THE INFLUENCE OF POETRY.

G. M. COUNTRYMAN.

The Goddess of Poetry has many petty votaries who, assuming her name, mislead the multitude, and thereby bring disgrace upon their royal mistress. In the words which follow, remember that the writer treats of the divinity alone, and claims no merit, renders no excuse, for the meretricious pretenders that crowd about her.

The views advanced should meet less opposition since many of the objections urged by the prejudiced refer not to true, but to false poetry.

There are, however, three grand classes of those who take into consideration even true poetry. The first think it too insignificant and trifling to engage time either for production or perusal; the second merely tolerate it; the third revel in it, as musicians revel in symphonies, or artists in glowing skies and flashing waters.

As a member of the third class, an ardent admirer of the art, I would speak briefly of the benefits gained by those who follow it.

Poetry is not made, it grows. It comes into the poet's mind in little snatches of melody, or in indistinct but powerful emotions, which will, if permitted, resolve themselves into verse. It is with this as with other gifts of nature; it needs proper attention and discreet guidance in order to attain full and fair perfection. Such attention brings its own reward.

With the habit of composing poetry, comes facility of expression. Innumerable different ways of making known the same idea flash across one's mind—many a quaint but graceful conceit—many a brief but vivid comparison is found.

Very often is acquired that indefinite charm of composition best likened to the delicate, intangible perfume of the flower.

Variety of words is gained in seeking suitable rhymes. This variety leads to brilliancy, to refinement, to discernment of nice shades of meaning, and to an easy and attractive style of conversation and composing.

An abundance of sound and pleasing words is invaluable to any one, but especially so, as Quintilian says, to the orator, provided only he recognizes when and where they should be used, and holds them always in readiness.

The influence of poetry in this direction is undeniable, finding practical proof in the custom of a certain eminent statesman who was wont to spend a few moments in reading Milton, before he went forth equipped for action.

A variety of apt and pleasing illustrations is also gained in writing verse—bits of legends, fairy lore and mythological allusions come in play, and sparkle here and there among sober realities as stars in a midnight heaven.

Many charming myths and interesting traditions have been thus embalmed in poetic writings.

Practice in composing poetry, especially in different metres, gives an ear for melody, and imparts to prose composition the harmony of smooth and rounded periods. It teaches one to reject superfluous or grating words, and to alter those by brevity or undue length unfitted for places occupied at first.

One learns to paint a picture in a sentence, to express volumes by single words, to delight by delicate shades of fancy, to captivate by a fresh and pleasing terseness.

The sound of battle is heard in the hurrying measure, the far off flow of laping waters in the gliding verse.

Again, imagination is cultivated.

To some, this fact is anything but a recommendation, yet it is stoutly maintained that a vivid and varied imagination, rightly trained, gives much spice and attraction to any style of composition, be it poetry or prose.
It is indispensable to lighter writings, and lends such a charm to solid facts and arguments, as the plant vine bestows on rugged rocks.

Often, to a mind too tired for study, too sad for thought, the perusal of poetry is like a good enchantress, driving away care and remembrance by strange and pleasant magic, or like a trusty friend, interpreting our inner thoughts and feelings.

To a heart burdened with joy or sorrow, the gift of poetic composition is a blessed means of relief.

The emotion we cannot express to another, and yet which demands expression, and gives no rest till its demand is granted, is poured forth in verse, and sentiments real and earnest; yet which would seem extravagant in prose, here find most fitting place.

As those natures capable of it, express strong emotions in music, and joy and anger flow from their finger-tips in powerful strains—the very touch of the keys seeming to comfort them, and afford a loophole through which their excitement may escape—so to other natures, the grasp of a pen gives relief and delight, and woe and passion, by magic influence, grow less painful as they lend their force to rhythmic lines.

Even if the words written never reach the eyes of another, still our hearts have had utterance, and thereby are relieved.

Poetry is the language of exalted feeling and of inspiration. It is meet for tales of heroism, yet it lends fascination even to trivial and trite occurrences. As in Tennyson’s ‘Princess’ the song of women made pleasant interlude between the harsher voices of the men, so mellow strains of poetry chime in between the less melodious words of prose.

Yet its harmony is not, as some aver, its only merit. It is refining in its influences, it tends to elevate ideas, as well as render their expression beautiful.

There is something about it which touches the heart and renders it susceptible of noble impulses; there is something about it which clings to memory, and nestles in the secret places of the mind, to speak and inspire at will.

It teaches valuable lesson of human life and experience in most winning ways.

But if, as some have urged, poetry were but a graceful way of expressing vague and unimportant thoughts—if its sole excellence lay in its charm of grace and music, need that fact condemn or banish it?

Shall we forbid the flower to bloom, the gem to sparkle, because their brilliancy brings only pleasure, no utility?

If only for its melody, poetry deserves to live, and since within that melody are woven strains of valor, love and piety, since genius and refinement tune its chords, who will deny it everlasting fame?

And though the names of Milton, Shakespeare, Dante rise, what need is there to waste our time in praising that which profits most in reading.

(For the University Reporter.)

Doubt.

