

THE VIDETTE.

IN LOCO PARENTIS.

VOL. II.

IOWA CITY, IOWA, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1881.

NO. 33.

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:

Single copy, one year, 75 cents.
Single copy, 5 cents.
For sale at the Bookstores.

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

All communications should be addressed

JESSE TATE, Proprietor,
Iowa City, Iowa.

LAW LITERARY.

The closing programme of the Law Literary was delivered to a crowded house. The two orators of the evening, Messrs. Shunk and Gesford, added to their reputations greatly by the dignified and impressive manner in which they delivered their really excellent productions, which speak for themselves needing no comment.

Royal Matthews fully justified the hopes of his friends in declaiming "Custer's Last Charge," holding the audience spell-bound through the sad and tragic end of that gallant rider. Next was a debate on the question, "Will the State of Iowa be Liable to Vested Owners of Property by the Adoption of the Prohibitory Amendment?" As the subject has been quite well ventilated, we will not reproduce the arguments, but simply say they all did well; especially Coyle who is something of an enthusiast on this subject, and at times suffered his feelings to draw him from the logical course of the debate into touching pictures of the sorrows of the degrading traffic. The decision of the judges was for the negative.

The Toast, "Our Society," by Chas. H. Merchant, was the most decided hit of the evening. He told them they "wrought the ribs and laid the peel of their gallant Legal ship, which was to carry them over the vast sea of litigation; where they learned by contract with the other societies "to paddle their own canoe along a fleet of dogouts loaded down with petti-boggers." He then gave a brief touch to some of the more prominent members of the society in such a happy manner as to bring down the house repeatedly, closing with a tribute of respect and affection for Prof. Ross and Chancellor Hammond, which met with a hearty response in every breast.

A few words from President Perfect, closed this, the first exhibition, of the Law Literary, and one to which they may ever look with pride and gratification.

REVISED and old edition of the New Testament, published together in parallel columns, expected in a few days, at One-Price Cash Bookstore.

THE RECEPTION.

Iowa City Honors One of Her Citizens.

The reception tended to Secretary Kirkwood at the St. James hotel last evening was a grand success. The affair was the spontaneous expression of esteem and good wishes of fellow citizens.

At a little after seven o'clock the University Battery fired a salute to the Secretary, and at about half past seven, the party arrived at the St. James.

The streets were filled with people beyond the reach of the voice of Senator Shrader, who made the first speech of the evening. The Secretary responded in a few well chosen remarks, thanking his fellow citizens for interest they manifested in his success in his work.

The University band discoursed some good music, and then everybody was anxious to be presented to the Secretary.

The whole affair was neatly conducted, the banquet all that could be desired.

DECORATION DAY.

The unusual success which attended the celebration of Decoration Day in our city this year was owing, we think, in a large degree, to the active part taken by the students, acting in unison with the citizens. This is the first time that students and citizens have acted together in anything of the kind, and the success of this leads us to hope that it will not be the last time. The parade of the University Battalion and Battery is said to have been very fine by those who witnessed it. On reaching the Park, where it was intended to hold the exercises, it was found impracticable to do so on account of the rain, which commenced to fall during the latter part of the parade.

Mr. J. N. Coldren, whom both citizens and students have cause to remember for many generous deeds, kindly offered his Opera House in which to conclude the exercises. The offer was accepted, and in a few moments the hall was filled by an interested audience to listen to the speaking.

After music by the University Band and Law Quartet, the President of the day, Rev. Mr. Folsom, offered the invocation.

Prof. T. S. Parvin delivered the opening address in a few thoughtful and appropriate words. Prof. Parvin held in his hand an object of interest to all. It was a faded and tattered battle flag. Eighteen years ago, when the clash of arms was sending terror and dismay over the whole Union, this silken banner was presented to the State by the patriotic citizens of Iowa City, and was received by Gov. Samuel J. Kirkwood. Then its silken folds were unstained by human blood, and unbroken by shot or shell; now

its blood-stained and tattered shreds tell only too plainly of the terrible struggles through which it has passed, and, though silent, there comes from them a voice more eloquent and impressive than the silvery tongue of oratory. They tell of the heroes fallen in defense of liberty and right, and swell every patriot's heart with devotion to principle and love of country.

After a song by the children, representing the States of the Union, Mr. Wm. F. Skinner delivered the first oration. Of course much was expected of Mr. Skinner by his friends, and he, by no means, disappointed them. The address was patriotic and thoughtfully written. The following is a synopsis:

We have ever been taught to hold in reverence those staunch principles of liberty and justice that caused our fathers to leave their homes and endure the ravages of wild beasts and savage men for the sake of freedom. We have read of their heroic deeds in the Revolution, of their valorous and unyielding efforts till the very blood seemed to curdle in our veins. We have seen grand monuments reared to their memory; we have heard songs chanted in their praise, the cause for which they perished is as fresh in our minds as that which we commemorate to-day, and 'tis well, for we believe the commemoration of these events to be the grandest political principles of our Nation. The custom involves a two-fold purpose. Its antiquity and continuous existence prove its worth. No law, no custom abides the ever-varying processes of a progressive civilization except by its intrinsic value. These occasions are not for mere display, nor the discharge of a simple obligation to the dead. There is a purpose higher and nobler, and that purpose is to reach the hearts of the people. Man is passionate and emotional—touch the heart, and you move the rudder that directs the course of thought. These occasions the rearing of monuments, the grand march and martial music tend to arouse the very soul of man to a realization of the responsibility that rests upon him, to a keen sense of his duty and obligation to an appreciation of the grand privileges which he has inherited, to a firm resolve that our free Government and glorious institutions shall never perish, but shall ever be his greatest pride and care.

