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NORMAL COLLEGIAN.

"Ne tentes, aut perfice."

Vol. I.

Valparaiso, Ind., October 3, 1874.

No. 3.

THE GOLDEN NOW.

BY GEO. UPLINGER.

The earth is loud with discontentments muttered
By foolish mouths—the selfish and the vain ;
And yet a world of agony unuttered,
Lies beyond lips that never tell their pain.

The voiceless dark is loaded with repentance,
In solemn courts of midnight, where, overcast
With sorrow, conscience looks its silent sentence,
Against the culprit actions of the past.

And countless eyes, aglaze with hot reflections,
Stare down the highway which their feet have known,
Where stand afar the ghostly recollections,
Like frowning statues not to be overthrown.

While fancy sees them rise in retributions,—
A spectre file along the future way
To blight the hopes and chill the resolutions,
Which night should marshal for the coming day.

And to the duty nearest—most defiant,
With steadfast courage lay your shouldered strength,
And, conquering more than cities, like a giant,
Arise the master of yourself at length.

Prophetic hopes shall lead you to new pleasures
Along the yielding pathway of the plough,
To yellow harvests and to orchard treasures—
The fruit of action in the golden now.

And the tranquil evening crowns your labor
With smiles, and fruit, and welcome household songs ;
At peace with heaven, your conscience, and your neighbors,
Resign your prayerful heart where it belongs.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH.

CHAPTER II.

As the low and sullen roar, and the angry lashing of the waves of the seashore, is the precursor of the ocean storm that bursts upon us with appalling fury, so the long, loud and deep feeling of indignation toward British arrogance, that swept like a storm over the colonies, was but a forecast of the wars that were to come. The usurpations of the British ministry were vehemently repelled by the testy sons of New England, and the bold spirit of the latter spread like an infection into every quarter of the colonial world. The approaching storm was viewed by the royal governors with the utmost alarm. The growing restlessness of the colonies under restraint, and the boldness of tone assumed by members of the assemblies, sent forth a warning voice to the oppressors, and pointed to a conflict that was no longer a matter of conjecture, but of time.

The situation of Lord Dunmore was critical in the extreme. Patrick Henry was the ruling power in the Old Dominion, and by his moving eloquence, his personal daring and unswerving patriotism, seemed to be master of the minds and hearts of his people. The Virginia assembly, which was the scene of his most remarkable achievements, was in full sympathy with the revolutionary acts of the North, and seemed to be waiting only for a signal to renounce the royal authorities altogether. Most painful to Lord Dunmore was the complexity of his relations to the Virginians, and those of his daughter. Any swerving on his part from the strict enforcement of the British claim could culminate only in an ignominious overthrow of his dominion, while any act of his that could cast obloquy upon his

name from the Virginians, would throw the brilliant fortunes of his unhappy child into complete and irretrievable ruin. He was the representative of royal prerogative ; she was the emblem of the rebellious colony.

Lady Virginia was overwhelmed at the aspect of the storm that was about to burst upon them. When the war should come where would her fortunes be cast ? With the royalists—insensible to the oppression of her people and the love they bore her, yielding at a stroke her princely fortune and her place of fame, sundering forever the links that bound her to a glorious future ? or with the people of the Old Dominion—an exile from her father's house, an unprotected child, exposed to all the horrors of a blighting war ? Either fortune was more than human heart could bear, and she turned from them feeling faint and sick at heart.

