

# The University Reporter.

STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA.

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No. 2

## O HOPE! LIFT UP THY WEARY WINGS.

O Hope, lift up thy weary wings,  
And make them into lighter ones—  
The veriest birdling forward flings  
Sweet challenge in the song he sings;  
With quick, white joys the welkin rings;  
E'en Venus hath no whiter ones.  
O Hope, lift up thy brown-ed wings,  
And make them into brighter ones.

Tiptoe upon the mountain side  
The day has found a fleeter way—  
More sparkling flows the brittle tide,  
The skies are open more wide and wide,  
All things proclaim the waiting Bride,  
All Life doth gladly greet her way;  
Tiptoe upon the mountain side  
The May hath found a sweeter way.

O Hope, take up thy distant wings,  
And make them into nearer ones—  
All through the night my dreaming brings  
Fierce prophecies of coming things,  
Till lo, the morrow's mem'ry clings  
To wonder-scapes of clearer ones.  
O Hope, take up thy dreary wings,  
And make them into dearer ones.

I yearn to catch the fuller tone,  
The truest of Life's history;  
I burn to clasp the magic zone  
Of summer, ere her sweets have flown,  
And I shall have thee, Hope, my own,  
And bear my aching kiss to thee—  
I yearn to catch the fuller tone,  
The newest of Life's mystery.

O Hope, lift up thy laden wings,  
And make them into airy ones—  
Thou wilt not cheat me—queen of kings—  
With unsubstantial gladdenings;  
Nay, all my soul a-hungred springs  
To sunny joys and starry ones.  
O Hope, lift up thy earthy wings,  
And make them into fairy ones.

VENIER VOLDO.

## HAMLET.

A man without sensibilities becomes a devil; deficient in intellect, he is a fool; if the will be subordinate, he is a Hamlet. In the realm of letters there are countless fools and devils of varied excellence from the sublime creation of Goethe to the ludicrous mechanism of Montgomery. Hamlet stands alone.

In no other of Shakspeare's dramas is the interest so completely centered in one character. Hamlet is the

grand, central luminary, the sentient, thinking principle in this tragedy of thought. Polonius, foolish giver of wise advice; Laertes, with his showy exterior; Horatio, ever self-possessed; the king, with his burden of guilt; and the queen, so easily led astray,—serve only as a foil to Hamlet—a background upon which fall the lights and shades and mingled tints of the grandest dramatic creation that genius ever sketched. So also with Ophelia, the delicate, tender, fragile May-rose, plucked but too early. Ophelia, having all the ardent susceptibility and imaginative nature of Hamlet, has placed her confidence in him; but too soon her trustful nature is drooping beneath the biting frosts of neglect, affected disdain freezes her last lingering hope, and in despair she severs the mystic cord uniting soul and body.

It is not true that the key to Shakspeare's Hamlet lies in his absolute want of will-power. He who has conversed with a spirit "whose canonized bones hearsed in death have burst their cerements," who alone boarded the pirate ship, and who, while his soul forebodes disaster, accepts a contest that ends all,—lacks neither courage nor will. The key to Hamlet's character lies rather in the *disproportion* between his intellect and his will. Hamlet's intellect is critical, analytic, far-reaching. It is the personified spirit of inquiry which doubts everything without the reach of syllogism and exact research. His emotional nature is as sensitive as an aeolian harp. It vibrates gentle melodies to the softest impulse of duty and affection; or, it quakes with the harsh dissonance of contending passions. And so, at times, he is as gay as youth untouched by care, as joyous as nature when the kindly sunbeam kisses the crystal dew drop from leaf and petal; anon, his misanthropic nature dissipates itself in hopeless lamentation as, "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! \* \* \* \* \* in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me, nor woman neither."

The outcome of Hamlet's mental structure is to "sickly o'er the native hue of resolution with the pale cast of thought." And this some critics are disposed to assume as the result of his want of will-power. But Hamlet's apparent vacillation is the natural result of an intellect that looks at an object from every point of view, analyzing every motive, and following it until lost in the fogs of speculative uncertainty. He discovers the atom of evil mixed with the good, and instantly his moral

nature revolts and paralyzes his strong intention. He sees an effect and straightway he falls to musing upon the cause of the effect and then upon the cause of the cause. The arc of inquiry continually widens until the real is lost in the imaginary and the spirit of inquiry dissipates itself in reverie. He knows that he has the power, but he does not use it. He is like a strong soldier, that flees; like a brave captain, that faints; like a victorious army, that retreats.

This Hamlet, the scholar, the polished wit, the affable companion, the meditative recluse,

"The expectancy and rose of the fair state,  
The glass of fashion and the mold of form,"

is placed in circumstances which demand not so much thought as action. A murdered father, a disgraced mother, and the "whole kingdom contracted in one brow of woe" cry to heaven for vengeance. And Hamlet, in the first tumult of his passion, swears that "with wings as swift as meditation or the thoughts of love he will swoop to revenge." This Hamlet wills to do and has the will to do, but his active intellect soon suggests the questions why? and how? and whether? He doubts everything and thinks perchance the ghost that he has seen "may be a devil." He who had bewailed the canon of the Everlasting 'gainst self-slaughter now doubts the immortality of the soul and avers that absolute goodness is but the phantasmic outgrowth of a morbid mind. Hamlet finds the king praying and determines on vengeance, but even-handed justice whispers, "Hold till he is drunk, at gaming, or swearing, then trip him that his heels may kick at heaven and that his soul may be as damn'd and black as hell, whereto it goes." And then, there is Hamlet's sensitive moral nature which questions his right to visit on the murderer the just deserts of his damnable treachery. The broken moral law requires no material agent to ensure retribution. The laws of the realm have their appropriate executor, and rightly it must give him thought ere he overstep the moral law to send the limed victim "howling to hell." Hamlet notes the nice adjustment of penalty to crime. He questions, moralizes, affirms; but executes nothing. Hamlet lives in a poetic nimbus, yet he is no poet. His soul responds to everything picturesque and beautiful, yet he is no artist. His soliloquies are masterpieces of speculative reasoning, yet he is no philosopher. He is poet, artist, and philosopher and yet neither.

Many of the phases of Hamlet's character find their counterpart in Goethe's Faust. Both are scholars, enthusiastic after knowledge. Both are witty, shrewd, and metaphysical and, in different senses, personify the spirit of inquiry. Faust sells his soul in order that he may solve the mysteries of science; Hamlet wastes his energy in a vain attempt to settle the conflicting claims of right and wrong. Faust illustrates how unspeakably potent is the spell which knowledge weaves around her votaries; Hamlet, how worse than futile are the inductions of the most cosmic mind when not co-ordinated by

an equally powerful will. Faust is, at times, meanly villainous; Hamlet is always upright and just. Faust is a spirit of pure negation; Hamlet, though denying, seeks to affirm something, he knows not what. Faust will be remembered so long as wickedness and error possess the human heart; Hamlet will never be forgotten until truth be deemed error, until purity shall have become a myth and human nature a stupendous lie.

