THE TIDE OF TIME.

PART II.

CAPTAIN CHESTER.

(Continued.)

And now
Another era dawns, and angel choirs
Awake once more the harmonies, and sing
New songs, ascribing "Glory unto God,
Most High; and peace on earth: and God's good will
To men." And Satan heard the sound afar,
As if the ocean of Eternity
Had, at its unknown center, found a tongue,
Empowered to utter harmonies unknown,
Which spread spontaneously from sphere to sphere,
Through countless circles to the shores of Time.

And Satan listened with attentive ear,
And tried in vain to comprehend the sound,
Which guiltiness transformed to words of doom.
Defiantly, and yet with inward fear,
He heavenward raised his eyes, and thus exclaimed:
"Speak not of peace to one who scorches the word
Nor will accept its terms. He does not crave
Good will as recompense for slavery;
And will not worship one who hides behind
A cloud. Would he be recognized as King
Let him disclose his hidden majesty
In person as in power."

As thus he spoke
For self and subject powers the gates of Light,
Unopened since the great apostacy,
Began to move, and from the battlements
A voice proclaimed, "Prepare Jehovah's way;"
"Make straight his path."

And outer darkness fled
In fear, as from the open gates emerged
A Cloud of Glory, indescribable,
Like that which hung above the Mercy Seat,
Within the vail. Behind the guiding cloud
Which marked the downward path, and lighted up
The gloom, advanced Jehovah's Messenger,
High in Celestial rank, and once well known.
To Lucifer, who claimed to be his peer
In rank, in favor, and in high command;
Till Pride begat Rebellion in his soul,
And then the escort came, the heavenly host,
Which Satan last beheld in stern array,
Prepared for battle on the plains of heaven,
When first he dared Omnipotence to arms.

Down, down, with dovelike flight they winged their way,
Towards the erstwhile Paradise, long lost,
Their pathway lighted by the "Glory Cloud;"
And all the harmonies of Time awoke
By their celestial song. And human souls,
Aroused to consciousness and life, by that
Potential light, could also hear the song.

The darkest hour of night's black arch approached,
And weary shepherds, waiting for the dawn,
Watched o'er their flocks near Bethlehem,
When suddenly around them shone, a Light
Potential,—The Glory of the Lord,—
And they awoke to spiritual life.

And heard the song, and saw the Messenger
And feared. But from his lips, instead of wrath
Sweet comfort flowed melodious on their ears;
"Fear not," he said, "For lo, I bring to you
"Good tidings of great joy to all mankind,
"For unto you in Bethlehem to day,
"Is born a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."
And then the heavenly host resumed their song
And high in air the wondering shepherds saw
A multitude of angels.

Satan heard,
With fear and awe, God's message unto men,
And hastening into Bethlehem, beheld
The Infant Jesus in his humble bed,
Untainted with the heritage of sin,
And illumined with heaven's eternal Light,
Unmeasured. Not a feeble star, like that
Which since the Fall, amidst the gloom of death
Had testified of Mercy infinite;
But the Shekina, in the midst of which
The Great Creator dwells.

Thus Satan first
Beheld "The Seed," foretold and foreordained
His conqueror, but wist not who he was,
Except that he was "He who was to come."
And round his humble bed the powers of hell
Infuriated foamed, like surging waves
Hot hissing from the ever burning lake,
Which lashed to fury by the storms of hate,
Had burst beyond its bounds. But like that sea
Which mortals know, this had a limit fixed,
At which its surging waves, rechedapped with fires
Of everlasting hate recoiled dismayed.

"A PRACTICAL EDUCATION."

President J. L. Pickard.

1.

A few friends chatting pleasantly of an evening were
led into conversation upon one of the live topics of the day—Popular Education. It chanced that they repre-

sent various walks in life, and each was conscious of
a degree of merited success in his chosen work. Each
criticised some what sharply the school of his boyhood,
as deficient in some one thing, which supplied would
have made its course of study far more practical. An
interested listener found upon survey of the discussion
that had all assented to the deficiency complained of by
each, nothing would have remained save, perhaps, the form of a school as dry as a squeezed orange—had all assented to the claims urged by each for the prominence that should have been given to this or that "practical study," there could be found nowhere in all this broad land a school that would satisfy their demands. It would seem that the definition of "practical" takes color from the occupation of the man who uses it. Whatever serves directly and observably my profession or employment, is in the highest degree "practical," at least in my estimation. Whatever does not serve my purposes, shall not be allowed another whose wishes do not, but should be made to, accord with mine, for it is a waste of money to furnish facilities for the pursuit of that which is not "practical" to me, and I can not be a willing party to such a waste.

I will suppose myself to be the son of a good carpenter and desirous of following my father's occupation. The school of my neighborhood has been fashioned by those who are out of sympathy with my needs. Through my father's influence it is remodeled and its course of study is shaped to my special wish. I become an expert draughtsman, and skillful in the use of tools. Geometrical problems are my delight. Pieces of wood taken up at random are fashioned according to their highest degree of fitness and usefulness, and when the parts are completed, their places in a beautiful structure are readily found. Under my hand they come together as if by magic and one is ready to declare that they have always been fitted the one to the other. Latin and Chemistry and Music have had no part in the achievement of this grand success. In my school they found no place, for it was eminently a "practical" school and the course of study had a "practical" bearing. In the course of time, by over work, my physical powers were found to be failing. In search of a physician whom I could trust I could find none among my school mates, for my "practical school" furnished no instruction in Natural or Physical Science. So too, as a disagreement arose with regard to the terms of a contract, the necessity for legal advice drove me to consult a stranger, one who had been permitted the study of Language and History, as a foundation for his practical work. I dared not trust the druggist of my native village, for mathematics would ensure the right proportions but not the right ingredients of a prescription, and upon the last my life depended.