The first marked act of opposition came in 1774. Hearing of the Boston Port Bill, the House of Burgesses, in sympathy, proclaimed a fast. Incensed at an act so disrespectful to authority, and without considering his want of ability to enforce his orders, the Governor issued a proclamation declaring the assembly dissolved, and forbidding their reassembling. They met, however, notwithstanding his order, and boldly uttered their revolutionary sentiment. They even went so far as to recommend to the colonies the assembling of in sorrow over the Port Bill, found an echo in every spire of the Old Dominion. The streets of all the cities were silent, on the first of June, and the day was devoutly observed as a day of fasting and prayer. Lady Virginia's only hope was in a reconciliation, and to the task of effecting this she bent the energies of her noble mind and soul. In all the gubernatorial councils of this exciting period she was loyal to the instincts of patriotism and love. Undaunted by the dangers that surrounded her, hoping against hope, she still dreamed that her troubled affairs would one day come to a peaceable solution. The breach between her father and his people continued only to widen, however, and the messages from the North grew only more ominously portentous. "The Gaspee is sunk at Rhode Island—British tea has been destroyed in Boston—a battle has been fought at Lexington—Ticonderoga has fallen." Lady Virginia read these messages with pale cheeks and a throbbing heart. The bloom of health had left her, and a deep shade of sadness rested upon her beautiful features. Suffering most of all that were concerned in that vast domain, she passed away the weary days of suspense that followed. In the silent watches of the long, long nights, she listened to the footsteps of the messengers as they came and went. Fantastic figures came and went in the flickering embers of the hearth, and the old paintings and tapestries of her chamber took upon them fierce and grotesque forms. She watched sorrowfully her father's preparations for defense in case of personal danger. A fiercely splendid man-of-war, with its frowning guns, rode majestically up the James to intimidate the populace and to be their refuge in case of flight. Lord Dunmore and Patrick Henry were like lions at bay. Each was waiting for the other to commence the war, but

neither desired to take the responsibility of precipitating hostilities. Each was jealously distrustful of the other, but neither desired to manifest it. Lord Dunmore was first to break this suspense. Distrustful of the colonists, but still, as before, misjudging his own strength, he sent an order to the royalists to remove the powder from some colonial stores to the man-of-war in the river. Patrick Henry here raised the standard of defiance to authority, and an overwhelming crowd of citizens thronged about the banner. What was to be done ? He was not as yet prepared to meet them in battle, and the infuriated band of patriots would enforce their demands to the death. There was no other alternative than to surrender to the terms of the beleaguers. Lord Dunmore turned pale with rage at his enforced humiliation, as he met his once faithful subjects in arms. The patriots demanded full pay for the powder he had taken, and this was willingly given. Virginia was the palladium of her crumbling house. Thinking of the beautiful child of the colony whom they were sworn at the altar to honor and protect, patriots did no further violence to the Governor, and the band dispersed as suddenly as it was formed. Implacable hatred of Henry and his followers was now the ruling passion of Lord Dunmore's spirit. All prudence was forgotten. Come what might he would be avenged for his humiliation. He immediately removed himself from the scene of action to his executive chamber, and with compressed lips and a hand trembling with rage, wrote several formidable documents and sealed them with heavy seals. Summoning then an attendant, they were hastily dispatched. They were the letters of death.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IDLE HOUR MUSINGS.

BY "JACK."

We will now present our readers with what "Jack" terms

THE SECOND SKETCH.

How long "Jack" slept he could not tell you. It seemed a long time though ; but he was finally awakened by a great bustle, and rubbing his eyes and looking around him it appeared to him as if he had been transported during his slumbers to fairyland. Instead of the homely little school room, with its rough log walls, he was now seated in a vast hall with great high ceilings, large pleasant windows, and handsome, comfortable settees. The pillars which supported the ceiling looked as if they might be the trunks of forest trees covered with ivy, and through the open windows came the pleasant summer breeze laden with the fragrance of the many beautiful exotics which bloomed on every side of the room. The bustle which awoke "Jack" was caused by a great number of children and young people as they came into the room and seated themselves. "Jack" soon became the centre of attraction for all eyes, and was just beginning to grow restless under so close a scrutiny, when his attention was diverted by the entrance of a pleasant looking gentleman, who took his place upon the rostrum, and diverted the attention of the

[CONTINUED ON THE SECOND PAGE.]

W. H. Newland

THE NORMAL COLLEGIAN.

SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 3, 1874.