As a dramatic character Hamlet is drawn with a nicety of touch and an acuteness of observation equalled no where else. Shakspeare has himself elsewhere delineated an assumed madness, but the assumed lunacy of Edgar is the work of an unskilled amateur compared with the subtlety of observation, the psychological exactness of description which characterize the portraiture of Hamlet. Shylock may be despicable in the avaricious revengefulness of his nature when he says of the pound of Christian flesh, "If it well feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge." Richard III. may be hissed at for the unmitigated fiendishness of his character,

"Conscience is but a word that cowards use.

Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law,  
—let us to it pell-mell;

If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell."

Lear may be sublime in the terrible grandeur of his passion when, stript of everything by ingratitude and cast out into the blinding storm, he cries, while his gray hair streams like a meteor to the wind,

"Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!  
And thou, all-shaking thunder,  
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!"

But these are characters embodying the most salient points in human nature. The pomp and circumstance of splendid parts is imposing. But to depart from the beaten highway of the passions; to create a character, not completely devoid of passion and will, possessed of a mind the subtlest and the most casuistic and a moral nature the most sensitive; to follow this character through the slums of wickedness and folly; to trace the maze of conflicting motives which play upon the white key-board of the soul; to concentrate in a single paragraph the accumulated wisdom of ages; this is an ideal which only a Shakspeare could image and only a Shakspeare realize and such an ideal is Hamlet.

#### A VISIT AMONG THE PRE-HISTORIC DEAD.

G. A. SMITH.

It was a delightful day, during the Spring of '76, that a party, consisting of six persons, among whom was the writer, sallied forth for a day's investigation among what is usually know as "mounds." Launching a commodious sail-boat on the dancing waters of the Mississippi, at Camanche, Clinton county, Iowa, the favoring southwest wind soon sped the little vessel with its human freight to the shore on the opposite side. Here, at a point about a mile southeast of Albany, Whiteside

county, Ills., but a short distance from the river's edge are countless numbers of abodes of a people, who to us are unknown. They dot the surface of a large tract of land, and present to the beholder a picturesque and interesting scene. It was to this place the party proceeded; and having obtained permission from the owners of the land, the delegation of would be scientists, commenced a series of examinations.

There are in this locality two distinct varieties of mounds—those on the high land and those on the low land; and, with a pick, spade and an abundance of will and muscle, several specimens of each were made to expose their contents, for the first time, perhaps, to the eye of civilized man. Up, on the very summit of the hills, or, more properly speaking, bluffs, there arise cone-like elevations, that plainly indicate them to be of human workmanship; while down on the level, or, what is known as the "Meredocia Bottoms," are another sort of elevations, resembling, in a considerable degree, a modern grave. The party visited, what is known as the "Crest Range" of mounds—those on the bluffs, and examined one but slightly elevated, measuring nine (9) feet in diameter. The earth was removed from a circular hole (commencing at the top) to the depth of five (5) feet seven (7) inches, where intermingling with red, sandy clay, a confused mass of human bones were discovered. From this mound, three skulls, remarkably well preserved, were taken; one of which, on being measured, compared most favorably with a very fine specimen of the Caucasian Race. Innumerable bones from all parts of the body were also brought to light, many of which were in good state of preservation. A curious feature, that all noticed, was, that the teeth, which in most cases had fallen from their sockets, and were mingled loosely with the soil, were worn down almost to their insertion into the jaw, leaving, in many instances, not over a sixteenth of an inch of enamel; and, in not a single one, were there the least appearance of decay. After musing over the results of the work of this mound, the investigators descended to the mounds on the "flat" below: here a very interesting specimen was developed; its diameter (rough measurement) was over thirteen feet, and the entire surface was covered with trees and brush-wood. A large verticle excavation was made in this one; and at the depth of four and a half (4½) feet, rock was struck; which, on being removed, exposed to view the bony skeleton of a human being enclosed in a sort of a rocky chamber—that is, slabs of rock were placed edgewise around the remains, and another was laid on the top. Five of these apartments were unearthed, and in each one, the feet were lying toward the center. These bones were not well preserved, on account, we presumed, of the dampness of the soil; and, as none were worth removing, they were left to rest as before. The laborers then returned to the "crest range," where they spent the rest of the day in research. In one of the crest mounds, nine feet below the surface, a flat rock was exposed, on

which was a considerable quantity of charcoal. The rock on being removed, bore unmistakable signs of having been subjected to some great heat—a valuable evidence, that these people must have known of, and used fire. The charcoal found, on being examined with a microscope, proved to be of oak. Several other mounds were examined, disclosing nothing however, more than ordinary. The last one examined, the largest one of the collection, was not fully developed on account of the lateness in the day. It gave promise, however, of something very interesting, as, about three feet under its surface, a layer of clam-shells, with their convex sides up, was uncovered. These, on being exposed to the air, crumbled to dust.

The soil of all mounds prospected, was entirely different from that of the surrounding country, plainly indicating that they were not of natural origin. On one of the mounds, (the one thirteen feet in diameter) stood a scrub oak tree about twenty inches in circumference, the roots of which, inclosed in their turns and quirks, many of the bony parts of what was once a living being endowed with power to act and will to think; and, as we looked at the relics of the unknown and forgotten, lying there a skeleton before us, we were lost in wonder, and our thoughts took on those peculiar emotions which one always feels when contemplating the mysterious. We bow our heads for want of knowledge of these people and exclaim:

"And thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)  
O'er these hills, perhaps, three thousand years ago."

\* \* \* \* \*  
"If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,  
The nature of thy private life unfold:  
A heart has throbb'd within that bony breast,  
And tears adown that fleshless cheek have rolled.  
Have children climbed that knee, and kissed that face?  
What was thy name and station, age and race?"

#### ONLY LOVE.

The autumn air is soft and sweet,  
The grass is turning brown,  
The birds are silent; at our feet  
The leaves are falling down.  
No longer now the oak-tree hideth  
The heaven above—  
All things pass. Ah! what abideth?  
Only Love.

Your face is fair, your eyes are bright,  
And yet there comes a day  
When your dear eyes must lose their light,  
And all your gold be grey.  
Springtime passes, pleasure glideth,  
Joys remove,  
Beauty fades. Ah! what abideth?  
Only Love.

How soon the end will be, who knows?  
Neither I, nor you,  
When both our eyes shall be as those  
That God gives sleep unto  
When the turf, cast o'er us, hideth  
The sun above;  
When we perish—what abideth?  
Only Love.