I would have attended church but our pastor could give me no light beyond what I already had. He was my most intimate school friend, but his early training made his sermons too mechanical.

So I fell a-thinking. It takes all kinds of people to make a world. The diverse employments of men make diverse preparations necessary. I need influences which are outside of the limits of my special calling. I cannot live by myself. Society is made up of elements. Each element must have opportunity for growth. I am a carpenter, but more than that I am a man. I owe to those about me a duty founded upon my ability to influence others. Their manhood may depend in a degree upon my use of the ability I possess. I have character to build as well as houses. If a good mechanic, my opinions, upon matters outside of my calling, will for that very reason, have weight with my neighbors. And I right in my interpretation of the word "practical," as that which serves but a part of my being, which concerns only the details of my occupation? While musing over the answer, a picture grew before my sight. It was of men drilling in squads. Over each was borne the banner inscribed "A Practical Education." Each squad was engaged in a different drill. The view dissolves, and there comes upon the canvas a field of conflict. The squads re-appear, but without unity of purpose, each jealous of the other. Their banners bear a singularly uniform appearance, but their drill has evidently blinded them to such a degree that they recognize no friends in companion squads, and their strength is lessened by want of union, even if they do not sometimes mistake their friends for foes.

The result of this day-dreaming is that I feel the need of a definition of the word "practical" as applied to education. I am satisfied that much might be saved to the champions of reform, if terms can be agreed upon. The old story of the quarrel over the color of the chameleon is in point at this stage, and we will wait till we have the opportunity of changing our point of view, before giving our own interpretation of an easily used but much abused word.

"Skepticism."

In the last Reporter I observed an article setting forth the uses and value of doubt and skepticism. Does the writer clearly apprehend the meaning of the terms used? Des Cartes says: "The true skeptic doubts for the sake of doubting, and therefore ends, as he began, with doubt." Hume says of Bishop Berkeley's essay, "That all his arguments are in reality merely skeptical, appears from this, that they admit of no answer and produce no conviction. Their only effect is to cause a momentary amazement, and irresolution and confusion, which is the result of skepticism." Krauth says, in the Vocabulary of Philosophical Sciences: "To maintain that man cannot attain to knowledge of the truth, is skepticism." The same author also says: "Doubt is that state of the mind in which we hesitate as to two contradictory conclusions, having no preponderance of evidence in favor of either. In proportion as knowledge increases, doubt diminishes." In trying to estimate the uses and value of doubt and skepticism in the world's intellectual progress, we are reminded of the school boy's composition about pins. "Pins is very curious and very useful. Pins has saved thousands of lives." How is that, asked the teacher. "By not swallowing them," said the boy. X.
We like to be patient; we come of a patient family; we love to see patience in any man; but there are times when the patience of any man must yield. Ours has yielded. And as we can't very well scold anybody else, we shall proceed to administer a rebuke unto ourselves. The Music Committee goes a-friends of the noble young gentlemen who make the agony of the fond parent! 

There were also, among our paragraphs, several items which we had gleaned elsewhere, which were published in our paper as if original with us, no credit being given to the real author; leaving us fairly open to be valued at all, as a thing to which we but it serves to show how the good are often condemned.

Now all this is abominably careless, to express it euphonically. A college paper should be gotten up with the greatest care than a common daily. THERE is to be another change in our course of studies. We are not astonished; we expected it; we recognize in this constant twisting, the handiwork of a Faculty ever laboring for the best interest of our institution.

If there is any one thing in which we excel other colleges, it is in the rapidity with which our courses of study are altered. We are convinced that this system of constant change is the only true one, and for an example of its advantages, would cite the case of the student who did not take Analytical Geometry in the Freshman year, because it was a Sophomore study, and did not take it during that year, because it was a Freshman study; from this it is easily seen how, by careful management, one could be graduated without taking any studies.

There is an objection which we frankly acknowledge is a serious one; a month's old catalogue contains no more information than a month's old newspaper. The controlling powers appreciating this inconvenience, with their usual energy hasten to remedy it, and, in fact, already have made engagements with Clinton & Co.
West Chicago, for the issuing of a daily catalogue with telegraphic annotations.

It must be acknowledged that there is but one perfect arrangement of studies; and, now, my Eastern friend, who is the more apt first to reach this perfection, we with our procedure, or you, who bound by a bigoted conservatism, think one course of studies sufficient for a single term? There can be but one answer. The superiority of our plan is most apparent, and can be proven mathematically.

There are in our Collegiate Department four divisions: the Classical, Philosophical, Scientific and Engineering, a completion of any one requiring twelve terms work, three studies each term, making thereby six studies for each division, or one hundred and forty-four for all.

By the simple rule of permutation it has been ascertained that these studies may be arranged in one trillion and four different positions, one of which, as proven above, must be the ideal one.

Again, by the official records of the Iowa State University, which are stored in the massive safe contained in the south building first room to the left as you enter the north hall, our Faculty is able to prove that there remain to be made, but twenty thousand more changes, which they expect to effect before the close of the Spring term.

This most important work would have been completed in time for the Fall term, but for the two day's absence of one of the Faculty's most active members; we hasten to remove any suspicion of blame, by stating that the absence was caused by sickness.

We own we were astonished when we discovered our proximity to perfection, and we thought: "Well may ye blush, ye grumbling Academics, think ye of the sleepless Faculty devising new twists; think ye, and blush again!"

We have made the above defense of our Faculty, feeling that its members were unjustly criticized; we have done it not at their request, but actuated by our sense of right, and in conclusion, we trust our Professors, being better understood, will be better appreciated.

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LOCAL.

-Sleighing is gone.
-"Who trowd the bone."
-"Why don't you give us some locals.
-Are we to have any walk-aroounds, this term?
-The "little joker" is the card the local department wants.
-"Truth crushed to earth will rise again,"-A plug hat won't.
-Gentle Spring is coming; and soon you'll have to put life preservers on your wood-PILE.
-The Laws are having 99 cent pictures taken. Young ladies are waiting in expectancy.

