A STORM SONG.

Helen.

Sing me a song, O Wind of Night;
Through tossing branches sweeping,
Till listening to your wild delight,
My heart forgets its weeping.

Sing me a song, O moaning Sea,
O billows madly breaking !
Till listening to your storming glee,
My heart forgets its aching.

Sing me a song, O Cloud and Storm !
Upon the wild winds flying,
Till gazing on your coming form,
My heart forgets its sighing.

Sing me a song, O Lighting bright,
O Thunder’s echoes waking;
Yes, sing a mad wild song to-night,
To calm a heart that’s breaking.

Iago.

FIRST PRIZE ORATION AT INTER-STATE CONTEST BY R.

M. LA FOLLETTE, STATE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN.

ABSTRACT OF ARGUMENT.

1. Mental analysis of Iago.
   Has but two of the three constituents of mind.
   Loss of emotional nature has cost him his moral parts.
   What he lacks in feeling, he has gained in knowing—he
   knows everything; he feels nothing.

2. Originality of his methods of meanness, as shown in his re-
   lations to the other characters of the tragedy.
   Display of his intellectual acuteness—his power of dissimi-
   lation, his cunning.

3. He is a being without conscience, but his acute mind re-
   deems him to us as a subject.
   His questioning, his "reasons," the result of his mental
   mechanism, not the protest of conscience.

4. Contrasted with Richard III., Iago is more perfect as a
   devil, Richard more perfect as a villain. Richard’s con-
   science finally asserts itself; Iago has none, hence, is his
   superior in pure hellish consistency.

5. Iago, Shakespeare’s conception of the “Evil Principle”;
   hence, the vagueness of his fate, which can be explained
   in no other way. It is consistent with a devil—not with
   the villain of a tragedy.

Shakespeare’s Iago personifies two constituents of mind—intellect and will. These alone are the springs of his action, the source of his power. What he lacks in emotion he has gained in intellectual acuteness, but the result is deformity. The character is not unnatural; it is fiendishly natural. His reasoning power is abnor-

The emotions are the native soil of moral life. From the feelings are grown great ethical truths, one by one, forming at last the grand body of the moral law. But Iago is emotionally a cipher, and his poverty of sentiment and wealth of intellect render him doubly danger-

The other characters of the tragedy of Othello—a tragedy which Macaulay pronounced Shakespeare’s greatest—are but puppets, moving at the will of this master. He reads them at a glance, by a flash of instinct. He wastes no words on Roderigo other than to make the “fool his purse.” But upon Othello he plays with more subtlety, and infinitely greater zest. Upon him he exercises his crafty ingenuity; and the “double knavery,” the “How? how?” whets him keen. Now flashes forth the invisible lightning of his malignant mind, and woe to all virtue within its reach. Now we see his character in all its artful cunning, all its devilish cruelty. With what marvelous skill he makes his first attack! He does nothing in the common way. His methods have the merit of originality. He does not assail Desdemona’s virtue with a well conned story, but is seemingly surprised into an exclamation, appearing to utter his suspicions by the merest accident. And, when he has engaged Othello’s ear, note his matchless cunning; he comes and goes, and comes and goes again, with his ingenious inuendoes; changing like the chameleon, quick to take his cue from the Moor, yet craftily giving direction to the other’s thoughts; cursing Cassio with his protestations of love, and damning Desdemona while joining in a benediction to her hones-
ty. The “constant, loving, noble nature” of the Moor changes quickly under the “almost superhuman art” of Iago; but too well he knows the human mind to gorge it with suspicion; and, with every dose of poison, gives just a little antidote. With pious self-accusation, he says, “tis my nature’s plague to spy into abuses;” and “oft my jealousy shapes faults that are not,” but carefully adds, “it were not for your quiet nor your good to let you know my thoughts;” and is equally careful to tell them; smoothering with one hand all suspicion of his perfidy, and kindling with the other the consuming fires of the Moor’s jealousy.

Iago’s manner of practising on Othello is only match- ed by the means he employs. Like the genuine devil, he destroys the entire household—not through some un­ guarded vice, but through its very virtues. He sets all goodness by the ears. The strength of the Moor’s a­ ffection is made a fatal weakness; and, more than this the very medium of all their misery is she,

“Of spirit so still and genteel that her motion
Blushed at herself.”

Iago and Desdemona! Strange, unspeakable union of opposites! Weird harmony of discord! Sombre mingling of a smile and a sneer! O, the poet whose genius could compound these elements without an explosion! O, this “unequal contest between the powers of grossness and purity!” That Desdemona, whose childlike nature is a divine fusion of innocence and chas­ tity, should be played off against a moral outlaw, a be­ ing whose livery is “heavenly shows” and whose logic is the “divinity of hell,” is a juxtaposition appalling, fas­ cinating! ’Tis Diana in the talons of a Harpy. That virtue should be “turned into pitch,” that “out of good­ ness” should be made “the net to enmesh them all,” that innocence should become the instrument of the in­ fernal, is a “moral antithesis” that precludes the onco­ ming of chaos. And it comes like the quick night and consummates the tragedy; while over all, in sullen si­ lence, floats this imp of darkness.