My soul is like a ship at sea;
On every side is mystery.
From out my narrow cell of sense
I stretch vain hands of impotence.
My childhood’s faith and selfish prayers
Have failed, like fragile, crumbling stairs.
The axioms of conflicting creeds
No axioms are; not one but needs,
For full acceptance, other plea
Than its apparent verity.
I might accept, but to deceive
My soul, and say that I believe,
I cannot: I confront a sphynx
Which all in one dark riddle links;
With sin, creation, endless life
And myriad troublesome questions rife:
Such revelations as I find,
But ill accord; and all combined
Yield but a speck of solid ground,
An island, doubt, encompassed round.
Shall I ignobly live and die
Beneath this narrow patch of sky?
I asked my soul; were it not wise
To seek for fairer lands and skies?
In simple faith, shall I refuse
The faith of broader, grander views;
The faith that dares to meet a doubt,
And search its hidden meanings out?
Yon glimmering, golden light afar
Is Truth. Behold, a guiding star!
I launched my bark, and wave on wave
Has sunk behind me: nothing save
A seeming endless, shoreless sea
Is round me; doubt and mystery.
But, brighter grown, that beckoning star
Still bids me onward, fearless, far.
And I will follow, trusting still
That Truth unto my vision will
Light up a fair and fruitful shore,
Which I may enter and explore.
But though no golden continent
Of truth I reach, no Occident,
Yet shall I not have failed in vain,
In buffeting Doubt’s surging main.
The record of each league explored
Is joy beside a doubt ignored.
And if at last, my voyage o’er,
I shall have reached no radiant shore,
My star may stop where it set out,
I, circumscribe my doubt.

C.

The Love of Truth.

F. B. Cowgill.

The love of truth is fundamental in human nature. This is proven by its universality. All men are gratified at finding that facts accord with their theories and justify their conduct. Every form of religion, and every system of philosophy that has challenged the attention and solicited the support of men, has sought to fasten upon them a conviction of its truthfulness. In the most turbulent times, leaders have recognized this
principle in the fact that, in the very act of instituting persecution, they have made their appeals to the consciences of men. Indeed, conscience has been an important factor of human progress, and persecutions have largely arisen from an honest desire to promulgate truth and suppress error. The same noble impulse that has inspired the world’s great thinkers and reformers, has pressed the cup of hemlock to the lips of Socrates, thrust Galileo into the dungeon, and burned Huss at the stake. Throughout the long and dismal periods of persecution, the love of truth was stimulating thought and sustaining the martyr. Nor was it until the broadest induction had proven it favorable to the cause of truth, that thought was freed from its social and political shackles, and its great achievements in the building up of our civilization made possible.

But while the love of truth is universal, it is not universally the predominating affection. Man’s likes and dislikes, hopes and fears, in short, his entire emotional nature, has had much to do in forming opinions and shaping conduct. Generally, perhaps, he is not conscious of this; for thought flows smoothly and quietly in the channels which emotions have formed. But sometimes there is conscious opposition to the truth, conscious effort to avoid logical conclusions. This may be due to love of popularity, or allegiance to party. Thus, Cicero, in his Tusculan Disputations, has the “Auditor” say, “I would prefer to err with Plato rather than believe the truth with those fellows.” And the “Magister” responds, “Success attend you! Not unwillingly shall I myself have erred with that one.”

But this infidelity more frequently occurs, when reason seems to conflict with those deeply seated and fundamental affections of the human soul. On this account, probably, more bigotry has been displayed in the sphere of religious controversy than in any other. Religious convictions are deeper, more intense than most others, and involve greater interests. And so, it is chiefly in the consideration of these questions, that those mental conflicts occur, which so exhaust the energies of the individual, and test his fidelity to the truth. Thus, oftimes, when Reason, with ruthless and proflate hand, batters down the altar which Faith has erected, and snatches from the intellectual firmament the star of immortality, defeated hopes and crushed aspirations refuse submission.

Have you ever stopped to consider why it is, that progress has been in many respects, so slow and painful? Why is it that religious sects especially have so frequently inurred the charges of fanaticism and bigotry? Without attempting a justification of such sweeping charges, an apology for religion, or a statement of all the causes in the case, one reason is, that men have not always been thoroughly honest in their investigations. Too frequently, they have loved their particular creeds better than they have loved the truth; or have regarded it sinful to entertain honest doubt. And so, while bold and vigorous and original thinkers have proclaimed the truth, others, shrinking from the relinquishment of life-long impressions, and shuddering at the thought of skepticism, have gone to closets of prayer, and smothered thought and strangled doubt, while praying for faith. Surely, nothing can be more detrimental to the cause of truth, than this, so to speak, conscientious hypocrisy. There can be no possible objection to praying under such circumstances, but we should never forget to use that God-appointed, God-ordained instrument, honest thought. What the age and what progress demand in the thinker, is the disposition to welcome truth, though it necessitate the abandonment of his dearest idol; the disposition to be thoroughly conscientious in argument, and never to trifle with honest doubts, and with the questions that challenge his attention.

But while we seek a dispassionate stand-point, we should not go to the extreme of seeking to quench the fountain of our emotions. Those beautiful hopes and sublime aspirations, that wander forever unsatisfied, all point in the direction of important truths. They constitute, as it were, the great cable, by which, with the arms of thought, we climb upward to God. But it is only while thus serving as stimulants and as data for reasoning that they play a legitimate part. The past bears frequent testimony to the disastrous results of passionate reasoning; and the present, with its more complex problems and multiplied interests, is demanding candor. But the extent to which the love of truth predominates over other affections is the measure of candor. Clearly then, what is needed is a greater love of truth. And surely this affection ought to be stimulated by a just appreciation of the lessons of the past. Long since ought men to have learned that Truth is always beneficent. It matters not whether she seem to come from cold and gloomy regions of skepticism, or spring like a spectral exhalation from miasmatic swamps of superstition; whether she come to us clothed in the ragged habiliment of prejudicial fears, or in the shining robes of popular approval. But she is not with us long, before, like the divine mother of the Trojan Aeneas, she reveals her identity by a rich effulgence of celestial light. And as we follow the path illumined by her shining feet, we are led to higher and still higher plains of moral and mental attainment, and find at every step of the way our capacities for enjoyment increased. And she will lead us finally, no doubt, into the blazing sunlight of God’s own glorious presence, where we shall “see as we are seen and know as we are known.”

