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STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA.

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TRANSLATIONS FROM GOETHE.

BY PROF. C. A. EGGERT.

IV.

[From "Wilhelm Meister."]

He who ne'er ate his bread in tears,
Who never through the midnight hours
Sat on his bed in grief and tears:
He knows you not, ye heavenly powers!
You send us into life's vast plain;
You let the wretch go grievously astray;
Then you abandon him to pain;
For to each guilt there comes on earth a judgment day.

The morning light, as with a brush of fire,
Paints the pure sky for him in colors red,
And the fair picture of the world entire
Breaks into ruins o'er his guilty head.

[Epigrammatic.]

V.

Keep yourself in silence pure,
Though the world 'mid tempests may tremble:
The more of being a man you are sure
The more the Gods you resemble!

VI.

The world is not composed of mush and sops;
Therefore don't act like effeminate fops!
Hard lumps there are which we may not soak;
We must swallow them or else choke!

VII.

If by a noble man you've been offended,
Count it as though in had not been intended;
He'll charge himself as with a debt he must pay,
And balance accounts without much delay.

VIII.

If I knew the way of the Lord,
I'd gladly walk it, upon my word!
And, could I once get to the house of truth,
I'd never more leave it again forsooth!

IX.

There's in this world too much insensibility.
In vain you're thorough and show high ability:
The world wants sameness; nay, prefers senility.

X.

No greater advantage for me can arise,
Than my enemy's merit to recognize.

XI.

Would you flatter the poor: you safely may try it;
But who'd be a hypocrite, if nothing's made by it?

XII.

Here's a man who is quick to make up his mind;
He does not stand long and shiver;
That from the rain an escape he may find,
He boldly jumps into the river.

XIII.

"Goats, away to my left!" the Judge in the future
will say;
"And you, my darling lambs, at my right hand shall
stay!"
Good! But we trust that the Judge will utter one
more command:
"Children of Reason, step forth, and, facing me, take
your stand!"

HOW TO STUDY HISTORY.

BY CHANCELLOR W. G. HAMMOND.

I am the more anxious to impress on students the value of historical study, because I believe the neglect of it to constitute the chief deficiency in our system of education. For some years I have had to deal with young men preparing themselves for professional life, and have thus had occasion to observe very closely, for a year together, the mental habits and acquisitions of a class of young men who will certainly compare favorably with any equal number whom the State can show engaged in any single pursuit. They come from all classes of society, and bring with them the widest variety of previous experience, from the elaborate culture of our best colleges to the merest elements of a district education; from the acquaintance with men and things acquired in extensive business, to an almost utter ignorance of all that the world contains outside the native village or homestead. Among the hundred or more who come under my notice every year, there are not *ten*—perhaps I might safely say *five*—whose study of their chosen profession is not seriously affected for the worse—whose year in the Law School is not made less valuable to them than it should be—by their lack of a proper acquaintance with history, and of the peculiar mental discipline which historical study gives.

And perhaps the most serious part of the whole matter is that the college graduates are often no better off in this respect than the others, or if they seem to be so, it is because their literary education has given them a dangerous faculty of concealing their ignorance.

I do not mean to underrate the value of other branches of education, either in general, or with special reference to the young lawyer's preparation for his life-work. I take this as an illustration, simply because my personal experience enables me to speak more confidently respecting it than I could about other professions or the wider fields of education in which other teachers are employed. I believe, however, that those most competent to judge will agree with me that more attention to historical studies, and better methods of pursuing them, are among the chief needs of education at the present day for all classes of students.

Better methods are certainly needed, for there is little use in loading the mind with the mass of dry names and dates which are apt to pass for history in the eye of a teacher not himself alive to the real value of the study. It is not the teacher, however, who is usually most to blame. The fault lies chiefly with the public at large, and their want of discrimination as to the value of all higher branches of education; next to them, with the book-makers by trade, who turn out school books to the book-seller's order, without any real love for their work, and consequently with no merit beyond that of a mere mechanical heaping up of facts. This is only too true of every branch; but I think these gentlemen manage to surpass themselves in dullness and stupidity when a school history is the work of their hands. What we need most is a volume, or several volumes of small bulk, which shall sketch the *outlines* of English or American history (or any other special province that may be selected as deserving attention,) so plainly and simply that the beginner may understand it, yet so as to point out those great lessons of divine government in the world's affairs, and of human wisdom in the conduct of nations, that constitute the final profound lesson to be derived from the study. The chief facts and leading principles should be

made clear; the general course of events be distinctly traced; but confusing detail should be left to a subsequent portion of the student's course; and all rhetorical ornament and moral reflections be banished to the receptacles of waste paper. The history that cannot impress its own "moral" on the reader's mind is not worth writing or reading.