I. G. RAWSON,

MANAGING EDITOR.

J. A. WEBSTER, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

SCHOOL GOVERNMENT.

THIS subject has been literally worn threadbare by the tirade of those whose only hobby is its strictest enforcement. What is school government? Is it not the most influential method of holding the young mind in a condition by which it can be molded and governed to suit the instructor, be it good or bad? We apprehend there are many who sometimes abuse this influence, by failing, as it were, to imbue themselves with the responsibility resting upon them as teachers. They consider themselves the victims of fate, doomed to confinement within the portals of some musty school prison, and there, day after day, delve in the routine of duties which they have assigned themselves; not varying its monotony one iota through the years they may have taught. The pupil is systematically governed it may be—but how? The rod and harsh command is the only alternative left the child, and, although obedience may follow, still the distrust and hatred depicted upon its countenance, withal the loathsomeness with which the command is obeyed does not give the satisfaction a willing and cheerful acquiescence would render. Instead of this gruff and loathsome plan of deriving perfect school government, just the reverse should be adopted. Kind words and gentle persuasion controlling the wilful child than all other influences that could be brought to bear. The opinions presented by some who stand high in the educational world, and their methods in school governing and teaching, all tend in the direction indicated by us. Mr. Farchild, in a speech before those interested in the cause of education, as to the qualification of teachers, remarked: "We sometimes make the mistake of supposing that the fundamental qualifications of a teacher is interest in the subject taught. He should regard with the highest interest the person to be taught. The boys and girls should have a personal and individual interest in his heart. Such a man was Agassiz, the teacher who loved not nature less, but loved mankind more. Further than this, the teacher needs the instincts of taste, of propriety and impropriety suitable to the cases where judgment must be made and communicated in an instant. This gift belongs peculiarly to woman, and is the source of much of her power. It is by this power that the sensitive nature of the teacher operates by an almost electric power from the teacher directly upon the nature of the pupil. So teachers of the highest culture and refinement are most successful in schools where the ruder element predominate. The same sentiment unsupported by humanity becomes fastidiousness, and renders the teacher's position intolerable. Sarcasm had its uses in the world, but its place is not in the school room. Plain and kindly reproof involves no such danger. Even scolding is not so hurtful." This is sensible advice to those qualifying themselves for the duties of teachers, both as to form of teaching and commanding order.

young folks by giving out a hymn, which was sung by them to an accompaniment played upon an organ, grand in power, beautiful in melody, and far surpassing anything of the kind "Jack" had ever heard before. Then the pleasant faced gentleman read from the bible the story of the men who were given by their master each a number of talents, drawing therefrom a lesson applicable to them all; how they all were given talents and according as they used them would be their reward. Another sweet song concluded the exercises, and as the young people left the hall the pleasant faced gentleman came up to "Jack," gave him a hearty welcome, and asked him if he would like to see the workings of their school. Well, "Jack" was a little surprised to hear that he was in school again, for although he had been puzzling his brain to explain his strange situation and surroundings, it had never come into his head that this was a school, for, as yet, he had not seen a book. Here was a chance to learn something new, so he willingly accepted the offered courtesy, and, leaving the hall, we soon entered a pleasant room—anotner wilderness of plants and flowers—where were gathered several score of bright little girls and boys, all listening attentively to a lady, who, with a vase of flowers in her hand, was pointing out the different colors and shapes and parts. Then she began to draw the little folks out on this subject, and "Jack" was truly surprised at the knowledge contained in those little heads, for many of them told more about the flowers than he himself could have done. My conductor made a sign to go, so we left the little folks, though "Jack" was getting greatly interested, and was very loth to break away from this enticing lesson. Entering another apartment, which in general appearance was a *fac simile* of the first, we found more of the children. These were learning to read. The teacher stood before the blackboard with a boy's children, she asked its name. Being answered, she then drew a sketch of it upon the blackboard, showed them the relation between the top itself and the picture, and afterward how it could be represented by a word. Then, by a series of skillful questions, she drew from the children all that she herself had told them, and besides this a complete description of the top—size, shape, color, material, use, and many other things of which "Jack" himself never would have thought. Proceeding thus, we had finally arrived at a room where was gathered a number of young men discussing in an animated manner some seemingly important question. "Jack" seated himself, and was soon following with rapt attention the argument of the speaker, who, growing earnest, began to raise his voice, when, all at once, the room and its occupants began to swim before "Jack's" eyes, and he awoke from his dream to the fact that his friend was standing by his side inquiring if he intended to seek his couch that night. Half in a dream yet, "Jack" sought his bed; but it was a long time before the pictures would leave his mind, or sleep visit his eyelids.