-A young taxidermist inquired for an easy method of skinning birds? We suggest boiling.
-In the Spring a young girl's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of gloves; and hats; and things.
-Any one wishing to purchase beads will find it to their advantage to call on C. H. Dobyns.
-The Post says a woman's heart is like the moon changes often but has always a man in it.
-It is amusing to see the mutual glances of contempt when a Law and Medic meet on the street.
-"Prof. I do love Greek," Oh, the faculty some folks have of getting hundreds is simply wonderful!
-The righteous student trusteth in his own wisdom; but the slothful puteth his hope in the hindmost seat.
-Clinker, being stuck in German, declares he can write the Ten Commandments, with the single word—douch!
-Some one has written a book called: "What Shall My Son Be?" A boy, we'll bet. Give us something hard.
-The Junior who took a cotton sock instead of a pocket handkerchief, says, 'if there is any thing makes him mad it's a girl who's always giggling at some little mistake.
-We said in our last issue that the Symponians and the Philomatheans had united, but it is not so. The union proved a failure.
-Oberlin College seems to be in a full tide of prosperity, by way of bequests and donations. Its success has been nobly earned
-Hail, all hail ye Sophs; victoria nostrum est; bring forth Lorenzo Dow, and cause the king's ass to sit upon him. The arguments of Socrates no longer tear, rejoice and be ye glad.
-At the Mercy Hospital there is a sad case of a man whose only words are: "Next! Next!" The doctors are in great doubt as to whether he be an old college professor or a barber.
-Prof. H. W. Parker, late of Iowa College, and now of the Agr. College at Amherst, Mass. has been offered a professorship at Ames, and it is said he has accepted it. We welcome him to Iowa again.
-A thief recently entered the house of our worthy President, Dr. Pickard, and abstracted a complete assortment of notes which had been prepared for a lecture on Political Economy. They were recovered.
-A fierce looking old Roman ghost was in town last week, looking around for the programme writer, who spelled his name "Cataline," on the society bulletin The spirit of progress evidently grinds those old fellows.
-Professor Eggert recently gave the first of his series of lectures on Germany, her Literary and Political History. These lectures, delivered in the Professor's native language, will form a most interesting and valuable feature of his department.
—"There is nothing obscure about it, if you understand it," said the Professor; and then he leaned back in his chair as though his other name was Solomon.

—A certain Junior, somewhat "fond of the trigger," has heard of Pythagoras; and now he lives in hopes that he will die, so that his soul may be transmigrated into a shot gun.

—"We can't force you to be a gentleman," said the Professor mildly; and then the class shed tears, sad tears, as big as biscuit, for it saw its last, its only hope had departed.

—"Cyrus was the son of Darius, also Artaxerxes," remarked a student; and when he added: "Cyrus died at the age of forty eight years old," he could not understand why the Professor laughed till his face looked like a torch-light procession.

—The solemn look of learning with which a Freshman in German will reply, "Ich zweifel nicht," is only equalled by the calm and superior confidence of the Junior in French; who fluently responds, "Je ne sais pas?"

—There is a school teacher living in the northern part of this State, who wears a muscle, big as a stove pipe. One of our Laws recently went to him in quest of satisfaction; the teacher seems to have gotten all the satisfaction, while the Law nearly got the inquest.

—Why is it that the Literary Societies disgust their audiences, with so many thin programmes, this term? Does the eating? We want to enter that class, we do.

—We didn't know the difference between the Nebular Hypothesis and a door knob, till after the Professor Leonard had delivered his most interesting lecture; to be sure our hair shook and our bones stood on end, when we learned that we would probably be taken off in our beauty and pride, before a brief five million years had passed, but still it's best to be prepared for the worst.

—"Look here, Mr. Local," says Clinker, cracking a smile—when Clinker cracks a smile it looks as though he had cracked a head—"Look here, Mr. Local," says he, "Why is the first kiss like the measles?" We ain't much on conundrums, but just to please him, we hinted that it might be because you didn't have it but once. "No, you don't," says Clinker, looking knowingly, "the first kiss is like the measles because it's rash!"

—The Professor sat most beautifully down on the Junior whom they call the Theologue. We drew out our little note-book, and were sure of a fat local; but calmly producing a twelve-inch bowie from his boot, the offended party remarked, "Now, gawd darn you, if you put that into the Reporter, I shall assuredly cause an ensanguined vacancy in the midst of your editorial number." So we lost it.

—Our curly flaxen haired Senior was preparing an essay on Credulity. A classmate having just returned from church was asked by Credulity where the text might be found. The classmate thoughtfully scratched his head and wisely remarked: "Well, I really do not 'reekoleckt, but I think it was in the 22nd chapter of
“St. Charles.” The joke applauded and the laugh went round. Finally, Credulity saw the point and bursting into a violent fit of laughter exclaimed, Oh, I see now. There are only 21 (?) chapters in St. Charles.

PERSONAL.

John J. Hamilton has recently returned from a four month's tour of study and observation in the middle Atlantic States; sojourning principally in the 'Old Dominion.' In consequence of impaired health he proposes spending some months in recreation and outdoor employment at his home, Floris, Ia., and his many friends here and elsewhere will join us in the hope that health and vigor will be speedily and fully restored to him.