Such a book should not only be the first put in the student's hands, but the last to leave them; and if it were properly written, it would easily maintain its place there. After mastering it as an introduction, he would proceed to fill up the outlines thus sketched from the abundant material to be found in a library, the more voluminous historians, read a chapter at a time and compared together—works on special periods, biographies, controversies, the literature of each important epoch. The only difficulty would be to choose; but everything should fall into its proper place and help to fill in the outline and perfect the picture. Without a mastery of the outline to start with, such reading would be worse than useless. The profoundest reflections of the great historians have no meaning for the beginner. Many a youth has plodded faithfully through Thucydides or Tacitus, Clarendon or Gibbon, and wondered at not finding there the depth of meaning for which the world had so long praised them. It was there, but not for him. Let him study history for a life time; let him accumulate experience for himself by living and acting among men of the very world; let him master all else that has been written on the very same period that seemed to him so empty of meaning and interest, and *then* he will go back to their classic historians and wonder at the wisdom and fullness of thought in every line. Yet the best of these are brief writers, as men now reckon. Tacitus puts a long and active reign in a very few pages. Gibbon fills eight volumes, but it is with the complete history of twelve hundred years.

Such a text-book of history as I am now imagining need not be a large one, to present not only the outlines, but the most important results of English or American study; to be not only the student's first book, but also the one to which he would return at last, rich with the *fruits of years of study, to*

study pregnant sentences that sum up that study and require it to prepare the mind to grasp their full meaning.

Such a book exerts only in imagination; yet I do not think it at all an extravagant hope that they may be written. They are not beyond the power of many men now living, and nothing is wanting but the demand. They will be written when men begin fully to appreciate the truth that the writing of a *good school book* is the highest and noblest employment in all literature.

ACCOUNT OF THE CHINESE NEW YEAR IN CALIFORNIA.

[From a private letter written by a lady in Santa Barbara.]

Saturday, January 29th, was the Chinese New Year. If you want to see children play, and full of fun, this is the time. First, they go to the joss house, pay their reverence, having previously paid all their debts. If not able to pay, their debts are forgiven, and they start afresh. But, if possible, every debt must be paid that day. The stores keep open house, treating everybody. They were limited, this year, to two streets, on account of the risk run from the constant firing of crackers. Each store had at the entrance a table, with their Happy New Year cards upon it, and each visitor was expected to take one, leaving his own card as a caller. Upon their counters were spread their refreshments—little dishes of confectionery, then smaller cups with a rice ball and a nut inside and near the top; then little cups apparently filled with honey, with a stick in each for tasting; then tea-cups, and either a tea or a coffee pot. The tea pot was held in a basket stuffed and covered with leather to keep the tea hot. The whole table was decorated with fancy cloth and mats, and their favorite plant, the Chinese lily. The lilies were taken up bulb and all, and kept standing by a few stones around the bulb upon the plate. The flower-stalks were tied with red ribbon in bunches of three or four. These lilies were very abundant. In the center of each table was a round dish of lacquer-work divided into circles. Each circle held one kind of nut and their choice confectionery. This dish was reserved for themselves after the departure of their visit-

ors. Crackers were fired by the wholesale, and music peculiar to these was abundant and exerceiating. No work is done upon this day, but it is their only holiday. With all their fun, there was no rowdyism.

Their tables varied with the wealth of the store. Their joss house was very largely tinsel. Within this joss house were a large screen covered with characters and various designs, and a tinsel circle resembling the sun in the center—a small glass containing a red liquor and a small light burning in it apparently. (From the odor, I should judge it to be incense of a peculiar character). A stand in front of this altar was covered with cups as at the stores, and a row of saucers holding round dough-nuts(?). This stand was decorated with tinsel and cut work like our elaborate valentines. The joss house was dark, lighted only by Chinese lanterns.

I saw but one set of persons gambling, and they were deathly still, utterly oblivious to everything around them. Only one store did I find carrying on any trade. The odors were far from agreeable, and my visit was not protracted. In the larger cities they must have more elaborate preparations.

I sent you some of their confectionery, which you will do as you please about tasting.

LIBRARY NOTES.

BY MRS. ADA NORTH.

New York City has no public library, and is, in this respect, not only behind the age, but behind past ages. The question of the establishment of such a library is now being agitated.