Teacher with reading class: Boy (reading, “And as she sailed down the river—” Teacher—“Why are ships called she?” Boy (precociously alive to the responsibilities of his sex)—“Because they need men to manage them.”—New York Tribune.
"There is nothing made in vain" sounds well in a proverb, but in these later days has lost much of its significance. We have discovered one thing made in vain. It is a box, only a modest box that meets your gaze as you enter the Central Hall, you will be aware of the fact, too, that it is the property of the Reporter for upon its front "Reporter Contributions" is seen. Not contributions of money, oh no, but contributions of articles for publication. We have thought from the number of articles received, that perhaps, students did not comprehend the mission of that box and avoided it as contribution boxes are usually avoided. Under the present regime that box disproves the proverb. Its not a use,—the box, not the proverb. Its not a thing of beauty, hence not a joy forever. A baker's dozen Seniors, those of the male persuasion, could be selected either of whom would be fair to look upon. Our special artist could produce a portrait of the Law Class that would discount our plain box so far as good looks are concerned. Then it's pitiful to note the disappointment of the managing editors as, with their faces turned toward Jerusalem—the box, they go for copy only to return empty-handed. Don't forget our box.

The act of the General Assembly refusing support to the Sub-Freshman department after the year '79 has filled the hearts of some with joy, of many with fear. Fear which is our opinion is unjust and without a proper foundation. The State University is, or should be, the head of all educational institutions in the State. It should be the focus to which all other educational rays converge and in which all center. It should be a resort open to all who desire an education higher than that offered by public schools and academies and should not contain a department on an equal level with these. The public schools, as accessories of the State University, should be graded in accordance with its curriculum and should themselves constitute its preparatory departments. Then will the taxes for the support of these departments fall on, and be collected from, whom those whom these departments benefit and not, as now, on the many for the benefit of a few.

For it is proven conclusively by carefully prepared statistics that a large majority of the Sub-Freshman department are residents of Johnson county. By abolishing it, more time, more money and more room can be devoted to the collegiate classes—the classes which alone properly belong to a University. In abolishing it the State University has, in our humble opinion, taken a giant stride to the front and needs only a few more such wholesome measures to place her, as a Western College, on the plane of unparalleled excellence.

Wouldn't it be well for the literary societies, at the beginning of this new term to turn over a new leaf? During the past term society work has been sadly deranged by adjournments—for causes at times sufficient but too often trivial. We venture to say that under the old order of things interest in society matters diminished one-half. Continue the depleting process another term and where, oh where will be the eloquence, the wit, the flashes of merriment that used to set the audiences in a roar. Don't be selfish, but let your moderation be known of all men. If there comes a stranger to town tender him your kindest regards, but don't adjourn; if any gathering threatens to draw away the audience that ordinarily frequents the society halls, sorrow if necessary, but don't adjourn; if the night is stormy, disagreeable alike to fine clothes and weak nerves brave the storm, but don't adjourn.

There was a time in the history of the societies when adjournments were like Angel's visits—few and far between. But of late, members have fallen from grace in this regard and no longer follow the example of their illustrious predecessors. Then no pretext was sufficient for an adjournment, now the prospect of a minstrel show or a modest, very modest rain will suffice. The aim of a literary society is supposed to be the benefiting of its individual members. In a body of thirty or forty the opportunities for each one to appear are, at best, not frequent during a single term. Every adjournment lessens those opportunities. Every opportunity lost is a means of improvement lost. Should there not be a reform in this matter?

The distinguished linguist and orator, Dr. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, in his address at the first inauguration of the University of Maine, said, "An education is a thing more permanent than a fact, and it is a thing more valuable than wealth, and it is a thing more valuable than science, because it is a thing more useful."

May he continue to delight them in "secula seculorum."
THE PRINCETON HAZING.

Now that it is all over we collate a few opinions of college and secular papers upon the Princeton affair. It is an advantage of western institutions that such customs have not yet attained a foot hold.

Says the University Press:
The Princeton students have overstepped the bounds, and brought upon themselves the censure of all right thinking men and students.

From the College Transcript:
The simple fact that a young man is a student enrolled in one of our first-class institutions, does not license him to engage in unlawful pursuits. If students will persist in unlawful acts, let them be amenable to the laws, and let not our institutions of learning be asylums for criminals.

The Yale Record has been there:
Such an unheard of occurrence as the one in question demands a passing tribute. Unquestionably the college authorities not only have the right but are compelled in virtue of their position to act as mediators between the "reckless student barbarities" and the feelings of an injured public. This makes the former amenable to college will and discipline, and the course pursued by the faculty at Princeton cannot be too highly commended.

The ordinary plug ugly would doubtless be equally desirous for some one to "act as mediator between reckless barbarities and an injured public."

The Notre Dame Scholastic is serio-comic:
New Yorkers always did seem to have an idea that hell was situated somewhere in New Jersey, and the recent hazing and shooting disturbances at Princeton must have enabled them to fix its latitude and longitude with greater precision. * * * * For downright cruelty we would be willing to lack Princeton undergraduates against any crowd of schoolboys that young Ratin ever had to deal with. * * * * This, too, not in some obscure straggling institution on the outskirts of civilization, but in a pretentious, high-toned college under religious direction, and within a few hours' ride of the Empire City. "Boys will be boys, you know," is the excuse that will be put forward for the Princetonians, but since when is "boy" to be taken as the synonym of rowdy or blackguard?"

The closing query,—"since when is 'boy' to be taken as a synonym of rowdy or blackguard?"—is quite to the point.

