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THE VIDETTE.

IN LOCO PARENTIS.

VOL. II.

IOWA CITY, IOWA, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1881.

NO. 30

THE VIDETTE.

ISSUED

EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

During Collegiate Year, S. U. L.

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

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

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JESSE TATE, Proprietor,
Iowa City, Iowa.

JUNIOR CONTEST.

For the past three weeks the most interesting topic of conversation has been the Junior Contest. This was owing, in a large measure, to the unusually large number of contestants.

There were fifteen aspirants for Junior honors, and as it was known that only six of these would be chosen to appear in the final contest, many were the speculations as to who the lucky six would be. When the announcements were made last Wednesday, there were nine disappointed Juniors, and surprise was quite general, for some whom everybody expected would be chosen were left off by the judges.

Last night the final contest took place at the Opera House before a good audience. Mr. Fred. O. Newcomb, the President of the class, presided, and introduced the Rev. Mr. Cushing who delivered the invocation, after which the audience was delighted with music by the University Band.

The first orator of the evening, Mr. Charles H. Dayton, then took the floor to speak of "Symmetrical Development." Mr. Dayton had evidently spent much labor in preparation, for the thought of his oration was excellent and symmetrically arranged; but not being accustomed to speaking in public he had the misfortune to forget, thus detracting much from the merits of his production.

Thus the worry and anxiety of the Junior Contest is over, and we will rest in peace until next fall, when a hard fight will be made to represent the University in the State Contest.

perhaps, is the highest honor an ambitious orator could receive.

An attractive feature of the programme was a poem on "Pompeii" by Miss Emma Wilson. This did not form a part of the contest, but was delivered by special request. Miss Wilson has gained an enviable reputation by her poems, and that reputation by no means suffered from her performance last night.

The next speaker was Wm. O. Payne, subject, "Wm. Lloyd Garrison."

We were surprised at the improvement this gentleman has made and especially pleased with his oration, for Mr. Payne entirely avoided that florid style which so many college orators cultivate.

The prominent feature of an oration should be the thought, and that expressed in the simplest manner, and with the earnestness of conviction that produces the greatest effect upon an audience.

After music, Mr. Halleck W. Seaman spoke of "The Cheap Defense of Nations," and, like the preceding gentleman, impressed us as having greatly improved in delivery.

His oration was a review and classification of the influences which protect and secure the permanency of nations.

Mr. Arthur J. Craven was the last speaker of the evening, and his theme was "The Power of Ideas." As usual with Mr. Craven, his oration was characterized by a pleasing style and impressive delivery.

The gentleman materially added to the fine reputation he had already won as a speaker.

While the band discoursed music, the Judges, Chancellor Hammond, Mrs Currier, and Dr. Gillett, decided to give the first prize to Mr. Craven, and the second to Mr. Payne.

The decision of the judges proved to be the popular decision, as was evinced by the applause of the audience.

Thus the worry and anxiety of the Junior Contest is over, and we will rest in peace until next fall, when a hard fight will be made to represent the University in the State Contest.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Services will be held in the various churches to-morrow as follows, to which all are welcome:

BAPTIST.—Preaching as usual by the Pastor, Rev. E. T. Hiscox.

CONGREGATIONAL.—Preaching morning and evening by Rev. Clayton Wells, of Waterloo, Iowa.

PRESBYTERIAN.—In the morning Miss Rankin, a Missionary of the Presbyterian Board in Mexico, will give an address on the work of her Mission. Services in the evening as usual.

CHRISTIAN.—Rev. Mr. Craig has been called away to the southern part of the State, hence there will be no preaching to-morrow. There will be a prayer meeting in the morning.

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

UNITARIAN.—Rev. O. Clute preaches to-morrow at 10:45 A. M., subject of sermon, "Natural Law and God's Judgments."

ACADEMY OF SCIENCE.

The Iowa Academy of Science, —Prof. Bessy, of Ames, President, and Dr. Hobby, of this city, Secretary,—has been in session in this city Thursday and Friday of this week. Several interesting and important papers were presented. All the prominent scientists of the State are Fellows of the Academy, our own Professors of course, among the rest. The object of the Academy is to advance the cause of science.

Those who attended the Musical Convention at Cedar Rapids from Iowa City are: Misses Lizzie Hess, Alice Freeman, Lill Lewis, Hattie Ross, and Messrs. C. C. Clark and C. R. Leonard.

The sessions of the Academy were open and it seems strange to us that more citizens and students did not avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing those men, pre-eminently qualified to speak with authority on scientific subjects. Another noticeable feature was the absence of even educators save those who had papers to present. The real live scientists who are making a name beyond the boundaries of the State were present and took an active part in the discussions. A few visitors, students, and citizens were in attendance.