The library of Congress is full to overflowing, many of the books being inaccessible from want of shelf room. The same is true of the Iowa State Library, which long ago outgrew its space. The room assigned to the library in our new Capitol will be spacious and beautiful, and will command a fine view of the city and surrounding country.

Taste in literature is no uncertain test of culture. A man may be known by the company he keeps in literature.

One comes to the library and asks for a book, he does not care what, and, perhaps, ends by selecting a work of little merit and of

no value to him; and this not because he could not enjoy a biography like Trevelyan's "Macaulay," or book of travel such as Warner's "In the Levant," or a history or brilliant collection of essays by a Motley or Whipple, but for the reason that his interest has never been aroused nor his attention especially called to the more valuable work. Many who are really in earnest in the desire to read with profit to themselves, seem not to know how or where to begin, in the multiplicity of books and topics. Let such make a starting point by taking up some interesting period in the history of a nation, or of the life of an individual, and read the best account of it that he can find, and as he reads, make notes of such allusions or expressions as he does not understand, or of such names and facts as are unfamiliar, and carry the list to the library for further examination. The reader will find himself not only entertained, but curious to learn more; and having now fixed certain events or characters in his mind, he will be conscious of a new craving for information which will lead him on through worthy channels to a literature which will not only delight the imagination but improve and enlarge the mental powers.

THE FAMILY EDUCATOR.—"No family of children ought to be brought up without having ready access to this grand volume (Webster's Unabridged Dictionary). It is a library in itself. It will answer thousands of questions to the wide-awake child—not simply concerning the spelling and meaning of words, but also with reference to every branch of study with which the young mind must grapple at every stage in the course of securing an education.

The book is an ever-present and reliable school master to the whole family.—*Lutheran Sunday School Herald.*

SCHLIEMANN, the celebrated German discoverer, has done a very generous and very proper thing for his native country, by placing his great collection of Homeric relics into the hands of the Emperor of Germany. This collection will now be removed from the South Kensington Museum in London, to the Ethnological Museum in Berlin.

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J. A. KERR, *Financial Agent.*

EDITORIAL AND PERSONAL.

JUDSON L. WICES, '81.

CALVIN FORNEY, '82.

LOCAL.

P. L. JOHNSTON, '83.

EXCHANGES.

HERMON CRAVEN, '84.

To any one who follows any intellectual pursuit, a good library is indispensable. But a useful collection of books cannot be formed in a day. For students who can spare the means, it would be well to begin their collections, to form a sort of nucleus. A good cyclopædia, standard histories, the greatest English and American poets and essayists, and the best writers of fiction, could soon be gathered by careful economy. By gradually increasing the stock as his means allow, a student would be in the possession of a library, perhaps small, yet useful. After leaving college, and having no large library to consult, his own collection would serve him in good stead, not only for reference upon general topics, but as a pleasant solace for leisure time.

OUR University library offers us advantages which but few institutions of that nature in the West offer. When we take into consideration the size and convenience of our reading room, the number of volumes in our library, the periodicals, the access by all students during so many hours in the day to its full stores; when we take all this into consideration, we cannot but conclude that the University offers superior advantages in this respect. We have no list of statistics to consult, but from what we have been able to learn on this subject, we find that there are but few colleges in the land that offer such advantages in reading. Ann Arbor, though it has an excellent library, will not bear com-

parison with our institution as regards the reading room. It is also very safe to say that no college nor private library in the State can compare with ours. We call attention to these few facts, that the students may recognize more fully and embrace the opportunities afforded them.

CONTRARY to common prejudice, Germany spends a great deal less money on her military affairs than either France or Great Britain, and a good deal more for school purposes than either of these two countries. Compared with France, Germany spends twice as much for schools, and about thirty-five per cent less for military purposes. England has recently made great efforts to follow in the lead of Germany in school matters, but she is yet a considerable distance behind.

AN exchange says: "The tenure of office in State institutions is precarious. Professors may be flung out any year by a turn of the wheel of political fortune; whereas, in the Christian colleges, extraordinaries excepted, an incumbency is permanent."

This is the common opinion on this subject, yet we imagine a comparison of statistics will scarcely verify it. Iowa statistics certainly do not. Should we take the oldest college in the State for comparison with the University, the college professorship will seem to be the unstable one. During the last ten years the *changes* have been as follows:

| | Iowa College. | Univ'y. |
|-------------------------|------------------|---------|
| Chemistry | 2 | 0 |
| Natural Science..... | 2 | 1 |
| Latin..... | 1 | 0 |
| Greek..... | 1 | 0 |
| English Literature..... | 1 | 1 |
| Modern Languages..... | 1 | 0 |
| Mathematics..... | 0 | 0 |

The above items indicate the relative movement sufficiently. Full details, including all *teachers*, would indicate more conspicuously the inappropriateness of the statement of our exchange, to this State at least.—*Republican*.