Sometime, perhaps, "Jack" will give you, gentle reader, the reflections caused by this strange dream; but this time I believe he promised to allow you to draw your own conclusions.

OTTO ULE says the progress of science does not consist merely in the discovery of new facts and the enlargement of our knowledge, or even in the ingenious conclusions thence drawn. * * Its mightiest work is the change it brings about in our fundamental conceptions, and the consequent revolution in science itself. As science advances, it gains new principals, new arguments; its problems and its aims multiply incessantly.—*School Journal*.

"NOTHING BUT LEAVES."

BY "FLOY."

EACH life has its seasons—its spring-time, summer and winter. There is a time in each life when the earth seems to rival heaven itself; when man cries out in the fullness of his joy, "Give me no other abode," "Let life last forever, and I am satisfied." When life flowers are blooming upon every side, the rust serpent is quietly twining himself around the heart, almost without the knowledge of his victim, quietly making ready for the contest which he knows is coming. For there comes an awakening, when the flowers die as if by magic, and we wonder what could have become of them; when the stern reality confronts us that we are a living, breathing soul, destined for immortality, and find to our sorrow that life's spring time is passed and we are launched upon the broad sea of existence to think, act, and feel for ourselves individually, and find ourselves brought face to face with the fact of the rapidly approaching harvest; when the reaper will come and gather in the sheaves, separating the wheat from the tare. And we ask ourselves, "What shall I yield, plenteous fruit or 'Nothing but leaves.'"

There is, perhaps, not one but what at this time resolves to cultivate his mind to be both good and great; for there is a God-given desire in the very centre of every heart to make the world better for their having lived therein. He knows that it is all he has to do; that the seed had been sown, tended by affection, and watered by the maternal tears which fell in his infancy. And so the summer opens. The sky is clear, but he knows by experience that the path is obstructed by many impediments, for the cloven foot can no longer be hid, be its tread ever so light. He knows the many temptations which beset one in his first outset in life. And he becomes so—in killing the little sins, that he does not notice the cloud no larger than a man's hand that is slowly, but Oh, how surely darkening the horizon, until he wakes with a start to find himself surrounded with gloom and groping in darkness. God pity him then! Often does he yield to despair, because of the very magnitude of the deluge, which he knows is sure to fall, crushing in its descent every good desire. He even goes so far as to accuse God of injustice, thinking it cruel to kill the seed just as he dares to look forward to the perfection of the fruit. Forgetting, in his blindness, that He is the same now and forever, and that He knows best, he looks forward to the harvest with fear and trembling. Now is surely life's crisis, and many are the paths leading therefrom. Some rush recklessly on to the bitter end, finding at last sorrow and remorse for a misspent life, which yields at last "Nothing but leaves."

Others give way to overpowering grief and repinings, bowing themselves to the earth, and make no use of the means still held out by the All-merciful Father, and awaking at last to find that he has been going on and on, almost without his own knowledge, to yield to the reaper at the close of life, "Nothing but leaves."

But there are still others, who, instead of bowing themselves in despairing grief, catch glimpses of a light beyond, and they press "onward and upward," and in the end smilingly await the coming of the reaper, having a consciousness of fruit to give the Master, which will be pleasing in His sight, and that the world has been bettered by their life, and they pass quietly in the winter of life to become one of those whose white hair is as a crown of love, and able to say with heart-felt sorrow, "God pity a life which yields at last 'Nothing but leaves.'"