We have met to-day to dedicate an expression of joy and gratitude to the memory of those who became martyrs for a righteous cause, and to revive and strengthen the spirit of love and devotion for our institutions.

A Union founded on the sacred principles of religious liberty and justice, its institutions developed by industry, economy, intelligence and all preserved by the loyalty, integrity and patriotism of America's noblest sons. Some of these lie sleeping on yonder hill beneath the sombre shade while over their graves the zephyrs waft a sweet, sad requiem. There let them sleep, rest in peace, till they hear the glad notes of that trumpet that shall marshal them, not to deadly strife and murderous warfare, not to tread the crimson-stained sward with fiendish glare and bent on awful deeds, but to that happiest meeting where they will receive the immortal crown of glory and never again know strife. All hail our glorious Union, saved by their precious blood! May her course be ever upward, onward; may civil discord never more find welcome here, may peace, prosperity, progress be her watchword, may her name stand the brightest gem in the history of nations and like stars upon the royal diadem let shine forever the names of her immortal heroes. Let us prosecute with zeal the work they have left. Let their death be no idle loss. And while to-day we spread anew their silent, sacred resting place

with God's own beautiful colors, let us consecrate ourselves, with loyal hearts, to higher and nobler efforts.

After more music by the Law Quartet, a very appropriate and eloquent oration was delivered by Mr. J. H. Sweney, of the Law class. Mr. Sweney spoke with the earnestness which comes from experience. When a boy of only sixteen, he left home, and friends to protect his country, and the many terrible scenes through which he passed are indelibly stamped upon his memory. This is a synopsis of his oration:

Our thoughts are toward that silent city on the hill, where mingled with the soil is the ashes of our departed friends. There are those here who go there in the quiet of the twilight or the Sabbath to cover in tears the rich oblation of their love above the dead. But we have come to honor, not to mourn our country's brave defenders. They who fell on battle fields and were left in unknown graves, and they who fell on their country's ships, and sank at sunset to the caves of ocean, sleep sweetly, and fill honored graves. But no less noble were the deeds of those who fought the battles through, and came with shields and poems of noble peace to die among the friends they cherished. And now we come to honor one and all. Those who fell by land and sea, and those who wrapped as in a mantle of consciousness of duty done, laid down to quiet rest beneath those solemn shades. The sad sea moans a dirge above her treasure. Over those sleeping in unknown graves kind nature has planted flowers of perennial bloom, and the breeze to-day sighs through the cypress trees a requiem over the heroes' unknown graves.

It is from the noise and smoke of battle that nations come, and since the Declaration of Independence was spread upon the brightest page of our Nation's history, America has not been wanting in brave hearts and strong arms to win and to maintain her freedom. At Lexington and Bunker Hill was struck the key note of the song of liberty, which swelled at Gettysburg to God's own majesty of chorus when fifty-thousand men lay dead upon the battlefield. Brave men, dead in behalf of error, mingled with brave men, dead, that liberty and the principles of self-government should have an abiding place upon earth.

Twenty years ago, the seeds of discord planted in the soil before our Nation's birth, had grown, and ripened full its fruit of war. The husband left his mourning wife. The gray-haired parents gave their sons, their only hope, and loving sisters gave their brothers too, with shields of prayer to God for victory and protection. In other republics, in other times, the slaves were unchained from their door-posts to fight their battles, but these were freemen all, and from honest love of country they braved the danger of the lonely picket, and the prison pen, or stood upon the ridges of battle, and trod with naked feet, the red hot plowshares of war.

But was their struggle vain? Come with me upon the mountain top of our inheritance, and view the land. The horizon of imagination bends to meet its borders everywhere. One nation made by many great beyond comparison in all that goes to make a country great. The sails of commerce spread to carry forth our products bringing in from other lands their people and their gold. On yonder distant mountain side the slowly melting, but eternal snow, marks the rivers' source, from whence it flows unvexed by Exen fort or fleet, and then four thousand miles away, it pours its mighty flood of water and of commerce in the sea. The iron bands of commerce and fraternity stretch out and grasp on every corner of the land, knitting our every interest in one. On roads where they were wont to make the midnight march the happy freedmen long have sung the song of liberty and bless to-day the hands and hearts that

made them free. On fields where they were wont to camp or meet the enemy in battle, that enemy now turned to friends, turns up with peaceful plow among the rustling corn, the battered bullet and the rusting shell. In moat and over parapet, grass and wild flowers grow. The rusting cannon hides in embrasures, the bluebells nod about its blackened lips, the morning glory twines itself on wheel and gun to hide it, and the white wings of peace are over all. This is our inheritance, this is their achievement.

All over the land to-day, people gather to honor them. To the ocean and to the southern gulf—for we have no longer any North nor South, for those who wore the grey clasp hands with those who wore the blue, in happy glad fraternity. "With confidence in each other, confidence in the future, confidence in the grand destiny of the republic."

A people that fails to honor their dead and wounded in the field, dishonor themselves, but that Republics are ungrateful is untrue. Gratitude of our country bears substantial fruit and the widows, orphans and wounded of our war, are objects of our country's care.

Our gratitude can neither reach into the grave, nor into the deep sea, but while we enjoy the fruit of their labor, and their blood, we should keep their memory green. Columns of marble do not fitly commemorate their deeds, but in each patriot's heart should be for them a living monument grander than any built by the hand of man.

Strew flowers over them. They fought for us and for our country. They fought that liberty should not perish in its cradle. They fought and proved unto the world that the tree of liberty planted by the fathers, was not a lifeless shrub, to be uprooted by the first blast which sweeps across the country, that its roots strike down deep into the earth and lay hold on God's own foundation, rock of justice, the equal rights of man. That its form towers high to meet the approving smile of Heaven, that its branches spreading wide, afford a home and shelter for the oppressed of every land.

