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## THE LANTERN.

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Our Naval Professor has failed to materialize thus far. We are anxiously awaiting his appearance.

The Professor of Chinese at Harvard, Ko Kun-Hua, recently died, thus depriving that institution of one whose place will be hard to fill satisfactorily. The Professor was highly esteemed, both in his native country and by those who knew him here.

It is said that he was a gentleman of splendid attainments and great ability. His remains will be taken across the Pacific to his old home for burial.

We congratulate ourselves on one particular feature of our new course. The additional English, as we understand it, is to be largely made up of practical exercises. The need of such a change is quite perceptible. The Rhetoricals are not at all commensurate with class-room or laboratory work. This is not to be attributed to any one as a fault, but is due, rather, to an omission in the present course. Two or three exercises in a year are not sufficient training to make a student a good writer or speaker, but this is about as much practice as one got under the old system.

We have received a communication signed *Professor in Charge*, which may be seen in another column.

We have no desire to enter into any controversy with the *Professor in Charge*, and we have not, nor have we had, any desire to injure one who has been such a constant friend to THE LANTERN, and such an honor to the University.

Care is taken, in the editorial columns, not to insert any matter that is not sustained by fact, and in

the present instance we believed the statements then made could be well sustained in case of their being questioned. It was simply desired that the walks be redeemed from their present very bad condition, and that desire is still dominant.

A perplexing thought to a tyro in essays is, what shall be my theme. A more troublesome point with beginners in debate is, what shall be the question for discussion? Where several participate, the difficulty is the more enhanced, for all must be suited. A common error is that a book or catalogue of questions would remove the difficulty. Such a work sometimes offers suggestions, but is usually filled with subjects in which the beginner is not interested and about which he knows nothing. "Is the Human Soul Material?" "Does the Bible teach Endless Punishment?" "Is the Doctrine of Free Moral Agency consistent with Foreordination?" These questions are all right in their place, but their place is not in the ordinary Literary Society or Debating Club. The difficulty does not lie in a scarcity of themes, for there are more questions now than ever before. Social and political questions are both interesting and instructive. Much benefit may be gained from investigating and discussing historical subjects, but abstruse theological or metaphysical topics are not only unprofitable but injurious to the ordinary debater. The real need is to formulate a question in which the speaker feels some interest, about which he knows something, and which it will be profitable to investigate.

There appears, from reports, to be a movement on foot in Boston, the object of which is to bring about the endowment of numerous chairs in the Medical Department of Harvard, so as to make this portion of the school, at least, wholly independent of the number of its students, enabling the instructors to give as thorough and efficient training to twenty-five students as they could to five hundred, and at the same time have no fears of any reduction of salary. And this allows the high standard to be maintained or raised at the will of those having this matter in charge. New York papers think that if Boston is able to own

such a treasure of a school, there is no reason why the Metropolis should not possess one also. If this feeling could be made to take a Universal hold upon the people of the United States, it certainly would be a blessing. The country is being over-run with the graduates of alleged medical colleges, which depend solely for their support upon the revenue derived from the tuition fees of their students, thus frequently making the increase of numbers more of an object than first class instruction in all the departments of medicine. For this reason, a great deal of injury is done to this most praiseworthy profession. It is thrown into more or less disrepute, simply because the people see so many young men rushing through a medical course without any foundation on which to build a good medical structure, and so it often occurs that the ability of some of these alleged M. D.'s is rather sharply questioned. We need, urgently, first class medical schools, and let Harvard be duly credited with taking a great step in advance of the majority of our schools of this class.

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The Athletic Association should soon be at work in earnest, organizing for the spring and summer seasons, which will soon permit of some out-door sports. The coming term promises to be a mild one, and that means a good opportunity for this Association to do some splendid work in its line. Let those new students who have not yet joined the Association do so at once, and help make the coming contests first class in every particular.

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The officers of our University have applied to the assembled Legislature for an appropriation of funds to be used in equipping our departments more thoroughly. This is not the first time that such a request has been made. The past has demonstrated the fact that previous Legislatures have for the most part passed over these requests as matters unworthy of their serious attention—at least one would so judge from the small amount of attention given them. We hope that the present Legislature will at least give our case an impartial hearing on its merits, and act accordingly. If our requests deserve to be honored, they should be so treated. Because, with our present equipment, we have made rapid advances, is no reason why we should be hampered in our progress for want of support from

the State, and such support, too, as rightfully belongs to us.

