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# THE VIDETTE.

IN LOCO PARENTIS.

IOWA CITY, IOWA, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1881.

NO. 29

## THE VIDETTE.

ISSUED  
EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

During Collegiate Year, S. U. I.  
Office in Republican Building, Washington St.

S. B. HOWARD, A. T. HORTON,  
Editors.

F. O. NEWCOMB, J. A. MILLER,  
Assistant Editors.

TERMS:  
The copy, one year, 75 cents.  
Single copy, 5 cents.

For sale at the Bookstores.

Those not receiving their papers regularly will  
please inform us, and they will be forwarded.

All communications should be addressed  
JESSE TATE, Proprietor,  
Iowa City, Iowa.

FOR the encouragement of our  
temperance friends, we would say,  
that the movement in Kansas is  
meeting with much greater suc-  
cess than was anticipated by its  
warmest friends. In the smaller  
places the saloons have been prac-  
tically closed. In the cities and  
larger towns, they are still open,  
selling pop, buttermilk, and all  
such drinks, with a little liquo-  
r on the sly it has been hinted. But  
take it all in all, the success has  
been very decided.

ONE of the most distinctive fea-  
tures of our times is the tendency  
toward the education and elevation  
of the masses at the expense of  
the individual. The time for de-  
dication has long since passed  
away. When Dante died, all Italy  
mourned officially, and in every  
city of the State a chair was estab-  
lished for the exposition of his truly  
grand work. When Miss Burn-  
ett's dreary little novel appeared,  
wise men all over Europe, sat  
through the night in their eager-  
ness to read what was to them a  
product of genius. This idea of  
worship for the person was a con-  
stituent element of their thought.  
Nor can we wonder when we  
think of the gulf which intervened  
between those thoughtful minds  
and the ignorant people. But  
now all this has changed. 'Tis  
but a few weeks since several  
great minds have passed away,  
but the very fact of their death is  
almost forgotten. We have their  
thoughts, feelings, and purposes  
upon our library shelves, and are  
content to forget the person. Not  
that their genius was not, in its  
way, as "sky-piercing" as those of  
olden times; nor that we do not  
appreciate their true worth, but  
our point of observation is so  
much nearer their own. It is not  
that genius is not so high, but the  
commons are higher. And just  
in proportion as the mass advan-  
ces is the comparative importance  
of the individual lost. So that  
now, instead of the ponderous vol-  
ume, we have the brightest works  
of genius given without regret to  
the ephemeral life of an editorial,  
or a class-room lecture, or maga-  
zine article. From this the stu-  
dent must learn the lesson of ab-

negation of self and devotion to  
the common interest; must cast  
down all castles reared by a selfish  
ambition, and live content with  
filling well a subordinate place,  
knowing that in the end distinc-  
tion will have no difference.

### DECORATION DAY.

On Wednesday evening the stu-  
dents and citizens met in the Me-  
tropolitan Hall pursuant to adjour-  
nement. Captain Stephens was  
elected Chairman and Miller Sec-  
retary. A Committee on Pro-  
gramme, consisting of Rev. Fol-  
som, Fred. O. Newcomb, and F.  
S. Rice, was appointed, which  
recommended the appointment of  
six committees as follows:

Presiding Officer, Speaker, and  
Devotional Exercises.—Pryce,  
Folsom, Gesford, and Moriarity.

Military Parade.—Lieut. Thur-  
ston, F. S. Rice, and Capt. Owen.

Music.—Albert E. Ladd, A. S.  
Jackson, and Capt. Cree.

Flowers.—Mrs. J. W. Clark,  
Mrs. J. N. Coldren, Mrs. Dr.  
Shrader, Mrs. Burr, Mrs. Dr.  
Rockey, Mrs. Dr. Clapp, Miss  
Sallie Ham, James Cochran, and  
Caliph Quinton.

Stand and General Arrange-  
ments.—E. G. Stephens, Caliph  
Quinton, and E. Dodge.

Decoration.—Capt. Owens and  
James Cochran.

Pointing out Graves.—J. N. Col-  
dren.

E. G. Stephens was then elected  
Grand Marshal of the day, and the  
meeting adjourned subject to call  
from the chairman.

JAMES A. MILLER, Sec.

### BARRETT.

Last Thursday night will long  
be remembered by those who at-  
tended Richelieu as played by  
Lawrence Barrett. It is seldom  
that a first-class actor can be in-  
duced to visit our western towns,  
but an Iowa City audience can  
appreciate fine playing, and, per-  
haps, never witnessed finer than  
on last Thursday evening.