Secretary Kirkwood having arrived from Washington the night before, was present on the stage, and when Mr. Sweney concluded his oration, loud calls brought the old War Governor before the audience. He was greeted with the most enthusiastic cheering. Whatever high offices in the nation he may have filled, are all forgotten when he stands before an audience of his neighbors and friends, and he is only remembered as the patriotic old "War Governor," who so ably guided Iowa through the rebellion. A few brief remarks by him, closed the exercises of the day.

The committee, of which S. B. Howard is chairman, met at Grinnell, yesterday, to make arrangements for publishing the prize orations of the State and Inter-State Oratorical contests. The Association proposes to publish the best three orations of the State contest, for each year since the association was founded, seven years ago, and also the first and second prize orations of the Inter-State contest. This will make a neat little volume of orations, and every student should have a copy. We shall be able to give further particulars next week.

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

THE FLAG-MAN'S STORY.

BY ROSE HARTWICK THORPE, AUTHOR OF "OUR FEW MUST NOT KING TO-NIGHT."

Take a seat in the shade here, lady,
It's tiresome, I know, to wait.
But when the train reaches Verona
It's always sure to be late;
'Specially when any one's waitin'.
Been gatherin' flowers, I see?
Ah, well! they're better company
Than a rough old fellow, like me.

You noticed the graves 'neath the willows,
Down there where the blossoms grew?
Well, yes, there's a story about them
Almost too strange to be true;
'Tis a stranger, sweeter story
Than were ever written in book;
And God made the ending so perfect,
There, now I see by your looks,
I will have to tell the story;
Let me see; 'twas eight years ago,
One blusterin' night in winter,
When the air was just thick with snow;
As the freight came round the curve there
They beheld a man on the track
Bravin' the storm before him; but
Not heedin' the foe at his back.

And ere a hand could grasp the bell-ropes,
Or a finger reach the rod,
One sweep from the cruel snow plow
Had sent the man's soul to its God.
They laid him out here in the freight house,
And I stayed with him that night,
He had one of the pleasantest faces,
So hopeful and young and bright.

There was only a worn-out letter,
I know it by heart—it said.
"Dear John: Baby May grows finely.
I send you this curl from her head.
We will meet at Brackensboro.
The grandfather's sad and lone;
But I read him your kind words, saying,
When we've a home our own,

He shall sing the songs of old England
Beneath our own willow tree."
That was all there was of it, lady,
And 'twas signed just "Alice Leigh."
So we made a grave in the morning
And buried the man out there,
Alone, unmourned, in a stranger's land
With only a stranger's prayer.

But when he'd slept in his lonely grave
Out there, nigh on to a year,
Ray's freight ran into a wash-out
By the culvert, away down here;
There were only two passengers that night—
Dead; when we found them there—
A sweet, little English woman,
And a baby with golden hair.

On her breast lay the laughing baby
With its rosy finger tips
Still warm, and the fair, young mother
With a frozen smile on her lips.
We laid them out here in the freight house,
I stayed that night with the dead;
I shall never forget the letter
We found in her purse; it said,

"Dear Alice: Praise God I've got here.
I'll soon have a home for you now;
But you must come with the baby.
As soon as you can, anyhow.
Comfort the grandfather, and tell him
That, by and by he shall come,
And sing the songs of old England,
'Neath the willows beside our home;

For close by the door of our cottage
I'll set out a willow tree,
For his sake and the sake of old England.
Lovingly yours, John Leigh."

The tears filled my eyes as I read it;
But I whispered—"God is just!"
For I knew the true heart yonder—
Then only a handful of dust—
Had drawn this sweet, little woman
Right here, and God's merciful love,
Had taken her from the sorrow,
To the glad reunion above!

So, close by the grave of the other,
We laid her away to rest;
The golden-haired English mother,
With the baby upon her breast.
I planted those trees above them,
For I know their story, you see;
And I thought their rest would be sweeter
'Neath their own loved willow tree.

Five years rolled along, and, lady,
My story may now seem to you
Like a wonderful piece of fiction,
But I tell you it is true.
As true as—that God is above us!
One summer day, hot and clear,
As the train rolled into the station
And stopped to change engines here,

Among a company of Mormons
Came a tremblin', white-haired man;
He ask'd me, with a voice very eager,
"Will you tell me, sir, if you can,
Of a place called Brackensboro?
And how far have I got to go?"
"It's the next station north," I answered,
"Only thirteen miles below."

His old face lit up for a moment,
With a look of joy complete;
Then he threw up his hands toward Heaven
And dropped down dead at my feet;
"Old Hugh Leigh is dead," said a Mormon,
"And sights o' trouble he's be'n;
Nothin' would do when we started,
But that he must come with us then,

To find Alice, John, and the baby;
And his heart was well nigh broke,
With waitin' and watchin' in England
For letters they never wrote."
So we buried him there with the others
Beneath the willow tree.
'Twas God's way of ending the story—
More perfect than man's could be.

PARTY POLITICS.

[Oration delivered by Henry C. Gesford, before the Law Literary Society, S. U. L., June 2d, 1881.]

Under a representative government a political party should be an organized expression of public opinion upon some question of governmental policy. It does not exist by accident, it cannot be gotten up to order. It must represent more than the mere desire of place hunters, to satiate a selfish ambition. It must have a better reason for its existence. It should be the exponent of freedom; the embodiment of popular liberty. It ought not to perpetuate power upon past issues, nor future promises. It is of the present, and with the present alone must deal. It should be the friend of virtue, intelligence, and patriotism,—the enemy of vice, ignorance, and treason; the defender of constitutional liberty; the expounder of constitutional law; the ark of safety for the constitution itself.