In strengthening an institution of this nature, it should be borne in mind by our gentlemen Legislators that it is altogether a different matter from giving support to our charitable institutions. Of course, it is a great honor to the State that it does support such institutions, but the fact should not be lost sight of that in just so much as an educational institution is strengthened, just so much is the State itself strengthened. When provision is made for further developing and improving the brains and minds of the youth of the State, there is being added material strength to the State, which will one day, when these youths come to make its history, manifest itself in every way—in agriculture, in commerce, in politics, in society, in all professions—and the result will be immeasurably superior to that which would have been brought about, had support been denied our educational institutions, and latent powers and possibilities been allowed to waste away uncared for and thoughtlessly neglected. If our friends, the Legislators, could only be made to understand that the State University, in seeking financial aid from the State, does not intend to favor some "rings" or "corporations" by giving them "jobs" as some of our institutions are liable, at times, to be accused of, they would only be assuring themselves of what we candidly believe to be a fact, and further we are positive that there is not a single person connected with the institution but who is honestly working for the welfare of the *University*, and not of themselves.

Consequently we can see no reason why we should not, this year, be favored with a good sized appropriation to serve the ends already explained.

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A short time since the daily press gave an account of the murder of D. H. Colvin by Mollie Maguires, in a Pennsylvania coal establishment. At the time, although suggested, it was not thought, judging from the meagre account given, that the person referred to was the one of that name who was a student in College last term, but later advices indicate that the murdered young man was none other than the son of Ex-Professor William Colvin, who occupied for several years the chair of Political Economy and Civil Polity in our institution. It seems that on

leaving College at the end of last term, Mr. Colvin at once entered into the employment of a coal company in Coal Valley, Pa., and that having gained the ill will of some discharged employes, and after having been threatened by them, he was found shot through the body four times.

Misfortune has laid a heavy hand on the Professor's family during the past few years.

Some will remember the extremely sorrowful death of his son, Cuvier, a few years ago, who at the time of his death was a student in our College. The Professor himself was called to his long home last fall at Cartersville, Georgia. And finally another son, only a few weeks since, is most foully murdered by a gang of assassins.

### THOMAS D. JONES.

J. P. JONES.

Thomas D. Jones, who died in this city about a year ago, was widely known as a sculptor. His rank as an artist should be, by the critic and not by the biographer, assigned him; but judging from the eagerness with which his work was sought, and the eminent men who employed him, he had tendered him every token of appreciation that a member of his profession could desire.

Mr. Jones was born in the State of New York, in the year 1811. His father and mother were natives of Wales. In his youth he was employed on the farm, at stone cutting, and as a currier. This severe course of training, however, was not without its advantages. It secured him industrious habits, self-reliance, and a facile use of tools which were to serve him an important purpose in his after life.

When a young man he emigrated, with his father's family, to Ohio, and settled at the town of Granville.

For three or four years after coming to Ohio, he was engaged as a school teacher, superintendent on the Ohio canal, and as a monumental stone cutter at Newark, at the expiration of which time he went to Cincinnati and opened a studio. He had longed to go to Rome, but his limited means did not permit him to make a pilgrimage to that shrine which is the Mecca of all artists.

His first attempts at art were, when a boy, he made images by pouring molten lead into molds made either of wood or clay. The penalty for such work, which was usually engaged in on Sunday, while his father was at church, was meted out to him on Monday morning, in a somewhat puritan style. He also drew pictures of his sisters, and made clay and plaster

busts of his brothers; likewise of other persons, both real and imaginary.

For forty years after opening his studio, he was enthusiastically and perseveringly engaged as a sculptor. Part of the time he made his headquarters in New York City, but most of the time in Cincinnati. He was principally employed in making busts and medallions of distinguished men, and erecting monuments to commemorate historical and important events. He has left about seventy-five original pieces of work which are in public places in the different parts of the United States. Many of these, however, are duplicated, making the number in the aggregate much larger. The soldiers' memorial in the rotunda of the Capitol he erected some ten years ago.