Barrett is not a man of strikingly  
prepossessing appearance. He  
is not above medium size, rather  
slight form, and a little past middle  
age; but in the character of Car-  
dinal Duke de Richelieu he is un-  
surpassed as a tragedian. His  
impersonation of Richelieu repre-  
sents the old Cardinal just as we  
had pictured him: old and feeble  
in body, but strong and vigorous  
in mind, and having his whole life  
bound up in his country's pros-  
perity. Whenever the sound of  
France was heard it sent a thrill  
through his feeble veins, and gave  
him new strength to vindicate the  
rights of his country and behold  
his lovely daughter restored to  
her husband.

Barrett was well supported, and  
though his audience was rather  
small, those who heard him will  
not soon forget the impression  
made upon them by this master of  
tragedy.

### INTER-STATE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The Most Successful Contest Ever  
Held by the Association.

As early as Monday, large delegations  
of students from the various colleges of  
Illinois began to pour into Jacksonville,  
and by Tuesday night the streets were  
thronged with visitors wearing the colors  
of their respective colleges. Tuesday  
afternoon a close game of base ball was  
played between Champaign and Illinois  
Colleges, resulting in a victory for the  
latter. Tuesday evening the officers,  
orators, delegates, and visitors were given  
a reception by the ladies of the female  
seminary at which all present were made  
to feel welcome and at home. The time  
until 10 P. M. was very agreeably spent  
by all present, in making new acquaint-  
ances, and then the party proceeded to  
the Armory Hall, where a sumptuous  
banquet had been prepared by the stu-  
dents of Illinois College. In the limited  
time and space we have, it would be im-  
possible to do justice to the magnificent  
scene presented to the gaze of the deli-  
ghted guests. About four hundred  
were honored with seats at the banquet-  
ing tables. The large hall was beauti-  
fully decorated with choice flowers and  
evergreens. Upon the walls were in-  
scribed words of welcome, and from the  
center of the hall rose a large pyramid,  
while the tables literally groined under  
their weight of tempting delicacies.

Soft strains of music filled the room as  
the company marched in to take their  
places at the table. The officers of the  
Association, the orators, and the judges  
were seated at one table, while the tables  
next on either side were occupied by the  
delegates. After the demands of hunger  
were satisfied, toasting was in order, and  
upon motion of Mr. Hess, chairman of  
reception committee, Prof. Tanner was  
elected toast-master. No happier choice  
could have been made. The witty re-  
marks of the Professor kept the guests  
in the best of humor, and at his call the  
toasts were responded to as follows:

Address of Welcome.—W. J. Bryan,  
President Officer I.-S. Association.

Response.—O. H. Montgomery, Presi-  
dent I.-S. Association, Hanover College,  
Indiana.

Toast—"Oratory—Collegiate and For-  
ensic." Judge E. P. Kerby, Jacksonville,  
Illinois.

Toast—"The College Press," S. B.  
Howard, Secretary I.-S. Association,  
Iowa University, Iowa.

Toast—"Music and the Muses,"  
"Indoctusque pille quiescit,  
Qui nescit versus tamen audit fingere."  
Ars Poetica.

J. Y. Ewart, Chairman Illinois Dele-  
gation, Knox College, Illinois.

Toast—"Beloit only from Wisconsin,"  
"Unum sed leonem," H. C. Williams, Dele-  
gate from Wisconsin, Beloit College.

Toast—"Faculties—Ideal and Real,"  
R. S. Lindsay, Orator and Delegate from  
Ohio, Oberlin College.

Toast—"Undergraduates—Ideal and  
Real," C. M. Webster, Delegate from  
Minnesota, State University.

After the speech making was finished,  
the lovers of Terpsichore adjourned to  
another hall, there to "trip the light  
fantastic toe" until the morning should  
make an end of revelry. Never have we  
seen a more magnificent display of dress.  
Brightly the lights shone over the fairest

of Jacksonville's fair ladies and their  
fortunate escorts. The happy pairs  
whirling away in the "mazy waltz,"  
made a picture charming to the eye of  
the spectator.

Wednesday at 10 A. M., the delegates  
assembled in Sigma Pi Hall, on the  
college grounds, to transact the business  
of the association. After the appoint-  
ment of committees and the admission of  
Minnesota to the association, the dele-  
gates adjourned to meet in the after-  
noon at the parlors of the Dunlap  
House. At the afternoon session, the  
contest for next year was located at  
Indianapolis, Indiana, and the following  
officers were elected: President, Roger  
Levitt, Beloit College, Wisconsin; Vice-  
President, C. L. Goodwin, Butler Un-  
iversity, Indiana; Secretary and Treas-  
urer, D. P. Jones, State University, Min-  
nesota.