Since our December issue about two hundred volumes have been added to the Library, among which are the following:

- The Pedigree of the English People—Nicholas.
- Narratives of the Merovingian Era—Thierry.
- Adamites and Pre-Adamites—Winchell.
- The Freedom of Science in the Modern State—Virchow.
- Bibliomani—a—Dibdin.
- German Home Life.
- Conscience—Joseph Cook.
- Mesmerism—Carpenter.
- The Rise and Decay of Islam—Dunn.
- The History of Greenland—Crantz.
- Map of India—Allen.
- The Ceramic Art—Young.
- The College Book—Clark & Richardson.
- Life and Times of Francis Bacon—Spedding.
- The Dawn of History—Keary.
- Deutsche Rundschau—4 vols.
- The Conflicts of Capital and Labor—Howell.
- The Workman and the Franchise—Maurice.
- The Talmud—Poland, (Translator.)
- German Love—Max Muller.
- Plato and the Older Academy and Socrates and the Socratic Schools—Zeller.
- Malta, Past and Present—Seddall.
- The History of Drink—Samuelson.
- England, Literary and Social—Rodenberg.
- The Genera of Recent and Fossil Shells—Sowerby.
- The Troubadours—Heufler.
- History of Lloyd's and Marine Insurance in Great Britain—Martin.
- The Continental Teutons—Merivale.
- A Ride to Khiva—Burnaby.
- Life Theories—Beale.

Art and Art Industries in Japan—Alcock.
A Family Party in the Piazza of St. Peter, 3 vols.—Trollope.
Essays on Chivalry and Romance—Sir Walter Scott.
Coffee Taverns—Hall.
Mexico, Ancient and Modern—Chevalier.
Lectures on the History of Rome, 3 vols.—Niebuhr.
Constitutional Monarchy in France—Renan.
Modern India and the Indians—Williams.
Language and Languages—Farrar.
Illustrations of English Religion—Morley.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The Ancient not deigning to put in an appearance this month, we are quite unable to give our usual criticisms; and shall, therefore, follow the example of some of our best exchanges, in giving a few selections of college poetry.

The Acta Columbiana probably publishes more poetry, better poetry, and worse poetry, than any of our exchanges. We give some of the better.

THE BALLAD OF THE THEGN.

BY MISTER STUBBS.

The sun was rising in the east,
The moon was on the wane,
When, as the mellow light increased,
Forth rode upon a noble beast,
A gallant Saxon thegn.

Gestheund was this thegn, I weet;
Of gafof-land, pardie,
Five hides his wergild did complete,
A bell-house and a burgh-great seat,
And many a haet had he.

But as he sped like some swift bird
Across the bookland plain
Up jumped a coerl without a word,
Forgetting token, eorl and fyrd,
And slew the noble thegn.

Then to the tun-gerefa spoke
The maegth with many a wail,
The frith-borghini the coerl did name
Straight up before the wapentake
And to the tenmannetale.

To him the ealdorman then said,
"Pay up, O theow of sin!"
The coerl the mandate swift obeyed,
The maeght all blessed the frith-borghini.
And scooped the wergild in!

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow will be the happiest day of all my freshman year;
So grasp me by my curling hair, and early wake me up,
For I've been awarded the cup, mother, I've been awarded the cup!

—Tennyson

JOLLY SOPS.

"Let old Neptune yield the prize,
Or else divide the crown;
He raises steamers to the skies.
We toss a schooner down!"

—Dryden
THE STERN PROF.

"A Zero on the record's brim.
A simple zero was to him,
And it was nothing more." —Wordsworth.

AT THE BOARD.

"He grasps the crib in his crooked hands,
And pulls it down from his shirt-sleeve bands:
Crowned with his massive cheek he stands."

—Tennyson.

The Tablet talks this way:

BEWARE, (Revised),
I know a tutor brave to see,
Take care!
He can both fierce and friendly be,
Beware! beware!
Trust him not,
He's dropping thee!
"He has two eyes so soft and brown,"
Take care!
For when he smiles he marks you down,
Beware! beware!
Trust him not,
He's fooling thee!
He has a dicky white as snow,
Take care!
He knows how much 'tis best to show,
Beware! beware!
Trust him not,
He is fooling thee.

This is old, but will do for the Juniors. We believe it originated with the London Fun.

CHEMICAL DITTY.

INORGANIC.
Oh! come where the cyanides silently flew,
And the carburets drop over the oxides below;
Where the rays of potassium lie white on the hill,
And the song of the silicate never is still,
Come, oh come!
Tum, tum, tum!
Per oxide of soda, and urani-un!
While alcohol's liquid at thirty degrees,
And no chemical change can effect manganese;
While alkalies flourish and acids are free,
My heart shall be constant, sweet science, to thee!
Yes, to thee.
Eddedum Dee!
Zine, borax, and bismuth, and H O plus C.

The following is like the majority of college poetry;
the metre does not meet.

"There's a metre dactylic, there's a metre spondaic,
There's a metre for a laugh and a groan;
There's still yet a metre by no means prosaic,
'Tis to meet her—by moonlight alone!"

Ex.

The two following were evidently written at college; we are sorry we cannot credit.

Plug on! yield not to ancient Greeks;
Climb on though Latin try your starch;
He flunks alone who lagging keeps;
He gains the X who dares to march.
Be thou a plugger! let thy mark
Make on each term bill clear its way;
And e'en through Olney's midnight dark,
Hew out a passage light as day.

"Full many a roll of pony leaves serene
The dark, unfathomed sleeves and text-books bear;
Full many a crib is born to blush unseen,
Yet shed assistance, hidden by the chair."

And this is the way the Yale Record does:

THE COLLEGE EDITOR.
He comes with smile and honeyed tongue,
And bows as he solicits some
"Short, sharp effusion,
Something of no excited strain,
But in your usual happy vein,
You know we're always flat and tame
Without your contribution."

The paper's out,—'tis Saturday.
I pray you mark the admiring way
They read it on the fence.
Doubtless they praise that scrap of mine,
Mere trifle,—though 'twas rather fine.
I got my number. O sublime—
O cursed impudence!
That oily, inky knight o' the quill
Again hath worked his wicked will,
And all my song was vain.
For poetry hath left old Yale,
This cold, this ungenial vale,
Nor need I add this mournful tale,
"They've left me out again."