Somewhere, Thomas Carlyle has said, “there are depths in man that go the length of the lowest Hell, as there are hights that reach highest Heaven;” but Iago is a magnet with only one pole which ever points toward the infernal. Why is it, then, that this charac­ ter does not disgust us? Why do we follow his intri­ cate windings with such intense interest? Why do we tolerate him? We find the answer in his great intellect. This is the core of his character—abstract intellectual­ ity united to volitional force, devoid of all morality, di­ vorced from all feeling. He is hardly human, yet he sounds humanity like a philosopher. He is wanting in ethical parts; yet he makes the nicest moral distinc­ tions. He is a fraction, yet greater than a unit; a part, yet more than the whole. He is a paradox. In his deep schemes, we nearly forget the villain. His tri­ umph over all obstacles pins the attention to his intel­ lectual powers. He is “instinct with thought.” This re­

dees him to us as a subject, and yields another expla­ nation for what has been termed his “little trace of con­ science.” His self-questionings, his subtle sophisms, his cataclysm of reasons, are not the weak protest of a moral part, but the logical outcome of a sleepless intel­ lect. He is emphatically a being of reasons. He will do nothing except he furnish to himself the “why!” It is not that he requires these reasons as a “whetstone for his revenge,” it is not that his “resolution is too much for his conscience,” but rather that he revels in reasons, that his hungry mind will have its fooel. He “suspects the lusty Moor,” and fears “Cassio with his night-cap, too,” on occasion; not that he dreads to destroy either without some motive, but because his mental constitution demands a reason for all things. Schlegel defines wickedness as “nothing but selfishness designedly uncon­ scionous;” but Iago makes no effort to deceive him­ self, for he says:

“When devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now.”

He does not care to justify himself, except as an in­ tellectual satisfaction. He desires no moral vindication. In fact he commits crime merely for crime’s sake, and there is no sin that he will not claim as his own. Think of it! a being who clutches at wickedness with all the greed of a miser. Thoroughly passionless, coldly in­ tellectual, he is forced into the self confession that he is no libertine; yet fearful lest the admission has cost him one hellish trait, he quickly adds that he stands “ac­ countant for as great a sin.” This is a moral defiance sublimely hideous, but hardly reconcilable in a being with even a “little trace of conscience.” Were there a single golden thread of moral sense to knit him to the good in humanity, it would shine forth when Desdemona—whose only offence against him is that she is pure — sinks under his cursed cunning. But it is a quality he feels not, knows not; and what Coleridge calls “the motive-hunting of a motiveless malignity;” this constant combing of his wits for reasons, is simply a service per­ formed at the mandate of his craving intellect.

These are the premises from which, as a conclusion, we deduce Iago—a character without a conscience. Mark the “stee inequality” between him and Rich­ ard III.: The Duke of Gloster, born with teeth, a twisted body, and a majestic mind, cuts his way through those of his own flesh, to a throne. Malignant and art­ ful, hypocritical and heartless, he “seems a saint when most he plays the devil.” Monster, he stands apart from men; he is “like himself alone,” and he stalks along his bloody course, a solitary creation. Brave, he has the audacity to defy destiny, the impudent confidence to enter the lists against the Unknown. But hidden away somewhere in his black soul is a germ of conscience disguised as superstitious fear,—a germ of conscience which starts forth when that towering will is off guard; coming in the thin substance of a dream, yet so terrible
that the remorseful "drops hang on his trembling flesh." Here is his humanity, his mortal weakness; and through this the "all-powerful and ever-watchful Nemesis" hurls her lance, barbed to the shaft with retribution. Pursued by croaking phantoms, scourged by the invisible lash of violated conscience, he flings himself into the conflict, and with a royal flourish, in perfect keeping with his character, closes the tragedy. His death satisfies the equation of right.

Richard and Iago possess some qualities in common: both have mighty intellects; both are wily, cunning, crafty; both dissimulators, both actors. But farther than this they are profoundly unlike. Richard III. is more humanly terrible; Iago more devilishly perfect. Richard loves nothing human; Iago hates everything in the reach of death. Than these they are profoundly unlike. Richard III. is Richard III. is a monstrosity; Iago more devilishly perfect. Richard III. is an infernal sneer; who has sworn eternal vengeance for his Crimes, for his murder, for his acts—this is genius. Iago would not be the exact formula of this principle. The thane of Cawdor tops all his murderers with his own head; Lady Macbeth bleaches in death the "damned spot" from her unclean hand; Richard III. seals with his blood on Bosworth field the sublime in his career; but Iago is just beyond the reach of death and we can fancy him disappearing in the darkness of which he is a part.

There are two fitnesses in a villain's death—the moral fitness and the tragic fitness. The one, the ethical satisfaction at the inevitable recoil of the broken moral law; the other, the grandeur of a finite. To condense into one moment the whole of life, to put a fiat on existence, to engulf a soul in the awful immensity of its own acts—this is sublime. But to have conceived and brought forth a being so super-physical, so positively devilish, so intensely infernal, that his death would be pathos—this is genius.

And this is Iago. The polished, affable, attendant; the boon companion; the supple sophist, the nimble logician; the philosopher, the moralist—the scoffing demon; the goblin whose smile is a stab and whose laugh is an infernal sneer; who has sworn eternal vengeance on virtue everywhere; who would turn cosmos into chaos. This compound of wickedness and reason, this incarnation of intellect, this tartarean basilisk is the logical conclusion in a syllogism whose premises are "Hell and Night." He is a criminal climax; endow him with a single supernatural quality and he stands among the devils of fiction supreme.

If there is any thing the REPORTER and University need, it is a good lecture course. With the exception of two or three home lectures, the REPORTER Lecture Course (if such it may be called) has been a miserable failure.

Editors complain that the students do not turn out to the lectures, and students reply that we do not give them anything to turn out to,

"The fault (dear Editors) is not in Our stars, but in ourselves."

Here are abundant facilities for a good lecture course.

None in the city, a University town where one is needed badly. Such men as Swing, Cook, Ingersoll and Gough would command good audiences of students and citizens. Other Colleges have lecture courses. Why not ours? Why not have a good lecture course under the auspices of the REPORTER?

It is late for this year, but we think it ought to be considered preparatory to next.
May the 7th marks one of the grandest occasions in the intellectual history of Iowa City and the University.

The contest was a success, intellectually and financially. On Monday the 5th orators and delegates from the different States began to arrive in our city, and by Wednesday, students from Cornell, Grinnell and Iowa Wesleyan University thronged in upon us. Over $400 were taken in. After all expenses were paid, the sum of $750 remained; enough to purchase the "medals" for this year and last. This is an evidence in favor of holding the Inter-State Contests in University towns.