Upon hearing of the marriage of their brother, the Laws came into session and appointed Bussey, Vestal, and Thompson committee, who drafted the following letter of congratulation:

Mr. Fremont Benjamin:

DEAR FRIEND:—We, the class of '81, tender to you our congratulations upon the happy event that joined you in holy matrimony to the lady of your choice. We trust, and have reason to hope, that mutual love and domestic tranquility may reign supreme within the walls of your domicile. You left us but a few weeks since, and it is probable that we, as a body, will never meet you again upon the shores of time. Your absence from us, we hope, will illuminate the pathway of at least one worthy soul; and now, if you and Mrs. Benjamin are no longer twain, but one flesh, we hope that you may be better enabled to overcome the turmoils of the earthly conflicts that

upon you. May your pathway be strown with flowers as you, hand in hand, climb Life's hill and go down the slope of Age. After a long life of happiness has passed away and you are no more, may your posterity often gather around your charnel home in sweet commemoration of the parental love of those who sleep beneath the sod.

The Band of Hope gave entertainment in Ham's Hall, last Wednesday evening, and it is but just to say we never saw children do better. Miss Sallie Ham certainly deserves great credit for the masterly manner in which she managed the children and the entertainment.

On our way to Jacksonville, we had the pleasure to meet Mr. M. D. Merrill, Chairman of the Board of Education, of Rock Island. Mr. Merrill spoke in the highest terms of praise of Miss Ida Osmond as a teacher. This compliment coming from such a source is very flattering to Miss Osmond.

J. Ardner, the popular and obliging caterer, has lately refurnished his restaurant in an attractive style, and is now better prepared than ever to accommodate his many customers. Mr. and Mrs. Ardner cannot be surpassed for hospitality and liberality. Give them a share of your patronage.

The game of ball Thursday afternoon, between the first and a picked nine, resulted in a score of 15 to 10 in favor of the first nine. Nine innings were played, and, taken all around, it was the best game of the season. The game was interrupted by one of the Bohemians living near seizing the ball, when it came into his yard, and burning the cover off. Dickinson came gallantly to the rescue, but too late. The boys have had to buy the ball several times, but the more they give the more they may. Something should be done.

We are going to George Fink's, because there is where we get the best cigars.

LOCALS.

Wm. I. Marshall's Calcium Light Views of Yellowstone Park, Opera House, May 24th and 25th. Reserved seats, 35 cents, on sale at Iowa City Bank, Saturday, May 21st, at 9 A. M.

Those who attended the Musical Convention at Cedar Rapids from Iowa City are: Misses Lizzie Hess, Alice Freeman, Lill Lewis, Hattie Ross, and Messrs. C. C. Clark and C. R. Leonard.

Mr. and Mrs. Nolin, on their wedding trip, arrived in the city this morning. They are visiting with the families of Matthew Cavanagh and Professor Fellows. Mrs. N. is a niece of the Professor.

The question of a Prof. of the school of letters is, "To what geological age does the gentleman with horns belong?" Answer—"To the recent, since his home was abandoned in the last revision of the Bible." Fact.

Haverly's Minstrels will appear at the Opera House Tuesday night next. All who want to enjoy an evening of laughter should not fail to hear them. The troupe has a fine reputation, and will undoubtedly present an entertaining programme.

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NEWS AND NOTES.

A new cable was commenced last week.

Hon. Ansel Briggs, Iowa's first Governor, is dead.

Mrs. Garfield is dangerously ill. The President is with her constantly.

Prospects are good for 1,000 miles of railroad being built in Iowa this year.

We are glad to see that the "canal question" is receiving the attention it demands in our State.

Twenty-five prominent papers of Nebraska are supporting strongly the "Woman's Suffrage" movement in that State.

Suggestions are offered in regard to a joint discussion of religious matters between Beecher and Ingersoll. It would be immense.

Who says woman has no place in politics, when the results of the late negotiations between this country and China were largely brought about by a Miss Leonora Howard?

Look to the West for enterprise! California now proposes to run her penitentiary upon the life insurance plan, allowing the convict to go, when, according to the tables, he should die.

In St. Louis, on May 10th, the museum of the St. Louis School of fine arts, branch of Washington University, was formally opened and presented to the art school by Wagman Crow, who, with his family, erected the building, and presented it to the institution.