The attitude of the secular press is decided. The N. Y. Tribune gives this opinion:
There is something altogether discouraging in the class feeling which tolerates conduct such as characterized the recent riot. It is evident that institutions of learning need something more than new and elegant buildings, or an erudite and industrious Faculty, viz.: a sense of the laws of the community. A notion prevails that stealing is not stealing, and malicious mischief is no more than a peccadillo. When the perpetrators are matriculated, they may set fire to barns; they may blow up the college chapel; they may commit felonious assaults. If detected, they are simply sent home. If ruffians outside should do such things, they would be indicted, convicted, and consigned to State Prison.

In our judgment as long as college presidents endeavor to shield students, and, as President McCosh did, refuse to give the names of offending students to the proper officers, so long will the offenses continue. Let the minds of college faculties be freed from the notion that they are conducting a reform school, let the hand of law be laid upon students the same as upon others when individual rights are trampled upon; and ere many college students peep out through the bars of the States Prison, with cropped heads and striped suits like Joseph's coat of many colors—ere this comes to pass "hazing" will be a thing of the past.

THERE seems to be but little attention paid to ventilating the Chapel. Very frequently, on entering for morning services, one is almost suffocated with the hot, impure air. Unfortunately in trying to make the room comfortable in the winter, it has been fixed so that it is impossible to ventilate it properly, all the fresh air, that enters, coming from below. We would earnestly suggest that a part of the improvement appropriation be applied to ventilating and frescoing the chapel.

THERE is some talk of giving to the Reporter more extensive quarters after this year. What an idea! Who would ever have thought that seven editors, a financial agent, and a few friends, would need a room larger than seven by twelve; especially when the room has nothing in it but a stove, a counter, a table, a book case, a few chairs and all the back numbers of the Reporter since 1868?

During vacation, J. B. Monlux, of the senior class, procured quite a lot of geological specimens from Pella, Iowa. He has been kind enough to promise some of them to us, and we are so magnanimous as to donate them, mentally, to the Reporter, even before we have received them. As soon as received they will be carefully wrapped in tissue paper and arranged in the north-ea corner of the Reporter museum. To avoid the necessity of recurring to the subject in another issue, we will now heartily thank Mr. Monlux in advance.

The last legislature has taken a step with regard to the University, which has long been needed. Making a permanent annual appropriation of twenty thousand dollars, is a move not only necessary to the well being of the University, but it disposes permanently of a question which has heretofore consumed a great deal of time and caused much wrangling and disagreement in the legislature. This act shows the good judgment of the Seventeenth General Assembly, and that its members are not behind the time in school matters.

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

The public schools for white children in Maryland will receive from the school tax, this year, $102,625; the colored schools will receive $25,000.

The University of Virginia is about to institute local examinations. They will be held in Richmond, Charlottesville and Stanton, in May and June.

Columbia College has now 1,340 students. The senior class is signing a petition for the abolition of "cram week."

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Next year, at Harvard, an elective in German literature will be given by Professor Bartlett. The course will begin with Lessing, taking up the best writers of Germany since his time.

The Central Ohio Science Association intends to accomplish much outdoor work in the coming summer.

The State of Virginia has at present no resources with which to make Mr. McCormick's gift of a telescope to her University available. It has been accepted, however, with gratitude and a promise to make, as soon as possible, due provisions for housing and using the instrument.

The Seniors at Amherst have been permitted to choose a "general optional" for a third study next term; each may select his work in any department of the whole course. That study having the most adherents has proved to be the Constitutional History of the United States, as taught by Professor Morse.

PERSONAL.

'73, A. Wood is the boss dentist for Wapello and vicinity.

'80, Leona Call has resumed her studies in the University.

Ida Whiting and her brother, W. C. Whiting, have returned to their home.

'78, Medic, Henry L. Green is prospecting and rusticating in Muscatine.

'80, Mary C. Noyes, after almost a year's absence has returned to the University.

'78, Mina Brant has been visiting in Iowa City. She is yet teaching in Webster City.

'73, Law, E. W. Smith had an injunction case before Judge Love in the city last week.

'80, F. T. McKibben, will not return this term but will go on with his class next year.

'78, Anna Selby visited the University recently. She will teach in Newton this summer.

'75, special, Homer D. Cope was married January 26, to Miss May Eastman of Iowa City.

'81, G. W. Dunham, formerly one of the Editors of the REPORTER has returned to school.

'80, Libbie Clyde is with her mother and brother in West Mitchell, where she will spend the summer.

Gertrude Louis, Maggie Watkins, Kate Barnard and Nellie Ballard have gone to teach in various places.

'78, H. F. Giessler has finished his school in Wilton, and returned to the University with ten or fifteen pounds more flesh than he took from the city in December.

80, J. J. Bowles has resigned his position as teacher in Independence, and is at his home in Commence Mills.

Mary Craven will train little "Irving's" in the way they should go; for her school is in Irving, Tama county, Iowa.

'75, Rollin J. Wilson of Fairfield gave the University a short call and greeted his many friends here a few days since.

'75, E. W. Craven made a brief call during vacation. He will take Mr. Hiatt's place in the Springdale school next year.

'75, T. W. Graydon is located in Cincinnati, Ohio. He expects to be in the city during Commencement and will deliver the Master's oration.

'78, W. D. Evans, besides his regular University work, has been "teaching around" in different schools in the city, during the past few months.

'76, special, W. J. R. Beck, who is reading law in his father's office at Ft. Madison, lately appeared in the city and gave us a hearty shake. The "Judge" dolefully remarks he has not fallen off a pound.

MARRIED.—At the Congregational Church, Iowa Falls, Iowa, Sunday eve, March 31st, by the Rev. Asa Countryman, W. J. Pickering, of Great Bend, Kansas, to Ella Louise, daughter of the officiating clergyman.

The well wishes and congratulations of Mrs. Pickering's many friends and class-mates here go with her.

LOCAL.