In the broad light of reason and justice, how does the modern political party compare with this ideal? Let us see. It is the dark background to the bright picture of national greatness, the skeleton, closeted in the household of the Goddess of Liberty. It ridicules the imputation of being the expression of popular sentiment, and laughs to scorn the idea that its only mission is to deal with present questions of statecraft. It assumes to possess a massive Pandora's box, containing a panacea for every government ill. It tenaciously clings to party name, long after the issues which gave it birth have passed into history; rallies its followers with party shibboleths, expressive of naught but braggadocio. Its conventions are mighty convocations of political pettifoggers, who potentially dictate to the party masses principles to which no reasonable man could assent; adopt platforms that are weak, deceitful platitudes with which to catch votes; nominate "standard bearers" who represent no principle, and whose patriotism is so ephemeral that it dies, when the "returns are all in." It tyrannically cracks the party lash over the head of the cringing office seeker, who dares question the infallibility of party decrees. To the faithful it promises a bounty, to the faithless not a crust. It

does not hesitate to welcome to its ranks ignorance and vice, or trample in the mire banners and constitutions, when a great political coup d'état demands it. It has tainted the minister in the sanctuary, the judge on the bench, the statesman in the nation's councils, and begrimed governors and presidents with its polluted rottenness. There does exist, however, an element of independence that has escaped contamination, that must arise in its majesty, and filch from the grasp of political vandals the superstructure of American liberty, and place it upon a foundation as pure and deep as the ocean that laves her shores, an everlasting heritage to generations yet unborn.

As a counterpart to the conservative, we have the stalwart, who is as incapable of a manly independent political opinion, as a wretched manumitted slave, whose servility clings to him after his shackles have been riven. He boastfully wears the party collar, emblazoned, perchance, with this insignia of his station, "One of the immortal three hundred and six." His ideas of patriotism, his love of country, are circumscribed by the narrow confines of party. As an illustration of the fruits of partisanship, and without expressing an opinion relative to the merits of the Conkling-Garfield fiasco, there can be but one sentiment as to the cause of such a clash of giant intellects, high in the councils of the nation. It is but the natural sequence of bossism, of stalwartism, of machinism. To the student of political history it is pregnant with lessons of ominous import. It teaches that we are steadily drifting toward a centralization of power; a centralization which will erect an aristocracy upon the ruins of republican institutions; an aristocracy giving to politicians the power to make our representatives the representatives of factions and party cliques, rather than of the people. Most fitly indeed have the methods of enforcing party discipline, advancing party interests, furthering party ends and perpetuating party power, been characterized as "machine politics." The modern party is more than a machine! It is the huge car of Juggernaut, that periodically rolls through the land, ruthlessly crushing out all pure political conduct, all noble political action. The stench that rises from these crushed and mangled political sacrifices has poisoned the moral atmosphere, and inoculated fraud and corruption into every vein and artery of the body politic.

Party politics has so long ruled the country that the masses have become blind to the evils, and oblivious to the dangers that beset us. The fathers distinctly foresaw the dangers of party spirit and party rule. The immortal Washington abjured his countrymen not to allow the fires of party spirit to consume the love of country. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty!" must be the motto today, as it was when the Republic

was but an infant, cradled by revolutionary heroes. The present condition of party politics indicates evils yet under our control. Shall our power then continue to be exercised by political sharpers, or shall it be wielded by the people, for the people? Shall the government derive its just powers from the consent of the governed, or shall freemen continue to lick the hand of the political mountebank, and finally become enslaved by political sycophants? The task of throwing off this party domination is a herculean one. The Luther in the reformation of political evils is the man the politician hates,—he can only love him, who is well versed in the "practice act" of the code of partyism. There is no more urgent need in popular government than that its most intellectual citizens, they who represent its highest thought, broadest culture and most conservative progress, should become active agents in national politics. It is to them we must look for the reformers of political action. There are those who, with an assumption of refinement, imagine they would be degraded by mingling with politicians. This is pernicious argument. It is anti-republican. In every other land but ours, scholarly intelligence is the pioneer of political progress. Our scholars are either stoics or cowards, seeking to emulate the philosophy of the Portico or the student of monastic life. Everett was a scholar; Webster was a scholar. Were they any less pure because of their participation in affairs of state? It is because of the dearth of such men as these that politics has become a dirty pool of vulgarity, fraud, and corruption. It is the necessity of the hour that no vocation exempt its followers from the duties of citizenship. The voices of the past, as they roll down through the corridors of time, appeal to us to guard and complete the temple of American liberty. The stately dead, as they pass before us in their historic grandeur, point to constitutional liberty as a legacy to be held in sacred trust for posterity. The stalwart, the demagogue, the political charlatan will leave no proud record engraved upon his country's altars, but the scholarly patriot, whose aim has been purity and honesty in the administration of national politics, may say with Othello, "I have done the state some good, and they know it." The great problem of republican government is yet to be solved. The genius of Columbia points to the future. She beholds within the bosom of futurity possibilities greater than any yet realized—possibilities only shadowed forth to dreamer or martyr as gleams of a golden age, or vision of the city of God. She sees a nation too great to need armies; too proud to do injustice; too powerful to fear it. A nation in which duty to free government will arm every citizen with that mightiest of freedom's weapons—the ballot. A weapon that comes down as snow flakes fall upon the sod. But ex-

cutes a freeman's will, as lightning does the will of God.