The coincidence that both the great emancipators of the generation, Abraham Lincoln and Alexander II., should die by assassination, is remarkable; but it is still more so that in both assassinations the chief assassin was himself injured and died. For both a woman was hanged as an accomplice, and wide apart as is the ordinary constitution of society in the United States and Russia, as well as the military strength of the two nations, the executions took place in both cases under martial law, on a scaffold surrounded by soldiers, and in a capital garrisoned by a great army.

Newspapers come first in the list of reading matter, novels second, then magazines. After them comes the solid reading, such as literary, miscellany, travels, history, and biography, from these to poetry, and lastly religion. It is no more than right to say in defence of the novel that of late it has greatly improved in worth and instructiveness.

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

Go to George Fink's for your tobacco and cigars.

IS IT TRUE?

[It has been found that when young men and women are brought together in colleges, their conversation is no longer characterized by a tone of frivolity, but is elevated by the discussion of subjects suggested by their mutual studies.—*Susan B. Anthony.*]

Whenever on our campus green,
Beneath the delightful shade,
A strolling pair is sometimes seen,
Desirous their veins to trade,
If she tells him the latest freak,
How the Sophs stole the Freshman
cake,
Will he reply in ancient Greek,
In modern French or German speak,
Or a fine quotation make?

When from the central college hall,
The bell tolls the hour of nine,
And forth they stroll at evenfall
To watch the celestials shine;
Far away from the city's hum,
With no one lingering near,
Will he lecture on some stratum,
Or on the swinging pendulum,
In persuasive accents clear?

And when upon some summer's night,
This learned youth grows bolder,
And her shy head is laid quite light,
On his protecting shoulder;
Then while they slowly homeward
stray
From the Observatory,
Will he his memory display
In discussing lessons from Gray,
Or tell the "old, old story?"

—W. D. D.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SCEPTICISM.

[Delivered by Chas. F. Coffin, of Indiana, awarded first prize at the Inter-State Oratorical Contest, at Jacksonville, Illinois.]

It has been justly said that the shadow of riches is poverty, the shadow of power is slavery, the shadow of virtue is vice; and with equal justice, it may be said that the shadow of belief is scepticism.

England had her Jeremy Taylor and her David Hume; France had her Pascal and her Voltaire; America has her Joseph Cook and her Robert Ingersoll.

How does it occur, and what does it mean, that these two great intellectual forces are so often found together? Does it mean that they are related as cause and effect? Does it mean that faith can be purchased only by paying the fearful price of scepticism? With such vital questions as these confronting us, it is of the highest importance that we examine candidly the relation of Scepticism to Theology.

As a common ground "from which to reason and to which refer," it will perhaps be admitted that law prevails in the realm of mind no less than in the realm of matter, and that mental phenomena, no less than physical, should be interpreted in the light of rational principles.

For no general phase of human thought, whether it relate to government, to philosophy, or to religion, ever sprang spontaneously into being; but every current theory of state, every doctrine of modern philosophy, every tenet of modern theology, is the outcome of the slow and toilsome growth of ages. And each in turn represents centuries of human thought, centuries of human experience, centuries of human suffering. If over the soil of fair America to-day a proud republic waves her flag, it is because out of the terrible conflict of the past, out of the tyrannies of despots and the rebellions of the oppressed, out of the decay of states and the disasters of revolutions, there was born and flourished in human consciousness the idea of self-government. If the philosophy of to-day is broad and deep and rational, it is because it is the quintessence of the yearnings and the strugglings which, since the dawn of history, have impelled the human mind to search for the unknown. And just so, I take it, is scepticism the outgrowth of certain antecedent mental forces which may be ascertained and classified, just as the forces which produced the Protestant Reformation. The French Revolution or the American

Rebellion may be ascertained and classified. The demonstration of this involves a consideration of the law of human growth, the method of human progress. In this, man differs widely from nature. In nature there are no epochs; no conflicts between the conservative and the radical. She has no revolutions, no reformation. The shuttle of her mighty loom moves incessantly to and fro, and now she weaves a rose, and now a lion, and now a man; but all is quiet, gradual uniform.