Wednesday evening occurred the Sev-  
enth Annual Oratorical Contest of the  
Association. The orators and their sub-  
jects were as follows:

"Progress, Its Sources and Laws,"  
Owen Morris, Minn.

"Hypatia," Miss Minnie Bronson, Ia.

"Two Englishmen, a Scotchman, and  
a Jew," R. D. Salisbury, Wis.

"The People in History," J. S. E. Er-  
skine, Illinois.

"The Philosophy of Skepticism," Chas.  
F. Coffin, Ind.

"Byron," R. S. Lindsay, Ohio.

The first prize was won by Mr. Chas.  
F. Coffin, of Indiana, and the second by  
Mr. Owen Morris, of Minnesota. The  
decision of the judges gave general sat-  
isfaction. The judges were Dr. Carrill,  
Dr. Gillett, and Judge Kirby, of Jack-  
sonville, and Judge Dyer, of St. Louis.

The contest was a complete financial  
success, the receipts being over \$450.

The students of Illinois College, and  
the citizens of Jacksonville are deserv-  
ing of the highest compliments for their  
successful efforts to make the visitors  
enjoy their stay in the city. This was  
appreciated by them, and many were the  
warm words of praise we heard bestowed  
upon both citizens and students. Our  
visit to Jacksonville will long be remem-  
bered as one of the most enjoyable  
weeks of our lives, and the friends made  
there will not soon be forgotten.

The President, O. H. Montgomery, of  
Indiana, was a popular presiding officer,  
and discharged his duties with dignity  
and ability. The Vice-President, Mr. W.  
J. Bryan, of Illinois, is a gentleman  
whom to know is to respect, and it is to  
his efforts as resident officer that the  
Association owes much of its success.  
Two more gentlemanly and faithful of-  
ficers could not have been selected.

The interest in the association is  
steadily increasing, and it will not be  
many years until it will embrace all the  
States of the northwest.

Next week we shall publish the prize  
orations, and the markings of the judges.

We clip the following from the  
Hendricks county Democrat:

We notice that Muratt W. Hopkins has  
been selected as editor of the Law De-  
partment of the University Reporter, a  
journal issued from the Iowa State Un-  
iversity. As predicted by his many  
friends in this county, Muratt has made  
a brilliant record as a law student in this  
University, and the position to which he  
has been recently chosen indicates his  
high rank among his fellow students.

Roland Reed, 11th and 12th.

### CHURCH NOTICES.

Services will be held in the vari-  
ous churches to-morrow as fol-  
lows, to which all are welcome:

BAPTIST.—Preaching at 10:45 by Rev.  
J. Fulton, Pastor of the Olivet Baptist  
church, Cedar Rapids.

CONGREGATIONAL.—Rev. F. L. Kenyon,  
Pastor. Morning service at 10:45. Even-  
ing service, some lessons from the life of  
Beaconsfield, at 7:30.

CHRISTIAN.—Morning subject, "The  
Relation of the 'Bible Wine Discus-  
sion' to the Temperance Work." In the even-  
ing the first lecture on "Chrysostom,"  
by Rev. W. B. Craig, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Rev. Mr. Folsom, Pas-  
tor, will preach in the morning on  
"Woman's Work for Woman;" evening  
subject, "The Prodigal Son's Return."

TRINITY.—Rev. C. Compton Burnett,  
Pastor. Services morning and evening  
as usual.

GERMAN M. E.—Rev. R. Havighorst, of  
Mt. Pleasant, will preach to-morrow at  
10 A. M. In the evening, Rev. F. Litz-  
rodt, of Harper, will preach.

UNITARIAN.—Rev. O. Clute preaches  
to-morrow at 10:45 A. M., subject, "A  
Brief History of some of the most Im-  
portant Manuscripts of the New Testa-  
ment."

Professor Booth has commenced  
his work in elocution, and is filling  
a position the need of which has  
long been felt in the University.  
He is training the Seniors for  
commencement and the Juniors for  
the contest to take place next Fri-  
day night, and is giving lessons to  
the Sophomore and Freshman  
classes twice a week each. We  
hope the time is not far distant  
when we shall not be restricted to  
five or six weeks' drill of this kind  
during the year, but that we shall  
have a chair of elocution founded  
permanently; there is certainly  
need of a first-class elocutionist  
among us, and we know of none  
better than Prof. Booth who is  
now with us.