THE NORMAL COLLEGIAN.

The NORMAL COLLEGIAN will be published every Saturday, until further notice, and can only be obtained by subscription. The terms are *invariably* in advance. Students, or others, leaving the college, will please give notice of their departure and future address. Subscriptions for one term, 3 months, 60 cents. Students desiring to obtain extra copies, can do so at reduced rates from the regular subscription price, by giving the managing editor notice a day or two preceding publication day. Orders by mail will be promptly attended to.

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COLLEGE VAGARIES.

- This cool.
- Where is that new building?
- Reports are rife that Valparaiso is dead.
- Fuel is now in great demand by the students.
- If you want to read the NORMAL COLLEGIAN subscribe for it.
- We are compelled, on account of the over-supply of matter, to omit "Chronography" in this issue.
- The prospects for the winter term of the Normal are very flattering, and a large attendance is anticipated: *provided*, those rooms are * *
- We are pleased to see the smiling countenances of our convalescent friends, Messrs. White and Walters among us again. Mr. Wallers says he hasn't felt just right since he eat that rice, etc.
- Mr. Forbes, Jr., will please accept the thanks of the editors of the COLLEGIAN for the contribution of those delicious peaches for our palatable enjoyment.
- Prof. Brown is about to issue another edition of circulars. He believes in advertising, which is the only true method of placing before those interested in education the true status and merits of a good college.
- Mr. Frank Sparling, our "type-slinger," says he has all the work he can do at printing visiting cards, circulars, envelopes, etc. He does neat work, and all the students wishing visiting cards should call and examine his specimens.
- There were quite a number of students in attendance at the fair yesterday, and all seemed to be of the opinion that dust was one of the most observant features of the occasion, and that for that article first premium should be awarded. We did not disagree.
- Prof. Brown attended a teachers' institute held in Warsaw, this week. He reports very favorable of the reception with which his methods of teaching were received by the teachers, and that a great many expressed their intentions of attending with us at the winter term.
- The following gentlemen were appointed from their respective debating sections, to represent them in the columns of the COLLEGIAN; and we hope that each appointee will take it upon himself to fully accomplish the duties assigned him: Sec. 1, F. P. Bitters; Sec. 2, J. B. Dilley; Sec. 3, H. I. Hall; Sec. 4, D. V. White; Sec. 5, W. W. Woodside; Sec. 6, F. A. Clancey; Sec. 7, Myron Marston; Sec. 1, (commercial) Frank Sparling; Sec. 2, (commercial) G. W. Rodecap; Philomathean, A. E. Helm; Rhetoric, J. T. Englarth.
- We will take this opportunity of informing our contributors and readers that we have received several contributions *nom de plume*, and without any idea as to who the author may be; and we must distinctly state that when articles for insertion are sent us, or tucked under our door in the still hours of the night, for publication, they must *invariably* be accompanied with the true signature, although, if requested, we will not make the name public. The editors are responsible for every article that appears within the paper, unless a signature is attached, and we cannot publish a communication unless we know, personally, who is the author. One article which we received incog was something pertaining to the interests of the college, and should very much like to have published it, had it been accompanied with a proper signature, and will do so yet, if informed.
- The following rules for book-keeping were handed us for publication, with the signature of "Little Bamroola" attached. The commercial classes should read and adopt, it in accordance with their views:
 - I.—Be neat in your work.
 - II.—Write by the muscular movement.
 - III.—Keep a stiff upper-lip.
 - IV.—If your head itches, comb it.
 - V.—Avoid eating rice.
 - VI.—Subscribe for the NORMAL COLLEGIAN.

ATTEMPTED IMPEACHMENT.