With man, progress has been a ceaseless conflict between the radical tendencies of thought and the conservative tendencies of institutions; between the gradual unfolding of human consciousness and the stubborn fixedness of the organic forms of civilization. Indeed, human progress is not unlike a volcanic eruption. For a long while the open-mouthed mountain stands out against the sky, a dead, harmless mass of rock and earth. Yet down in the subterranean caverns at its base the volcanic fires roll, and hiss, and sputter, till at last, no longer able to be confined, they rush forth in ungovernable fury. The sky is first reddened with flame, then darkened with clouds of ashes, rivers of molten lava pour over the country, devastating fields and destroying cities. So human thought, smothered by oppression, goes on, dimly defined and unexpressed in the great brain of humanity, till by a co-incident development of like thoughts and tendencies, like passions and feelings, it breaks out and defiantly laughs conservatism and tyranny to scorn. Old institutions are suddenly swept away; old modes of thought are discredited. The wheels of the human chariot, deep in a rut, are lifted out and placed on a new highway. New relations are formed, new institutions are created; and these in turn become the conservators of past development and the barriers to future progress till another crisis comes and another revolution solves the problem.

The human mind is so constituted that when compelled by external or arbitrary power to bide any extreme of thought, sooner or later it will escape from the bonds of authority, and on the principle of the equality of action and reaction, rush to the opposite extreme. What was Voltaire? He was a reaction. What was David Hume? He was a reaction. What is Robert Ingersoll? He is a reaction. These men, sceptics though they are, and censure them as we may, are nevertheless martyrs to the inexorable law of their own being, and the irresistible laws of human progress. They are to a great extent created and destroyed by their own environment. And so long as progress shall be by revolutions, it will have its victims, its brutalities, its social and intellectual ostracisms, its smoking stakes, its clanking chains, its times of fire and blood.

It is in the light of human history, and in the light of the psychological law of reaction, that scepticism is largely traceable to the antagonism between man's religious consciousness and his religious institutions,—I may say, between the progressive tendency of the religious spirit which is in man and the conservative tendency of his theology. For while most of the great sciences have been studied with almost perfect freedom, and have been open to perpetual revision, theology, has, to a great extent, been studied in fetters. The students of the other sciences have sought facts, their use, their meaning, their law; they have acknowledged no pre-established standards; they have been bound by no traditions; they have employed no Procrustean beds on which to torture ideas. Reluctant as we may be to admit it, so much can scarcely be claimed for theology as a science. It has frequently resisted all growth and development of its creeds. The aim of theologians has too often been, not so much to express the highest, the freshest, and the purest religious thought of a particular age, as to formulate a system of theology which should be final; to establish some external standard by which theories of ethics and forms of doctrine could be tested as by some mechanical process. The result is inevitable. Sooner or later a conflict arises between thought and dogma. Doctrines are still avowed and defended that are so unsatisfactory to right reason and so far behind the development of man's religious nature, that thinking men are repelled from the church and are led to doubt, to criticise,

to deny. Therefore it is in this conflict between the conservative spirit of theology and the progressive tendency of religious thought; and also in the fear of the church to allow the human mind full sweep in its investigations and inquiries, that we find the genesis, the philosophy, indeed, of scepticism.

Having diagnosed the disease, do we pronounce it fatal, or is there yet hope? Must scepticism continue to be the skulking shadow of belief? continue to darken the lives and future anticipations of so large a part of humanity? Is it, and must it ever be, as the great essayist has said, the very "Nemesis of faith?" Or may not we expect to see this grim monster vanish before the enduring light of truth?

Listen to the answer borne on the winds from all parts of the earth: Yes, there is hope. In the name of sturdy Germany, there is hope. In the name of brilliant France, there is hope. In the name of modern India, Africa, and Japan, there is hope. In the name of the God of Nations, there is hope.

But the remedy for scepticism must be based on the nature of its cause. Theologians must abandon the cherished idea of a final system of theology. So long as there is an undiscovered fact in the universe, so long as human nature is subject to growth, so long as there are imperfections in the human mind, there can be no government of man wholly by rule, there can be no law which does not admit of a doubt in its application; and concerning the Beyond, there can be no creed which precludes the possibility of change. In the march of the finite towards the infinite, there can be no halting place till humanity, "Above the low-hanging clouds, like mountain peaks that look forever into the face of the clear blue heavens and gaze on the unsetting stars, shall look up into the face of the Divine and dwell among principles that are unchangeable and eternal."

Furthermore, the church must throw wide open the doors of free inquiry. Nothing is more fatal to error, and more serviceable to truth, than investigation. And nothing so protects error and so hinders truth as the fear and suppression of investigation. The brave men who are willing to bear the pain of honest thought, must often sacrifice their prejudices and have great havoc made with their fondly cherished illusions. But there can be no permanent value in a false position. Though a temple be builded as broad as the earth and as high as the heavens, and though its vaulted dome glitter with all the wealth of Ormus and of Ind, yet if its foundations be in the sand, the "eternal movements of the Divine floods will sometime undermine it and sweep it away."