## Collegiate Department.

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### EDITORIALS AND PERSONALS.

CHAS. N. HUNT, '80.

JAS. A. KERR, '81.

LOCALS.

EXCHANGES.

GEO. K. REEDER, '82.

ALLEN T. HORTON, '83.

THERE is an old Arabian proverb, that classes the idler not as among the living, but among the unburied dead. Colleges are not freer from the unburied "dead" than the world. While we believe that we have as few of them as any college in the land, we believe there are enough here to form a respectable "pedestrian graveyard."

"WE had rather suffer from speaking the truth than to allow the truth to suffer from the want of speaking." Much has been said of our Literary Societies. We have been loathe to criticise our audiences. "If your ever see," said Holmes, a "crow with a king-bird after him you will get an image of a dull speaker and lively listeners." A homely figure yet a true one. We expect our audiences to be altogether to charitable.

It will be better for us to stop our caw-caw, change our plumage, and criticism will soon become obsolete.

WE must say, that the manner in which the constitution of the University Oratorical Association was ignored at the election of delegates a few days ago, was, to say the least, shameful. We need not be surprised if the interest in the Association dies out after such demonstrations. One delegate-elect, was thrown out on the ground that he had not paid his taxes. Another was elected by men who had not paid their taxes. Neither were delegates according to the constitution. What member of the University will unite with such an organization?

ON Wednesday, Oct. 29th was held our annual oratorical contest, preparatory to the State and Inter-State contests. For several reasons there were but two contestants. Mr. W. V. Smith was the first speaker. Subject, Hamlet. As a literary production, we think the vast majority of the audience will agree with us when we say it was faultless in composition. The development of character, natural. Had Mr. Smith's delivery equalled his production, in our estimation he would have stood along side Henry Clay Dean's girl. Mr. Smith came out second best. Mr. Hunt spoke

second, and last. His subject, also a literary one—Manfred. The oration was a masterly one and delivered after the fashion of an orator.

As usual there was a difference of opinion when the results were announced. Some one said in our hearing that "a good bone rarely went to a good dog." Another that "merit has its reward." So goes the world. Honor is foxy. It don't stay in the same copse all the time.

If there is any one thought that comes to the mind of an editor oftener than another, it is this: News. Fresh from the *Popular Science Monthly*, we attempted to make a few comments upon some recent discoveries in the field of Science, but before we had proceeded far we reached a conclusion—concluded we were not scientists, and think, if you consult the waste-basket, you will reach the same conclusion. "A conclusion" seems to imply a "labored process of reasoning." We undoubtedly labored and would, we think, have succeeded, had labor been all that was necessary. We were "left" on the "reason." Experiment is one means of success. The waste-basket is our crucible of failures. You can imagine our feelings, as we tossed aside, that with which we thought to startle. It is well for the editor that there is no marking system in his department. The editor of our esteemed cotemporary might not "pass." Nor would we have passed in "Physics." "Physics" is not our forte. Pardon the digression and we will continue our experience. We were just ready to begin a journey from cellar (sanctum) to attic (Law Department), preparatory to an article on recent improvements, when—

"On a sudden, open flew,

With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,

The sanctum door,"

and on the threshold stood that political Soph—future President. He broke the silence by asking for news. News, what news? we answered. Why the news from the New York election? We told him that we did *not* deal in politics, and explained to the best of our ability the difference between politics and literature. Baffled in his attempt to lead us into a political discussion, he entered the field of literature. He led off with the remark that the institution made a great mistake in overlooking her students. He informed us that he read two hours each day. He left after repeating Don Quixote, Baron Munchausen, and Hudibras. We admire his learning but not his record. He lacked just one hundred and eighty hours of getting reasonable standing last spring term.

MORAL—Stuff brothers, stuff with cair—

Stuff in the presence of your teachair, etc.

—Scene in political economy. Pres.—"Capital is active wealth." Soph.—"Cheese is wealth is it not?" Pres.—"Certainly when it is commercially active, but not when the cause of action is contained in itself." Smart Soph. sits down.

## LOCALS.

—Bored, \$1.50.  
 —We are seven.  
 —Some one give us a local.  
 —Pay your subscription to the REPORTER.  
 —Married—. We received neither cake or cards.  
 —Ask some Senior how he likes the Sophs. for pall-bearers.  
 —A favorite song with Davenport's young ladies. "Surely the Captains may depend on us."  
 —Prof.—"Can you give a common synonym for *copse*?" Soph.—"Well, *peelers*, I believe, sir."—*Ex.*  
 —What a strange thing that two sprinkles to the yard, will prevent drilling, but foot-ball—how different.  
 —We are glad to learn that Captain Chester will probably remain with us, until the close of the school year.  
 —Lewis and Linkhart, of '82, are out with a surveying party in Dakota, and will not be back until spring.  
 —According to the records, if we had "No church" here it would have fifty-seven members from the University.  
 —Prof.—"Parse nobis." Fair Junior.—"nox—nobis—nobi—nobem—nobiscum—plural." Prof.—"That is sufficient."—*Ex.*  
 —This year, we are only allowed two delegates to the State Oratorical Convention, instead of three as heretofore.  
 —Have you heard the *news*? The *Vidette* has got a *new* subscriber and the Manager is going to get a *new* saloon advertisement.  
 —The *Acta Columbiana* does not like it because the girls are admitted to Columbia College, upon the same terms as the lords of creation.  
 —"By the right of companies, to the rear into column, fours right, MARCH," was the command, but the Captain couldn't do it backward and so took a tumble.  
 —Pres. of Home Oratorical Association to Freshman. "Does your brain weigh thirty-one ounces?" Fresh.—"I don't know, does yours?" "Well hardly—."  
 —Junior, who against orders, has recited from the book. "Well Prof., that is just the way I had it." Yes, but how did you have it?" "Well—well—in my mind."  
 —Talk about woman's sphere. Here is an answer of a Sophomore girl, when asked to make bread. "What! Put my hands in that sticky stuff? Never! That is too most awfully horrid."  
 —Business Manager *Vidette*, after having taken a trip with his *Dulcinea* to Mt. Vernon.—"By darn! my right arm is awful lame. Guess it must be rheumatics."  
 Practical Senior.—"Why didn't you use your other arm part of the time?"  
 Business Manager.—"What? how? eh? Oh! yes; let's have a nickle's 'orth o' oysters."

—Prof.—"Can you tell anything about Milton?" Der Philosoph.—"His father was a scavenger, I believe." "What can you say of Coleridge?" Der Classic.—"He resembled a vast unfinished palace, I believe." "Well I believe you had better look at your text."

—And thus our most ratiocinative Senior soloquized:

"Oh! if I thy lips might kiss,  
 And my kisses were not crimes,  
 I would snatch that honeyed bliss  
 Full three hundred thousand times."