VANITY.—All creatures are more or less vain. It is a general law of human nature, and we believe, also, that it is embodied in an

old Chinese proverb, or somewhere else, that A No. 1 is the best man, and that his claims are superior to the *non ego*. This characteristic of human nature is ever cropping out; and the desire to appear well before one's fellow mortals and command their admiration, is ever leading us into strange absurdities. Vanity is nowhere more manifest than among juveniles of a certain age, when they begin to struggle with a few wiry, feathery looking objects upon the upper lip. After diligent daily scraping for a series of years, the typical youth resolves to become a man; and forthwith, his mustache is an object of anxious care to him. He watches it, he prays for it, he gives it plenty of air and sunlight and other invigorators, both natural and artificial. He fondly imagines his girl is watching its progress slow, but—alas, we wish we could say, sure! and he sweetly dreams of the time when he can put that mustache where it will do the most good. If this typical youth could only see that other youths *not* typical scorned that mustache and heaped upon it opprobrium, said typical youth would be downcast in heart. It is an old saying: "O, that mine enemy would write a book!" Modernized and adapted to the use of students, we would have, "O, that mine enemy would try his hand at a mustache!" Let us hope, then, that all our misled friends will strive to regain the love of their companions and enter again the realms of humanity by a complete revision of their physiognomy. If this will be done, it is a worthy object of our poor ambition. "Vanity of vanities," saith the preacher, "all is vanity."

OUR friend Smith, in common with a good many other respectable people, places quite a low estimate upon our society orations. In being told that he missed a grand treat upon such and such an occasion, in not attending society, his invariable response is that he doubts not that he is able to find the same thing in some library book. Whereupon a wordy contest ensues between us and Smith, concerning what a real good oration consists of. Smith is ever clamoring after the "original," the "new," and it may all be very true that he has had cause to make this complaint. But let us reflect for a moment, and try to

The great problem to be solved now, by the gallery-going public is, "What shall we do with our Opera House policeman?" When the belligerent '81 is moved in mind to throw a peanut, or "aw!" a throng of incoming Medics, the omnipresent "cop" is ever ready and willing to eject said '81 from the premises. And so hardened is his countenance by crimes and evil thoughts, that he is even enabled to endure the spectacle of the Senior glare, while derogating remarks pass by him as the idle wind. Such shamelessness in a policeman is not to be tolerated.

The Freshmen had been busy. The boys had provided oranges and caramels in abundance, and shoveled the snow from the walks in front of the Observatory. The ladies might have been seen at their homes spending all their spare moments for several weeks cooking "jumbles" and preparing splendid cakes for the coming banquet. The appointed time came. The fair, festive, genial Freshmen assembled, bringing with them delicious fruits and tempting sweetmeats. An hour was spent in merriment, and they all sat down to enjoy the "feast." Alas! sad was their faith. No refreshments were to be found. A large *dog* had jumped in at an open window, eaten the oranges, destroyed the caramels, cakes, &c., licked the platter and escaped, carrying the *receptaculum rerum* away with him. A "council of war" was held, a colored (Green) sentinel was posted to watch for the dog, and hungry members of '84 adjourned to their homes. No dog put in his appearance, and at twelve o'clock the sentinel returned to his room (being able to do so *via* a transom). The Freshmen are a little despondent at present, but then—"just wait till next time."

An account of the "Senior Expedition" appeared not long ago in the *Vidette*, but inasmuch as the writer of that article looked at all things through Sophomore glasses, and also as our last issue contained a promise of an account of the visit of our Seniors to Mt. Vernon, we beg leave to submit the following to public perusal: It was due to the strong class organization which '81 has always enjoyed, that all the preliminary procedures incident to such an enterprise were taken in a