A nation whose politics shall be controlled by her best and noblest citizens; whose political parties shall be the just instruments through which her teeming millions shall mould and shape a wise Christian civilization. Is it a dream? Perhaps it is. It is only by looking at the ideal that we appreciate the spirit of the hero, the devotion of the martyr, the enthusiasm of the poet—the preciousness of the heirloom we have received from the past—the richness of the legacy we may leave to the future.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

HESPERIAN SOCIETY.

President—J. ADA KNIGHT.
Vice President—MAY ROBINSON.
Recording Secretary—MYRA TROTH.
Cor. Secretary—LYDE CAMERON.
Treasurer—ELLA BRAY.
Sessions every alternate Saturday evening. The public are always welcome.

BATH ROOMS

AT THE

Opera House Barber Shop.

JULES E. GUILLETON, Proprietor.

The only first-class shop in the city.

SPERRY



IOWA CITY.

DON'T FORGET THAT THE

CHICAGO

One Price Clothiers

Make their own Clothing.

Gent's Furnishings Always the Latest Styles.

Pants Made to Measure, - \$5.50.

4 Doors South of P. O., Iowa City.

STUDENTS

Will find the Largest and most Fashionable Stock of

CLOTHS

IN THE CITY, AT

J. E. TAYLOR'S

Merchant Tailoring Establishment,

CLINTON ST.

Military Suits \$26.00, \$23.75, and \$20.00.
Military Caps \$1.00.

Really the LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF CLOTHING, at the LOWEST PRICES,
IS TO BE FOUND AT BLOOM'S CLOTHING STORE

an's will, as lightning of God. Those politics shall be her best and noblest those political parties the just instruments with her teeming mild and shape a wise civilization. Is it a maps it is. It is only the ideal that we the spirit of the hero, of the martyr, the of the poet—the of the heirloom we from the past—the the legacy we may nature.

DIRECTORY.

RIAN SOCIETY.
ADA KNIGHT.
t—MAY ROBINSON.
cretary—MYRA TROTH.
—LYDE CAMERON.
LLA BRAY.
alternate Saturday even
e are always welcome.

H ROOMS

AT THE
use Barber Shop.
WILLETTON, Proprietor.
-class shop in the city.

ERRY

WHILE THE SUN SHINES
STIC
OGRAPHY.
VA CITY.

ORGET THAT THE

CHICAGO

ice Clothiers

their own Clothing.

ings Always the Latest Styles.

to Measure, - \$5.50.

uth of P. O., Iowa City.

UDENTS

argest and most Fashionable
Stock of

OTHS

THE CITY, AT

TAYLOR'S

ailoring Establishment,

NTON ST.

its \$25.00, \$23.75, and \$20.00.
ilitary Caps \$1.00.

T PRICES

"MEHR LICHT."

The leading characteristic of the human mind is its innate longing for a more perfect development of itself. This necessitates the control and subordination to of all passions. It sees in nature or creates within itself the objective forms of ideality, the grandeur of which, beheld either in the physical or ethical universe, inspires to action, and makes each effort the harbinger of "More Light." This desire for individual advancement is the foundation of all progress. One by one the great truths in natural, political, and ethical science have become luminaries in the constellation of knowledge, as one by one a gradually developed mind has given to succeeding ages the benefit of its acquired learning.

The ardent desire for more light that prompted our common mother in that sublime act of her life, and which, transmitted to all posterity, become at once the guiding star of each historian, and an inspiring angel of genius to every poet, orator, and philosopher. For more light as to the subterranean forces that caused the destruction of Pompeii, Pliny gave up his life at the crater of Vesuvius. History repeats itself in the noble efforts and death of Empedocles. Galileo, inspired by the same goddess, gave to mankind the telescope through which, as we gaze, the "immeasurable heavens break open to their highest, and the beholder is lost in the boundless revelation of the universe of worlds."

Humboldt, greatest and grandest of German philosophers, worshipped at this holy shrine. The bounds of Europe are too narrow to contain him. For more light he crosses to the new world, ascends the lofty peak of Chimborazo, and follows, from its source to the ocean, America's mighty river. Constantly adding to his store of knowledge, gaining strength by each victory over the problems of nature, he became at last the true interpreter of her laws, and failed only his efforts to comprehend the nature of the great First Cause. Creation has yielded her substance to join in brotherhood the Old and New Worlds. On the wings of lightning the tidings of bondage and famine are wafted to our shores to be answered by the glad cry of sympathy and assistance. All nature responds to our efforts in this progress. Strength has succeeded weakness. Science has advanced, but is not perfected.

Personal liberty was coeval with the creation of man, but to this propensity for advancement, deeply implanted by God himself in the very nature of our being, may be attributed the foundation and progress in civil government. To primeval man, living in loneliness and groping in ignorance, the contact with a fellow being, imbued with the same nature, gave opportunity for reciprocal development, and satisfied the desires of each. Thus, tribes, wandering from place to place, recognizing no law save a crude idea of justice which governed in the distribution of spoil and made sacred the rights of household, are the first symptoms

of national existence. The clashing of interests in this compact rendered necessary the defining of individual rights and duties. Governments, rude and unstable, sprang into being, and with them, the existence of a ruler, who at once became the legislator, the judge, and the executor. With this division of mankind into the rulers and the ruled, began a struggle for justice on one hand and for power on the other; a struggle that established and destroyed the liberty of Greece; a struggle that reduced Carthage to ashes and her people to bondage; a struggle that elevated the Caesars, but ruined Rome. The hordes of Asia, whipped to battle by fear and the lash, fought for despotism and the glory of a single man. Greece fought for existence and liberty—liberty, not defined and established by law, but liberty entrusted to the honor of her people. History marks each step in this progress, and records the eventful strife that has ended in the defeat of tyranny and the triumph of justice; a triumph that humbled the pride of England and gave being to Columbia, whose perpetuity rests in the virtue of her citizens; that perfection of the individual which enables us to control ourselves. Individual advancement has increased individual responsibility. The light of the ages rests with us to be transmitted or destroyed.