At a meeting of the base ball  
players yesterday, the following  
challenge was read:

MR. VERNON, IOWA, May 4, 1880.  
The Cornellians challenge the College  
Nine of the Iowa State University, to a  
match game of base ball upon our  
grounds, if it can be so arranged. Time  
to be settled by challenged nine.  
(Signed) W. C. LAYTON,  
Cor. Secretary.

The Chairman, Mr. Hightower,  
per instructions, appointed as com-  
mittee to select nine, Skinner,  
Carr, and Dickinson. The boys  
expect to play one week from to-  
day.

Stationery at George Fink's.

Ladies and gents, you will find  
everything first-class at the G. D.  
H.

The finest line of cigars ever  
brought to Iowa City, at George  
Fink's.

Students will find Gould's Din-  
ing Hall a good place to take their  
meals.

It is a settled fact that James &  
Co. make the best photos in Iowa  
City.

George Fink at Pickering's old  
stand. Remember him, boys,  
when you want your cigars.

### THE RUINS OF DONEGAL CASTLE.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

O mournful, and forsaken pile,  
What desolation dost thou drear!  
How tarnished is the beauty that was  
thine erewhile,  
Thou mansion of chaste melody!

Demolished lie thy towers and walls;  
A dark, unsightly, earthen mound  
Defaces the pure whiteness of thy shin-  
ing walls,  
And solitude doth gird thee round.

Fair fort! thine hour has come at length,  
Thine older glory has gone by.  
Lo! far beyond thy noble battlements of  
strength,  
Thy corner-stones all scattered lie!

Where now, O rival of the gold  
Emania, be thy wine-cups all?  
Alas! for these thou hast nothing but the  
cold,  
Cold stream that from the heavens  
fall!

Thy clay-choked gateways none can  
trace,  
Thou fortress of the once bright doors!  
The limestones of thy summit now be-  
strew thy base,  
Bestrew the outside of thy floors.

Above thy shattered window-sills  
The music that to-day breaks forth  
Is but the music of the wild winds from  
the hills,  
The wild winds of the stormy North!

What spell o'ercame thee, mighty fort,  
What fatal fit of slumber strange,  
O palace of the wine! O many-gated  
court!  
That thou shouldst undergo this  
change?

Thou wert, O bright-walled, beaming one,  
Thou cradle of high deeds and bold,  
The Tara of Assemblies to the sons of  
Con,  
Clan-Connell's Council-hall of old!

Thou wert a new Emania, thou!  
A northern Cruachan in thy might,—  
A dome like that which stands by Boyne's  
broad water now,  
Thou Erin's Rome of all delight!

In thee were Ulster's tributes stored,  
And lavished like the flowers of May;  
And into thee were Connaught's treas-  
ures poured,  
Deserted though thou art to-day!

How often from thy turrets high,  
Thy purple turrets, have we seen  
Long lines of glittering ships, when  
summer-time drew nigh,  
With masts and sails of snow-white  
sheen!

How often seen, when gazing round  
From thy tall towers, the hunting  
trains,  
The blood-enlivening chase, the horse-  
man and the hound,  
Thou fastness of a hundred plains!

How often to thy banquets bright  
We have seen the strong-armed Gaels  
repair,  
And when the feast was over, once again  
unite  
For battle, in the bass-court fair!

Alas for thee, thou fort forlorn!  
Alas for thy low, lost estate!  
It is my woe of woes, this melancholy  
morn,  
To see thee left thus desolate!

Go to Townsend's gallery for  
frames, steel engravings, oil-paint-  
ings, chromos, views, &c., &c.

### HISTORY AND THE HISTORIAN.

BY J. B. TRAXLER.

To preserve has ever been a leading impulse in the world's movement. It must be so. Without the idea of preservation diligently at work in the human mind, all action would be robbed of its incentive, and all exertion nugatory, idle, void.

Mankind has been true to its trust. All along the extended line of the past there rise noble monuments attesting to human integrity toward this principle.

In earlier times this idea worked itself out in colossal structures. Mind looked at the material, and marble and granite and bronze stood forth to defy the elements of waste, and checkmate the very influence of time itself. Thus works sprang up in India, and within them sat trusted gods of stone to intercede for the eternal welfare of their Pagan worshippers. This idea fought with Fate and dotted every continent with massive monuments of clay.