single day. Committees were appointed, faculty petitioned. Thanks to the generosity of the latter Monday, January, was granted. The time between Friday and Monday seemed long to every Senior. Every one was full of longing and expectation. Small groups of Seniors were everywhere to be found discussing in the most earnest manner, some apparently absorbing subject. At length the longed-for dawn of Monday morning arrived, and after much bustle and hurry, twenty-seven merry Seniors were seated beneath warm robes in four separate sleighs. Then did mirthfulness and joy gain complete supremacy, and many a time was Senioric dignity woefully sacrificed in an attempt to crack a poorly conceived joke. The air fairly rang with song. Every one was in the best of spirits. The distance between Iowa City and Mt. Vernon is some twenty miles, and consequently it was noon-day before they reached their destination. At the Mt. Vernon House they all alighted from their sleighs, entered the parlors of the hotel, where they were met by a deputation of Cornell Seniors, and received most hospitably. Many acquaintances were formed during the time dinner was preparing, and when finally the meal was announced, our Seniors repaired to the dining room, feeling prepared to do justice to it. They did. Dinner over, they were led by their hosts to the college buildings. Every pains were here taken to show them through the buildings. The chapel building, a fine structure, containing at present the library and museum was long dwelt in. The art gallery attracted much attention. Society halls were open for their reception. These were four in number, and we think we may safely say, furnished as finely as any in the west. Engaged there pleasantly, time soon passed away, and night came on. It had been the intention of our Senior sleighing party to leave Mt. Vernon at about four o'clock in order to reach home at seasonable time. But the hospitable Cornellians would not listen to this. They must stay and be present at a sociable given in their honor. At seven o'clock the doors of two of their society halls were thrown open, and a merry crowd soon gathered. There were present not only the two Senior classes,

but also members of the Faculty and underclassmen. A couple of hours were spent here very enjoyably. At last, when the hour of nine arrived, the hosts crowned the hospitalities of the day by inviting their guests to a banquet at the Mt. Vernon House. It was half-past ten before the sleighs at last drove up and our party seated themselves in them to return home. The pleasure derived from this visit surpassed anticipations. The hospitality of the Cornell students was unbounded. Everything that could be done by them was done, to make the visit a pleasant one, and so eminently successful were they that the "Senior Exhibition" will ever be remembered with pleasure, by each and every member of '81.

On Friday evening last, the Zetagathian Society held her sixteenth annual exhibition. The performance of the evening, taken as a whole, reflected great credit upon the individual performers, and also upon the progress of the society. A large and intelligent audience were in attendance. In no other way do the people of Iowa City more clearly show their interest in the University, than by their regularly large attendance at the meetings of our literary societies.

The first speaker on the programme was Mr. Wilcox. His subject was "Conduct," which he treated in a highly logical and philosophical manner. Mr. Wilcox is one of the Zets' best orators. A declamation followed, entitled "Mogg Magone," delivered by Mr. H. C. Harris. His delivery evinced a careful study of his piece, and the applause, at its close, indicated that it had been well received by the audience.

Mr. L. M. Hubbard then favored the audience with an instrumental solo, "Home, Sweet Home." The merits of this piece are but half expressed when we say it was exceptionally fine. The middle oration was delivered by A. J. Craven. He presented the "Cause of the Gracchi" to us in a very forcible manner. His presentation of the idea of equality among men, his parallel between Sumner and Tiberius Gracchus, and many other portions of his oration, left a lasting impression on the minds of his hearers. Miss Marie Congdon then sang one of her famous solos. Miss Congdon has a high

reputation in this city for her musical abilities, and Friday evening she did full justice to her reputation.

The debate followed. Question: *Resolved*, That Mohammedanism has done more good than harm in the world. The place of Mr. Horton, who was confined to his room by sickness, was filled by Harvey Ingham. Mr. F. D. Sheets opened the debate with a speech that did him great credit, evincing much study and careful preparation. Quinton followed with a fiery speech, and one that did great service to his side, and pleased the audience much. Harvey Ingham summed up the affirmative in a highly logical manner. Hostetler closed the debate with a good speech, delivered with a pleasing voice. After music by the Iowa City Band, Morrison delivered "Maclaine's Child." He entered into the spirit of his piece and drew a loud round of applause at its close.

Mr. Jas. A. Kerr, the valedictorian, is connected with THE REPORTER, consequently we will forbear criticising his production.

The exercises of the evening were closed with a vocal duet by Messrs. Clark and Hardy. The gentlemen both did themselves justice and pleased the audience, as witnessed the storm of applause at the close of their piece.

The pen, the pen, the falcon pen,
What boon so rich to mortal men?
The penman's comfort, merchant's aid
The master's helper, scholar's need,
The statesman's weapon, lawyer's dart,
Reporter's staff and friend to art,
The pen the medal always took,
The Falcon, made by Esterbrook.

Professor, to Senior in electricity—"Are sparks of a long duration?" Senior, with a knowing look—"It depends on whether the old folks have gone to bed or not."