Peculiar creature, Senior! wonderful thing, conscience! strange process, ratiocination!

—On Saturday, Nov. 15th occurred the second game of foot-ball, between the Senior and Junior classes. Considering the number of men on each side, we venture to say, a better game was never played in this city. The Seniors came out victors, with breath enough left, with aid of the crowd, to raise a moderate hurrah. If "continual grumbling" is taken into consideration the class of '81 was badly beaten. If foot-ball alone was the game, "they retreated in good order."

—It is stated that the Manager and the "theory stuffed, classic washed" editor of "our esteemed cotemporary" engaged lately in a "bout" at billiards. The Manager however "scoped" his infidel antagonist, who immediately hurled at him a cruel taunt, in response to which Manager replies, "Yes, last *Vidette* (hic) did have twenty-five typographical errors. What if it did contain (hic) a little 'dirty dish-water?' What if only one (hic) copy was sold? What of it? (hic) eh? (hic), (hic), (hic),—!"

—The *Vidette* claims to be a "theory stuffed classic washed" sheet. Somebody bring the "Damocletian sword" and cut off its existence before it falls into the "nether ranks of mediocrity." It deals in Socratic jokes. It is really a Socratic sheet. We think it would be advisable "to get a dog and let your whiskers grow." We can easily imagine Socrates with hair parted in the middle walking up to the Acropolis, swinging a rattan cane, smoking a meerschaum pipe, leading a poodle dog curling his burnsidies and talking to his wife. "Keep silent."

—MR. EDITOR—*Dear Sir*:—I would like to say a word about our class meeting. Not long since a meet- was called for the purpose of getting up a sociable, and, out of the entire class, twelve attended. The meeting was postponed until its object might become better known. The result of the next meeting was the same. Not a single lady condescended to be present at either meeting, although all were personally invited. I should like to ask why there is not a better attendance of the class in general, and the ladies in particular. Perhaps, the ladies by their superior culture, by their finer discrimination, consider themselves superior to common mankind. Be this as it may, we think if the class of '82 holds a sociable, it will not be dignified with the name Sophomore. Yours,  
 '82.

—The Symmatheans are seriously debating whether to adopt the scene of two fighting cocks, or an ancient bull fight, as their coat of arms. We would suggest two geese in high chairs, with a copy of Locke's Understanding before them, and this inscription below:

"To learn shall be our highest aim,  
Our only wish and pleasure.  
And for our learning, this same  
Shall be our reputation."

Or in case this was not satisfactory, a good selection would be a hurricane, devastating everything before it, and the motto, "Nothing but Wind."

—NEW BOOKS.—While many words once in common use are nearly obsolete, few persons are aware how large a number of new words are constantly coming into our language. The Supplement of the new edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, recently issued, contains among other attractive features, an addition of over 4600 New Words and Meanings, and yet it is but a few years since a general revision was made and great care taken to insert all the words then properly belonging to the English language. Where these words came from and what they are, is a surprise to persons who have not examined them. That they have not been hastily compiled is evidenced by the accuracy of and careful study given to their etymology and definitions.

—We learn from the delegates that the sixth State Oratorical Contest, held at Oskaloosa Nov. 6th, was in every respect a success. The twelve institutions comprising the Association were all represented. But ten took part in the contest. Mr. L. C. Harris, of Iowa College was the successful contestant and will represent the State, in the Inter-State Contest at Oberlin, Ohio in May. Mr. Chas. N. Hunt, of the University was second on the list, and will accompany Mr. Harris as State delegate. The next contest will be held at the Upper Iowa University. The officers for next year are: M. M. Whiting, Central University, President; L. C. Harris, Iowa College, Vice-President; Whitney, Agricultural College, Secretary. The State Contest will not be held next year until spring. Two thousand words is the limit of orations hereafter, provided the Inter-State Association makes no change to the contrary.

—Reasons why you should take the *Vidette*:

- (1) It is Socratic.
- (2) It is theory stuffed and classic washed.
- (3) It has the chief place in the Synagogue.
- (4) It overshadows as many as it can.
- (5) Professors take their hats off to it.
- (6) It aspires to the Legislature.

Why not take it:

- (1) Only one thread to be worn away and the Damocletian sword will cut it off.
- (2) Its puerile cloak of fancied dignity will soon fall from its shoulders.
- (3) It expects mediocrity.
- (4) Will give you copper for gold.
- (5) It panders to the bygone.
- (6) It expects oblivion after next June.

—"Again to battle Achaeans." Many will doubtless remember the pungent wit of the "Socratic" Senior editors of the *Vidette*, in their issue of last month. In which the present Seniors, ever before invincible, seem to have lost their dignity. Through the *Vidette* class '80 struggles "to regain the blissful seat of imperial power." "The Seniors are more intellectual and crafty than they were in the middle ages." "Meerchaums" are introduced. The dreadful ordeal begins—the "Seniors" (earth) groan—the heavens darken! "With set teeth and flashing eyes, sickly countenances and tiger vindictiveness, they rush out, and from the general "wreck of matter," the first laurel evolves for the Seniors." "Varying fortunes ensue; the tide of war rolls on till the fifth watch, when Freedom smiled as Senioric muscle, pride and chivalry gain unquestioned supremacy. There were magnificent displays of "acrobatic" feats, and the *novi homines* made imperishable records." "The greatest enthusiasm prevailed." We await the "waterfalls, shakers, trails, 'yellow ochre,' and the 'observed of all observers.'"

#### IN MEMORIAM.

On Nov. 9th, 1879, Harriet A Clapp died at her home in this city. The following is the tribute of her class:

WHEREAS, The hand of Providence has taken from us one of our most active and beloved members in the days of her youth and purity; and,

WHEREAS, We as a class, desire to testify our respect and love for our deceased class-mate, we offer the following resolutions:

*Resolved*, That to perpetuate her influence we will cherish her memory with kindly feelings and emulate her many virtues and qualities.

*Resolved*, That we tender to the bereaved parents, brothers and friends of the deceased our heartfelt sympathy in this their hour of deep affliction.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, to the UNIVERSITY REPORTER and to each of the daily papers.

C. LEONARD, }  
C. BERRYHILL, } Com.  
C. KUEHNLE, }

Junior Class.

#### EXCHANGES.

Vol. I, No. I, of our modest cotemporary *The Vidette* is before us. The first article under the head of "Literary" is a poem, "The Fools Prayer." We were a little amused when we first noticed the article, but soon remarked that it was a *selection* and not original with the *Vidette*. We are quite well pleased with the *Vidette*, though we cannot say much in praise of the editorial department. It is entirely too tame. In fact the only editorial worthy of perusal is the one concerning "Our Literary Societies," which is well written and to the point. Their "Joker" inks his little quill and makes faces at the REPORTER staff, and that, we im-

agine, is about the extent of his ability as a wit. We kindly suggest that the editors wake up and shake off their drowsiness, for we know they have ability.