The fatal mistake made by the Roman Church was the suppression of individual thought. It granted no liberty. It encouraged no freedom. It shut the Bible. It imprisoned the mind. It scowled upon invention and discovery with a baleful and malignant eye. And although the Reformation broke the power of this absolute intellectual tyranny, and started the swell of a revolutionary wave which broke only when its agitated waters kissed the peaceful shores of liberty-loving America, yet so thoroughly was the very atmosphere permeated with the spirit of intolerance, that to the present day there is more or less of a conflict between the men of science and the men of religion.

Until this discordant element is cast out; until the free reading of the book of nature is accompanied by the free reading of the Book of God, the voice of the scoffer and of the sceptic will not be hushed. America stands in the front rank to-day, guarding the very out-posts of religious freedom, and with anxious vision she gazes toward the citadels of Europe, and with bated breath she asks: Watchman, what of the night? She can not mistake the answer: Lo! the morn appeareth. Christian men are occupying the posts of the enemy. Christian men sweep the star-sown fields of space with their telescopes and know, of a truth, that "The heavens declare 'the glory of God.'" Christian men, with hammer and microscope, study the mysteries of the rocks and the wonders of the deep. The church is beginning to "prove all things." With an army of trained thinkers in her service—with her Lotzes, her Presences, her Cooks, and

her Hopkinesses—she is pushing her investigations in every direction and into every province of thought. She is rapidly pushing her way up through the clouds of prejudice and superstition, through the mists of error and ignorance, to the lofty heights of Christian scholarship, from which, with purified vision, she can sweep across the whole realm of thought and view things in their right positions and true relations.

As Savage says, she is beginning to understand that, "just as all life, whether it reveals itself in the viscous globule that palpitates in primeval seas, in the lichen that creeps over the rocks, up through all the ascending forms of plant and animal, till you reach the infinitely involved brain of a Newton, solving a problem in calculus"—has its source in the one creature, God of the universe; and so all truth, whether it be the Vedas of Brahmin, the Koran of Mohammed, or the Bible of the Christian; whether it be on the banks of the Ganges or the Jordan, in the valley of the Tigris or the Nile, it, too, is from God. When these grand conceptions shall be realized in human consciousness—and they will be—when faith and reason shall join hands, and call upon the Author of all truth to sanctify the union—and they will do so—then may we expect the progress of man to become like the growth of nature. Revolutions will no longer call for the sacrifice of human blood. If a dogma shall become obsolete, or a constitution cease to express the will of the people, change will no longer mean the marshaling of armies on the field of battle; it will no longer mean the carnage of Austerlitz and Waterloo, of Bunker Hill and Yorktown. It will no longer mean the beheading of Charles I., or the assassination of Alexander II., but the old will be merged into the new as quietly as an Arctic summer night breaks into dawn; as peacefully as "the sudden blooming of the flowers, or the sudden softening of the air." Religious institutions will grow with the growth and expand with the expansion of man's moral and religious nature. Scepticism, robbed of the very soil in which to sow its seed, spectre-like, shall vanish away; and by the side of tyranny, oppression, and intolerance, it shall lie down to its eternal doom—

"Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

THIS IS

J. ARDNER'S

COLUMN,

In which he proposes to call the attention of the Students and Citizens of Iowa City, to his large and choice Stock of

Candies,

Nuts,

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And everything kept in a first-class

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Vice President—MAY ROBINSON.
Recording Secretary—MYRA TROTHER.
Cor. Secretary—LYDE CAMERON.
Treasurer—ELLA BRAY.

Sessions every alternate Saturday evening. The public are always welcome.

New Barber Shop.

CHARLEY LINDERMAYER wishes to inform Students and the public in general that he has opened a first-class barber shop on Clinton St., one door south of James & Co's Photograph Gallery, second floor, and would respectfully solicit your patronage.

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Eight Doors South of the Post Office.

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The only first-class shop in the city.

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DON'T FORGET THAT THE CHICAGO

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Will find the Largest and most Fashionable Stock of

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His place of business is on

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barber shop on Clinton St.,
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BGRESS, ITS SOURCES AND
ITS LAWS.

Delivered by Owen Morris, of Minnesota,
and awarded second prize at the Inter-State
Historical Contest, at Jacksonville, Illinois.]

From the very beginning of human
history two of its most important forces,
Nationalism and Conservatism, have
had a bitter warfare. Social and
moral advancement only furnishes them
different questions for debate and new
battlefields on which to fight. Time, so
far from assuaging the conflict, seems
merely to aggravate it. Like the cease-
less heaving of the ocean, it is now sub-
sided and scarcely discernible, and anon
arises and irrepressible, agitating the
mass to the very core.