A DARK-HAIRED junior availed himself of the recent snow to go sleigh-riding with his *auburn*-haired girl. Forgetful of all punctuation, when he saw her come to the door ready for the ride, he yelled, "Hello Ready!" She didn't go with him, and since then he has become a hard-working student.—*Ex.*

PERSONAL.

Miss Lilian Williams is teaching at Otumwa.

'83, Dick Montagu will be back this term to stand examinations.

'83, Willis N. Baker was called away home by a telegram last week.

Messrs. Bremner and Tallant have entered the musical field. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Miss Scofield dismissed one of her classes before the bell rang. Wonders haven't ceased yet, sure.

Why are the boys being vaccinated, and why does the practice prevail exclusively among Juniors?

The genial Chas. S. Rogers, who left school last year, is now associate editor of the *Reinbeck Times*. Give him, ye quill shovers, the editorial clutch.

Whipple, the Junior "*Bouncer*," is performing valiant services in his office, and is also said to be encroaching upon the peculiar prerogatives of the "*Masher*."

F. N. Seerley, '82, has been compelled to leave school on account of sickness. We have learned lately, however, that he "just went home to see his new niece."

And there's Williams, who has registered a vow that he will marry one of '83's ladies as sure as the "roses bloom again." J. P., this is very rash. We know that Miss—there! we came near telling it. Goodness!

Heigho! we missed him, but didn't know what had become of him. When lo! here he is—"Geo. H. Hickok, editor and proprietor of the *Odebolt Reporter*." Mr. H. was one of the sanguine members of '84, and we expect to hear of him as a successful editor. Here's luck to you, George.

Senior Mashers.—Reed, Cornish, Clark, Skinner, and—well—Kuehnle.

Junior Warriors.—Preston, Abrams, Selleck, and Whipple.

Sophomore Checks.—Sheperd, Tallant, McAuley, and Mount.

Freshman Innocents.—Patterson, Love, and Wells.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

CHARLES ATWOOD, *Editor*.

"'Tis the sublime of man,
Our noonday majesty, to know ourselves
Part and proportions of a wondrous whole."

—Coleridge.

THE grand finale is close at hand, and already many of the students are building air castles, and dreaming of "the girl they left behind them." But, alas, poor Seniors! most of them are exercising their mental faculties over the result of the final examination, the purchase of instruments, and their future professional prospects. Only the other day we heard one of the "solid men" remark, that, for the first year, he would not be satisfied with less than a two-thousand dollar practice, and an office boy to do odd jobs and act as a reservoir for his overflowing fountains of medical lore. Others are more modest, and only expect Dame Fortune to smile on them to the extent of a few hundred dollars; but all are anxious to become benefactors of the afflicted human race, and long for a chance to put their professional knowledge to a practical test. However agreeable these fancies may be, we cannot put aside thoughts of a less pleasant nature, not the least among which is that of parting with our classmates and friends. But there is "no rose without its thorn," and we must dry our pen and bid an editorial adieu to all. So let it be. May there be no "slip 'twixt cup and lip," and may the class of '81 be blessed with plenty of patients and a full measure of success.

At a class meeting of the Medical students on Thursday, the 17th inst., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased God to remove from our midst one of our fellow students, J. H. Armentrout; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in his death we have lost a much esteemed member of the class; one who was faithful in his studies, exemplary in his character, and kind and obliging toward all, thereby winning our highest regard and affection.

Resolved, That we extend to the parents and other relatives of the deceased, our sincere sympathy in their bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to THE REPORTER, and city and Wilton papers; also, that a copy be presented to the brother of the deceased, J. C. Armentrout.

C. H. PENFIELD, President.

H. WILLIAMS, Secretary.

At a class meeting, called February 15th, a preliminary committee on class banquet was appointed, and the matter slightly discussed. The Alumni Association is anxious to join in the supper, and will probably bear its share of the expenses. As quite an amount has already been subscribed, we see no reason why all should not take an active part, open their pocket books, and strive to make the most of the first and last social gathering we shall have as a class.

CHIPS.

Commencement at the Opera House, Wednesday evening, March 3d.

Our distinguished sons of Arion, Messrs. Murphy, Allen, Smith, and Crawford, have lately treated the societies to some very fine music.

On Saturday last, five prominent Medics made a raid on Townsend's art gallery, and the artist is now engaged in repairing the damage done by the explosion of the camera. Fortunately no lives were lost.