FULL ACCOUNT OF THE ATTEMPT OF (NORMAL) CONGRESS TO IMPEACH HIS MAJESTY, THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES—DISGUSTING FAILURE—HUMOROUS SKETCHES AND SCENES DURING THE TRIAL.

Last Thursday evening was the scene of an interesting event, the magnitude of which should have been seen to be appreciated, which eclipses anything of the kind it has ever been our lot to witness, taking into consideration the comparative inexperience and circumstances surrounding the proceedings. Recitation room No. 3, where the august body assembled to investigate the charges against the President, was filled to overflowing, and with a breathless suspense all awaited the proceedings. At 7 o'clock p. m. the House was called to order, Mr. Stoddard having been appointed Chief Justice and President *pro tem*.

The counsel in behalf of the prosecution, Judge Helm, then proceeded to read the articles of impeachment, four in number, viz:

ART. 1. We hereby charge the President with unlawfully removing Mr. F. P. Bitters from office and appointing Mr. Coverstone;

ART. 2. With depriving the people of the United States of the right of sending Representatives to Congress by declaring at a general meeting every person present Senators;

ART. 3. With appointing Mr. D. D. Rose to Senate;

ART. 4. With conspiring with G. W. Coverstone, and others, to prevent Mr. F. P. Bitters from holding office to which he was lawfully elected.

Mr. Coverstone moved that the Chief Justice appoint a Sergeant-at-Arms, which was followed by the appointing of Judge Rose, who, although thankful for the honor, declined on account of *press* of business.

The Justice then appointed "that gentleman behind Mr. Helm."

Judge Rose, the counsel for the President, then proposed that the courtesies of the House be extended to the President, and that he be tendered a position favorable for the witnessing of their proceedings.

Judge Helm stated that he would not deprive the President of a single right; that he should be brought forward and made as conspicuous as possible, and that the Sergeant-at-Arms be instructed to escort him to an honorable position among the august body. This was done with all the honors due his Presidentship.

Considerable time was then spent in oiling the machinery of the law, and finding some one competent to swear the witnesses.

Messrs. Stanley, Shakes, Harger and Englarth, were called as witnesses, and sworn according to Shakespeare,

Judge Rose asked for the calling of the Senate roll, and objected to the Senators elected at the last session.

Mr. Potts stated that the old Senators were not out of office until new ones were qualified.

Judge Rose moved that the Senate come forward to the jury box.

Mr. Harger stated that in the roll the name Coverstone was omitted.

Senator Coverstone, very indignant at this rebuff, began to argue and elucidate his rights.

Chief Justice Stoddard thereupon called the Senator to order.

Mr. Stanley wished to be informed if a witness could act in the capacity of juror.

Mr. Koontz objected to Coverstone acting as a juror.

Judge Rose emphatically claimed the right to retain Mr. Coverstone as juror.

Judge Helm (also emphatic) holds that Mr. Coverstone has the rights of a witness, but not of a juror.

The Chief Justice then commanded Mr. Coverstone to vacate his honorable position. [Uproarious Applause.]

Judge Helm then called for the reading of the minutes of the last meeting, and His Honor ordered them to be read, after which Judge Rose called for a repetition of the same, as all were not plain.

Mr. Potts hereupon objected, and the Chief Justice also concluded it not necessary.

Judge Rose then requested that the Sergeant at Arms ascertain whether the Senators were all in their places. Hereupon Mr. Koontz objected and called Judge Rose to order, and the two were called to order by the Justice, who ordered the Sergeant-at-Arms to enforce his command. The Sergeant-at-Arms proceeded to obey, and taking the disorderly gentlemen by the head and shoulders proceed to "chuck" them in their respective places in a not very gentle manner. [Terrific applause.]

Judge Rose again presumed upon a perpendicular attitude; he was called to order by Judge Helm, and the Sergeant-at-Arms again "enforced."

Judge Rose then inquired if the Chief Justice had been sworn. It was found upon inspection that His Honor had not had the sacred duty performed upon him, and after some palavering as to who was competent to administer the oath, Mr. Potts was chosen, and the requisite oath administered.