—One of the Laws is very, very dewey.
—The campus is beautiful in its dress of sober green.
—The joke this month is, "Sol pull me out of the mud."

—Soon the commands of Capt. Pollard will be heard in the land.
—Some new students are reported. The new term opens under most pleasing auspices.
—Ask the Soph to tell you his adventures in Bohemia town, and why he don't like it for a promenade.
—"Well," I said "let by-gones be by-gones," and I gave her hand a gentle pressure. You bet, she returned it.
—Prof. Philbrick has been surveying the grounds with a view of replacing the asphaltum walks with stone ones.
—Winter did'n't linger long in the lap of Spring. But then its just as sweet to recline in the lapse of ages if the ages are about right.
—There is a learned Junior who carries on business transactions in Italian, discusses matrimonial prospects in French and says "da mit," in dutch.
written in several classical languages and a constitution, which says fourteen members shall constitute a quorum to do business, but the "boss" class can't get enough to adopt it. Put it down to three, may be the committees on constitution will come.

We always thought Latin of use in practical life, we think the following sufficient proof:

A young lady in Brooklyn asked her young man why he called her his Ultra, and he courteously replied it was a Latin quotation. "This," said he, "is my knee, and when I add you to it I have my knee, plus Ultra, which is Latin for 'I don't want anything more on my knee.' Don't you see, my darling?" She said she did.

A Law, young and gallant, was cut gathering "the first sweet flowers of Spring." As he gathered he sang "Gather them then for Fanny, beautiful Fanny K.—." Then Fanny having received them asked the donor what flowers i.e. thought the most beautiful, and he replied, "sun flowers."

Drill commences the first of May. Company E. is probably well scattered by this time. Wouldn't it be a good plan, Captain Ogg, to try and "hail" them? For, you see, if you wait much longer, it may occasion more swearing than is required of a University student to get his vote in at the city elections.

A brave Senior with an incipient moustache having secured a six foot Sophomore as the partner of his cough, upon retiring unearthed two silver dollars from the depths of his pocket, and as he carefully deposited them beneath his pillow, he remarked that he never was afraid except when he had sums of money about his person.

A mistake in the place announced for the Junior sociable appeared in the last number of the Reporter. The Cemetery not the Observatory was the trysting-place. It's plain now. They were seeking buried hopes. It accounts also for the strange and mysterious actions of that young man among the tombs nearly eighteen hundred years ago. He was a Junior.

A few nights since a Senior lost his breeches—in more classic language his unmentionables—his trousers. Since then the burden of his song has been, "They were my boyhood's only pride, my boyhood's only riches." He purchased a little red wagon with which to amuse himself while mourning the loss of his favorites. Verily, wonders will never cease. We've heard of genius in ruins, but never till now, of genius without pantaloons.

The Sophomore class organization has a preamble written in several classical languages and a constitution, which says fourteen members shall constitute a quorum to do business, but the "boss" class can't get enough to adopt it. Put it down to three, may be the committees on constitution will come.

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neation with the C. B. & Q. and Minneapolis and St. Paul Railways have established a through passenger route between St. Louis, Minneapolis and St. Paul. Over this line will be run magnificent Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars. Time between above points only 28 hours, shorter than by any other route. New cars, smooth track and good connections. Patronize "The Iowa Route."

—Vacation transformed the Senior Editor, commonly known as Joe, into a Sucker—that is to say he returned to the bosom of his family in Illinois. We have missed his words of cheer and encouragement in our councils. His chair in the sawdust has been vacant; the place for his feet on the table—and the table is a large one—has been empty. The Law Editor put on a pair of number 12's and hoped to fill that chair, but alas for human hopes, his understanding fell short of Joe's. But before the date of issue Joe will have returned and gladdened us with his sad, sweet smile.

—Mr. Benjamin Frick, who will be remembered by all as whole-souled Ben, by some as the originator of the celebrated "Frick Dramatic Association" and by the ladies as the hurler of Cupid's darts, has returned to his home in Philadelphia. He expects to pass the summer at the country mansion of his father in Chester county. Ben's many friends will be delighted to hear that next year he expects to pass through this city, possibly to remain with us a few days, on his way to Japan whither he goes to fill the responsible and lucrative position of mechanical engineer for the Japanese government.

—What's to be done for a parade ground? "The dark and bloody ground" before used for this purpose has been transformed, and instead of the flash of steel and the roll of drum, naught will be seen but the small boy gathering potato-bugs or the busy house-wife applying to her hopeful a sound piece of advice in the shape of a slipper or a shingle. We know that peace hath her victories as well as war, but when we think of the good (?) the University Cadets might have rendered humanity during the late strikes, we protest against depriving them of their drill ground. Then too we'll miss the graceful evolutions of Co. E.—Capt. Ogg—"Take your gun by the—that's right, I hav'n examined the tactics lately. "To the rear, mar'ch, I think you turn on this foot, I don't know much about this. Hav'n looked at the tactics lately." Let the powers that be, be petitioned for a parade ground.

—We intend to send our boys to Princeton. The discipline is so perfect as witnesseth the following letter:

A COLLEGE BOY'S LETTER HOME.

[From the Graphic.] 