In the execution of his work he was careful, patient and pains taking to an almost incredulous degree. He would take an eye, an ear, or any other organ through all possible permutations, if need be, until it suited him.

He never had any regular teacher; he sought the society of artists, and was thoroughly versed in the treatises on art, both ancient and modern.

Nearly all his works are modeled from life. His mode of working, when he was about to fill an order, was to go to the place of residence of the person for whom the work was to be done. He would first study his subject thoroughly, and if it was a bust he desired to execute, he would first make it in clay and afterwards carve it in marble. In this manner he made the busts of a large number of distinguished men when they were in full vigor of manhood; and while the historian was recording their deeds, he was making their sculptured images, for posterity. The following is a partial list of his works:

A bust of Gen. W. H. Harrison.

- " " Henry Clay.
- " " Thomas Corwin.
- " " Gen. Zachariah Taylor.
- " " Gen. Lewis Cass.
- " " Julia Dean.
- " " J. C. Breckinridge.
- " " Chief Justice Chase.
- " " Thomas Ewing.
- " " President Lincoln.
- " " Gen. Winfield Scott.

A medallion of Gen. Washington.

- " " Queen Victoria.
- " " Mr. Jessup, of Sheffield, Eng.
- " " Archbishop Hughes.
- " " Daniel Webster.

The fact that he had made the busts of so many generals won for him the sobriquet of "the Sculptor of Heroes."

Although Mr. Jones had only the advantages of a common school education, he was a fine scholar. He had studied all the sciences usually found in the ordinary college curriculum. He could read and speak both Welsh and French fluently, and had studied Latin and German. He was an omnivorous reader of biography, history, and literature. He took especial pains to make himself a good conversationalist, using the most approved pronunciation, and selecting his words—of which he had an almost inexhaustible supply—with the greatest care. He has left a small collection of writings, on diverse topics, but they never were published, except fragmentarily.

He early discovered that it was necessary to be educated in other branches than his profession, which would furnish him a passport to the society on which his professional success depended.

It was his ambition to give art an impetus in America. He frequently bitterly bewailed the lack of appreciation our people have for the fine arts. He longed to see our cities ornamented with galleries of statuary and painting.

Those who knew him regarded him as a genius and recognized in him traits not usually found in men. His besetting sin was that which is characteristic of his profession, namely—an inability to save money. Although his income was large, yet he could frequently rival Goldsmith in his impecunious condition, and as often a prince in the manner in which he banqueted his friends.

He did not marry until he was past fifty years of age. Although he had an excellent wife, whom he loved tenderly, yet a disparagement of over a quarter of a century in their ages, caused their marriage to be an unhappy union, which culminated in a separation.

His last work was an attempt to make the bust of President Hayes; but he was compelled to abandon it on account of his failing health.

### THE INFANCY OF HUMANITY.

In the childhood of the world, all men were as children. "There were giants in those days," but it is not recorded that they were superior in intellect and imagination to the modern races of men. They were simply children, with the child's attributes of innocence and ingenuousness.

At first men were mere "babes in the wood," nude and nomadic; in time they became clothed, civilized, and cultured. Even in Britain, our mother country, the primitive populace dwelt in mud huts, ate ripe fruit and raw flesh, stained their naked bodies with woad-juice, and worshipped the sun and moon.

The Aryans, ancestors of the Keltic Britons, lived near streams of water, in caves and coppices, and ate fruits and berries at first; later, when they

had discovered the need of weapons of attack and defence, they hunted game and ate raw meat.

In the Stone Age, before metal tools were adopted, before melting and smelting processes were discovered, the tools used were sharp stones, flints, and implements of bone and horn, as is shown by discoveries in the drift of this by-gone age. In time they learned to shape spear-heads, hatchets, hammers, daggers, and knives—weapons of attack and defense.

Later still, in the Newer Stone Age, they ground and polished their stone weapons. By a strange superstition, these weapons were always buried with the dead, in caves or cairns, so they have been preserved to us as the only records of this primeval epoch.

They felled trees, hollowed them into rude canoes, and speared fish; they killed the mammoth, the cave bear, and other large animals, flayed them and ate of the raw flesh, breaking the bones to get at the marrow for a dessert relish. They lived in a haphazard manner, clothed in skins, sewed with sinews, by the use of bone needles. They lived by their wits, but in far more difficult fashion than is now prevalent, and perhaps their livelihood was just as precarious then as now.