But such attempts were futile. Man in his true grandeur was not yet vindicated. He rises step by step. It remained for invention and discovery to place within his grasp those instruments with which to lift himself above the miserable expedients of the past and assume that position in the roll of progress to which his time and possibilities entitled him.

The memory is the preservative faculty. It furnishes the mind with a consciousness of its past impressions. It continually makes us acquainted with our past experience. It prepares the groundwork for present and future action. It stores up for us material without which progressive movement were impossible. Without it our past would be to us a barren waste; a future of duty ever before us—behind, chaos. Every reflective thought would be but momentary, and oblivion would snatch from our hands every incident the very instant it transpired.

What the memory is to the individual, History is to the human race. It acquaints each generation with what was before it. It shows us the grandeur of exertion, by picturing to us at a single glance an extended era of human action. It gathers together carefully the thoughts of ages long past, and makes them live even to-day. It enables us to direct our footsteps through the present and future, by the light of the centuries which it turns full upon us. It brings us face to face with all of greatness and grandeur and glory that the past has been able to produce—all that humanity in its existence through time has known, or felt, or done,—all that has crowned the beauty of genius, rewarded industry, or garlanded the brow of toil.

All the different divisions of literature are useful in their respective spheres, all are important; none could be eliminated without destroying the obvious symmetry of the whole. Poetry and science and philosophy are all necessary; but History is indispensable. They deal with one particular line of thought and contain only what comes within the range of their limited scope. History has to do with all questions, with all people and with all times. They may gather together the materials, but it records them. They perform, but it preserves. They produce, but it perpetuates. They may submit their works to the tribunal of time, but it must sit as sole arbiter, and in the light of experience, judge them all.

Then to be an historian in the truest sense, requires the most eminent qualifications. He must understand the principles by which society is governed; he must know something of legislation, of art, and of religious theory; he must deal with industry and be able to trace cause and effect; he must contrast nations, and account for the rise and fall of empires; he must consider the "circumstances which have most influences, the happiness of mankind, the change of manners and morals, the transition of communities from poverty to wealth, from knowledge to ignorance, from ferocity to humanity." He must have a knowledge of his work, and be able to communicate it; he is given the concrete, he must abstract it. Independence, judgment, versatility, truth, honesty, and fidelity, all center in him. But in his excursions into the past, he is not to visit the halls of legislation and note

the action of a few leading statesmen, nor observe the rippling, fretful undulations that ever play upon the surface of local politics; he is not to confine himself to the caprice of kings, nor to the clash of arms; he must take a broader view; he is to rise into the clear upper air of observation, and with unoppressed mind and broadened vision, take in the whole of humanity at a glance; he must note the great waves of thought that sweep like silent vesper breezes across the human sphere, breathing their soul into every action, and leaving their impress upon the institutions of every time. He must have the acuteness of the logician, and the profundity of the philosopher, the breadth of the statesman and the deep-seeing power of the diplomat, the versatility of the literary man, and the cold precision of the mathematician. To these he must add the poet's imaginative fancy with which to wing his way to the labyrinths of heart, and drag from their secret chambers the very motives and emotions that inhibit it. Thus going on till he combines in the brilliant poesy of thought, all that tempest-tossed humanity has ever felt of joy and sorrow, hope and fear, love and hate, belief and doubt.

The mind cannot long content itself with dealing with the superficial. It cannot be long satisfied with what lies within the range of casual observation. There is that connected with it which seeks ultimately to know why things are and something of the causes which brought them about.

The tendency of the present is to the rational. The empiricism that dragged through centuries of gloom has passed away. The sages of to-day worship at a shrine made holier by the stamp of modern intelligence. That intelligence stops not with forms. It is scientific. It systematizes all that comes within its grasp. It is not enough to discover and invent; it must reduce them to the most exact order. Scientific order furnishes the scaffolding upon which the mind may climb from the known to the unknown. This order, it has been the slow work of the ages to establish. It is founded in nature, and reflected in man; therefore it must prevail. Without it, man's knowledge is crude almost to barbarism; with it, it is polished, genial, progressive. Without it, mind in its effort to account for things call to its aid the vague and the supernatural; with it, we are taught that man's true basis is in the natural, and that its laws are his to study and understand. Without it, the superstitions of yesterday are the bane of to-day; with it, they shrink and melt and dissipate, and where they stood are erected monuments of truth to mark the progress of the on-rolling wave. Without it, man believes in all, and doubts in everything; with it, he doubts what he has shown to be false, and believes what he has proven to be true. Without it, he turns toward the dusky vault, and its glittering orbs become gods or angels, dispensing good and ill; with it, they are robbed of their divinity, and compelled to move in accordance with certain fixed laws, which he establishes for them.