DEAR MOTHER: I am not making so much progress as I expected in my studies, because there's a great deal to attend to here. But we have lively times. I have just returned from the funeral of Billy Cook. He was shot last Tuesday night because he wouldn't allow the sophs to take off his pendants and paint his legs red and green, barber-pole fashion. This is the last degree conferred on the freshman by the sophs. I wish you would send me a six-shooter, one hundred cartridges, and a double-barreled shot-gun. We ain't going to stand any more nonsense from the sophs. After prayers this morning our class were all busy making sand-bags. We're putting up a barricade on the east end of our building, and intend to mount it with a six-pound carraonne. The losses in our class have been pretty heavy this week. John Hilton is very low with a bullet in his stomach, and Seward Livingston is not expected to recover from the stab in the side. Jack Philinolender is lamened for life by a bullet in the knee. And Sam Astor has lost the sight of one eye from a brickbat. There isn't a whole window left in our college building. But you wait, mother! You just wait a few days and you'll hear something. We're undermining the sophs quarters. We're working day and night. The tunnel is now one hundred and twenty yards long. It goes straight over the campus and under old Prex's building. We've established a communication with his cellar, and I tell you a drum of claret or Burgundy is very nice to have after a fellow's handled a pick and shoveled half the night. We shall use dyna-mite. Keep shaky mother. There won't be a soph left by this time next week. Your affectionate son, VIRGIN, KELLY. Princeton, March 12.

THE VOCALIST.

Having the interest of our younger brethren at heart, we ventured, one evening, into the hall of the Philomat hian Society. The attention of the gentlemanly President, Mr. Gardner, having been called to the fact that the celebrated vocalist, Mr. C. A. Dickey, was with us, he, with the consent of the Society, allowed Mr. Dickey to prelude the exercises with a song. Having hastily chosen as his choral support, M. De Barklele Burrows alto, Mr. William Skinner basso profundo and Mr. C. Elliott tenor, the great artist rose and to the inexpressible delight of all lovers of operatic music poured forth in swelling notes the intoxicating strains of his great specialty "Juanita," the last note of which died away in the deafening applause of an appreciative and vociferous audience. Flushed with success and goaded on by the chrestian desire of treating the Symphonians equally as well as their rival society, the artist and support, daring to hope that even the haughty Symphonians would not spurn the opportunity of hearing this great vocalist, invaded their sacred dominion. But all in vain, for, although kind and sympathetic Symphonians pleaded their case, the inexorable President with a high regard for parliamentary laws ruled all motions applicable to their case out of order. While we do not think that this action on the part of the President was done with a desire to slight either the vocalist or his support, we do think that had he regarded Cushing less and the desire of his constituents more, it might have resulted more pleasantly for all.

JUNIOR SOCIABLE.

Notwithstanding the prayers of the praying Juniors, Fortune smiled not, and a stormy night dampened somewhat the ardor of the young man who had been meditating a romance. Still, at the appointed hour, a large majority of able-bodied Juniors, assembled at the residence of Mr. Kimball to participate in the festivities of their first sochbile. Music, dancing, card-playing, etc,
Lecture

"IN A CABINET."

BY REV. FREDERICK BIRD, RECTOR OF TRINITY CHURCH,
IOWA CITY, IOWA.

Notwithstanding numerous other and attractive meetings in the city, there assembled, in the University Chapel, on the appointed evening, a fair audience although not equal in point of numbers to the expectations of many, nor as large as lecture and lecturer merited. After making the announcement that the present lecture would be the last of the course, Mr. Kavanagh, in a few brief and appropriate remarks, introduced the Rev. Mr. Bird.

The lecturer gave a brief sketch of the lives of many Roman Emperors and Empresses, clearly and forcibly bringing out the peculiarities that characterized each. The lecture itself, an elaborate and studied production, fully worthy of the lecturer's reputation for learning and erudition, was rendered doubly pleasing and instructive by the speaker's attractive manner of description, greatly facilitated by the exhibition of coins (of which Mr. Bird has quite an extensive collection) in circulation during the reign of each successive Emperor. The character of the lecture was such that few were prepared immediately to digest it, and hence many have expressed a strong desire to have it appear in print that not only they, but also those unable to hear Mr. Bird, may give the subject a careful and thorough study.

EXCHANGES.

The Archangel smiles a modest little smile this issue, and says a few very cute things for one of its size.

The Record of Christian University lies before us. If the general record of that institution shows as much purity and is as insipid as this particular one, its history can not be very interesting.

The Niagara Index comes out this issue with a general criticism of college journalism. It mingles with some hard hits at its old enemies much sound logic. It always wears its war paint when it reasons.

There are some things about the Beacon that calls at least for our sympathy. If its poetry is fifth-rate it is at least original and if its prose is below the standard, the want of help which its editor so bitterly complains about is the chief cause.

Around the section wherein they live the editors of the Cornell Collegian may be considered funny even witty. If so we hope they will pardon this notice, but in any rational community the atrocities perpetrated in the last issue against common sense and the English language under the guise of humor would be severely punished.

"See here, Parker, what's the difference between a ripe watermelon and a rotten cabbage?" asked one letter-carrier of another the other day. "You got me there. I don't know," he returned with a look more puzzled than an illiterate man at a cross roads guideboard. "Then you'd be a mighty nice man to send after a watermelon, you would," remarked the quizzer as he moved on. —Cincinnati Breakfast Table.

The Lafayette College Journal, for April, exhibits considerable energy in its editorial department further than that we failed to discover anything of merit. The remainder of the issue is made up of base ball reports, a column of poetry that would better have been called trash, a schedule of examinations and articles of like nature. We suggest that the editors fill their paper, next time, with congressional reports.

The Ariel for April, so far as miscellaneous matter is concerned, is quite readable. Its local department is meager, its jokes flat. It is said that true wit, consists in rendering the point of a joke not easily discernible. True, perhaps, but is it wit that perpetrates such a joke as the following which we take as a sample from the local columns of the Ariel: Scene in the office—President—"This is not a preparing school for eastern colleges." New pupil—"You don't say so. What are you going to do about it?" The Ariel's local should brace up.