Time was when man's instincts were almost brutal; when he lived little better than an animal—crouching for his prey, and lying down to gorge himself. Then ensued the tilling of the soil, the gentle ministries and ample returns of a bucolic existence, with wine and milk and honey flowing in abundance; fruit and grain, flesh and fish abounding. Men were not mere nomads and nondescripts at this stage, no better than the Bedaweens and other wandering races of this late day.

The Aryans were a patriarchal and pastoral folk. They knew "the arts of plowing and making roads, of sewing and of weaving, and of counting as far as one hundred," as we discover by the remains of their language. They revered family ties and hallowed the Deity of "Light." They were astronomers, and astrologers, magicians and myth-makers.

From their original home—in Central Asia, presumably—the Aryans spread over the face of the globe into the rich plains of India, and over the high plateau of Iranistan in Persia; over that middle sea Europe, gemmed with islands, and bordered with shores that were to become classic, where altars of love, fountains of song, and monuments of genius were to be builded in later ages; over solemn sands where Hagar's outcast seed still bivouac beneath their camel-skins and bid defiance to mankind; beside the fertile sluggish Nile, where the Lotus bloomed and the Apis reigned; over vine-clad slopes of grenada, and among the snow-clad hills of the Polar North.

WILL. FARRAND FELCH.

## ZUNI PUEBLO.

The largest Indian town in the west is Zuni, familiar to the student of history as being one of the five Indian cities of the North, the reports of whose marvelous wealth so excited some of the Spanish explorers of Mexico, and led one to march against them, hoping to subjugate them, and thus become possessed of riches even greater than those found among the Aztecs. It is familiar, too, as being the last home of the race, so interesting to Ethnologists, the Pueblos. But I do not mean to enter into the historical interest of the Pueblos, but only to give a description, necessarily imperfect, of a typical Indian town. However, digressing at first, I will say that on the tops and sides of many mountains throughout Western New Mexico and Eastern Arizona are now found ruins of old cities and cliff dwellings, which indicate that for long periods these places were inhabited by the Indians, and for the purpose of defense. But herding of flocks and agricultural pursuits being inconvenient from such situations, when attacks from Mexico were no longer feared, and danger ceased to menace them, they moved down from their mountain fastnesses, and built towns in the valleys, remembering their past dangers, however, and building their towns in such a way as to afford utmost security. Such a place is Zuni. From a distance it resembles a huge mound, in the sides of which are many landings. When nearer, it appears like a large mass of rocks, regularly piled upon each other, as if to form a gigantic temple. Not until within a few miles does it assume the appearance of an inhabited place. It is surrounded by stock corrals one hundred paces deep, next to which is a street, also surrounding the town, in a square. At right angles to this broad street there penetrate the town narrower streets, some of them open but many of them like tunnels, all leading to an open square, or court, in the center. The buildings on the edge of the town are at first but a story high, this the height of a man's head. Entrance is had to this "first floor" by a hole in the roof, through which there is descent to the floor by means of a ladder. This first story runs back usually about fifteen feet, where there arises a second story, and then a third, and so on until six stories are reached, to each of which one climbs up from the roof below by means of a ladder. By actual count there are five hundred ladders thus used. To all the buildings above the first floor, are doors, few of which are more than four feet high.

The site of the town occupies the level top of a slightly elevated spot about 800 feet square. In this area there live somewhat over 1,500 people, the population thus being denser than even that of the tenement district of New York.

In the whole place there are but eight separate buildings. Each addition is made to some structure of which it becomes a part. Like nearly all the houses in the West, the buildings are of adobe, or sun-dried bricks, which are usually about 12 inches long by 8 inches wide and 8 inches thick. Of necessity the town walls of the buildings are quite thick. The chimneys are generally of stone, and the roofs always flat and with poor drainage, are made of crossed timbers covered with clay.

This town, occupied by friendly Indians who possess few arms, is nevertheless generally considered the safest spot, not excepting any government forts, now in that region of the west. This feature alone endears the memory of Zuni to the heart of the writer.