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

The editor of the Medical Department has been in deep trouble since the issuance of the last number of the Reporter. The caption Allopathic, as it occurred in that issue, was the sole cause. We have not only been the subject of censure from professional brethren, but also the recipient of various sly digs in the ribs, from homeopathic acquaintances, accompanied by appropriate grins on the part of the donors, who regard it as being a rich joke.

Fortunately, it was so near the jocose corner that it might be regarded as one of its many jokes.

Now we will be compelled to disappoint those smiling hearts, and at the same time, offer an apology to our aggrieved friends, by saying, that the occurrence was totally a mistake, and that its insertion had received no sanction of ours; in fact it was as much a surprise to us, as those who recognize the inappropriateness of the distinction. Still, we can hardly say that we explore its occurrence; for, what can be more significant of our opinion, than the line which we have drawn with pen and ink, through the caption in each number, by which we hoped to correct the misrepresentation.

And just here, it might be proper to explain, in a few words, our position in the literature of medicine. It is a very prevalent idea, that practitioners of to-day, outside of homeopathic circles are of the allopathic school of medicine. It is understood that the doctrines of allopathy and homeopathy are directly opposed, as shown in the different aphorisms, the similia and the contraria. Hippocrates, in the second century, was the first to expound the doctrine of similia; Galen coming
after him, as strongly supported the doctrine of *contra-

Following down the centuries, medical celebrities at-
tached themselves, according to their belief, to one or
other of the two doctrines. But it was not till the ad-
vent of Hahnemann, that the term homeopathic and
allopathic were introduced. He designated his system
as homeopathy and to distinguish those of contrary be-

It is a veritable corpse, buried in the events of the
past.

But the odor of its decay has not yet ceased to be dis-
seminated through the land; for there are those, whose
greatest delight it is to prolong its existence, by giving
wrong impressions, and placing the practitioners in
false positions and relations.

It will suffice to say, that we not only do not recog-
nize allopathy nor homeopathy, but disclaim any rela-
tionship with all systems of medicine, whose doctrines
find a basis in exclusive and dogmatic principles.

Our motto is simple and precise, take from whatever
source, that which is good, that which experience our
grand instructor has proven beneficial in relieving hu-
man ills, apply it judicially, whether it be allopathic,
homeopathic, or hydropathic in origin. Under these
colors, may our ship of liberal scientific medicine ever
sail; and always, let any and all conservatism, be a high-
way leading to success and truth, wherein all may safely
travel, and none stumble and fall.

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**PEN FILINGS.**

—Prof. Wilson, lecturer on Dental Science, has just
completed an interesting course on that subject.

—Scene at clinic. Examiner: Of what did your fa-
der die?

Patient, (promptly): Cholera infantum, sir.

—Dr. Ranney of Mt. Pleasant is with us again. He
lectures before the class on the subject of insanity. A
very pleasing and interesting instructor he is.

—The department presents at present a lively ap-
pearance. Surgical operations on the cadaver and de-
monstrations in practical anatomy furnish interesting
occupation to the medical students.

—"Am I to be plucked?" is a question, the bare idea
of which causes the medic's heart to start up toward
his aosophagus, leaving him in a truly pitiable condition
which, strange to say, a strong cigar will not relieve,
but a mild glass of *lemonade* will.

—Query. What are the subjects of most pressing
interest to Prof. Hinrichs?

Answer. The spots on the sun; the spots on the
lecture room floor (after medics leave); the condition of
the weather; the condition of the gents in the labora-
tory gallery, but chiefly, chemical analysis and an ana-
lysis of the feelings of medics on the subject of alcohol
radicals.

Our kind and ever to be remembered prosector to
the chair of surgery, Dr. R. W. Pryce, is numbered no
more among the living. His abilities and character in
the performance of his duties while connected with the
department, none more highly appreciated, or bore
more profound respect for, than the members of the
medical class. The class, in deep grief at his demise,
attended the funeral services in a body.

**HOMEOPATHIC MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.**

**MEDIC'S VINDICATION.**

I am a native of Bohemia and a faithful representa-
tive of that wandering people. One day in my lonely
wanderings I saw a cross in the clouds, and came to the
conclusion, like all conceited persons, that it was sus-
pended there for my especial benefit, that it was a sign
my sins were forgiven, that I might as last rest in peace.

I hastened on until the way was suddenly obstructed
by Dostal's brewery. I turned sadly away, following
a path that had once been a side-walk, until I saw a
magnificent edifice; it seemed so grand and beautiful,
that I forgot all about the brewery, and felt sure my
resting place was near. After having made inquiries
of a small boy my dream of peace was soon dispelled.
He told me that the center building was occupied by
the Laws and Academics, the south building by Medics
and that the upper story of the north building was devo-
ted to religious exercises, while the ground floor was ex-
clusively devoted to the exorcisms of the "Dark Hole
of Calcutta." Well, here was something new, three
tribes different from any I had ever met. I investi-
gated the matter still further, and learned that the
Laws and Academics were saints, but the Medics—

This determined me to join them, and learn
something of the character of this peculiar people, and
now the spirit of justice possesses me, and the unfortu-
nate medics shall be seen in a true light. As far as
personal appearance is concerned, I can't say much, but
the people of Iowa City have never learned that a most
lovely character is hidden under the rough exterior.
While the Laws are daily increasing the number of un-
fortunates of the Insane Asylum, by trespassing on
'midnight holy hour,' in learning their lesson of elo-
cution, the Medics are studying the best way to cure the
insane, or relieve Iowa City of Law students. While
Laws and Academics crowd the citizens out of their
pews in church, the Medics are engaged in scientific
research. While the Academics are chasing chickens
across the campus, the Medics are hunting hungry dogs,
to relieve them of their misery. When a stranger comes
to visit them, they do not sit still like our forefathers,
the mummies, but the stranger is welcomed by hearty
applause. They never frequent Dubuque street only
on their way home, nor loaf on the post office corner,
and when the mail comes do not monopolize all Clinton street; they never go to walk-arounds, nor ride around town, as if something besides animal spirits were prevailing. Yes, the Medics are sadly misunderstood, but cheer up friends, your reward is coming.