The University Press contains, in its April issue, the prize oration at the State Oratorical Contest, a fine personal column that is such only in name. Then we think that college papers should be devoted wholly to college news. The Press has a department headed "Our Choicest." The choicest of the choice is—"An unclean man is an abomination before the Lord," "Go wash and be clean," at Herman Gaertner's metropolitan bathing rooms, basement of Park Hotel. No extra charge for those who bathe seldom." The only excuse for the publication of such an article—and, perhaps, it is the one the Press would urge, is that the students may have the advantage of the last sentence of the article.
LAW DEPARTMENT.

The class elections for the ensuing term were held on April 10th, and resulted in the choice of the following gentlemen as officers: Pres., G. A. Mathews; Vice-Pres., H. D. Rowe; Secretary, A. M. Appleget. The class is very fortunate in its selections.

On the evening of March 22d the class tendered to its faculty a deserved compliment. Accompanied by the band they proceeded to their respective residences, where, in answer to some very fine selections by the former, Judge Love, Chancellor Hammond, and President Slagle, thanked them for the favor and for the appreciation the class had shown for their efforts. Judge Howe, unfortunately, was absent from home at the time.

BASE BALL.

March 15th a meeting was held in the lecture room for the purpose of organizing a class base ball association. Considerable interest was manifested, and the following officers were chosen: Pres., G. A. Mathews, Vice-Pres., G. C. Preston; Sec., A. M. Appleget; Treas., F. Macomber. The boys say that challenges from first class nines are now in order. As the class contains some very fine players a lively ball season is in prospect.

GRADUATIONS.

On the evening of March 22d, Mr. J. J. Russell, of Muscatine, and Mr. Geo. Beisegal, of New Buda, presented themselves before the board of examiners for admission to the bar. After a most thorough examination, during which the gentlemen won infinite credit for themselves, the board were unanimously in favor of admitting them. We believe both of them go immediately into practice in their native towns. If a good class record is an augur of a good professional record, we can bespeak for them a brilliant future, and we in the name of the class and for ourselves heartily wish them the success which their talents and assiduity deserve.

MARRIAGE BELLS.

On Thursday evening, March 28th, the wedding chimes pealed out their sweetest tones heralding the tidings that Jas. M. Scott, of the law class, and Miss Belle Rice, of this city, were no longer two but one. The ceremony was performed at the residence of the bride's mother, Professor Fellows officiating, after which the assembled friends did justice to the epicurean repast prepared for them. The happy couple started on a short tour the day following, after which Mr. Scott will resume his studies here. We extend to the happy pair our heartiest wishes for their future welfare, and would add that, though we see with sorrow this victory of Cupid over Blackstone yet we feel much reconciled to know that he has consigned our captive classmate into such excellent keeping.

SYSTEM.

If there is any useful thing which a young lawyer is particularly liable to want, it is method in his work. Nothing is more baneful to the young practitioner than this lack of system, and yet nothing is more prevalent. Habits of this kind take hold in student-life and cling to general practice. Twice more weight tried and packed up into a single bundle, than untowardly flapping and hanging about his shoulders. This advice is useful to the lawyer of all men. A methodical system is easily acquired, and when acquired, is as tenacious in its hold as its opposite. Thus it is that a very little care will sometimes save an incalculable amount of work, and events, slight in themselves, have a very important bearing on professional success or failure.

THEORY AND PRACTICE IN THE STUDY OF LAW.

It has been very unfortunate for the good word theory, that it had for its antithesis a word of such vague and general meaning as practice. Against any single use of the latter, it might have held its ground and remained in fair acceptance; but we cannot wonder that it got in bad odor when it came to be used as the negative of all the good things which we express by the various meanings of practice, practical and practicable. To most of us, whatever is worth working for and striving after is denoted by the latter phrases, and it is no wonder that we shun and dislike all that is merely theoretical. Against such a confusion of terms in the popular mind it is useless to argue that theory is the complement and not the contrary of practice, and
that nothing can be more practicable, or of more practical use than a sound true theory of the things we have to practice every day. Whatever we practice or do, that we must theorize upon, or look at, physically or mentally in one shape or another, always, and whether we are conscious of it or not; it is the view we take of our work, the light in which we theorize or look at it that determines for us the actual, practical result of our labors.

"Practical" is a word of peculiarly relative meaning, and like all such words is utterly worthless to reason from unless we can agree upon the other terms of the relation in the given case. What is practical, of practical use to one man, may be the merest trilling to another. How many questions of practical importance in the view of the mediaeval reasoners are with us a gest and byword! Socrates reproached the philosophers of his day with wasting their time and thoughts upon physical problems, the qualities of fire, air, and water, etc., and neglecting morality and human life. Perhaps he was right, for at that time there was little prospect that the connection between such speculations upon external nature and the useful arts could be found, and any "practical" good derived from the former. But if Socrates were living now he would doubtless appreciate to the full the practical benefit which human life has derived and is deriving from the most abstruse truths of chemistry, the theories of geology, etc. We have proofs that even inventions and discoveries of the greatest moment depend for their practical value upon their timeliness, or the preparation for their use. Printing and gunpowder were known for centuries to the Chinese with very little effect on them and none on the rest of the world; but coming to Europe just when they did they revolutionized it. The Marq. of Worcester's steam-engine was a century in advance of time; a new dogma would have had more practical value and done more to effect mankind, in the seventeenth century.

So in the life of individuals. That only is of practical value to each which has an immediate connection with his previous knowledge, purposes, means. Most of our theorists upon education overlook this, and expect a beginner to see the same lessons in the most general truths which they themselves do after a life of study. They advise a boy to read Aristotle's Rhetoric and Longinus to learn how to write his first composition. Self-taught men are apt to err in the other extreme and undervalue all generalizations. One of the most important arts in teaching is that of leading the pupil from particulars to generals, as fast as can be done without losing the connection. If an abstract or general truth is given before its application can be understood, it lies as so much lumber in the mind, until the missing links are supplied. But there is no worse waste of time and labor than to go on piling up particular facts and truths,—the so-called "practical" knowledge of the empirical,—when the pupil is prepared to grasp a law.