\* \* \* \* \* I had almost forgotten to give its geographical position. It is situated 50 miles from the Arizona line, in central western New Mexico, on a plateau 7,000 feet above the sea level. The climate is excellent, the soil fertile and well watered, and the mountains are filled with game. One thing alone makes the surrounding region to be avoided—its liability to inroads by the thieving Navajos and the murderous Apaches.

W.

## [COMMUNICATED.]

The undersigned desires to say in answer to the complaint in the last issue of THE LANTERN, that he has never had control of any team on the farm; that there is no gravel pit on or near the farm having gravel fit to be put on a path or walk; that the only gravel so fit in this vicinity is river gravel, and *that* has been covered by water all winter; that no person understanding his business ever makes gravel walks in winter, or raises the gravel above the adjoining ground; that the walks have been *wet* rather than *muddy*; that the laborer receives his orders for work daily, frequently oftener than once a day; that he is a very faithful hand, &c., &c.

Wherefore the said paragraph, however witty or full of points it may have been, lacked the essential quality of correctness in every allegation made concerning the

PROFESSOR IN CHARGE.

The *Harvard Daily Herald* commends the Freshman class at that College for its exhibition of 'good sense' in "not attending the theatre in a body, and making the class and college the subject of the customary long editorial in the Boston papers, on the 'gang of ruffians, presumably from Harvard, 'Harvard roughs,' etc." In another issue it says: "If '85 is desirous of showing herself a manly class, and desirous of keeping up old college customs, let her show it by her enthusiasm on the base ball field, at her rowing contests, and in a hearty pecuniary support of her class interests, and not by actions that have been presented annually to the public by the city papers as a blot and disgrace to the fair name of Harvard." Good advice, surely.

The following was the Constitution and By-Laws of a certain table at the Dormitory, in effect some time ago. We will not attempt to explain it. For this our readers must seek some representative of the "Epicurean Contesseration."—EDS.]

## EPICUREAN CONTESSERATION.

### PROLEGOMENA.

We, the autographical cosmopolitans, intellectually appreciating the indispensibility of, and the bien-faits accruing from, an intercommunication of conceptions, and being actuated by the magnanimous and laudable appetency of redintegrating our metaphysical, psychological, ethological, and cosmopolitical manipulations, assuefactions and conventional punctilio, do, therefore, collocate ourselves into a consociation, and do anastomose our cognomens to the post-annexed determinate pandects.

### UKASE.

#### PRIMARY RAMIFICATION.

RAMUS I. The cognomination of this sodality shall be the "Epicurean Contesseration."

RAMUS II. The sententious precept of this Contesseration shall be: "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow you may have an examination, *et tum diabolem capere posterum.*"

#### SECONDARY RAMIFICATION.

RAMUS I. The functionaries of this Contesseration shall be a Preponderating Patriarch, a Prothotary, and an Animadverter.

RAMUS II. The co-optation of functionaries shall be by uncompounded adjudications.

RAMUS III. Prebendaryship semesterian.

#### TERTIARY RAMIFICATION.

RAMUS I. Only those superexalted for no-oscopic cognoscence and gastronomical pruriency can coalesce with this Contesseration.

RAMUS II. The "American Chesterfield" shall be the referenderic eucologian.

### SECONDARY ADJUNCTS.

#### RAMIFICATION PRIMUS.

RAMUS I. Inceptiatory Asseveration: "You do ritualistically stipulate to do your indescribable and metempsychosical obligations when ingurgitating."

#### RAMIFICATION SECUNDUS.

RAMUS I. Genethliology, Rhodomontading, Ophthalmancy, Lithontripism, and Arospicy tabooed.

RAMUS II. Cosmopolitans contumating the aforesaid derelictions will be excommunicated in a Pickwickian interpretation *instante*.

## LITERARY NOTES.

Miss Blanche Roosevelt is writing a life of Longfellow in Italian.

Dr. Laws, of the British Livingstone's Mission, writing from Lake Nyassa, says that the New Testament is translating into the Chinyanja and Chinonga languages, making thirty-four African languages into which parts of the Bible have been translated.

It is said that Oscar Wilde has shown his new play, *Vera the Nihilist*, to Clara Morris for suggestions, considering her a greater actress than Bernhardt.