Town, as if something besides animal spirits were prevailing we heard moans and lamentations. We opened the door and there sat our local editor perfectly disconsolate. He answered our inquiring eyes by stating that his best jokes had been infringed upon, and that the Senior had behaved so well this month that he had no news at all, not even a marriage notice. We told him to dry his eyes, that we would help him out, whereupon we handed him all our jokes. That seemed to satisfy him until he happened to see the Law editor who sat perfectly passive. He didn't offer to let his jokes go. We tried to arouse his sympathy, but the future judge had none.

We knew that the only way to win was by means of argument, and we being greater in number, produced two arguments to his one, and won our cause. "I wish to get at the abhorrent—ah—ah—" said the wretch, as if trying to stuff one. He was too sago for him. —Ex.

A Yale student to another who is unwell and in bed: "Well, old boy, are you sick?" "Sic sum," was the quick response. —Campus.

Freshman: "Where shall I find Darwin's work?"
Librarian: "What do you want with Darwin?"
Freshy (light): "I want his 'Origin of Species,' so as to find out something about this finance question.

A sparkling young debater, in a flight of eloquence, exclaimed: "Mr. President, the world is divided into two great classes, the learned and unlearned, one of whom I am which." —University Missourian.

Mr. Richard Topplewell Pullin, M. R. S. I. B. A., is lecturing on "The Periperal Hexastyle and Eastyle of Hermogenes of Alabanda." When Rev. Joe Cook heard of it he pricked up his ears and sued him for infringement of patent. —Ex.

Scene—Recitation room in Natural History. Instructor: "Mr. X.—Have you ever put you head down on any one's breast and listened to the heart-beats as Huxley describes them?" Mr. X. (blushing): "Yes sir." Class woods up. —Ex.

Richard Grant White is about six feet in height and has a martial bearing. "And he walks Broadway like an active transitive verb looking down on a rabble of adverbs and prepositions and other insignificant parts of speech," says a New York paper. —Ex.

"Johnny," said a sporting third ward father, "Johnny, what have you got in your fist?" "Two pears," said Johnny. "Good hand," said the absent-minded parent; "take the pot." Then he blushed, and pointing to a brass kettle, he added, "to your mother." —Ex.

This comes from Michigan University: Senioress translating: "Wir sind von keinem Mannes Hertzen sicher." "We are sure of every man's heart." Prof. "Not correct. Try again." Senioress: "We are safe in every man's heart." Prof. "Hardly." Senioress (blushing): "We are sure of no man's heart." Prof. "Correct." —Ex.

Scene, Hash House—dinner time. Senior (who has been so unfortunate as to elect chemistry), is groaning over the mysteries of chemical formulas. A Junior law of encyclopedic knowledge in all seriousness proceeds to enlighten the befogged senior as follows: "You see, bard, it ain't so hard, if you only understand it. You pour the two things together, you know, and that liberates an element which causes the precipitate."

Not long ago, a junior was out riding with one of Amherst's beauties by his side, when, looking up pensively into his face, she said with tears in her eyes, "Oh! no one loves me, Mr. R." "Some one does," he replied. "Yes?" said the lady, pressing his arm ever so lightly. "Yes, Miss Lizzie," continued the wretch, "God does."—Student.

Prof. (after waiting some time for answer to question which he has just asked of Mr. H.): "Don't you see what I mean?" Mr. H.: "Yes, sir, it's a—it's—ah—" Prof.: "What! I wish to get at is, that, if an imponderable string is stretched by an infinite number of equal weights applied equal distances from each other, the tunicular polygon becomes a parabola." Mr. H. (enthusiastically): "Yes, sir; yes, sir; you get my idea." —Ex.

Sophomore Rhetoric.—"Mr. S., can you give me an example of the apostrophe?"

Mr. S.—Dreamily, but unrapured—

Oh woman in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
But seen too oft, familiar with thy face,
We first endure, next pity, then embrace.

The Professor is dumb with astonishment, the class smile, while the Sophomore's face wears a look of infinite content. —Ariel.
FRIENDS, everywhere, Class '79 sends you a kindly, warm greeting! We who at present throng the lecture room and library are earnest seekers after truth, and are said to be most worthy successors of those in whose footsteps we tread. We are becoming intimately acquainted, and ties are forming that will never be severed. Our associations are generally most agreeable and benefial; our instructors, acknowledged models in the profession, genial, industrious and prompt, ever ready to aid, and, above all, possessed of broad culture and experience, so eminently qualifying them for their respective labors in our behalf; our duties generally congenial, and the strengthening, polishing, elevating process through which we are passing is of immeasurable value. More than all this, the current scholastic year is one of the greatest prosperity, enthusiasm, and triumph in the existence of our school, whose reputation for general and particular excellence is not bounded by the limits of Iowa nor of America.

JUDGE DILLON introduced his course of lectures on Federal Jurisdiction, with the following admirable considerations, which elicited from the class hearty, merited applause: "As Americans, we claim without distinction, and with just pride as our lawful inheritance the glory and renown which are shed upon our country and its jurisprudence by the learning and the labors of both the Federal and State Judges. They are, alike, ours.