A Reception was given immediately after the contest by the Irving and Zetagathian Societies in their halls. Invitations had been issued. Between four and five hundred people were present. Here Orators, Judges, Faculty, Students, Friends and Visitors mingled, became acquainted and passed away two pleasant hours.

The Convention of delegates was held the following morning. Officers and place for next year chosen, (see contest notes.) Some important changes were made in the Constitution; others need to be, as is evident from the not very pleasant discussion in regard to awarding the Silver Medal. The fault seems to be in the fact that each year a new set of delegates comes together. The old Constitution is none too well understood, and each one has some pet theory and wishes to immortalize himself by creating a new constitution. The plan has been suggested, (and it meets with our approval) of sending the same delegates for two successive years, beginning with Sophomores or Juniors. This would insure those at the convention who would be experienced and familiar with its proceedings. We intended to say something in regard to the benefits derived from the contest. But as it had been said in a better manner, by the Rev. F. L. Kenyon in his "Lessons From The Inter-State Oratorical Contest," we will insert a part, copied from the Daily Press of the 12th inst.
"Another lesson was that the cultivation of power of expression should be more and more attended to. The education of the past was deficient in this direction. It is deficient to day. I know of a flow of words. That if were all, memorize the dictionary and you are fully equipped. No it means the most fitting words in the most becoming manner. Every thought has its own appropriate words and physical action. Robbed of these it is emasculated; it appears like a foreigner, and apologies for its existence are in order; clothed in its own words and accompanied by the proper physical action, its right to live is unquestioned, its power acknowledged. We speak of thoughts that live and of words that burn; that is hardly ever true of those thoughts that are expressed by improper action or inappropriate words—whilst it is true in the highest stage of eloquence that the orator is born not made, nevertheless in all below the highest it is only qualitatively true. Taking it as absolutely true in the lower planes of oratory great men who have written very few reach the highest plane of expression. They are the rare exceptions. So for all general and practical purposes, we may say that the orator is no more born so, than the linguist, the astronomer, and so on. Humanity is endowed with certain faculties, (frequently I know with a natural bias in some one direction, and it is usually wise to follow out this bent), which faculties can be cultivated according to the wish and intent of the person. Most any man may make of himself a classical scholar, an astronomer, a chemist, not however, without hard and continuous study.

So may any man or woman cultivate the power of expression, until he shall be able to say, correctly and effectively, what he wishes to. This lesson of studying, more and more, the subject of expression was brought home with emphasis to every one who listened to the orations on Wednesday night. He who by the verdict of all took the first prize was the most natural in action and therefore the most effective. His words fitted his thought and his thought filled his words, so that they came to the auditor not harsh and piercing, but round and full. The image of Iago was so in his soul, the truth concerning Iago was so in his mind, that he was able to present to the hearer, the truth and the image in such a way as to make them appear living realities. We lost sight of the man and seemed to be listening to Iago pronouncing his autobiography, so completely at one was the speaker with his subject, without which, by the way, there can be no true and high expression. Voice, gesture, tone and feeling corresponded to the thought and harmony and unity were the result. So it ever is, and this is what we call the power of expression. This is a cultivable thing and in my judgment is second in importance to nothing in the college curriculum. Of what use is the water in lake or stream to the thirsty one, if it is frozen and he has no way of reaching the water. So of what benefit is a heart full of feeling and a mind furnished with truth if the hand and tongue be incapable of uttering the one or describing the other. There is nothing so flexible as tongue, and this too without regard to sex or so mobile as words; they are independent of all, dependent on none. They have no trail of "cousins, uncles and aunts" that must be cared for. You can choose and use as you please, so that the cultivation of expression is without limitation, or qualification. How strange that in this utilitarian age so little time should be given to the study of this art. An art without which all higher education is comparatively a failure. An art without which men cannot be moved, nor States governed. The cultivation is given over to societies those pleasant annexes, as it were, to the college course and whose exercises students so frequently get excused from."

The announcements for the Commencement Week are already out and promise an interesting occasion. The Societies hold their anniversary Friday evening June 13th. The Representatives are, for Erodolphian Society, Miss M. L. Loring; for Hesperian Society, Miss Leona Cold; for Zetaghitian Society, Mr. C. N. Hunt, and for Irving Institute, Mr. J. D. Gardner.


The Graduating Exercises of the Law Class occur on Friday, June 17th, at 9 o'clock. A. M. Messrs. Billingsley, Campbell, Day, Evans, Ham, McIntyre, Maryatt, Osmond and Pickering, are the orators selected for that occasion.

Hon. J. H. Craig, of Keokuk, is to deliver the Law Oration, Tuesday evening, June 17th.

Wednesday, June 18th, at 10 o'clock, the Collegiate Department presents as Orators, Messrs. Burrows, Chase, Cottrell, Cowgill, Gilliland and Patterson, and Misses Countryman, Hanson, Johnson, Osmond and White.

Miss Laura S. Ensign, of the class of 1876, is to give the Master's Oration.

Sunday, P. M., at 4 o'clock, the President gives the Baccalaureate Discourse.

Rev. H. W. Thomas, D. D., of Chicago, will give the Commencement Oration, Tuesday, P. M., June 17, at 3 o'clock.

The Alumni Banquet, the President's Reception and the Commencement Collation, will furnish opportunities for social acquaintance and enjoyment.

A good time may be expected. There will be room, and a welcome for all.

OR our REPORTER.

"Is it in destroying or pulling down that skill is displayed? The shallowest understanding, the rudest hand is more than equal to that task."