The *College Journal* contains a well written article on the *Historical Ground Work of Richard II., from Shakespeare's Drama.*

The *Niagra Index* comes to us this month brim full of college news and sound editorials. We must consider it one of our best exchanges, though we don't exactly agree with the article on co-education.

The *Critic* dons the cloak of philanthropy and gives a little advice to the "new fellows." Advice is good in its place, and we imagine the next issue of most of our College papers will contain good wholesome advice from the "new fellows" to the editors. At any rate, that would be in accordance with the fitness of things.

We consider the *Knox Student* one of the best College papers on our list of exchanges, and do not agree with the *Ariel* in calling the *Chronicle* the best College paper in the West. We are not going to say that the *Student* is the best, but in our estimation it surpasses the *Chronicle*. It publishes this month the First Prize Oration, delivered at the Inter-Collegiate Contest, at Champaign. The oration, "The Evolution of Government," is a first-class production and speaks well for the Illinois representative.

The *College Courier* contains an oration delivered at at the seventh annual contest of Illinois Colleges, "The Anglo-Saxon Mind," which is of marked interest. "Races differ by their minds: This is the superscription over burial ages,—the grand anthem of antiquity. It is the unchanging truth which finds utterances in humiliated Egypt's granite pages; in the glowing crags of the Acropolis; which shines from the Sistine frescoes, and is heard amid the sacred symphonies of 'Paradise Lost.' \* \* \* \* \* "Anglo-Saxon literature is the grandest monument of a still glorious lineage. The lasting records of time show no other like it."

The *University Press* contains an excellent article on reading. The editor of the *Volante* thrusts his muddy quill in the face of fellow students, crying "reform!" Someone has been "cramming" in class, and it rouses the animosity of the virtuous editor; he thinks it dishonest. Now, can the *Volante* course up and down through the immense averages of its rusty brain, and not find a lesson "crammed" in class? We doubt it. If students will "cram" they may as well do it in class as out.

The *Oberlin Review* contains a worthy article, "The Relation of Thought to Language." "As soon as thought begins to penetrate the mind, language appears as the expression. It releases the pent up mind from its chaos, brings it out into the light and survey of all. It is the instrument which brings forth that which is useful." \* \* \* "By thought and language men have been able to rise above the fog of superstition,

have been able to put form to the formless, to investigate the wonderful laws of nature, to learn of God from the nature of His universe, to study His thoughts and characters, to rise from the seen to the unseen, to penetrate the innermost depths of the heart."

The following is clipped from the *Courant*:

#### A PARODY.

Maid of Vassar, ere we part,  
Tell me where is stowed thy heart;  
For so padded is thy bust,  
I must say I have distrust.  
Tell me quick before I go,  
Where that heart of yours you stow.

On those lips I had a taste,  
Something like false rubier paste,  
May I ask where did you find  
Those soft tresses? I'm not blind,  
On some other head they grew,  
Tell me fore I bid adieu.

Dost play *rouge et noire*, my pet?  
That soft cheek! On rouge I'll bet;  
You, my darling, are, I fear,  
But an ancient painting, dear.  
Do not gnash your teeth of pearl,  
Tra-la-loo my darling girl.

#### COLLEGE NOTES.

In the higher Italian public schools Greek, Latin and Mathematics have been succeeded by modern languages.—*Ex.*

A former Chinese student has presented to the Seminary at East Hampton, Mass., a *history of China* written by Confucius.—*Dickinson Liberal.*

William and Mary College is soon to close for lack of support. It is the second oldest college in the country, holding its first commencement in 1700.—*Ex.*

Most of those belonging to the Junior class at the University of California, who were expelled or suspended a short time ago, have been permitted to return.—*Critic.*

Prof. Winchel, who was obliged to leave Vanderbilt University because of his views of the antiquity of man, etc., is reappointed Professor of Geology in Michigan State University.—*Ex.*

Williams College has graduated thirty members of Congress, five U. S. Senators, eight Judges, sixteen Judges of the Supreme Court, thirty-two presidents of colleges and eight hundred and ninety-four clergymen.—*Chronicle.*

At the late commencement of Wooster University a Creek Indian took the first Latin prize, a gold medal, for the best scholarship during the senior preparatory year and for the best examination for entrance to the freshman class.—*Critic.*

Harvard is to have a Professor of Chinese. He boasts the euphonious name of Ko-Kun-Hua, and he will proceed at once to initiate ambitious youth into the "ways that are dark" in the language of Confucius. The chair has been established by subscription for commercial reasons, as it is supposed our business relations with China will be enhanced thereby.—*Ex.*

## Medical Department.

C. A. ATWOOD, Editor.

Our last issue contained a number of mistakes, both orthographical and typographical. We did not receive the proof, and hence are not entirely responsible for the errors. We are well aware that such mistakes are always liable to occur, but we think that with a little more care on the part of all concerned that many of the more prominent ones can be avoided, and we trust that in the future our columns will contain no more than the normal amount of errors.

'79 Chas. M. Bell, Ex-REPORTER editor, is practicing at Davenport.

Alexis St. Martin is still alive, and resides at St. Thomas, Quebec, Canada.

F. H. Little, seventy-nine's valedictorian, is practicing at Muscatine, Iowa.

George Knickerbocker, of last year's class, is practicing at Floral, Kansas.

Dr. J. S. Dorsey was the author of the first systematic treatise on surgery published in this country.

A whiskered junior recently made the astounding announcement that oleum morhuæ is a specific in all cases of *emancipation*.

A young physician asking permission of a lass to kiss her, she replied, "No sir; I never like a doctor's bill stuck in my face."—*Register*

"Oh, my young friend, when you goes down to the distillery you sees one little creek, when you comes back you thinks it's one big river."—*MORAL*: Beware how you dissociate.

The stairs leading to the clinical amphitheatre are getting rather shaky, and unless they receive proper treatment will soon become entirely dissodiated. We would prescribe either a tonic or an alterative.

Judging from the annexed lines dedicated by a certain member of the law class to a fair medic, there is good prospect of a more intimate connection between the two departments:

Sweet is the hour when lovers meet,  
And sweet is the day's decline,  
Oh! sweet and rare are medics fair,  
To walk with by—moonshine.

The following lines from an exchange are respectfully dedicated to our musical juniors:

Music in the wood-house,  
Music on the stair,  
Music in the attic,  
Music everywhere.