All the strong rooms of the State Insane Asylums had best be well repaired, as several instrument men have lately visited town, and a number of the Juniors and Seniors are suffering severely from *instrumenta mania*.

Our friends, the Laws, have recently taken great interest in Prof. Peck's lectures. Judging from their close attention and serious looks, the legal profession must be suffering severely. Come on, boys; the Seniors have decided to make a reduction of twenty per cent. to clubs of ten until March 3d.

"All around the college,

Hear that mournful sound;

All the Medics am a weeping,

Gray's (Anatomy) in the cold, cold ground."

—*Medics' Version.*

And when the solemn evening comes,

And our appetites are hearty,

We will hold at the St. James House,

A big reunion party!

It is rumored that our worthy Professor, Wm. Green, will leave immediately after commencement for the shores of his native Albion. The object of his visit is yet unknown; but it is suspected that he is either in search for a living anatomical subject, or

that he intends to obtain some reliable information on the Irish land question. He will return about the first of May; until that time all communications on the subject of the "yellow dog," should be addressed to London, England. Owing to this unexpected event, Wall street canine stock is slightly below par.

HOMEOPATHIC DEPARTMENT.

F. M. SOMERS, *Editor.*

WITH this issue we lay aside the editorial quill. If, in the exigencies of the moment, we have said anything we are sorry for, we are ready to be forgiven. If we have failed to discharge well and faithfully the duties pertaining to the editorial chair, we stand ready to retract or add anything that any or all demand, provided our judgment so dictates. If we have made any friends or enemies, we are willing to bury the hatchet and shake hands over the bloody chasm, if convinced that we were wrong. If any punishment or riches are due us in our official capacity, we do will and bequeath all to our successor. If we could say more we would, and if we would we could. Let us depart in peace.

THE class reception, held Wednesday evening, February 9th, at the residence of the Dean, was the most pleasant social affair of the season to the members of this department. That the Dean and his estimable lady possess the happy faculty of entertaining their guests was shown by the free and easy manner with which they received the members of the class and their friends. The enjoyment seemed universal, and the evening passed rapidly away. A solo by Miss Dickey was nicely rendered and attracted considerable attention. After refreshments, music, and social converse, the class separated, well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

THE class sociable passed off very pleasantly on the evening of the 23d. Mr Knight's readings were greatly enjoyed, as proved by the enthusiastic encore. As a snorer he is a marked success, and the seven sleepers should now surrender the palm.

Mrs. Joy's solo, "Oh, could I Teach the

Nightingale," was nicely rendered and called forth evidences of hearty appreciation.

The male quartette sang several pieces to the edification of their audience.

Remarks by the Dean were appropriate to the occasion, and were heard with interest.

Prof. Roberts, in a few well chosen words, extended to the class some valuable advice in reference to success in practice.

The class prophet, Mr. Erwin, showed himself to be the possessor of an imagination, before which Jules Verne should bow in holy reverence. Let us hope that astrology has played him false for once.

After the reading of the prophecy, the class diplomas were presented by the prophet.

Other exercises were accorded, gratifying attention, and, as a whole, the first sociable given by the "Hahnemann Medical Society of the S. U. I." was a pronounced success.

Prof. Roberts, of Washington, was in the city last week, and delivered several interesting lectures to the class.

Prof. Roberts, of Waterloo, owing to some detaining circumstances, was not able to be here on the 10th, as intimated in the last issue. He commenced his course of lectures on "Surgical Therapeutics" on the 24th, giving, also, instructions in operations and bandaging.

THE following is a list of the names of the Matriculants of the Homeopathic Department, for 1880-81:

Anderson, H. G., Eddyville, Iowa.
 Arp, A. H., Moline, Ill.
 Banton, W. H., Waterloo, Iowa.
 Bremzer, J. G., St. Joe, Neb.
 Blough, E. W., Waterloo, Iowa.
 Bell, S. T., ———, Iowa.
 Bailey, Mantie E., Mt. Union, Ohio.
 Caldwell, J. Edd., Center Point, Iowa.
 Cowles, A. H., Oskaloosa, Iowa.
 Christie, Anna, Council Bluffs, Iowa.
 Cummings, Sara K., Spiceland, Ind.
 Dunn, R. S., Ringgold Co., Iowa.
 Erwin, W., Indianola, Iowa.
 Fleming, A. C., Bedford, Iowa.
 Freemyer, G. L., Coldwater, Mich.
 Foster, L. M., Nemaha City, Neb.
 Gray, W. P., Findlay, Ohio.
 Gleason, J. C., Iowa City, Iowa.
 Golden, Hannah C., Vinton, Iowa.
 Howard, G. S., Tabor, Iowa.
 Henderson, J. W., Riverton, Iowa.