We would ask the Exchange editor of the Berkeleyan to read carefully the above quotation, from Burke, and be guided by it in her future criticisms

And yet, we would not call the understanding of the fair Exchange editor of the Berkeleyan, shallow, shallowest, or her gentle hand rude—for that would indeed be rude in us. We would try and think that some untimely word of our deceased "Ancient" made her Hufry, and therupon, she vented her spite upon the Reporter. And even that "wretched" "imbécile," Reporter, permits a smile to pass over its usual sober "acme of ugliness" as it sees rolling off from it, like rain drops from a duck's back, the following ridiculous superlatives from the pen of the fair, sarcastically witty, but woefully wrathful, Exchange editor:
"The University Reporter is one of the most wretched papers which it has been our misfortune to read. In external appearance it has reached the acme of ugliness; in reading matter, with the exception of the article by the President, it has fallen almost to the lowest depth of imbecility. The editorials are weak and marked by expressions of unpardonable vulgarity, evidently intended to be witicisms; the local column may perhaps be interesting to "Clinker," who appears spasmodically at every turn, engaged in the editing occupation of blackening boots, carrying water, etc., but to no one else: the exchange department, the worst of all, still presided over by the horrible old "Ancient" is—what? No words can describe it. And yet since from our childhood up we have been firmly impressed with the idea that nothing was made in vain, we have searched diligently for a use for the Reporter and have one. It is most excellent to light fires with. We heave a sigh of relief as the "Ancient" crackles cheerfully in the flames, the ugly cover disappears, and the whole becomes a little heap of blackened paper-ash, infinitely better looking, infinitely more entertaining and instructive than the Reporter from which it came."

Oh, ho, ho. You don't think so, do you? Well, we don't. We think it is a pretty good paper considering. To be sure it does not cost $2.50. Nor is it published in a large State like California, where writers have plenty of room to expand, like gas bags, and then collapse. Neither, after opening the green cover with "Westward the Course of Empire Takes Its Way," printed upon it in italics do you have to wade through ten pages of advertisements, and then find nothing but dry, pedantic "Dom Loquimur Mores Decadunt." Yes we think they do ou in California, if the Exchange editor of the Berkeley is any sample.

In short, the Reporter is not a "Whited Sepulcher." It puts its worst side out.

The Daily Globe is one of our new exchanges, bright and spicy it is too. It is filed in the Library Reading Room for the benefit of students.

The Davis County Republican, with one of our old boys, John J. Hamilton as editor, is one of the readable papers that occupy an important place in the University Reading Room. Its well filled columns testify that John's four years with us were not spent for naught. We notice the following as a "finis" to an editorial: "We can wish no better fortune to the Republican party of the State than that its ticket this fall should bear the name of Gilbert L. Pinkham, (ex-Prof. Eng., Lit. S. U. L) for Superintendent of Public Instruction." J. J. is getting to be quite a party man.

The first issue of the Cornell Graphic is upon our table. It is throughout a type of neatness. Its first sheet bears upon one side the name of the paper; Society and College Directory and an "Ad." for the College. Upon the other side a beautiful steel engraving of the College Buildings and Campus. Some new features are a Musical Column and Science and Art Column. All hail Graphic; may you ever equal if not excel your first issue.

The University Press, of which Mr. R. M. La Follette, the Wisconsin State orator, is one of the editors, needs to be awakened to a sense of its responsibility. Its Literary article is too long and must certainly be tedious to the majority of its readers. "Antagonism" is a good oration. Its editorials are well written. Its Locals scanty and poor. And, then, we don't like the way it has of mixing advertisements in with its locals, viz: A Good Shave, First Class Boots and Shoes, at, etc., and last but most offensive is; students of the University will find the finest cigars, &c.

CONTEST NOTES.

—Over a thousand persons attended the Inter-State Oratorical Contest.

—Grinnell was represented by about 30, and Iowa Wesleyan by fifteen students.

—Strange! We think, the way the Cornell senior ladies go with the "Preps."

—The next contest will be held on the first Wednesday in May, 1880, at Oberlin, Ohio.

—President King, Lieut. Myers, and about seventy-five students were with us from Mt. Vernon.

—The contest was a great financial success, after deducting all expenses, nearly $150, will remain in the treasury.

—Mr. R. M. La Follette was received with great enthusiasm by the students of the State University of Wisconsin, and a large Reception was given to him in the evening.

—The Cornell "Preps" wore plug hats higher than the senior hats of the S. U. I. We commend the Cornell seniors for wearing their low hats, and not interfering with the "Preps" in this strange caprice.

—The four-in-hand of the Cornell boys got tired of gnawing hoop iron, wrought nails and hitching posts, and before they left had a little run down College, Dubuque and Burlington streets, but being strangers lost their way and were captured.

—The following are the officers of the Inter-State Oratorical Contest elected at the meeting this morning: President, C. E. Morse, Oberlin, Ohio; Vice President, Ida M. Miller, Springfield, Mo.; Secretary and Treasurer, J. M. Dodson, Madison, Wis.

—Mr. Anderson and Mr. Mason were tie in the Indiana State Contest. The Referee Judge was not present. Two numbers were put into a hat, one marked "Asbury" and the other "Wabash," and one of the learned Judges drew therefrom Mr. Anderson's number. So it was luck after all.
The Inter-Collegiate Convention which met Thursday, passed unanimously the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we, the delegates and orators of our various associations express our sincere thanks and our best wishes to the judges, the executive committee for their services, and to the people of Iowa City for their kind welcome and courteous favors.

Resolved, That, in order to express our thanks more appropriately, we publish these resolutions in the Press.

—What is the physical effect of poetical inspiration?—Ask E. J. Cornish.

—"Westward the Course of Empire takes its way." It has struck the University, and it now boasts of one who is deemed a special creation.

—Prof: (in Political Economy); Mr. H.—What is the object in having a standard unit of measure, why not, for instance, measure calico by moonlight?—Mr. H.—They do.

Prof.—Yes in some instances where the Metre is considered the standard.

LOCAL.

—Who stole our boat?

—Leave no footprints on the campus.

—A Senior sat under a tree, On a bumble bee.

—My Dictionary says so," is getting rather monotonous.