A new and taking tragedy was recently brought out at a house not over a thousand miles north of the campus. We have only space for a short synopsis:

*Scene First.*—A hundred and twenty-five pound medic and three hundred of animated adipose tissue,

in shape of landlady, struggling for supremacy over medic's trunk. Landlady emphasizing her persuasions with gridiron; fortunately the gridiron was fractured,—result, triumph of the Esculapian.

*Scene Second.*—Transfer and shipment of baggage through second story window.

*Scene Third.*—Imprisonment of another medic in the kitchen.

*Scene Fourth.*—Recovery of personalia by the powerful arm of the law.

SEQUEL.—"Rooms to let;" medics need not apply.

### CINCHONA AND ITS ALLIES.

Perhaps, with the exception of the Papaveraceæ, no natural order of plants furnishes such a varied and important display of medicinal and economical products as the Rubiaceæ.

Botanically speaking the Rubiaceæ is a large natural order of gamopetalous plants, herbs, shrubs and trees found in all parts of the world, but largely tropical. For convenience this large family is naturally divided into three sub-orders—Stellateæ, Cinchoneæ, and Loganiaceæ, which is now considered as a separate order.

To the first division belongs the *Rubia tinctora*, or madder, which is closely allied to our common *Galium*, or bedstraw.

The second division, or Cinchoneæ, is represented in the U. S. by our common *Cephalanthus*, or button-bush, *Mitchella repens*, and several other small plants. Closely related to these comparatively unimportant species comes the true type of the sub-order, the tropical South American genus *Cinchona*, the many species of which furnish the Peruvian Bark of commerce. Next to this magnificent genus of trees comes a modest little Brazilian shrub the *Cephaelis Ipecacuanha*, the root of which furnishes the medicinal ipeca. Stepping over to the Eastern Continent we find this division represented upon the hills of Abyssinia and Arabia by the *Coffæa Arabica*, the seed of which has for centuries delighted and refreshed the human race.

The third and last division, or as it is now classed the order Loganiaceæ, presents a strange grouping together of delicious fruits, beautiful flowers, and deadly poisons. Its principal representatives in this country are the *Spigelia Marilandica*, and the *Getsemium sempervirens* of the Southern States. Nearly related to these comes a group of tropical plants noted as producing the most poisonous substances known to science. It is the genus *Strichonos*, represented in India by *S. nux-vomica*, which yields the alkaloids, strychnine, brucine, and ingasurine. In the Philippine Islands we find *S. Ignata*, which affords the St. Ignatus' Bean, and in Java there grows a beautiful climbing vine, the *S. tieute* which yields the subtle tieute poison; and as the last and most deadly of the list we find in South America the *S. toxifera*, the probable source of curare, or woorari poison.

## Homoeopathic Medical Department.

F. W. WINTERS, Editor.

I am sitting in my office and I swear  
I don't know what to write,  
Besides, 'tis quite,  
For me, a thing most rare.  
My fire's out, 'tis growing late  
And have not e'en a question.  
Can any one a tale relate?  
Or a suggestion  
By which to make one's thoughts to flow  
To fill this vacant space below?  
'Tis quite impossible at once to break  
From out a given course,  
And make, by force,  
Our thoughts another course to take.  
So here I sit quite in despair  
Engaged in deep, brown cogitation.  
Stands medicine to editorial chair  
In what relation?  
The question sure, I cannot solve,  
And will no longer in my mind revolve.  
So I'll go home and to my books repair,  
For there I know I'll find  
Things to my mind,  
And make an end of my despair.  
'Tis better, far, that I should be  
Where students and professors question,  
Things more important now to me,  
Say, indigestion,  
Or any other ill to which the flesh is air  
And leave a while the "sanctum" chair.

### OBITUARY.

DR. CHARLES J. HEMPEL.

It is with many regrets that we make mention of the death of one of the ablest advocates of Homoeopathic science.

Dr. Hempel died at his residence, Grand Rapids, Michigan, September 24th, at 68 years of age. He was a native of Prussia, born in a town near Cologne. Having passed an unusually good military examination he was not required to enter military service until he should arrive at the age of twenty-three. Availing himself of this postponement he went to Paris and attended the lectures of the different chairs in the *University and College de France*. Through the acquaintance of American families residing at Paris he was induced by them to emigrate to America, which he did in September, 1835. He at once set about the task of mastering thoroughly the English language, taking great delight in English and American classics. Being thrown for a time into Italian society he also acquired an ardent love for music and Italian literature. At about the same time he attended the medical lectures of the Medical Department of the University of New York, then but recently organized, and of which he became one of the first graduates. Among his most intimate friends were such men as Parke God-

win, editor of the "Evening Post," C. A. Dana, co-editor of the "Tribune," John C. Bigelow, late Ambassador to the court of France, and several others.

Dr. Hempel's admiration for Homoeopathy manifested itself in his early boyhood. Soon after graduating he began his translation of the leading authorities of the Homoeopathic school, and during later years wrote many very able medical works, which took a high standing in this country and in Europe, thus securing for himself a name foremost in the medical professional literature of the English language.

For three years he filled the chair of *Materia Medica and Therapeutics* in the Philadelphia Homoeopathic Medical College, laboring with untiring zeal. As a result of this zeal he has published his system of *Materia Medica and Therapeutics*, a work still valuable and reliable amongst homoeopathic practitioners. The death of his father-in-law necessitated his removal to Grand Rapids, where he soon became engaged in a large and lucrative practice. He was, however, soon obliged to give up his practice on account of failing health and, at last, entire blindness.

Arbuckle was suddenly called home on account of sickness in his family.

Ianthe Densmore, former editor of this department, is up in Minneapolis, Minn., where she was expecting to teach this winter.

R. C. Newell, formed a partnership sometime during the early summer by taking unto himself a "better-half." He is practicing at Corning, Iowa, and reports a thriving business.

Nearly one-half of the Class are or have been married. The record stands thus: Married, 14; widowers, 2; widows, 1; divorced, 1. The youngest in the Class is 18 years of age, whilst the oldest is 47.

S. F. Davis, Class of '79, after having spent the greater part of the summer with one or two friends amongst the valleys and mountains of Colorado, during which time he encountered the antelope, deer, elk and bear, and here and there a wily Indian, has finally located himself near Spring Creek, Tama county, where he now expects to encounter game of another kind, namely in the line of the "healing art." We wish Dr. Davis abundant success.

Some two or three weeks ago a challenge was extended to the "Laws" by the "Medics" for a trial of skill at base-balling. Accordingly the "Laws" sought out their nine as did the "Medics" and forthwith repaired to the field of strife. From reports the "Laws" seem to have had it all their own way, there being of "Medics" just sufficient to play the game, whilst "Laws" innumerable were hovering around to cheer their comrades on. Twice was the onslaught made from either side, when an armistice was called, followed by a cessation of hostilities. Six (6) was the number scored for the "Laws" while that of the "Medics" was twenty-one (21). Pshaw! try it again, "Laws."