"The laws, the rights, The generous plan of power delivered down From age to age, by our renowned forefathers, So dearly bought, the price of so much blood, Oh! let it never perish in our hands."

Religion, companion of that inward monitor conscience, which makes itself manifest when first we become aware of a strife between the ennobling and degrading tendencies of our nature, has had her devotees. The horrors of Bartholomew and the Inquisition are but doleful witnesses of the ardor of her fanatics, from whose blind efforts grew a purer, holier faith, a grander, nobler sense of justice.

Under the mantle of sacred duty, the vilest deeds that imagination reaches have been committed; yet from altars red with the blood of innocence and virtue, is revealed the value of religious freedom of thought and worship. Creeds and dogmas have kept in existence a mystery that modern thought now strives to explain and demonstrate—a mystery that gave inspiration to a Milton and a Dante—a mystery that has been a source of comfort to each generation; yet a mystery whose attributes have changed with the progress of man. The gods of hatred and revenge have been transformed into a God of infinite love and justice. The mind no longer shudders at the thought of hell; but, breaking from the fetters of fear and superstition, rests in the blissful quiet of its own rectitude. A love of virtue for itself has become the basis of our conduct, and the soul, looking beyond the gates of death, sees in eternity the dawn of pure and perfect light.

Such has been the course of our advancement. The im-

mutable laws of nature still exist, but her form, her resources, her forces, being discovered, no longer stand a bar to progress, but have become the messengers of thought, the sources of ease and comfort. The innate and natural rights of the individual have not been created, but at last are recognized. God has not changed, but man is able to reason and to understand.

The cry of Goethe but expressed a desire common to mankind; a desire that, lying at the basis of action, is the foundation of all development; a desire that begins with existence and ends in the inconceivable realms of eternity; a desire that has elevated and ennobled mankind, until, catching glimpses of the beautiful beyond, we instinctively re-echo the words of the blind poet:

"Hail, holy light, offspring of Heaven's first born!
Orb of the eternal, co-eternal beam!
May I express thee unblamed, since God is light.
And never but in unapproached light Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee?"

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

The quicker the exposure the better the expression. Try a sitting at Sperry's gallery. He uses the instantaneous dry plates.

New Barber Shop.

CHARLEY LINDERMAN 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.

DR. J. R. TOWNSEND,

DENTIST.

Office over Moon's Drug Store, on Washington Street.

REMEMBER

WHETSTONE, THE DRUGGIST,

For Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Soaps, Tooth Brushes, Hair Brushes, Sponges, Etc.

Special pains taken in compounding prescriptions.

One Block south of Post-office.

J. H. WHETSTONE.

WHEN WANTING

SOAPS,
TOOTH BRUSHES,
HAIR BRUSHES,
SHOE BRUSHES,
COMBS,
PERFUMERY,
FANCY ARTICLES,
TOILET ARTICLES,

You can Save Money by Buying of

SHRADER

On Corner Opposite Opera House.

IOWA CITY ACADEMY.

Located opposite Northeast corner of University grounds.
Central Preparatory School to the University.
Department of Oratory and Elocution, under Prof. Knight.
Department of Vocal Music.
Normal Methods and Training a Specialty.

Proprs. and Principals { AMOS HIATT, A. M.
H. H. HIATT, A. M., B. D.

FOR HONEST

BOOTS and SHOES

SEE WELTON,

At the

OLD BLUE FRONT.

"Inter Silvas Acedemo Querere Verum."

J. C. SHRADER, A.M., M.D. S. S. LYTLE, M.D.

SHRADER & LYTLE,

Physicians and Surgeons,

OPERA HOUSE BLOCK,

CLINTON STREET, IOWA CITY, IOWA.

AVENUE BAKERY,

North side of Avenue, keeps constantly on hand a fresh supply of

Fresh Bread, Cakes, Pies, Etc.

Parties and weddings supplied on short notice, cheap as the cheapest.

Conit College

Iowa City, Iowa.

PRACTICAL BUSINESS EDUCATION.

Advantages unsurpassed. Course of Study and Business Training thorough and complete. Enter at any time, except July and August. Address for Circular and Catalogue,

F. R. WILLIAMS, Iowa City, Iowa

STUDENTS,

Save your eye-sight by buying one of those beautiful

Nickel Plated Student Lamps

For Sale at New York prices, at

CHINA HALL,

Corner College and Dubuque Sts., IOWA CITY, IOWA.

PREMIUM SHOE STORE.

J. O'HANLON & SON,

DEALERS IN

FINE BOOTS AND SHOES.

Custom Work Made to Order.

Repairing Done on Short Notice.

Rubber Boots and Shoes Repaired.

Fine Line of Men's Dancing Shoes.

Iowa Avenue, Seven Doors East of the

Post-Office, Iowa City.

BARBER SHOP.

I would call the attention of students, old and new, to my pleasant rooms under Johnson Co. Savings Bank.

Shaving, Hair-Cutting, and Shampooing

Done, and satisfaction guaranteed.

THOS. WHITTAKER.

LEE'S CHEAP BOOKSTORE

28 Washington Street.

FINE BINDING

Executed in all its Branches,

AT

THE LOWEST RATES.

Iowa City Billiard Hall



Lemonade and Cider,

ICE COLD.

Pleasant Rooms,

New Tables,

First Class Accommodations.

F. J. EPEETER,

Dubuque St., opposite Ham's Hall.