The sciences in developing themselves, ever look through the materials which they have, up to others higher and farther beyond. Mathematics when viewed alone is dry enough, but when it is coupled with Astronomy, and goes out to explore the wonders of the universe, it takes on somethings of true sublimity. Physics sees matter in its manifestations and systematizes them into laws. Geology digs into the earth's strata, calculates the relative length of the ages, and peoples them with beings. Chemistry separates into first elements, and combines into worlds. Mental Philosophy rejects the material, and accounts for phenomena by hypotheses which it proves to be consistent with the human mind.

So with history. It must reflect upon its every page, not only the facts recorded there, but the thought that was behind and governed all.

We must see in all these times, not millions toiling on promiscuously, but moving in beautiful harmony to the poetic music of some leading thought; not nations organizing, maturing, legislating and maturing, but developing the principles of civilization, and solving some problem in the great scale of existence; not art, but the sentiment of the beautiful manifesting itself in form; not poesy, torturing discord into rhythm and cheat-

ing us with charms, but a long continued state of things that settles into harmony; not sculpture, carving cold images in stone, but feeling that torments the marble till it reflects the image of its own being; not music, singing its songs through the centuries, but soul so delicately poised, that it is fanned into vibration by the tender touch of light-winged passion. We see not Mummies and Pyramids, but the idea of preservation at work; not a Rummiede nor a Magna Charta, but representative government secured by a Constitution; not a Lexington, nor a Bunker Hill, nor a Saratoga, nor a Yorktown, but Liberty looking forward to Independence.

And so throughout history; in all its varied departments we find that there have been causes at work, all looking to the accomplishment of some end,—that behind every important action there existed a thought broader and grander still.

Truth has been the watchword of all the ages. We find that from the most ancient philosophers down through the twilight of the centuries there has been a continued and incessant research after a criterion of truth. The scientist launches into the unfathomed depths of hidden treasures and returns with an hypothesis as the result of his labor; the philosopher rises in the scale of thought and arrives at his conclusions only by established principles. But in the absence of a criterion the mind naturally wanders back to the past deeds of men as a standard of action. We contrast the doings of the world of to-day with the examples of the historic past, and look upon it as the only safe guide to the future. Then if it adds so materially in moulding the opinions of successive generations, it is of paramount importance that it should be handed down to posterity in a condition so correct that the great truths which it is to teach may be rightly interpreted.

The western world must concede to the eastern all that is rightly its own, and on the other hand the East must give the West a place commensurate with the importance of the part which it plays in the great family of nations. We must not stand and look with fretful jealousy upon the institutions of other countries and other times. They are but playing their part in the grand struggle that is common to all. It matters not whether it be the civilization of the East or of the West, whether it be of ancient or modern times,—it matters not whether it be the civilization that grew upon the Ganges or flourished upon the Nile, whether it built castles on the Rhine, or made Constantinople the seat of empire—all are but elements necessary in the great circle of time.

Then must the future historian have a mind as liberal as truth and as broad as humanity. Then must he to whom is assigned the mighty responsibility of contributing so much to the weal or woe of future humanity look well to his work. Let him bind the Occident and the Orient together in one common family, attribute to them a common destiny, and judge them with a common justice.

The importance attached by actors to the unbiased commendations of the Chicago critics has, of late years, been such that an actor or combination favored with it seldom appears in vain for recognition from the audiences of the "provinces." So highly is success in Chicago prized by the people of this city at least, that the achiever of it always secures here a hearty hearing. Though comparatively unknown to Omaha, Mr. Roland Reed played for two nights to large houses about three months ago. Yet, what was known to him then was the reputation that he had achieved in Chicago. To-night Mr. Reed again appears, and this time in a piece which ought to be even more ludicrously comic than that in which he then so cleverly set the audience in a roar. He appears to-morrow night again, as also to-morrow afternoon, and will doubtless more than sustain the reputation which he has already earned in Omaha. His pieces are "My Mother-in-Law" and "Snowball."—*Omaha Daily Herald.*

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DICKENS AND CARLYLE.