Judge Rose objected to the form of oath, as given, and

Mr. Koontz objected to Judge Rose. Mr. Coverstone also declared the oaths administered to the witnesses to be null and void, whereupon Judge Rose referred to the trial of Andy Johnson and the form of the oath administered to Chief Justice Chase.

Mr. Potts expressed his belief that Judge Rose was quoting from Tom Payne.

Judge Rose defended his argument, which was overruled, and the witnesses were again sworn and the trial proceeded.

Judge Helm, in behalf of the people, called for the trial of each article in the impeachment separately, which was granted.

Several minor matters were here brought up, and the witnesses examined, the proceedings of which in detail we have not the space to account.

Judge Helm then proceeded with a lengthy argument in behalf of the prosecution, in which the evidence of the witnesses were handled as by a master hand, and a pretty clear case against the President made out.

Judge Helm was followed by the Hon. Mr. Koontz, in a very affecting speech. He stated that he felt sad, very sad and sick at heart, to think that one whom he had for so many long years been proud to call by the sacred name of friend, had been so recreant to the high and holy promises made to the nation. The utterances of Mr. K. evidently came from his heart, for there was a visible tremor in his usually strong and even voice, and your reporter imagined he saw now and then a tear creep down his cheek.

Judge Rose followed with a lengthy argument, in which he scarcely attempted to prove the President innocent of the charge, but directed his whole attention to the manner in which the trial was conducted, which, to say the least, was very irregular.

The decision of the jurors was then given by ballot, resulting as follows: Yeas, 1; nays, 4.

A motion to adjourn the House was proposed and seconded. The Chief Justice rose to put the motion, when Judge Rose jumped up and began to object. The Chief Justice, however, proceeded to put the motion, which was carried, and Judge Rose also proceeded with his "little speech," until his stenorian voice was drowned in the general uproar of the dispersing audience.

We understand from the honorable gentlemen in charge of the prosecution, that the impeachment is "to be continued," and that the other articles contained in the charges will be brought against the President, and the culminating point will be the ignominious disgrace of the Chief Executive.

As we were refreshing ourselves upon the sands spread so abundantly in the college dining hall a few days ago, our attention was attracted by the peculiar actions of a fellow student, who held aloft a huge slice of what is termed the "staff of life," and was gazing pensively upon it. So intense at last became his gaze that it seemed to us his eyes would burst from their sockets, and, alarmed at the consequences of such an evil, we gently lapped him upon the arm and inquired as to his health. With a ghastly smile of intense horror, he directed our gaze to the object of his attention. There, esconced within a cavity seemingly to have been made for the purpose, we beheld—we will leave it to the imagination of our readers what species of insect it was.

We intended to have published the questions for debating in the several sections in this issue; but we have concluded that unless each section editor will take it upon himself to hand in the question for the section he represents, that it would not be feasible to do so. It would not be satisfactory to some of the members if the section they belonged to was not represented and others were. We should like to impress each editor with this fact, and also request each one, individually acting in that capacity, will, immediately after the meeting of their section, hand in the subject for the next evening's debate. This would not require much exertion on their part, and be of much service to those interested in debating.

—One of the hash-mills—the Adam's club—is defunct. The operator of the said club, being a gentleman of pecuniary aspirations, came to the conclusion that unless he could "get enough students to make it pay," he would no longer replenish his larder for their benefit. The consequences were that on a certain evening of this week a number of crestfallen young gentlemen might be seen standing guard over their baggage, which had been deposited in front of the college by the gate. What could be done? There the poor unfortunates sat in silent contempt at the condition in which things were arranged for their accommodation. At last some of the gentlemen having rooms about the college kindly offered to share with them their hospitalities, although it discommoded them to do so. How long will this present outrage upon the good nature of the students last? We leave this question to be answered by the business men of Valparaiso. One thing is proof positive—'tis getting *ausgasreilt* among them.

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