One of the most strenuous objections made to scientific jurisprudence is that it is theoretical and not practical. What the word practical really means, in this and many other connections, is not easy to define. More frequently than otherwise it means that which is easy for the speaker to do; the method or process to which he is accustomed, and which he can therefore employ in the usual routine of business without the trouble of much close attention, is the always disagreeable necessity, to most men, of abstract thinking. But sometimes it certainly has a better meaning, which it is yet hard to explain without entering into what our continental friends would call the "subjective" state of each person employing it. Such persons are accustomed to a set of phrases which they have picked up in ordinary reading and conversation and to which they have been accustomed to attach a certain meaning from mere force of repetition, without any careful examination of the bounds and contents of the idea so expressed—just as we all learn and use the majority of words in the language of every day life. So long as they find rules of law couched in these phrases, it seems to them that they describe things exactly as they are,—that they deal with the plain every day facts of human life: in short that they are practical. If difficulties arise in the interpretation of such rules or in the inferences to be drawn from them, they accept these as the necessary lot of human weakness, and never think of asking whether they might not have been avoided by a little more care in the selection and definition of the terms employed; i.e. of the generalizations of experience upon which their rules of law are founded.

If they were right in assuming as they do that their familiar phrases corresponded directly to the facts of human life, and that any departure from them was a movement from the realm of fact to that of theory, their position would be well taken in our opinion; for we do not for a moment doubt, that law is an inductive science, and that its base must always be the observation of facts. But if they themselves are dealing not with such observed facts but with mere generalizations incorrect because no pains have ever been taken to correct them,—their whole ground of objection fails. To convince themselves that they are using mere vague general phrases they have only to examine the first statute or decision that comes to hand in connexion with the facts of the case to which they have to apply it; or to take the first question of fact that they find relegated to the jury, and ask themselves whether under any circumstances it could be decided by simple observation or experiment.

On the contrary our plainest and commonest terms are generalizations of an unusually wide scope. The jury which finds that a prisoner has or has not committed murder hardly has a wider field of evidentiary facts to draw its interence from than the lawyer who is
asked to apply the law of possession, or the law of baileym or the law of easement to an actual case. If the reader thinks this statement exaggerated, let him ask himself the simple question of fact who is in possession of the six houses he is most familiar with on any day at a given hour, using the word possession to mean the same legal relations, with the same legal effects in all six cases. Or who is in possession, in the legal sense of the word, of any chattel of his own which does not happen to be under the same roof with him—or any other question of the same character.

DECLINE OF FORENSIC ORATORY.

We take the following admirable passage from the address delivered by Chief Justice Durfee, of R. I., at the dedication of the new Court House in Providence, Dec. 18th, 1877.

"Another effect of the increase of litigation shows itself in the decline of forensic oratory. The lawyer who has many cases to try must husband his powers. He cannot exert them as prodigally as if he had not few. He, therefore adopts a more simple and businesslike manner of speech. Again, it is not every case that admits of oratory. Cases for eloquence are cases which invoke the primary interests or appeal to the primary feelings of mankind. It is when some personal or domestic right is violated, or political privilege impugned or historic principle invoked, or when the mystery of crime awakes curiosity or appeals the conscience, or when a case abounds in revelations of character of striking contrasts and vicissitudes, that eloquence finds its appropriate field and safely essays its sublimest flights. But such cases are few and do not multiply with the progress of society. In our days the cases which chiefly employ the courts grow out of the complexities of business, and relate to artificial or conventional rights and duties, or to questions of negligence or to pecuniary values, or to the more delicate demarcations of power and responsibility in business affairs. In such cases eloquence is of small avail; but it is precision of language, clearness of method, completeness of analysis, logical fertility and pattness of illustration, flooding the argument with light—not the chromatic splendor of the imagination, but the dry, white light of the understanding—which carries conviction to the jury, or persuades the court. Such an exhibition of intellectual power is more fascinating often to the appreciative mind than eloquence itself; but it is not eloquence, and it does not captivate the crowd."

—As he pressed the lamp post to his manly shirt front he feebly muttered: "Whaze use in signin' temperenze pledge and hic! jinein' church 'f a red headed fellar's affirs hic! playin' croquet with yer girl?" Whaze use? 'f it keeps on I'm goin' ter hic! quit bein' virtuous.

LIGHT LEGALISMS.

—Fifteen married men in the class. No wonder it has a hard name.

—Some wretch proposes to call the class base ball nine the Strych-nines.

—It's whispered around that a certain Law rejoices in the possession of a new pair of White Kids. They're twins.

—Four or five of the boys are preparing lectures on "What I know about sawing wood for a dinner." Or Tramping as a fine art.

—Two or three Academicians were seen buying ten cents worth of peanuts yesterday; so our co-editors are hard at work writing up another class sociable.

—All right boys, you may talk among yourselves that way but mind how you speak to a member of the Law Class! Keep this advice, there's millions in it.

—The look of ineflable relief that pervades the features of the average small dog since the departure of the "medies" is to say the least very remarkable.

—A "Law" tried to explain to us the sensations he experienced when his girl's false teeth fell out whilst kissing her. Having had no experience whatever in that line we fail to appreciate.

—In one evening half the Sophomore Class signed the temperance pledge, and the next day corn fell ten cents on the bushel. It may not be cause and effect, but it looks fearfuly suspicious.

—There are just 99 theses in preparation for delivery Commencement day (the other man has been excused) and just 89 laws are going to make up their minds that the faculty can't tell a good thesis jury, or persuades the court. virtuous.