A writer in MacMillan's gives a clearly outlined sketch of Dr. Whewell, late Master of Trinity College, and best known in America by his *History of the Philosophy of Inductive Sciences*. He seems to have been a man of a brave, rugged nature, often breaking forth in extreme violence, to whom Sidney Smith wrote: "When are you coming to thunder and lightning amongst us?" and he was generally more noted for the former than the latter. But with all his roughness, in which respect he seemed to belong to a by-gone generation, he was singularly gentle and affectionate toward those whom he loved.

A story used to be told of him that once during an argument, his opponent took his stand in the discussion upon a certain article in an encyclopedia from which he had gained, apparently, the greater part of his argument. The discussion was somewhat shortened by a quiet remark, dropped from Whewell's lips: "Yes; I wrote that article."

A manuscript of Carlyle's, hitherto unpublished and unknown, has come to light. Mr. Froude was so delighted with it that he has offered to write an introduction for it if published. Mr. Edmund Gosse has secured it for the *Century*, in which it will be published, serially, contemporaneously with its publication in a London magazine. It is entitled *A Tour in Ireland in 1849*.

All critical journals unite in bespeaking *Memoirs of Old Friends*, Letters and extracts from the Journal of Caroline Fox, a warm welcome. In its pages will be found glimpses, sketches outlined and shaded, of many celebrities, from 1835 till 1871, from Mill, Sterling, and Dean Buckland to Bastian, W. E. Foster, and Tennyson.

The lofty and beautiful myth of Er Son of Armenios, with which Plato closed his Republic, was long since pointed out as *Ara*, the beautiful, beloved by the queen Semirani, of Assyria. Having importuned for his hand in vain, the impassioned queen at last led an army against him, and he fell mortally wounded. In an agony of grief she called the gods to help and restore him to life. As her efforts were fruitless she calmed the Armenians by pretending that she had accomplished her ends with the assistance of the Arabs. Christianity says M. Ermins modified the myth, and in the old legend he was plainly restored. Thus, the myth is plainly identical with the legend of Aphrodites and Adonis, of Istar and Tammus, the Sun-god, beloved by the goddess, Nature, and slain by Winter, only to return once more to life.—*London Academy*.

The publication of the St. Clair papers, authorized about two years ago, by the Ohio Legislature, is announced by Robert Clark & Co., of Cincinnati. Mr. William Henry Smith, formerly Secretary of State of Ohio, has prepared the book for press. They not only cover a large part of the early history of Ohio, but have a national interest as well, particularly the part relating to the organization and settlement of the North Western Territory.

## EXCHANGES.

To our new exchanges, *The Buchtel Record*, *The Pennsylvania Record*, *College Days* and *The Reveille*, THE LANTERN extends a cordial greeting and wishes them a varied and exciting voyage over the sea of college journalism. *The Buchtel Record* makes the start with a manner that plainly indicates business, being neat, compact and highly readable.

*College Days* is the lawful successor of *Ripon News Letter*, from Ripon, Wisconsin. They were sensible to adopt this form in preference to the old. The paper and type are excellent, and the paper is commendably free from blunders of every sort.

The *Pennsylvania Western* hails from the Western University of Pennsylvania, located at Pittsburg. According to this journal, the College's prospects are very much brighter and encouraging than they have been for a long time past. Old customs and exercises, fallen into disuse or deliberately abandoned, have been enthusiastically revived. A lecture is to be delivered to the assembled students on alternate Wednesdays, either by the Faculty in the order of the Catalogue, or by a substitute obtained by the Professor. From a late Wednesday morning lecture by Chancellor Macracken are the following very practical remarks:

"The question, how to choose a few books, is a very difficult one. A most superficial reply to it is Ralph Waldo Emerson's: 'First, never read any book that is not a year old. Second, never read any but famed books. Third, never read any but those you like.' For I know persons who could follow all these rules, and organize a public library upon them, and yet read and buy bad books, and if they willed it, nothing but bad books for the term of their natural lives.

"In their stead, I beg to offer other three rules as greatly preferable. In offering these, I give a friendly challenge to my readers to present us still better laws to govern our choice of books for ourselves or the choice of volumes for the people in a great public library.

"First, choose books to make men good.

"Second, choose books to make men useful.

"Third, choose books to make men happy, and let each rule be obeyed so as not to disobey the other two."