SMITH & MULLIN,
AT THE
University Bookstore,

Have an Immense Stock of
Standard and Miscellaneous Books,

Many of which are being Sold at
One-half the Usual price.

They Carry a Large Stock of
Fine Stationery,
AND
General School Supplies.

AN ACROSTIC.

Pryce & Schell call your attention to their stock of

Revolvers, guns, cutlery, ammunition, and things generally;

Youths' and boys' skates, razors, pocket knives, etc.

Cunningly wrought hardware that can't be beat.

Easy cutting scissors and shears, till you 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 forget 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 ambitious, enthusiastic and willing, mercurial and limber-jointed, boss, enterprising, hardware merchants of Iowa City, corner of Washington and Dubuque streets.

THE REPUBLICAN
Steam Printing House.

NOW ONE OF THE
Most Complete Establishments of the kind West of the Mississippi.

Everything new and first-class. Among the most recent improvements and additions are

Two New Cylinder Presses,

Two Improved Job Presses,

One Mammoth Paper Cutter,

One large Engine and Boiler,

500 fonts New and Beautiful Type

for Book and Job Work,

The Most Elegant and Varied

Assortment of Papers and Card-

boards ever seen in this Section,

A Complete Bindery,

Whereby we are enabled to do every description of work in this line.

Blank Books,

Neater, better, and at great deal less prices than heretofore charged in the City.

OUR JOB PRINTING IS UNSURPASSED.

Fine Wedding Stationery and

Printing in Colors, Specialties.

The Weekly Republican:

LARGEST NEWSPAPER IN THE STATE OF IOWA—72 columns, 12 pages, cut, paged, and pacted. Subscription, still only \$1.50, advance

The Daily Republican,

Enlarged to an eight-column Folio October 1st. The latest local news, and telegraphic news from all parts of the World. Only 30 cents per week, delivered at your door. Only daily newspaper in the city.

REPUBLICAN PUBLISHING CO.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Pay your subscription.
 Miller leaves next week for Idaho.
 John Helmick has a sister visiting with him.
 Miss Shipley, of Chicago, is visiting in the city.
 "Me Too" seems destined for the express business.
 Miss Nellie Younkin has left school to recuperate.
 Kennedy, the judge, has gone home on urgent business.
 We are going to George Fink's, because there is where we get the best cigars.
 Bargains in books at Allin, Wilson & Co.'s One Price Cash Book Store.
 G. K. Reeder has been chosen Valedictorian, C. C. Clark Salutatorian for class '81.
 A small tea party assembled at Philbrick's Thursday evening. A pleasant time is reported.
 For Ice Cream, Lemonade, and Soda Water, the Opera House Restaurant can't be beat.
 Miss Flora Clapp is still convalescent, and will not be able to enter school again this term.
 Preaching at the Baptist Church to-morrow morning at the usual hour. Sunday school at 9:30 A.M.
 All notices and advertisements should be handed in by Friday afternoon, or early Saturday morning.
 Two of our boys, not unknown to fame, have sent postals home denying that they belong to the band.
 Those who have not paid their last year's subscription yet will please oblige us by doing so immediately.
 We understand the High school have their graduating exercises in the Opera House next Friday evening.
 Our band has been flattered so much as to make it vain, and it must now come out on every occasion, even if it has to volunteer.
 Author J. Craven has been elected business manager of the Reporter for '82. The choice is a good one, and we predict a prosperous year.
 Chas. N. Hunt, '80, is home from Onawa, where he has been teaching for the past year. It looks natural to see him once more among us.
 Allin, Wilson & Co. are closing out a large stock of books at very low prices. It will pay students to examine their stock before Commencement.
 Our choir are going to inflict the public with selections from Mozart's 12th mass. Nothing but a direct dispensation keeps them from giving the whole mass.
 The City nine played one of the best amateur games of the season at Marengo, last Saturday, the score being 5 to 6 in favor of the Marengo boys. It was a close game, and speaks well for the boys.

Straw Hats at the Globe Clothing House.
 The choicest cigarettes at Geo. Fink's.
 Go to George Fink's for your tobacco and cigars.
 Buy your hammocks at One-Price Cash Bookstore.
 Ladies and gents, you will find everything first-class at the G. D. H.
 Students will find Gould's Dining Hall a good place to take their meals.
 The finest line of cigars ever brought to Iowa City, at George Fink's.
 For anything in the clothing line, go to the Globe Clothing House.
 If you play ball, it will pay you to call at the One-Price Cash Bookstore.
 George Fink at Pickering's old stand. Remember him, boys, when you want your cigars.
 The Opera House Restaurant claims to have the best five and ten cent cigars to be found.
 Ladies, call on Murphy Bros. for a good gentle driving horse. They have some nice ones.
 When you want a good driving team, go to Murphy Bros. They have some of the finest in the State.
 By using the bromide dry plates, not only is the exposure greatly reduced, but the resulting image is much softer and finer. Call at Sperry's and examine the prints.
 It surpasses anything that has ever been known in Photograph, the English Gelatine Bromide Plate. James & Co. are making the Negative taken in less than one second.
 The banquet given the Battery at Madam's after the salute to the Secretary of the Interior, was participated in with a relish. The boys all drank lemonade to the health of the Lieutenant.
 Hesperians elected officers for the fall term; President, Sadie Girtler; Vice-President, Lide Cameron; Recording Secretary, Alice Wilkinson; Corresponding Secretary, Ella Hill; Treasurer, May Robinson. No treats.
 The greatest fault the photographic portrait has ever had is the "set" look which is unavoidable with a long exposure. The bromide dry plate does away with this difficulty, as the exposure is practically instantaneous. Sperry uses them.
 In another column Mrs. North gives notice that those having books must return them by Saturday June 11th. It is to be hoped this will be remembered by all, as it is necessary to have all the books in the library before the close of the term.
 R. B. Swift left last Wednesday for Des Moines, whence he goes south in the employ of the McCormick Manufacturing Company. Mr. Swift has had considerable experience in his line of work, and as success is his motto, we can assure his employers that he will not disappoint them.