If the Federal Bench has been made illustrious by the great, sagacious and self-poised mind of Chief Justice Marshall; by the extraordinary learning of Mr. Justice Story, who was equally familiar with ancient and modern jurisprudence; by the almost unequalled logical force of the solid and comprehensive intellect of Taney; the State Bench has given us Chief Justice Shaw, one of the foremost judges of the age; the lordly, grand intellect of Chief Justice Gibson of Pa.; and Chancellor Kent, simple in his tastes and habits, single in his aims and aspirations, the creator of the chancery system of this country, the author of the "Commentaries on American Law," which, in depth and accuracy of learning and elegance, vigor and purity of style, justly rival, if they do not surpass, those of the great English Commentator, and whose judgments pronounced from the Supreme Bench of New York and in the Court of that State are equally respected in his own country and in that country from whence he drew so much of the copious and unfailing streams of his learning, and which will be admired wherever, in its conquest, the English language shall carry the English law, and will be studied and reverenced as long as our language and law shall endure."

MARRIED.

At 8:30 am., January 31, 1879, at the home of the bride, by the Rev. E. L. Briggs, Grinnell, Mr. Will Hayward, of Red Oak, and Miss Carrie B. Atherton, of Knoxville.

Will is one of the good, substantial men of Law Class '79, the first to form a partnership since its organization, and his fair helper, one of the noblest, best, and most beloved of Knoxville society. The hearty congratualtions and kind wishes of numerous friends, both here and abroad, are showered upon them. May they be evermore as now they seem.

JOHN AUSTIN.

Mr. Austin's Lectures on Jurisprudence were delivered for the first time in London University, in 1828-29, to a class, which is said to have exceeded his expectations, and to have included several men who afterward became famous in law, politics or philosophy. Some of these, such as John Stuart Mill, for instance, took full notes of his lectures, and entered into the new study with a zeal that must have been a delightful reward for all the labor of preparation. "He was much impressed and excited," says his wife, "by the spectacle of this noble band of young men, and he felt with a sort of awe the responsibility attaching to his office.

He had the highest possible conception of the importance of clear notions on the foundation of Law and Morals, to the welfare of the human race; the thought of being the medium, through which these were to be conveyed into so many of the minds destined to exercise a powerful influence in England, filled him with ardor and enthusiasm. Any teacher who loves and appreciates his work, whatever his topic, can understand at least the enjoyment which Austin found with such pupils. If the highest of all intellectual pleasures be, as we may well believe it to be, the exercise of creative thought, by those to whom the rare gift of genius has been entrusted, the second place at least may be claimed for the act by which the grand ideas which are the world's choicest treasures, are handed on to the best minds of a new generation, eager to seize and carry them forward,

"like the band

That in the Grecian games had strife.
And passed from eager hand to hand
The onward dancing torch of life."

The feelings with which Austin regarded his choice students, those whose minds were fully open to his own, are clearly shown in the memoranda (printed by his wife), of his requests to them after his first lecture. "I therefore, entreat you, as the greatest favor you can do me, to demand explanations and ply me with objections. Can bear castigation without flinching, coming from a friendly hand. In short, my requests are that you will ply me with questions, and that you will attend regularly."—(Preface, p. 7.)

*Et quasi cursores vital lampada tradunt.—Lucretius II, 78.
But unhappily there was no endowment for the chair of Jurisprudence, and the thrifty managers of the University required it to be self-supporting. If the lamp of science does not require gross material oil, costing money in the market, the lamp of life does; and in 1832, Mr. Austin had to bring his lectures to a close, and resign his chair in the University, for the want of a paying attendance. In November, 1833, however, he was appointed to deliver lectures upon the general principles of Jurisprudence and International Law, in the Hall of the Inner Temple. Here there was no difficulty about support. He received ten guineas (about fifty dollars) for each lecture, as did Mr. Starkie, who lectured on the Principles of the Law as administered in the Superior Courts. But this experiment was even briefer than the other. The lectures were discontinued in January, 1835, "in consequence of the slight attendance of members. They were reduced to a very slight attendance indeed, sometimes only as many as three or four; the last attendance was eight." (Testimony of Mr. afterward Justice Keating, before the Inns of Court commission, p. 144.)

The very limited attendance at University College, has often been mentioned as a proof of the difficulty of obtaining general attention to improved methods of legal education. But another fact in the same connection has generally been overlooked; that at the same time another course of lectures of a more practical character delivered in the same institution, was largely attended, and undoubtedly had a very considerable immediate influence. This was the course of Mr. Andrew Amos, (afterward a member of the Supreme Council of India), who was Professor in the University College for four or five years, and had an attendance all the time of 50 to 150 hearers, lecturing an hour every day in the week, except while absent on circuit and during the long vacations. His success also encouraged a great number of other lecturers in King's College, the Law Institute, etc. Mr. Amos had also private classes in his chambers, which were very fully attended. A full account of his success may be found in his testimony before the Select Committee of the House of Commons. (Rep. of Aug. 15, 1846, beginning at p. 94, Ques. 1232. Upon Austin's contemporary course see Ques. 1254; upon the method pursued by Amos, Ques. 1258,) where he states that he found the lectures that related to the practice of the law were most attractive. Austin "had but a very small number who attended upon his lectures; they were very intelligent men, but a small number of them" (Ans. 10 1254). The comparative effect produced by the two courses upon the improvement of legal education in England, would be an interesting topic for speculation. Much might be said on both sides. It may be well, in the interests of legal science, to hold as high as possible the standard of juridical study, when we are discussing the merits of Mr. Austin, as a jurist; but it cannot be denied, with his lectures before us in printed form, that he failed singularly to show to ordinary minds the connection between the truths he expounded, and the practical work for which they were endeavoring to fit themselves. It is no answer to this to say that his conception of the subject was too dignified to permit his illustrating it from the particular rules of English law. The dignity of teaching consists, first of all, in what it accomplishes, and the first condition of this accomplishment is that the teacher reach out, (or down as the case may be) to the learner's mind, and secure his hold on that. Mr. Austin might well have taken to heart some lines from a poem, the whole of which we are thankfully certain (on chronological grounds) he never read:

"Nor let him get so far before his age,
He loses sight of it, as we have seen
A locomotive breaking from its train;
Be sure to keep the string within his hands
As kite flyers do, and running, raise mankind."