The *Reveille* sounds its shrill tones from Lewis College, way off in Northfield, Vt. It is very evident that they have drill there. In fact, we suspect, judging from the tone(s) of the paper, the cadets only live to drill. A long editorial on who shall be section-marcher, its serial story about the fortunes of *Cadet Verdant*, a communication about the supposed injustice of a "paene" (whatever that is) not marching the Freshman French, its bugle notes and personals about Colonels and Generals, all smack of the pursuits of war. "Set the wild echoes flying," cadets; you seem to have the vim to do it, but remember you are gentlemen as well, and do not make any more discords.

We would not take any notice of the contemptible fling made at us by *The Transcript* in its issue of Feb. 14th, but for the fact that we were so severely shocked to learn that such a concentrated essence of littleness could be manifested by any paper surrounded by such influences as is *The Transcript*.

On December 23d the McMicken Society of the University of Cincinnati received a notice that the editors of the *Academica* had been suspended, and hence could no longer act as editors of that paper from that Society.

Enclosed with this notice was the following *Resolution*, addressed to the Society:

*Resolved*, That the Faculty consent to the publication of a students' paper *only* on the following conditions:

That it contain no personal reflections and no criticisms upon the government or administration of the University, its courses or methods of instruction, and that its contents be restricted to purely literary and scientific topics and items of college news. Also, the editors of the *Academica* are instructed to remove from the paper the paragraph at the head of the editorial column referring to the college paper as the outstanding member of the college Faculty.

On January 24th, after an examination of the editors by the Faculty—which, by the way, was conducted *separately* in the case of each editor—each editor received a notice that he would be reinstated in College provided he would resign his position on the *Academica*. The editors immediately sent in their resignations to the Faculty and to the Society, which Society decided to *temporarily comply with the terms of the above Resolution*, and a member was elected as successor to the editors with this understanding. The above is the *status* of the matter at present.

That the obligations of the *Academica* to its subscribers and advertisers might be fulfilled, the Society could not well do otherwise, but we admire the manly spirit in which it refused to *permanently* agree to the stipulations of the *Resolution*. We cannot understand how a college faculty—a body of enlightened and supposed *liberal* men—can descend to such petty methods of dealing with students as are implied in the *Resolutions*. It is a virtual admission that the faculty perform actions from time to time that will not bear the light of open criticism.

A government or administration that defends itself from aspersions or criticisms from students by gagging the organ of student opinion, is one that a high minded and manly body of students *will not* tolerate or live under; and a faculty persisting in this course will one day, when it is too late, discover that it has irreparably damaged the institution over which it has the care. The late editors of the *Academica* have our full sympathy and our best wishes for the ultimate success of their cause.

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"ALTERUM LATUS ITALIAE SIT."

Over the snow-white, barren peak  
That blocks our way,  
Lieth the fair land that we seek;  
Land of which voices ever speak,  
By night and day.

Whisp'ring in winds of morning tide,  
And song of birds,  
Urging us on by ways untried,  
Urging a steadfast heart for guide,  
And deeds, not words.

Hearts that grow faint e'er ye can see  
The fair, far land,  
Over the Alps eternally  
Lieth the path to Italy,  
Ah! understand.

Over the way of toil, and tears,  
Poor heart, may be;  
Over the way of patient years,  
Recking not languor, loss, or years,  
Thy Italy.

—M. E. BIRD.

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A Cornell man was recently injured by an accidental discharge of his duties.—*Ex.*

## PERSONAL.

Orin V. Swift, who has been traveling as book agent in West Virginia, is now at his home in Rushville, Fairfield county, Ohio.

W. I. Bixler has been compelled to leave school on account of ill health.

Johnnie McDowell is now a member of the Senior class.

Charles Hamilton is a senior at Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio.

Belle Ewing is at Plain City, Ohio, visiting a sister.

M. N. Mix expects to leave the Dorm. soon. His father is going to move into the vicinity of the College and he will then board at home.

E. Reichenbach left this place a few weeks ago in order to attend the Michigan Agricultural College.

Thomas K. Collins, who was compelled to leave College more than a year ago on account of poor health, has for two or three months past been confined to his room. He is, however, at present, slowly recovering.