Hoot, J. W., Iowa City, Iowa.
 Hudson, J. A., Lenox, Iowa.
 Hughes, E. B., Stellaspolis, Iowa.
 Hullhorst, C. G. A., Columbus, Neb.
 Harding, Evilela, Lafayette, Ind.
 Joy, Lizzie E., Davenport, Iowa.
 Knight, F. W., Decorah, Iowa.
 Lount, R., Barrie, Ont., Canada.
 McLeod, John, Iowa City, Iowa.
 Moore, S. A., Oskaloosa, Iowa.
 Miller, Wm., Dewitt, Iowa.
 Merry, W. A., Cresco, Iowa.
 Morton, W. M., Davenport, Iowa.
 Miller, Thomas F., Iowa City, Iowa.
 McGregor, J., Des Moines, Iowa.
 Matthews, W. D., Tabor, Iowa.
 Marr, H. E., Onawa, Iowa.
 McKee, B., Troy Mills, Iowa.
 Poland, George, Iowa City, Iowa.
 Pearse, S. S., Chelsea, Kan.
 Printy, J., Randolph, Iowa.
 Parsons, R. M., Waterloo, Iowa.
 Robinson, G. A., Newmarket, Ont.
 Robbins, F., Magnolia, Iowa.
 Rietmann, J. H., Minneola, Minn.
 Somers, F. M., Beatrice, Neb.
 Starr, J. C., Nebraska City, Neb.
 Stephens, F. E., Magnolia, Iowa.
 Schwartz, C. M., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
 Smith, C. W., Fayette, Iowa.
 Spencer, Mrs. H., Denver, Col.
 Taylor, E. A., Iowa City, Iowa.
 Wilson, W. W., Paris, Ill.
 Waggoner, Mrs. H., Minonk, Ill.
 Watzek, J. W., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Winchell, H. R., Sheffield, Iowa.
 Wilcox, Aug., Mill Rock, Iowa.
 Wilson, H. E., Iowa City, Iowa.

LECTURE upon the rhinoceros: Prof.—
 "I must beg you to give me your undivided attention. It is absolutely impossible that you can form a true idea of this hideous animal, unless you keep your eyes fixed on me."

Scholus— Professor, what is the correct definition of a fable?

Professor— A fable is a story in which for example an ass talks to a fox, just as I am talking to you. [Sensation.]

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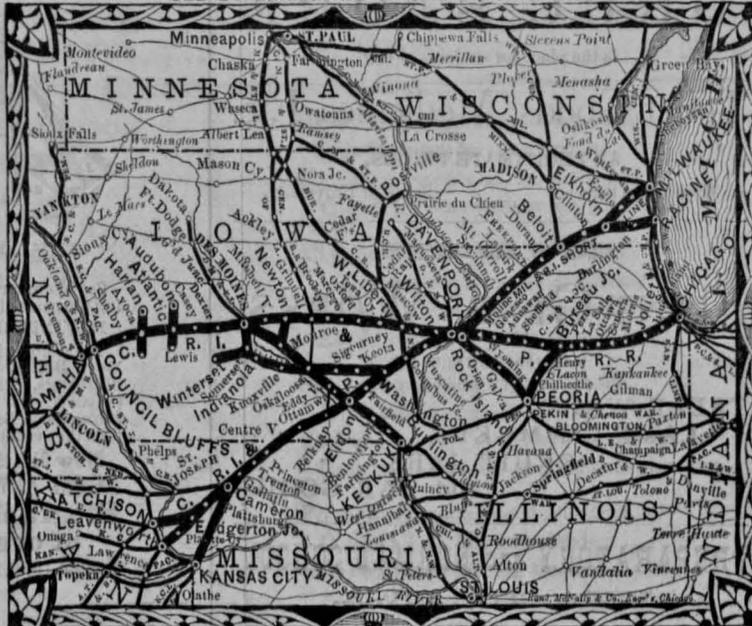
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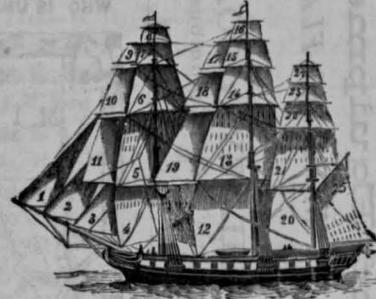
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