Conservatism is peculiarly sensitive to
the influence of antiquity, clings tender-
ly to the past, and sighs for the purity of
the fathers. Dust-covered volumes, re-
vealing the valiant deeds of ancestors,
impose its library. The chambers of
imagination are adorned with quaint
sculptures of tournaments. Rusty casques
and swords decorate its halls. By its
zeal to control religion, it has made
the church a storehouse of abuses and a
model of tyranny. Occasionally it may
have checked the muddy stream of Error,
or often it has dammed the crystalline
river of Truth, and doomed the world
for ages to the drouth of gloomy
speculation. It chills enthusiasm, dreads
the future, and appeals to custom and
fashion, rather than to righteousness and
truth. Without self-sacrifice, it yet
sacrifices self.

Radicalism, on the other hand, is op-
posed to everything that is tainted with
antiquity, and is impetuous and extra-
vagant in all its actions. It fights against
authority, despises custom, and makes
no end to sanction the means. To-day,
peacemaker, it condemns carnage and
murder; to-morrow, a demon, it may over-
shadow Bartholomew's Day, or deluge
another Palestine with the blood of rash
militaries. It is a madness that would go
through oceans of blood merely to satisfy
its caprice concerning ideal right. It
has vindicated before Caesar's judg-
ment-seat and avowed at the stake. The
martyr votary of Quixotic change, it
visits shrines by its polluting touch.

Disregarding the warnings of experience
it plunges headlong into the terrible
whirlpool whose flood but hastens it to
certain ruin. Here are the two conflicting
forces, the one as the mountain torrent,
rushing into the fruitful valley, scattering
destruction on every side; the other, as the stagnant pool, emitting
noxious malaria and destroying every
form of life. Both, under the control of
an all-wise Providence, mysteriously
unite to form the majestic and ever-flowing
river of Progress.

Philosophers have theorized much
concerning progress, but their theories
have only enveloped it in greater obscurity.

Prejudiced antiquaries, viewing
the subject in an unfavorable light, hold
that there is no such thing as progress.

In support of their views they cite evi-
dences from exhumed cities, seats of
culture and refinement rivalling those
which are the pride and glory of modern
civilization, and affirm that they have
searched the earth in vain for a living
Homer or Plato, a modern Daniel or
Paul.

They see the present plainly,
with all its ruggedness and deformity,
its harshness and discord; but they have
forgotten that time has erased the blots
from the face of antiquity, giving it a
brilliant color and subdued its hoarsest
tones into a mellow murmur. Let them
use for a season proud Rome's farm im-
plements, as described in the Georgics,
and they will return with renewed relish
to their patent plows, seeders, and threshing
machines. Let them take a pleasant
voyage in one of Homer's crooked
galleys which crept timidly along the sea coast, and they will be
proud to embark on the modern soul-
inspired steamship. We may not be
able to boast of a prophet like Daniel, or
an apostle like Paul, yet we can boast
that we have outgrown the civilization
which tolerated the casting of the one
into the lions' den, and the staining of
the axe with the other's blood.

Champions of lost arts are behind the
times. Their ideas are ghosts which
have passed the termination of natural
life, and yet, like the mythological Gre-
can heroes, wander on this side of the
impassable river, only because they have
been denied the due rites of burial. In
the darkest periods of history, amidst
disappointment and opposition, turmoils
and anarchies, society has never suffered
retrogression. When Truth and Virtue

seemed asleep, when Science had laid
down her telescope and Philosophy her
torch, it was only to arouse from their
slumbers refreshed, ready to pursue with
renewed vigor their accustomed path,
not in a circle toward a lost excellence,
but directly onward toward a millennial
perfection.

Healthy progress is not the result of
accident, but it is governed by immutable
law, and moves with steady, even
revolution, like the steam engine con-
trolled by its governor. The growth of
the short-lived mushroom is rapid and
sickly, while that of the giant-limbed
oak, which endures for centuries, is by
slow degrees. It was not the few hours
of struggle at Marathon, at Waterloo, or
at Gettysburg that determined the fate
of nations. The real arbiter was a public
sentiment produced by diligent and
long-continued preparation and reaching
its culmination in these sharp and decisive
contests. "The first furrow drawn
by an English plow in the thin soil of
Plymouth was truly the first line in our
Declaration of Independence."