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Points of contrast rather than those of resemblance strike us most forcibly when first regarding the associated names of Carlyle and Dickens. For, while the utterances of the former seem prompted by the conviction that the majority of mankind are dissemblers, masquerading in the habiliments of truth, those of the latter, although frequently employed as instruments of sharpest ridicule, are nevertheless deeply fraught with the essence of human charity. In the estimation of one, sincerity is the exclusive possession of a nation's Mirabeaus and Cromwells,—lineal descendants of those mighty Thor. But in that of the other it is far more likely to find adequate expression in the feeble prayer which escapes from the lips of a London street, as "the shattered cart of his existence—so difficult to draw—comes near its journey's end."

Indeed, so marked is the difference which subsists between these antipodal representatives of English literature, with in respect to the fields of inquiry which they cultivated, and the views which they entertained, that it may appear useless to seek for any common ground of observation from which the peculiarities of their genius may be contemplated.

Yet, in dealing with that famous period of European demoralization, ushered in by the death of Louis XVI., and made the incessant theme of panegyric and invective ever since, Dickens in the "Tale of Two Cities," and Carlyle in his inimitable "History," have shown themselves respectively the mingled philosopher and painter of a marvellous epoch. Each seems, in this instance, to have been impelled, to a great extent, with the power and spirit of the other; yet in such a proportion that their united labors were essential to the production of a single masterpiece. Repeatedly have authors of ability and distinction essayed to interpret for posterity the causes and consequences of the French Revolution. And, considered merely as an abstract proposition in ethics, they may have partially succeeded. But in comparison with that organic composition, cemented and animated by the genius of Carlyle, their achievements are palpably deficient. For he not only comprehends the principles involved in this inevitable culmination of antecedent tendencies, but portrays each scene

"With hue like that, when some great painter dips his pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse."

Under the spell of his recreative intellect past persons and events assume an aspect of reality wholly unattainable by the mere verbal craftsman. At one moment Mirabeau, pacing the narrow tribune from end to end, as a lion chafing within the confines of his bars, dictates the policy of the nation to an assembly borne down by the irresistible might of his eloquence. At another, the lean visage of the incorruptible advocate of Arras, livid with fear and passion, is seen peering wildly from the ranks of the "Mountain," as his voice becomes inaudible amid the frantic uproar which proclaims it as the sense of the convention that he must die. We can almost trace the hideous features of Marat, as consumed by disease and an insatiate thirst for blood, he fiercely supplicates victims for La Guillotine; happily ignorant, while, of the terrible retribution which Fate has prepared for him at the hands of Charlotte Corday. No circumstance attendant upon this author's method of developing his subject, however, so completely reveals the masterly skill with which he has arranged and subordinated its parts, as that connected with the introduction of Napoleon Bonaparte. Nowhere does he obtrude upon us the fact of the deep significance of his presence. We are confronted with no specific declaration of his future conquests or his fame. We see him only partially disclosed from the darkness in which he stands enveloped. Yet, the impression that he is eventually to emerge therefrom the most conspicuous figure in the eyes of Europe is confirmed with each repetition of his name. We know him by artful implication; and although the time for active interference on his part has not arrived as yet, the shadow of his influence resting upon the destinies of France is beginning to be seen and felt.

But while, as falling more properly within the scope of his design, Carlyle has chosen to depict those scenes involv-

ing the loftier personages and occurrences of this period, and written, as it were, the epic of the revolutionary era, it is to Dickens that we must look for an adequate interpretation of the thoughts and feelings of the impoverished masses. For, although he elaborates no portrait of Robespierre or Danton, and engages in no denunciation of the philosophy of Jean Jacques, the picture which he paints is, by virtue of its excellence, as enduring as the truth which it embodies. The creations of his fancy possess an individuality which renders them even more distinct than the lurid pencilings of Carlyle.

The starved and desperate crowd of human beings gathered before Defarge's wine shop in the Rue St. Antoine; the Marquis returning from an interview with Monseigneur; the ominous mutterings of the people at the fountain; the mender of roads with his ghastly countenance and his torn cap; the surging tumult which rises from its lair in the streets of Paris and forces the Bastille to surrender; the same throng bearing upon their shoulders the released captives with extravagant demonstrations of joy, and howling for the blood of Foulon; the noble sacrifice of Sydney Carton; and Madame Defarge, "who knits with the steadiness of fate." From beginning to end the work is one of extraordinary power and insight. So much so, indeed, that nowhere else, in our opinion, has the author more completely vindicated the justness of his claim to recognition as one of the greatest novelists that has ever lived. And although we cannot pause to consider further the many excellencies of either Dickens or Carlyle, as manifested in their treatment of a theme so comprehensive as that of the French Revolution, we dismiss them more thoroughly impressed than ever before with the depth and the brilliancy of their genius.