It has been discovered that the man who is the most anxious to get hold of the new version of the Bible never was known to read the old style Scriptures.

LIBRARY NOTICE.

All books drawn from the University must be returned by Saturday, June the 11th, and no books will be issued after that date.
 MRS. NORTH,
 Librarian.
 Stationery at George Fink's.

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,
 Fruits,

And everything kept in a first-class

RESTAURANT

His place of business is on

Iowa Avenue,

At the old Centennial Restaurant.

ICE CREAM, AND LEMONADE constantly on hand.

Parties supplied on short notice.

Preparatory and Normal School,
 IOWA CITY, IOWA.

A. HULL AND L. M. HASTINGS, Principals and Proprietors.

Miss S. F. Loughridge, Assistant.
 Miss Hattie Parker, Teacher of German.
 Mrs. M. Hull, Teacher of Instrumental Music and Drawing.
 Prof. F. B. Williams, Teacher of Penmanship.
 C. C. Clark, Teacher of Vocal Music.
 Prof. S. N. Fellows, Lecturer on Didactics.
 Miss Parker and Miss Loughridge each teach a class in the University.
 Winter term began January 5, 1881. Tuition for term of 12 weeks, \$9.
 The Preparatory and Normal School, conducted by Prof. A. Hull, is recommended for preparatory work.—University Catalogue.
 Address A. HULL, P. O. Box 246.

Buy Hammocks,
 Fishing Tackle,
 Canes, Microscopes,
 Tobacco, Cigars,
 and a
 Thousand other
 Odds and Ends,
 At No. 3 Clinton St.,
 Fink's Store.

J. B. NOEL,
RESTAURANT AND BAKERY,
 Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Fine Confectionery, Cigars, etc.
 Oysters and Ice Cream in their Season.

TULLOSS & PRYCE,
DENTISTS,
 Office, East side of Clinton street, three doors south of South of Savings Bank,
 IOWA CITY, IOWA.

CLINTON ST., IOWA CITY, IOWA.
SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS
 Are now being offered to students to buy Dry Goods and Notions. 25 per cent saved; and the best lighted store in the city, especially adapted for evening trade.

THE NEW STORE
 Gives the greatest bargains.
 HERTZ & HEMMER.
 Clinton St., Iowa City, Iowa.

C. A. DRAESSEL,
MERCHANT TAILOR
 College St., Opposite Opera House, Iowa City.
 Makes fine clothing the cheapest and in the shortest time. Always a full stock of foreign goods on hand.

BRADLEY'S
 Fine Goods.

Washington Street, IOWA CITY.

Bressler & Weaver,



LIVERY AND FEED STABLE,

Teams to Let at All Hours, at Reasonable Rates.
 Corner Washington and Capitol Streets, South of University.
ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

GEO. FINK,

Pickering's old stand (China Hall),

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

TOBACCO,
CIGARS,
 AND
STATIONERY.

Finest Line of Tobacco and Cigars in the City.

JAS. ALDOUS & Co.
 GROWERS OF
ROSES,

AND ALL KINDS NEW AND BEAUTIFUL OF Ornamental and Flowering Plants,

Bouquets, Cut Flowers and Vegetable Greens at all Seasons.

IOWA CITY, IOWA.

G. W. MARQUARDT,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
WATCHES,

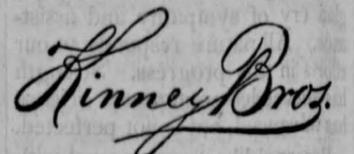
CLOCKS,

JEWELRY,

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,

SHEET MUSIC, &c.

Clinton Street, Iowa City.



NEW YORK,

Warrant only Pure Tobacco and Rice Paper used in all their Celebrated Cigarettes.

Caporal, Coporal 1/2, St. James, St. James 1/2, Ambassador, Matinee, Thoroughbred Fine Habana, All Tobacco, New Cigarettes, Sweet Caporal.

Fine, mild, sweet. Beware of imitations and counterfeits. All genuine have the above fac-simile signature. Sold by all dealers throughout the world.



JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS.

For Fine Writing, No. 1, 303, 170. For Broad Writing, 294, 389, 849.
 For General Writing, 332, 404, 390 & Falcon—878, 908.
 Other Styles to suit all hands.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS, 91 John St., NEW YORK.

THE V

EVERY SATUR
 During Colleg
 Office in Republic

S. B. HOWARD,

F. O. NEWCOMB

Assist

For sale at the Boo

Those not receiving

please inform us, and

All communication

JES

THE VIDET

and complete

versity Comm

and will be iss

than usual, so

ing at the clos

get extra cop

orders, in adv

stores. Tho

mailed to them

dated by leav

VIDETTE offic

SENIOR

The spring

marked as a

season—so m

come to light.

have an additi

honored custo

ior Party." "

for '81 was er

ant home of

where a large

Seniors only,

received and

Lill and Lydi

The room

lighted and ta

lawn made n

nese lantern

various soci

attempting a

tumes in det

that, as rega

the combinat

happy, impr

way the idea

ever fair,"

clothes than

men, that the

culine mono

by an occasi

There we

Moines Miss

known and h

many Iowa

A. Starr, on

Chas. Hunt

University

from long

were among

Through

was that fre

the warm en

only true e

accomplishe

among hos

workings of

but felt. W

years come

Seniors the