During the infancy of the race, physical
strength was the greatest power. The
highest ambition of the ancient
Greek was to be victor at the Olympic
Games. His great ideal was a Hercules
or a mighty Zeus. The human body, in
those early days, was as it were a new
garment, and was worn for a long time,
sometimes even for many centuries, apparently
undamaged. Now it is an old
vesture, easily torn, and scarcely lasts
"three score years and ten." Yet,
through the rents in this mantle of flesh,
the great soul within sends forth its
light upon the path of invention and
discovery, and asserts itself as still the
lord of creation, great enough for nature
to obey. Instead of the ancient throwing
of javelins and wrestling matches,
we now have intellectual contests. Mind
triumphs over matter. Mind duels with
mind on the field of investigation. Mind
compresses the whole universe into a
circle commensurate with man's stature,
and there, where all things are within the
focus of its power, transmutes them almost
to its own spiritual nature. At the
present day physical weakness is not
severely censured, nor is physical
strength especially praised. Men do not
cautiously shun the one nor passionately
seek the other, while the reproach of
mental debility is the object of universal
dread. Formerly might be seen armed
Achilles in his golden chariot, while
Socrates, bareheaded and barefoot, plodded
his way in the mud. To-day, behold
the prize-fighter in the gutter while the
Websters and Carlyles are enshrined in
the hearts of the people. The roll of
honor of the present day contains only
the names of those who have worked out
the grandest problems of human
progress, and given the greatest impulses
for good to the race, and of those noted
for physical strength only so far as they
have exerted it in vindicating the great
principles of justice and right.

Progress is nowhere more apparent
than in the domains of science, philosophy,
and religion. Many centuries ago,
when man was but a schoolboy in the
realm of science, the Creator asked him
the question, "Canst thou send light-
nings that they may go and say unto
thee, Here we are?" and his puerile
reply was, "Behold I am vile, what shall I
answer thee? I will lay my hand upon
my mouth." But now, since man by
rapid strides has left the alphabet far
behind, an answer to that question en-
tirely different would be given. The
great Jehovah trusts the lightnings in
his hands and he sends them forth as
ministering servants.

Philosophy may be as old as Plato in
form, yet its methodical application
dates only from Bacon. Induction and
deduction, till then separated, joined
hands. Fact superseded fancy, and
reason was hailed as supreme.

Religion, though breathing in the sac-
rifice of martyred Abel, was never so un-
trammeled as since the thunder tones of
sixteenth century shattered the bulwarks
of papal power and proclaimed to the
world intellectual and moral liberty.

As the graduated columns along the
banks of the Nile indicated the elevation
of the waters, so at wide intervals along
the river of progress there are such
names as Archimedes and Newton, Plato
and Bacon, Huss and Tholuck, indicating
the tidal rise in its three tributaries,
science, philosophy, and religion.

Now, man revels in a wider theatre of
art and invention than ever before. Fear-
less of Pluto we descend into his dark
regions and rob the earth of its secrets.
Defying the lightnings of ancient
Jove, we scale the heavens and solve

their mysteries. The crude philosophy
of our fathers has been developed, puri-
fied, and made practical. Freed from
the shackles of ancient thought and su-
perstition, it is handed down to posterity
as an improved heritage. The Bible has
become our charter of freedom. Those
whom armes have made free in name
are now taught to be free indeed. Liberty,
sought for in Egypt and wept for
in Babylon; honored at Marathon and
disgraced at Pharsalia; liberty, for
which Demosthenes pleaded, Luther
prayed, and Madame Roland died, is
now and forever triumphant. Universal
equality moves on to bloodless victories.
Instead of the mire of selfishness we
have the clear waters of philanthropy
and Christian benevolence. Such are
the present results in the fields of sci-
ence, philosophy, and religion, politics
and ethics of two forces, either of which
alone would have ruined all advance-
ment. The future will be still brighter.
The morning star of a millennial dawn
is already above the horizon. The glori-
ous day will soon appear, when all
shall enjoy the prerogatives of liberty,
virtue, and truth, and equality of rights.

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can't rest,

And everything for everybody and their
relations.

Never before has there been such a great
rush.

Don't you forget it; may sound old and
threadbare, but

Such is the fact, you ought never to for-
get it;

Cause they try to please you, and you
know it.

However, their terms are cash down and
no grumbling.

Easy terms to remember, ain't it? and
another thing, it

Leaves us all good friends, and ready for
another trade.

Learn to be wise and always trade with
Pryce & Schell,

The lightning and ambitions, enthusi-
astic and willing, mercurial and limber-
jointed, boss, enterprising, hardware mer-
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perial Orchestral Organ, which I at that time

bought of you, is now in perfect order, and has

been pronounced "the very best" by the very

LOCAL ITEMS.

Stationery at George Fink's.
Bruff, Law, will Sunday in West Branch.