## Law Department.

W. M. McFARLAND, Editor.

### NEW DECISIONS.

The Supreme Court of Iowa has made three decisions during the year, that are new and are of considerable importance.

The first settles the matter that an appeal cannot be taken from a County Superintendent, and is as follows:

Harriet E. Bailey applied to the County Superintendent of Delaware county, for a certificate to teach. During her examination, Hattie was caught peeping over the shoulder of another applicant and getting the answers to questions which had been propounded in arithmetic. The Superintendent refused thereupon to issue the certificate, and Miss Hattie brought suit before Judge Bagg, of the Circuit Court, for a mandamus against Ewart to compel him to issue the certificate. The defendant's counsel demurred to the petition on the ground that court had no jurisdiction, and that the facts did not justify a recovery on the part of plaintiff; that as the issuing of a certificate is a discretionary power, and the defendant having acted, he cannot be compelled to act in a certain way.

The demurrer was overruled and mandamus issued compelling defendant, as County Superintendent, to issue the certificate and pay the costs. A motion for a new trial was overruled and the case then taken to the Supreme Court, where the decision of the lower court was reversed.

The second case is still more important, and entirely new in this state:

This was a suit brought by the landlord, N. Fejervary, to enforce a lien for rent, on crops and other property of the lessee, owned and used by him on the premises, which were situated in Muscatine county—under clause in the lease, which says "the rents, whether due, or to become due, shall be a perpetual lien on any crops and other personal property of the lessee, *whether the same be exempt from execution or not.*" The defendant in the Court below filed a motion for the release of the attached property, claiming that it was exempt from attachment or execution; that the clause in the lease making it *not* exempt was against public policy and void. The District Court, last winter, sustained this motion, and released the property—from which order the plaintiff appealed to the Supreme Court, and obtained a reversal. The case has attracted the attention of the bar generally, who have awaited the outcome of the case with great interest. Geo. E. Hubbell and Brannan & Jaynes were for the plaintiff, and T. E. Ingram and J. Carls-kadden were for the defendant.

The third establishes an important doctrine in regard to the rights of cities and towns, to grant street franchises. Sarah W. Stanley sued the city of Davenport for certain damages, arising from injuries to her person, caused by a runaway; her horse having taken fright at a steam motor belonging to the Davenport Street Railway Company.

Judgment was rendered against her in the court be-

low. Justice Seevers reverses the judgment on the ground that the city of Davenport is liable for all damages occasioned to persons and property by the running of a steam motor. He holds that the city does not have authority to sell and convey the title held by it of streets or to authorize streets to be used for private purposes, nor can it without legislative authority, grant the street for a public purpose which renders it dangerous for the public to travel over it, in any other manner or power than partakes of that eminent domain, which, under our government, can only be granted by the law-making power of the State. Streets and highways are under the exclusive control of the General Assembly. It matters not if the fee of the streets are in the city, it has no authority to control or grant rights, privileges thereto or thereon, unless it has been so authorized. This decision, it would seem, will materially affect every city in the State upon whose streets railways are allowed.

It also lays down as a principle, that no town or city, has the right to grant any street franchise inconsistent with the free and safe easement that the public own in such streets.

The Supreme Court of the United States, on the 3d of November decided a case, pointing out the responsibility of railroad companies, for valuable articles, checked in a trunk as baggage. Olga De Maluta, a Russian Countess, sues the New York Central for the value of laces (\$75,000), taken from her trunk while on a train.

The railroad's attorney claimed that the Countess should have made known the unusual value of her baggage. The court held, that while the company might protect itself by inquiry, as to value, etc., and refuse to carry valuable baggage, without greater compensation, that in the absence of such inquiry, the mere fact of a passenger failing to discover the value of baggage, should not vitiate his claim. The judgment of the lower court was affirmed, giving the plaintiff a decree for \$10,000, the appraised value of the lace. Three of the judges, however, dissented, on the grounds that \$10,000 worth of lace, can not be properly considered as the baggage of a passenger.

### THE FIRST FIVE YEARS OF PRACTICE.

To the majority of young lawyers, the first five years of practice, is a season of "hard times," so far as income from professional labor is concerned. The public is generally slow to intrust financial interests to any but persons of known ability and skill; so that the young lawyer must usually "bide" his time in patience. Time and patience alone, can give him the qualifications demanded by the public. You may be a young man of unusual brilliancy, but remember that brilliant mental parts will not pass with the public, unless coupled with a considerable degree of experience.

There will doubtless come a time in the experience of all, when the working of this rule may seem harsh and unreasonable—when you may become almost hopeless, with the idea, that your ability is not appreciated. Do not let such circumstances, in the least discourage you—expect them—prepare for them, and if they do not transpire, let it be a happy surprise.

Perhaps the greatest mistake the young lawyer makes, is a desire to rush at once into a paying practice—he wants cases—he becomes restive and sometimes despondent if he cannot have them. He too frequently falls into the error of thinking his efforts should be directed toward “getting business.”

This is a grave mistake; and the one who labors under it the longest, will suffer the most from its effects. Let your first years be dedicated to hard and systematic study.

Fix firmly in your mind, that in the beginning of practice, the thorough mastery of one case is of more importance, than the ability to secure a dozen. A learned lawyer, of long experience, in a lecture before a law class, advanced the idea, that a large practice to begin with, would be a positive misfortune.

Without either criticising, or defending the above, we think every lawyer will recognize the importance of thorough work on early cases, not only from the fact that a failure is more disastrous at the beginning, than in after practice, but that also, these early cases, more than any others, become a part of the lawyer's self. The same authority quoted above said: “The cases that I tried during the first five years of my practice, are, nearly all of them, clear to my mind to-day, in their facts and principles, while dozens of like cases, in the intervening twenty-five years of practice, have passed entirely from memory, so that these early cases are continually recurring as sort of land marks.”

Accepting the above as true, the importance of time, for a comprehensive study of the early cases, is very apparent. That most young lawyers will have time, however, is a matter that history and experience proves, and this line of thought is only intended to show how this time may, and should be made to serve the very highest ends. Let no beginner, then, count the time he must “tarry at Jericho” as lost time, but enter upon it as the most important period of his practice. “B.”