—Ohio thinks smoking ought not to be allowed in our University. He's pretty nice.

—Politician outlook for 1900. Connie for President and Clinker for Sergeant-at-Arms.

—Two of our Sub-Freshmen are getting rather frequent. Boys, wait till you are Juniors.

—Our Society Halls compare favorably with those of the several Colleges represented at the contest.

—Of course, when a Junior and Juniress go to the farthest corner of the campus, they go there to study—their lesson.

—The delegates and contestants at the Inter-State contest and all our visitors went away well pleased with the University and its workings.

—Student giving the Ages in Geology: There is the age of Mollusks, and the age of Inebriates, (invertebrates).

It wasn't a Junior.

—The morning that chapel services opened, for the seventeenth time this term, with singing: "I Need Thee Every Hour," the audience joined very heartily in the peculiarly appropriate scripture which followed: "O come and let us sing unto the Lord, a new song."

—Eager Law, Greenbacker, at table, in tones of thunder; "I tell you there is more fraud in the Re—" land-lady, "Mr. —let me have the floor, I propose to have quiet at the table." A great calm. Scene closes.

Law somewhat abashed: "It that is woman's rights, I don't want any thing to do with that phase of politics at all, and will stick to greenbacks."

—Scene. Geology Class.

Prof.—"You will notice that all the fossils of the marsupials consist of jaw-bones."

Witty Junior—(interrupting), Perhaps that is as far as they had developed.

Prof.—"If we had fossils of the present age they would consist mostly of "cheek."

(Junior, suffused in blushes, subsidizes.)

—Why are the Sophomores, Greenbackers? Because they believe in calling in the Bonds.

—The Zetagathians will have a boat house picnic, Saturday, May 24th.

The Band and Military Tournament to be held in this city, May 21st and 22nd, promises to be one of the finest entertainments of the kind.

—Scene Society Hall. Mr. F.: Mr. President, if the meeting was not called to order at the tap of the gravel, when was it?

BASE BALL.

The Davenports came. They bore the gaze of a wondering multitude till the hour for the game arrived. Upon reaching the grounds they found a large gathering of Iowa City's best awaiting them, among whom were Prest Pickard and Captain Chester of the University, anxiously waiting to see how their boys would do it. They wore a look of mingled pride and hope, till the little Davenport entered the diamond, then a heavy shadow of doubt spread over all. The game was called with Blong (of the Davenport's) to bat. The expression of the despondent multitude was sickening, as the next instant the ball took its departure for parts not habitied. Scarcely had they recovered, when infant Kimmerly seized the willow, and groans of agony disturbed the death-like calm, when "with one fell swoop" "Spaulding's best" was seen a mere speck in the dim distance. But see! as if by divine injunction, like the "white cloud" and "ball of fire," which led the Israelites, our worthy Junior rushed madly to the spot and saved his country's honor, amid shouts and words of praise. Then a ray of hope penetrated the despairing multitude, which grew more and more lustrous as each succeeding time "Spaulding," although in a distant land met a friendly hand of greeting, for when the "ball of fire" was not there, the Freshman poet was. The game on the whole was a very fine and very interesting one. The total number of base hits made off from Bohn, of the Davenport nine, were six, off from Bones of the University, eleven. But taking into consideration the difference in the batters, we conclude our Bones was too numerous for them. The result of the game was
nine to two, in favor of Davenport. Now a word for our boys. It is evident that "the one thing needful" is money. While, of course, the expenses of the nine are too great for nine or ten persons to bear, when shared by five or six hundred different ones, the share of each is but a trifle. If each would give a dollar, or even fifty cents, it would pay all the expenses of the Deutcher Novellenschatz, 5 vols.—Heyse.

Our boys. It is evident that money. While, of course, the expenses of the nine are Annals of County Families of England, 2 vols.—Stanhope. nine to two, in favor of Davenport. Now a word for

Books added to library during April and May.

History of the Knights of Malta—Porter.
Philosophy—Le Fèvre.
The Days of My Life—Oliphant.
May—Oliphant.
Squire Arden—Oliphant.
The Ogilvies—Miss Mulock.
Olive—Miss Mulock.
The Head of the Family—Miss Mulock.
Agatha's Husband—Miss Mulock.
Art of Thinking—Hinton.
Harry Blount—Hammerton.
Celebrated Violinists—Phipson.
Posthumous Works of Shelley.
The Great Tone Poets—Crowest.
Origin of Language, 2 vols.—Kavanagh.
Bokhara, 2 vols.—Vambery.
Rise of the Macedonian Empire—Curteis.
Roman History; The Early Empire—Capes.
Oliphant and Faver's Molière.
Barbarossa and Other Tales—Hayse.
The Princess of Brunswick—Zschokke.
L'Arrabbiata and Other Tales—Heyes.
Miracles and Modern Spiritualism—Wallace.
The French Retreat from Moscow—Stanhope.
Assyrian and Egyptian Texts, 11 vols.
British Rule in India—Marti.
Individual Liberty—Vasey.
Civil Service of the Crown—Bryant.
Stories of the Rhine—Erckmann, Chatrain.
Eastern Life, Present and Past—Martineau.
History of Our Own Times, 2 vols.—McCarthy.
Works of Sir Wm. Jones, 6 vols.
Private Law Among the Romans—Phillimore.
Cyclops Christianus, 2 vols.—(Stonehenge) Herbert.
History of Egypt under the Pharaoh's—Brugsch.

