantially remembered by some fair damsels of La Mille, Ill., who sent him a neatly arranged box of delicacies—such as ginger schnaps, biscuit, pork and beans—accompanied by a package of medicinal powders, with explicit directions for taking.

—The majority of the class have just come to a realization of the fact that our married brethren are much more tenderly regarded by statutory provisions than the rest of us. It is safe to infer from observations and statistics that at least ten of the "single gentlemen" will wish themselves heads of families before another year's toil and conflict is over.

—We take pleasure in presenting the following Honor Roll of our class, containing names of men distinguished not in arms, nor letters, nor law, but simply because bound by the chains of Hymen: Berry, Briggs, Dorland, Earley, Garretson, Gifford, Gregory, Ham, Harishorn, Hayward, Hoopes, Hogin, Horak, McGrath, Pickering, Votaw, Ward. We hope this may prove valuable for general reference, and dispense with much questioning, disputation, and gossip.

—"Who rendered that opinion?" asked Judge Love of a pleader in Moot Court. "That, sir; is the opinion of Judge Field, Feb., 1877." "Field, Field! In what court? Let me take the book a moment, please," suggested the precise and attentive Judge. "Ah! I see. It is filed Feb., 1877." After the applause had subsided and no opportunity being offered for explanation, young Patrick Henry took his thumbs from the arm holes of his vest and asked the boys if they smoked or would take it out in candy.

—The Judge directed the following to the few Laws who misbehaved at the late session of the Hesperian Society: "Be not discouraged because not having learned to be gentlemen in two terms! Keep on trying." In justice, we must say that Medics and Academics made more disturbance on that occasion than any of us, and succeeded better in concealing their cowardly, dull faces. The exercises of the "Hesps" on that evening were, as usual, very good, and we think not more than two-thirds of the very large audience assembled could be seated. Those standing, of course, grew restless, but this is no excuse for any one's being boisterous and to a great degree disrespectful.

The ladies courteously welcome visitors to their halls and furnish pleasing and profitable entertainment, and those who cannot appreciate such kindness and opportunities should manfully stay away.

—Hammond Society has organized a mock U. S. Senate for drill in parliamentary law and forensic oratory. Bills, fashioned after those strongly contested in Congress, are introduced and debated with much warmth and eloquence. The new organization promises to grow more interesting as the boys become better acquainted with the work. Democracy is fairly represented, and its advocates heroically and ably defend the strongholds

Session each Thursday evening in Law Hall.

Officers are,

W. S. DILATUSH, Pres.

C. M. EASTERDAY, Sec'y.

G. M. FAY, Clerk.

C. E. FLOETE, Sergeant-at-Arms.