To all the members of the Law Class of '79 the tidings of the death of Charles Lombard Day came as a real shock. Each felt his death to be a personal grief, for, during the year we spent together, we learned to know his worth, his manly, noble character, and to appreciate those high qualities of mind and heart which endeared him to us all. By his quiet learning, unobtrusive manner and by many little courtesies he won the regard of all who knew him. Mr. Day was one of the best students of the Class. Possessed of good education (having graduated at Dartmouth in '77), an in-

quiring mind and habits of reflection, he searched into the reason and foundation of the various theories and rules of law, seeking to arrive at an intelligent conclusion regarding them. Had he lived he would have adorned the profession he had just entered. His fitness to be one of the nine to represent the Class at Commencement was so conspicuous that all expected his appointment before it was made. It was his intention to return to the University and pursue the advanced course but this was prevented by his death at his home in Grinnell, Sept. 20th, 1879.

Mr. Crandall, of the class of '77, is in practice at Norwich, Connecticut.

H. J. Lauder, of the class of '73, is in a lucrative practice at Muscatine, Iowa.

The obituary of Mr. Chas. Day, of last year's class will be found in another column.

Mr. Stewart, of the class of '79, has foregone the law and is buying stock at Kuross, Iowa.

Mr. J. J. Smith and E. C. Ives, both of the class of '79, stick out their “shingle” at Ottumwa, Iowa, as Smith & Ives, Attorneys, etc.

R. S. Graham, class of '79, is practicing at Denver, Col., and is Assistant District Attorney. Mr. Graham sends for the REPORTER.

Two debating clubs are in successful operation in connection with the Law Department, and as we understand, will give open meetings soon. Their names are respectively: The Hammond, and the Howe literary clubs.

We had expected to give a list of the names of the class, with P. O. addresses, this month, but as some more members are expected next month, we have deferred it, till the next number, when a complete list will be published.

Mr. E. C. Hawley, of the Class of '78, is in practice at Red Cloud, Nebraska, where he was lately married to a Miss O. M. Towne of that place. Mr. Hawley has the distinction of having been the first Mayor of Red Cloud.

Chancellor Hammond was ill for about a week during the latter part of October, and was unable to meet his classes for several days. His absence developed the fact, that between the Chancellor and the Class, there exists a strong attachment. The class passed resolutions of sympathy and was the recipient of two communications from the Chancellor, in which he addressed them as “My dear boys.”

#### REQUISITES TO SUCCESS.

Presupposing good average abilities, the Requisites of Success, in the legal profession, may be summed up

under two heads, Industry and Honesty. Industry includes that patient and untiring study and labor that will finally master most of the problems connected with the profession, without which no one in the true sense, is fitted for practice. Industry is of that peculiar composition, also, that never permits a case to go to trial till thorough preparation at least is made. In fact, industry makes the able and powerful lawyer. Honesty makes the honorable, trusted, and the truly dignified lawyer. Honesty, for our present purpose, may be divided as follows:

Honesty to self. Honesty to your client. Honesty to the profession. Under the first we would place all of those higher and nobler ideas of a lawyer's duties, that scorn to permit an act in violation of conscience, in other words, that carry moral tests into the law. Honesty to self may have another shade of meaning, intimately associated with the above. Do nothing for a client that will injure your good name, or shake public confidence in you as an able and honorable lawyer. You can not afford to overreach in this matter. You are under obligations to your client, but this principle should be subjected to the higher one of obligation to self.

This leads directly to our second division. The lawyer should, in all that the word implies, be honest with his client. When his case is once taken, you owe him your time, and your very best efforts; before the case is taken you owe him your candid and conscientious counsels, even though such counsels should take from you a tempting fee. You cannot afford bad counsel, even in exchange for a large fee.

The third and last division includes all those ideas of honesty that reach out of and beyond self and client, and attach themselves to the profession itself. A lawyer controlled by such ideas will never do an act, in a professional way, that would bring the profession into reproach before the public. All of these thoughts admit of amplification which we are unable to give, and the lawyer who shapes his professional life by them is reasonably sure of success. Z.

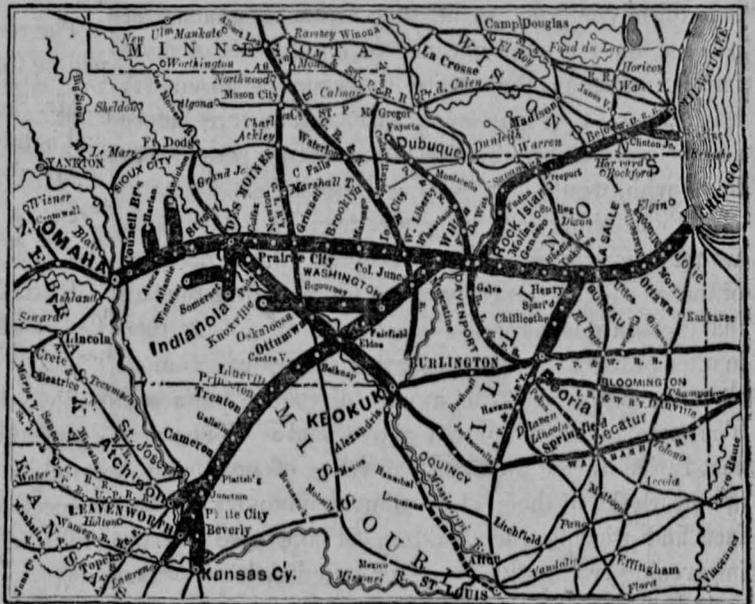
Chancellor Hammond has promised (his health permitting), to republish his four courses of lectures on Real Property, Torts, Bailments and Equity Jurisprudence. It will be done before Commencement, so that the present Class can secure the advantage of a copy.

Greenleaf, on Evidence, will be taken up in a few days, and will probably complete the term's work, so far as text books are concerned.

The familiar legal principle that a priest is by no means necessary to a marriage has been again promulgated in the New York courts. A marriage which consisted simply of an agreement, and was publicly declared only by a few words spoken in recognition of the woman as a wife, was declared, on appeal, to be valid.

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- AT DAVENPORT, with the Davenport & North-Western R. R.
- AT WEST LIBERTY, with the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern R. R.
- AT GRINNELL, with Central R. R. of Iowa.
- AT DES MOINES, with D. M. & Ft. Dodge R. R.
- AT COUNCIL BLUFFS, with Union Pacific R. R.
- AT OMAHA, with B. & Mo. R. R. (in Neb.)
- AT COLUMBUS JUNCTION, with Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern R. R.
- AT OTTUMWA, with Central R. R. of Iowa; St. Louis, Kan. City & Northern and C., B. & Q. R. Rds.
- AT KEOKUK, with Toledo, Peoria and Warsaw; Wabash, and St. Louis, Keokuk & N.-W. R. Rds.
- AT BEVERLY, with Kan. City, St. J. & C. B. R. R.
- AT ATCHISON, with Atchison, Topoka & Santa Fe; Atchison & Neb. and Cen. Br. Union Pacific R. Rds.
- AT LEAVENWORTH, with K. P. and K. Cen. R. Rds.