Political Poems and Songs of English History—Wright.
Annals of County Families of Wales, 2 vols.—Nicholas.
History of Greece, 10 vols.—Mitford.
Jacobinism, 4 vols.
Deutcher Novellenschatz, 5 vols.—Heyse.
Goethe's Prosa—Buchheim.
Joseph in Schnee—Auerbach.
State Papers, 6 vols.—Brown.
Syllabus of Rymer's Faedera, 2 vols.
Resources of Modern Countries—Wilson.
Struggle for Parliamentary Power in England, 2 vols.—Bisset

Ettruria, 2 vols.—Dennis.
Ten Thousand a Year—Warren.
Socialism—Kaufmann.
The Twelve Egyptian Obelisks in Rome—Parker.
Reboisement in France—Brown.
The Political Dictionary—Cooper.
Poetical Works of Thompson, 2 vols.
Cook's Voyages round the World.
Ancient History, The Gracchi, Marius and Sulla—Beesly.
Political Progress of Christianity—Canning.
Morice's Pindar.

"And when he thinks his greatness is a ripening, nips his bud."

"A Horse! A Horse! My Kingdom for a Horse!"

A student of some renown for his dashing manner and his popularity with the ladies, designing to give the humble citizens of Iowa City some glimpses of high life, engaged one of Smith's finest outfits and, having secured one of Iowa City's fairest female denizens, he sallied forth to provoke the open mouthed amazement and wide eyed wonder of our simple uninitiated rustics. He sailed up our principal street quite slowly, allowing the passers by to drink in the scene of oriental magnificence at their leisure. When he believed the aesthetic taste of his spectators to have been sufficiently cultivated, he gradually increased the speed of his courser.

Now, at the postoffice corner, there were assembled, as usual, a large concourse of his fellow-students. This seemingly unimportant fact did not escape his watchful eye. In his mind the decisive moment had arrived. There was no time to be lost. His action was characteristic of a great general—prompt and well planned. He straightened up majestically, gave a magnificent flourish of his whip, and from his oracular lips dropped a single burning, magic word—"Hi cab," but its effect was startling and immediate. Smith's horse made fast time. It was the proudest moment of the young gentleman's existence; the next was the saddest. The young man found an obstacle in his way. It was a very unpretentious looking obstacle; a very modest
looking horse and buggy, and a very modest looking female occupant. The young man saw one more golden opportunity, he would pass this homely, slow-going vehicle and add lustre to his exploits by means of contrast. He reined out in a masterly manner and became an unwilling recipient of a surprise party. The modest looking lady shook the reins gently and the modest looking horse shot out with the rapidity of lightning. Our hero bit his lips with anxiety and shoved the ribbons hard; his fair companion's cheeks were suffused with soft blushes. She was not happy; and this fact maddened our hero's soul; he whipped Smith's horse mercilessly; he leaned far out over the dashboard with eager expectancy; he opened his mouth and shouted fiercely the magic "hi cah," but its magic was lost.

Smith's horse lacked the speed, and when they passed the postoffice corner, the modest looking horse was a full length ahead, and as he passed under the wire, the applause of the unfeeling students was deafening. It was a cruel stroke of fortune, but it has its moral, namely:

The race is not always to the beautiful, Nor the victory to the sweet-scented.

"SOBER THOUGHTS."

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities. — Shakespear.

We build statues of snow, and weep to see them melt. — Walter Scott.

Life, like a dome of many colored glass, Stains the white radiance of eternity. —Shelley.

We live in deeds, not years, in thoughts, not breath; in feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest acts the best. —Bailey.

— 76, J. J. McConnell was elected City Superintendent of Atlantic, Iowa, on the 6th of May. This is a deserved promotion. He has been the very popular principal of the Oskaloosa High School during the past two years. The citizens of Oskaloosa are very sorry to lose him, but rejoice in his success.

Score of Games Between Davenport and Universities.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Davenport</th>
<th>Universities</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>BILLINGSLEY</td>
<td>Fellows, r.f.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kemmler, p.c.</td>
<td>McIntyre, M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McPhee, r.f.</td>
<td>Skinner, h.b.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hayes, ef.</td>
<td>Preston, b.b.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Croft, h.b.</td>
<td>Monroe, p.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McDonald, h.b.</td>
<td>Goshorn, ef.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bohm, p.c.</td>
<td>Bond, b.b.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mason, h.b.</td>
<td>1 1 7 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stockwell, r.f.</td>
<td>2 3 0 0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total...</td>
<td>Total...</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Score by innings.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Davenport</th>
<th>Universities</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wild Pitchers—Davenport 0. University 2.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Passed balls—Davenport 0. University 3.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Time of game—1 h 35 m.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

C. J. Powers, Umpire.

The Reporter appears close upon the heels of the April number; we hope, however, that it will prove none the less interesting on that account, and can assure you that we have done our best, in the short time allowed us, to find matter that will enable it to take an equal rank with its fellows.

We desire to call particular attention in this number to an extract from an address delivered at Cincinnati Law College Commencement, by Charles D. Drake, L. L. D., Chief Justice of the United States Court of Claims; a man whose name is sufficient to call the careful attention of young lawyers to an article from his pen. An eminent business man once said: "In my youth I listened attentively to the advice of older men, who were successful in business." The same remark is good advice to young lawyers.

JUDGE ADAMS, upon finishing his lectures on Insurance which completed his course before the present class, spoke of the extended legal acquaintance we form as one of the special advantages of attending a law school. He urged upon the boys the advantages of keeping alive the friendships we form here, after leaving the institution, and entering upon the active duties of real practice. Aside from social considerations we should sustain friendly relations with each other, because it may sometime be a matter of great convenience, as well as a financial advantage to be acquainted with a prominent attorney in a distant town or city, and our honored judge feels quite sure that many members of the present class will be prominent attorneys.

HONORED.

The following gentlemen have been selected to deliver addresses at the approaching Commencement: Ray Billingsley, J. Campbell, F. L. Day, W. D. Evans, W. J. Ham, J. E. McIntyre, D. P. Maryatt, jr., W. Osmond and W. E. Pickering.