(Concluded in next.)

W. G. H.

MEMORANDUMS AND BRIEFS.

—Nestling lies—those of the embryonic lawyer.
—The new dodge; calling out absent when unprepared.
—The first pleading in this column is not verified, neither will be the following.
—We intended to give the conclusion of the Chancellor's article in this number, but circumstances would not allow.
—The plaintiff states, that it was correct "as in the case of the Bible without looking into it much."
—A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind —— But why should he gaze at an eagle? innocently interrupted an experienced
—Chas. D. Hine, '78, has gone into practice with Hon. J. M. Woolworth of Omaha, Neb., with bright prospects for the future.
—Who is that enthusiastic, would-be attorney, who, in a recent pleading, "unhesitatingly" May be, he will take a hint and be more guarded in future.
—Judge Love, who is so highly esteemed by the boys, is with us again and will spend six weeks this term in directing and drawing out our thoughts.
—Jos. Bookwalter was welcomed among us a few days ago, but the state of his health, though gradually improving, will not permit his resuming study for some length of time. All regret its being so.
—John H. Bentley, Malvern, Ia., and B. R. Hogin, Sigourney, Ia., have lately entered the class, swelling the number enrolled to one hundred and twenty-three. Still room for more.
—The scramble for forms by the boys bears a striking resemblance to the contest for a single ear of corn,
when tossed among a herd of a hundred or more hungry swine. It is somewhat more interesting and exciting—especially when taking part yourself—that's all.

—The Iowa College of Law, Des Moines, has at present twenty students in attendance upon lectures. It is said an early change in its management is contemplated; either that of severing entirely its connection with Simpson College, or of removing the latter to the Capitol.

—There isn't a lady in our class! Ain't we sorry? Guess not; not much; but then we should be glad to have our lady friends visit us occasionally at Moot Court, Wednesday P. M. lectures, etc. Not one has come so far. Not being so favored as preceding classes we feel somewhat slighted.

—Infliction of pain by mechanical devices and fire, by deprivation of drink and sleep and by exposure to venomous reptiles, is still resorted to in the investigation of offences in the courts of Japan. This is the case, notwithstanding the fact that the Japanese penal codes embody the most advanced ideas of the civil world upon the subject of criminal procedure.

—The sad message of his mother's sudden death on the 1st inst., comes to our classmate, R. S. Graham, of West Fairfield, Pa. At 2, P. M., of the same day, the telegram was received by the operator here, but for some unaccountable reason was not delivered till late Monday evening, thereby preventing our friend's being present at the funeral. He has the warm sympathy of his many new friends in this institution and city.

—It is said that the recent improvements in the ventilation of the law-lecture room, of Michigan University, were undertaken at the instigation of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Let us hope on, brothers! It is not infinitely impossible, that through the proper authorities, some humane society will in the course of time come to our rescue. The improperly arranged and very slight ventilation of our lecture room has caused more suffering than can be estimated.

—in connection with Judge Dillon's lectures in Medical Jurisprudence, we had agreeable and profitable instruction from Prof. Peck and Hinricks of the medical department; the former treating of fractures and dislocations: the latter, of the principal poisons, and the mode of analysis for their discovery, when in combination with organic or other substances. Dr. Peck complimented us upon what he was pleased to call "a new method of receiving a lecturer," and thought he should "recommend it to our boys," the Medics, you know. Superior refinement and culture!

—Washington's birthday will be soon at hand, and no arrangements are making for its celebration. Why can't we have a holiday and make something of it? Surely there is sufficient patriotism and enterprise in the law class, if not elsewhere, to celebrate this day as it should be, if we only had a fair chance. Let us make the attempt at least. We might secure Swing, Ingersoll, or some other distinguished lecturer to give us an oration; or, failing in this, prevail upon some one of the many talented and scholarly gentlemen at home for such entertainment.

—Wm. Hayward is at present attending the law department of the State University, where the fair Carrie will assist him in his studies after the 31st. —[Des Moines Register]

The above was noticed by some of the boys before Will took his sudden departure for the solemn scene, and, of course he did the fair thing by them. He dreaded more than all his subsequent return to us, but our hearts were touched, and we received him most cordially and respectfully.

—Some of our college girls are reported to have been engaged in caricaturing students of our department—innocently, of course, for presumably they tax their skill to the utmost, in attempts to make faithful portraits of beautiful young men—and therefore, in order to place themselves in a better light, and impartially administer justice, the boys are employing the finest artists in the State, expending large sums of money, and hoping to procure most exquisite pictures in which all their beauties are exaggerated and blemishes concealed. It is fearful to contemplate the extravagance and other consequences of these thoughtless acts; but still we are not so far gone as our brothers at Ann Arbor, who import their photographer from the East.

—The noon day bell rang out. Our hearts were merry and glad. But the lecturer gave no heed and we began to feel rather sad; but just then, when a quarter hour of terrible suspense had almost run, a noble little fellow, the bravest of the brave, who had served for years in the glorious old University Battalion, with an expression full of meaning tremulously exclaimed, "It's after twelve o'clock, Judge!" With a significant bow and a kindly smile the Judge coolly replied, "Yes sir!" and proceeded with his discourse as though nothing serious had transpired, but wound up the next minute. What rejoicing was manifest upon the triumph of our leader!

—Chancellor Hammond, on the evening of the 14th inst. in the chapel, gave the first lecture of the course for the benefit of The Reporter. In his usual attractive style he entertained the cultured and admiring audience with Reminiscences of Heidelberg and Student Life in Germany.

Anything that could be said here would convey but a faint idea of what the speaker presented, but we will state that his practical thought and observations, combined with pleasing recollections, held the closest possible attention of the audience throughout. This number being at the point of issue at the time of the lecture, proper reference cannot be made at present, and especially not in this department, but it will be remembered by the management in the next.