Remember Haverly's Minstrels Tuesday night.

Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels next Tuesday night.

How sad the boys are when rain keeps off the drill.

Fred. Lee, "local" on Muscatine Journal, spent Sunday in the city.

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

O. D. Wheeler is working on his father's farm at Sigourney, Iowa.

Students will find Gould's Dining Hall a good place to take their meals.

For particulars about the Indian god recently discovered, see Prof. Currier.

It is reported that the Packing House will commence business in a few days.

D. W. Roland, Law, has been called away by the serious illness of his wife.

L. Dow Younkin, '82, went home yesterday to doctor a fever. Hope soon to see him well.

For Ice Cream, Lemonade, and Soda Water, the Opera House Restaurant can't be beat.

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

F. W. Bemis, Law, has gone home for a few days. It is reported that he calculates to double.

John H. Landes, a former student, has been re-elected principal of the Keosauqua schools for next year.

It is said that ears are all indications of character. Hence the mania for short hair among the boys.

Payne set up the ice cream to twenty-five; upon being serenaded by the University Cornet Band. Square thing!

We understand the Hesp's sociable was a success financially; we certainly can vouch for its success in other respects.

The University base ball club did not go to Mt. Vernon to play to-day, as was expected, but will go next Saturday.

A. L. Eckley, '84, was in town this week on his way to Marietta, Ohio. He will probably return to school in the fall.

Mr. Henry Braumlich, of Davenport, a graduate of the New York School of Pharmacy is in the city visiting friends.

The father and mother of Ed and Charles Morgan made their sons a short visit this week, while on their way to St. Louis.

The great G. W. experiment was performed with a little hatchet, but Aristotle, with his rubber bag, can give him discount.

Excursion to the Yellowstone Park and Yosemite Valley, May 24th and 25th, at the Opera House. Reserved seats, 35 cts.

Phil. H. Katzenmeyer, formerly a Republican typist, and recently of Council Bluffs, is visiting in the city.

William Orr, of Clarinda, Iowa, Law, '79, and advanced class of '80, is very sick. Rev. Craig has been called to his bedside.

Several of the Juniors went behind the scenes last evening just before it came their turn to speak. We suppose to take a "brace up."

The Steam Bakery is always prepared to furnish the best quality of Ice Cream, Cakes, Fruits, etc., for parties and sociables, on short notice.

Mr. Payne of the Boone county Republican, father of our Wm. O., was in the city to attend the Junior Contest. He returned to Boone this morning.

Miss Ione Way, of Nashua, and Miss Minnie Newcomb, of Shell Rock, who have been attending the Musical Convention at Cedar Rapids, are in the city.

Wm. I. Marshall's popular lecture on the Yellowstone Park and Yosemite Valley, illustrated by Calcium Light, at the Opera House, May 24th and 25.

The Juniors may as well go into mourning at once, for the people in the north part have sworn to kill the long one who sings in the choir and practises at home.

Fred Hebard is here visiting mother and sister; will go on east after a short visit in the city. He has been employed for some time in a railroad office at Cheyenne.

And behold fifteen Juniors had said: "I will gird up my loins and contest with these, my fellows, that I may obtain drill in the pleasing art therefrom." But when the shekels were distributed, verily a great voice of woe and lamentation was heard throughout the land.

Married students always have to catch it. We have several in our school enjoying double-blessedness. Here is the latest hit from an absent-minded Professor: One morning the married student arrived at class very late. The Professor inquired the cause, and the student with blushes and pardonable pride, replied that a little baby girl had arrived at his home that morning. The Professor, with mind on the lesson, said, "I'll excuse you this time, but don't let it happen again." — *Fayette Clarion*.

After the exercises last evening the band went round and serenaded the successful contestants. Mr. Craven responded in a neat little speech, thanking the boys for the honor conferred, but claiming to be too much overcome for anything further. It was left for Payne to deliver the most eloquent little address, that a thirsty band remembers to have heard. It was something to this effect, "Let's go down to Madam's." Lest a wrong impression should go forth regarding our band, we will state that they went without a dissenting voice.

Look no farther, but order your meals at Gould's Dining Hall.

Some of our young folks had a very pleasant little party at Ham's Hall last Wednesday evening. Although there was not a very large crowd present, we have seldom seen one in which there was more sociability and general friendliness manifested. The good taste of the ladies, in not so overdressing as to make dress the one thought, must be highly commended. The weather was what might be called warm, to the great detriment of the "wrinkles" in the bangs, and the linen collars; but everyone had a "high old time" and went home happy.

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