The Chancellor has said that making these appointments is one of the most disagreeable duties that devolve upon the Faculty. First: The theses are so nearly equal in merit there can be no choice, and in making the selections, collateral circumstances must be considered, as attendance, attention and general deportment. Second: There always is more or less dissatisfaction with the appointments, and jealousy toward the successful members. Laws are ambitious, the number of applicants for these positions of honor greatly exceeds the number of places to be filled, some must be disappointed and the unfortunate ones are inclined to think they have been wronged.

The general verdict, however, with regard to the
gentlemen lately appointed, is that they will represent
the class well, better, perhaps, than any others that
could have been chosen. These gentlemen have been
very attentive and circumspect in their conduct, especi-
ally in the presence of any member of the Faculty; they
have regularly attended Sunday school, church and
prayer meeting; they have carefully avoided the de-
moralizing society of a large part of the class which
they are pleased to denominate ‘The Rabble’; in
short, they have been good boys. Success to them.

EXTRACTS FROM AN ADDRESS,
DELIVERED MAY 8, AT THE ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT
OF THE CINCINNATI LAW SCHOOL.

BY HON. CHARLES D. DRAKE, L. L. D.

My young friends, when one who has travelled far on
the journey of life addresses young men, though he may
not have the rare gift of interesting them in a high de-
gree, he ought to be able so to present what he has
learned by experience, as to profit them.

You stand at the portals of the profession of the Law.
I need not ask you if you fully measure the scope and
dignity of that profession, for I doubt if I do myself, af-
after a connection of more than forty-eight years with it.
And for the very reason that I have, probably, not yet
fully learned how noble and grand a profession it is, I
would in a plain and earnest way, endeavor to help you,
in the outset, to a broader and higher view of it; con-
fi dent that if you follow it industriously, faithfully, and
manfully, the view will every year become to you broa-
der, higher, and more elevating.

Law, in its largest sense, is the rule and bond of all
existence. There never was a time when law was not,
nor a place where it did not reign, and there never will
be. In the words of one of England’s great thinkers,
‘Of Law there can be no less acknowledged, than that
her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony
of the world.’ He, therefore, who studies law, natural
or moral, physical or mental, municipal or international,
handles some branch of the greatest merely worldly
topic that can engage the mind of man. Each branch
is not necessarily the peer of every other, but each is
Law, the offspring of thought and will, full of purpose
and energy, ever tending to definite ends, and finally
overcoming all resistance and shaping all destinies.

But not of law in this broad sense do I now speak.
Your lot is cast in a land where the rights and obliga-
tions of men are, or are intended to be, established, re-
gulated, and enforced by law; and you are to engage
in the life-business of advising and aiding men in assert-
ing and maintaining the one and enforcing the obser-
van ce of the other. Whoever obtains a license to en-
gage in that business is an attorney-at-law, but he is
not therefore necessarily a Lawyer. That title rightly
belongs to comparatively few of the more than forty
thousand attorneys-at-law scattered over this broad
land.

If any one of you is satisfied to be merely an attor-
ney-at-law, and cares not to be a Lawyer, the process
is very simple and very sure,—get a smattering of law,
and trust to your wits. An hours discourse on the
point could not make it clearer, at least to me. But let
any such remember that it is but a single step down
from the sidewalk to the gutter,—from the mere attor-
ney-at-law, relying on his wits, to the pettifogger
relying on his brass. Assuming, however, that none
of you are looking forward to so inglorious a destiny,
but that you all would be Lawyers in the true sense of
the term, let us try to find the way to that high
achievement.

The first step toward it is to resolve that you will be
Lawyers. Men rarely rise above the level of their res-
solves. To expect to be a Lawyer, without an intelli-
gent and fixed resolve to become so, is a fantasy and a
folly. The profession is too full already of purposeless
Micawbers, waiting for something to turn up to make
them Lawyers, or to make people believe them so. Do
not add to the number of such, but plant yourselves on
a solid rock of resolve that all the manhood in you shall,
for all your life, be bent to the attainment of the distinc-
tion of the true Lawyer.

Standing on that rock, pause, and deliberately sur-
vey the field of life, and get as sensible a view as you
can of what is needed to give effect to your resolve.
The world is filled with men who fail in what they
purpose, because they do not know what is needed to
carry out their purpose. Let me, then, stand with you
in your survey, and point you to some of the needs of
your position.

In the first place, dare to be honest with yourself.
Many that would scorn to cheat others, have great ease
in cheating themselves.

In the first place, dare to be honest with yourself.
Many that would scorn to cheat others, have great ease
in cheating themselves. Put yourself on the witness
stand, and tell your own heart the truth, the whole truth,
and nothing but the truth, in answer to some such ques-
tions as will now be indicated.

Let the first be,—Have I the pluck to stick to my re-
solve? Before answering, look ahead. Do you ob-
serve that the way is not over a flowery lawn, but up a
rugged mountain? Do you note that it is a ragged
way, full of difficulties, which only resolute self-denial,
steady patience, and unflinching perseverance can sur-
mount? Do you see that there is always a great mul-
titude at the foot of the mountain, beginning the ascent,
but that few are to be seen on the heights, and all the
rest have failed to reach them? And does your pluck
quail before the lookout? Look steadily aloft, and spur
your intent with thoughts of the manliness of a well-
fought battle of life; the value of an acknowledged in-
fluence in the affairs of men; the power of a command-
ing legal mind; the confidence it may win, the good it
may do, the honors it may gain, the fame it may earn,
and possibly the historic immortality it may achieve;
and if such incentives fail to “screw your courage to the
sticking-place,” get down from the rock, and take up
your trudge along the dirt-road of life, as a mere attor-
ney-at-law. You may make a living, but you will never make a Lawyer.

Let your next question be,—Am I aware that I really know very little law? Let not pride and self-esteem two as lying enemies as you will ever have—fool you out of a downright truthful answer; for as your answer is, so may be your future. If you say you know a great deal of law, be sure that before very long you will see your mistake. But if consciousness and conscience force you to answer that you know very little law, then, forthwith to your books, and by daily increase of your knowledge make yourself every day more worthy of the troops of clients your fancy sees on their way to your office.