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Roland Reed.  
 "My Mother-in law."  
 Ask Fred about his "Bacon."  
 See Roland Reed and grow fat!  
 The choicest cigarettes at Geo. Fink's.  
 Don't forget to go to the Hesp's, sociable to-night.  
 Pentzer has gone home to see the folks.  
 Frames made to order at Townsend's Gallery.  
 Nevin, Law, has been confined to his room this week.  
 Call at the bookstores for extra copies of THE VIDETTE.  
 Look no farther, but order your meals at Gould's Dining Hall.  
 Roland Reed plays in Des Moines Monday and Tuesday.  
 Go to Townsend's Gallery and get a Photograph that looks natural.  
 Horne's Opening on last Monday evening was quite a brilliant affair.  
 Roland Reed is the acknowledged comedian of the American stage.  
 After this week our band is to give open air concerts every Friday P. M.  
 Several strangers in town, as result of the German Ministers' Convention.  
 We are going to George Fink's, because there is where we get the best cigars.  
 The vital question among the Junior ladies just now is, Does the Chancellor admire bangs?  
 Fun! fun!! fun!!! at the Opera House next Wednesday and Thursday night.  
 Vienna Rolls at the Steam Bakery Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.  
 Miss Edith Winslow came in last night to pass a few days, once more, in our pleasant city.  
 Johnny Herring attempted suicide by hanging himself to a lattice on Thursday morning.  
 Students and citizens, don't fail to examine James & Co.'s photographs before having them taken.  
 We noticed an animated flag-pole in the shape of a lengthy Law, with a fluttering ulster, this morning.  
 The Laws and Prof. Booth don't seem to "jibe" very well, which speaks quite well for the Professor.  
 Who will doubt the moral heroism of the Soph. when one of them will dare to take three ladies into Madam's at once?  
 If Prof. Booth can stand 10 hours per diem of Junior oratory, then the Opera House should be filled next Friday evening.  
 The committee to choose Decoration day orators have conferred that honor upon J. H. Sweeney and W. F. Skinner. The Rev. J. P. Folsom is to deliver the invocation.

Frank Halles has gone home to dance. If he only "trips the light fantastic" as he does the Greek, the classics should be there.  
 Howard and Kerr are back from Jacksonville. They report a splendid time. Kerr says "they feed folks awful well down there."  
 S. M. Ladd, "Law," was married last Wednesday to a young lady in Carthage, Ill. That was a very pleasant sort of alumni address, wasn't it?  
 Miss Belle Andrews has returned from a short visit to Toledo, Ohio, where she witnessed the marriage of her brother. If her looks do not belie her, she has had a pleasant time.  
 Mr. E. J. Cornish, who was chosen class poet for '81, has resigned that position and Mr. Wilnot Dickinson has been chosen poet in his place. Mr. Cornish has been chosen class orator.  
 Four of the representative Sophomores of Irving Hall last night succeeded in gaining the frequent applause of the audience by proclaiming the superiority of that class over the other three and the Law.  
 The Inter-State Contest at Jacksonville, as we predicted, was the most successful in the history of the association. Owing to unexpected delays in securing manuscripts of orations, we are not able to publish them this week.  
 It will pay you to spend an hour at Townsend's photographic parlors, looking at his beautiful chromos, steel engravings, and oil-paintings, and then to sit for a dozen of those "cabinets" which he guarantees will look as natural as life.  
 A step in the right direction has been taken by the English University of Victoria at Manchester, in conferring degrees of Bachelor, Master, and Doctor of Science, to the graduates of their Scientific Dept. America has long been ahead in this particular.  
 The game between the Freshmen and Seniors this morning resulted in a score of 5 to 29 in favor of the Seniors. The nine chosen to go to Mt. Vernon are: Cornish, Reed, Hightower, Shellenberger, Martin, Thompson, Carr, Askwith, and Skinner.  
 A few of our enterprising young men had a very enjoyable May day dance, in Ham's Hall, Wednesday evening. Owing to a certain indisposition of some of the young ladies to appear in public out of the Opera House, the crowd was not very large, yet very select. The music furnished by the Italian band was excellent, especially some of their voluntaries.  
 Through the kindness of C. J. Traxler, we publish this week the oration on "History and the Historian," by J. B. Traxler, of I. W. U., Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. This was written for the oratorical contest, and received the highest marks on preliminary. But the night before the public contest, he was taken ill, and so did not appear. We would venture, that had he been the representative, I. W. U. would have stood higher than she did.

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VOL. II.

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