We will close this scheme of self-examination with the suggestion of one other question, which may excite a smile, but, I think, only for a moment. Let each of you ask himself,—Do I know how to talk? Of course, every young man of sound bodily and mental faculties know, in one sense, how to talk; but does every young man, about to begin the practice of law, know how, in his intercourse with men, to talk so as to win, what he most needs, their respect and confidence? He who knows how to give deliberate and thoughtful expression to views and opinions carefully formed, may answer in the affirmative; but he who is addicted to hasty and careless utterance of ill-considered words, had better realize at once that he does not know how to talk, so as to secure that end. I know not how to estimate the former too highly, as a help to a young attorney in gaining popular confidence and support, sometimes even beyond his intrinsic desert; nor how to condemn too strongly the latter, even if witty and brilliant, as tending to mar substantial and lasting success. Men may admire, applaud, and run after the witty and brilliant talker, for that costs nothing; but when a Lawyer is needed, the pocket to be touched; and then they look for the man that knows law and how to apply it, though he be—as many successful lawyers I have know—an utter stranger to wit and brilliancy. Somehow the world insists on believing in the man of few words, if only his words prove that he thinks. Show me then, a young attorney who doesn’t blurt; who is silent until death; he who in a young—It is better to have tried and lost, than never to have tried at all.

—Prof. “I think you are on the right track.” Law
—“Yes, Sir.”

—E. P. Campbell writes that he is ‘growing’ at Ed­dystone, Iowa.

—The lucky nine “set up” the ice cream and lemon­ade handsomely to the boys.

—Now organize Quiz Clubs, and at the first meet­ing play one game of Pedro, then burn the cards.

—H. E. Deemer was confined to his room two weeks with the mumps. We are happy to announce that he is again “on deck.”

—The young Greeks of the Law class delight in wrestling matches, foot races across the campus and other athletic sports.

—Eli H. Chandler requests that his Reporter be mailed to Topeka, Kansas; also sends his love to the boys, and the girls too.

—James L. Carney, of the class of ‘73, now a very successful lawyer, of the Marshalltown bar, was married in that city lately, to Miss—

—Wednesday the 14th inst., Judge Howe delivered a very entertaining and instructive lecture, entitled “Im­agination in a Lawyer.” We regret that we cannot give an extended notice of it.

—Query: Is it in accordance with Prof. Fannings rules of etiquette, for two juniors to wait until their la­dies have reached the iron bridge, on College street, to ask if they can escort them home from Society?

—“The Chancellor just riddled one thesis and he tore all of’em to pieces more’n he did mine, he only made two immaterial suggestions to mine.” The above was addressed to a small group of admiring listeners, by a youthful Demosthenes, who will spout at Commence­ment.

—We have heard many members of the Law class remark, that they were under obligations to Prof. A.
N. Currier, for assistance rendered them in the University Library. One rarely meets a more kind and courteous gentleman than Prof. Currier. This, with his extensive reading and intimate acquaintance with the Library, makes him one of the student's best friends.

IN MEMORIAM.

The deaths among the graduates of the Law Department have as yet been few. Even the members of the first class, thirteen years ago, are still young men, who in the east would be regarded as beginners. Nowhere indeed, but in our young and vigorous West could so many young lawyers be found occupying high offices, judicial and other, or ranking among the leaders of their respective bars, as is the case with a considerable proportion of our five hundred and fifty elder brothers. Hardy a mail arrives that does not bring to the Chancellor some tidings of their success that has attended one and another of the "boys," who have gone out year after year, to place their feet upon the first round of that long ladder that leads to the "upper story" of the profession.

But for the very reason that so few have as yet dropped by the way; that in the already long roll of the alumni, there appear so few stologists as compared with those of older institutions; the tidings of death make a deeper impression when they do come, to tell us that one more of the number has been cut down in his prime. And when it happens, as it often seems to happen, that the very one is taken, who to our human eyes should have been the one to spare, even those who never knew him personally, share in the sense of loss.

But Mr. Wullwebber's frequent returns to Iowa City had made him known to many members of the later classes, upon whom the news of his unexpected death will fall with all the weight of a personal grief.

Hubert G. Wullwebber graduated in the class of '72, and began practice at once, in Dubuque, with his brother, the late minister of the United States to Ecuador. Both were successful lawyers in the best sense of the term; men who served their clients well and faithfully, while never forgetting that they were also servants of justice and right. During the elder brother's absence upon his mission, Hally took entire charge of the business which the other had built up by years of earnest devotion to his profession, and thus found himself in a position of responsibility not often attained so soon by a young lawyer.

How well he bore the test then as well as later, when his brother's death by consumption, left him entrusted with all the clients and business of the firm, is testified by the resolutions of the Dubuque bar, and by many private testimonies of bar and bench, to his professional talents and success. His amiable disposition, unaffected courtesy of demeanor and geniality made him a general favorite, while his strength and poise of character commanded a respect beyond his years.

Married but two short years ago, he found the greatest and most satisfying of all human enjoyments in a happy home. His illness was short but severe, and ended in death, May 4th. His remains were brought to Iowa City, May 8th, and laid in the Ransom family vault, to which they were followed by a very large number of our citizens, who had known and esteemed him while a student here, or in his subsequent visits, before and after his marriage to Miss Ransom, youngest daughter of Prentiss Ransom, Esq.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R. R.

THE GREAT CONNECTING LINK BETWEEN THE EAST AND THE WEST!

As main line train from Chicago to Colorado Springs passes through San Francisco, the "Harrama" at all hours of the day.

Ransom, Esq., of Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific R. R., in his recent journey from Des Moines to the Mississippi and Missouri rivers at all points ceased by this line, and from the information gathered at Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, and Atchison, connections being made at those points for the Great Northern and Missouri Pacific railroads.

For all information write:

E. ST. JOHN.

80, 82, Jay St., New York City.