Miss Mary Keffer has been spending the past month in New York and Philadelphia. She expects to return to Cleveland toward the middle of this month.

'78—Arthur B. Townshend is still in New York pursuing his medical studies. His sister, Miss Hattie Townshend, is now visiting him.

Prof. Joseph Millikin is still at Jacksonville, Florida. He is gaining in health, and has promised THE LANTERN a communication.

Mr. J. W. Conaway, our tonsorial artist, is winning great favor among his customers. He does his work in the latest and most approved style, and besides is very entertaining in conversation on any subject—from æsthetics to politics.

The Misses LeMoyne, who have been visiting their cousin, Miss Julia Wade, in the city, came out to the College a few days ago to see their old friends. They have now returned to their home, in Chicago.

Miss Edith Longstreth, who has been teaching in the High School of Miamisville, has been compelled to resign her position because of ill health.

Louie Leonard, on his way home from Philadelphia, stopped a short time with us. Louie has been attending the School of Pharmacy in Philadelphia, from which institution he graduates next year.

Fred Hughes has accepted a paying position in the city. He will be compelled to leave College to fulfill his duties.

'81—Miss Josephine Bates has been attending the Musical Festival, in Cincinnati.

Walter Bunn, who is now a student at the Kansas State University, is at present traveling for that institution in New Mexico collecting plants, insects, etc., for the museum. Bunn enjoys his work, but does not find either climate or Society very agreeable.

Miss Belle Coit is spending the winter with her brother, Professor Coit, of Amherst College.

Prof. Tuttle was taken down with a severe attack of malaria on the 26th, which confined him to his bed for several days, and from which he has not yet entirely recovered.

Profs. Mendenhall and Tuttle are to lecture in the course given by the Mechanics' Institute of Cincinnati. Prof. Mendenhall has already delivered one lecture before the Society.

The Professors are off from college, at times, talking to farmers of the State at their institutes.

C. N. Brown, an old member of '81, has been stopping in the city a few days, visiting the college, and taking notes of our progress. He has been steadily employed for the past two years as a civil engineer on a railroad in the southern part of the State, and is at present enjoying himself by taking a trip through a portion of the State.

## COLLEGE NOTES.

At English Universities the members of the four classes are known as Freshmen, Junior Sophisters, Senior Sophisters and Questioners. In early colonial days it was supposed that the fourth class at the American colleges scarcely more than equalled in grade the third class at English colleges, and the name of "Junior Sophister" was therefore applied to the third class, and that of "Senior Sophister" to the fourth class. It did not take long for these names to contract into "Junior" and "Senior."—*Ex.*

The new library building of the University of Michigan is to be made fire-proof and the shelf room is to be entirely cut off from the rest of the building. The gallery platforms are to be of rolled glass. The reading room will be circular and will be lighted from above. Two years time will be required for its completion, and its cost is estimated at \$100,000.—*Ex.*

Mr. Moses King intends to publish a new edition of "Harvard and its surroundings." The book will contain forty new full pages albertypes of the college buildings, and the text will be revised so as to give a full account of the University up to May, 1882.—*Ex.*

Recent statistics give 364 colleges and high schools in the United States, with 4,241 instructors, and 69,011 students. There are 207 Normal schools with 40,029 students 49 Law and 111 Medical schools, with 3,019 and 13,321 students respectively.—*Ex.*

The total number of students at Oberlin is 1325, of which number 809 are residents of Ohio. The total number is pretty evenly divided between the two sexes, there being 641 males and 684 females.—*Ex.*

It is estimated that nine-tenths of the college students in this country are Republicans.—*University Press.*

The passing mark at Harvard has been raised from 33½ to 40. The standard required at the University of Chicago is 75.—*Ex.*

It is said that Senator Hoar will soon deliver a speech in the Senate, in favor of a bill introduced a short time ago, providing for making an appropriation of \$3,000,000 for the education of Indian youth.—*Ex.*

England has four Universities, France 15, and Germany 22. Ohio, with that simplicity characteristic of the West, contents herself with 23.—*The Varsity.*

The cheer of Tufts College men is, "T U-F-T S!" Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! st! boom! ah!!!! Wonder if it is oats or Indian corn they want?—*Index.*

In a college at Knoxville, Tenn., which before the war taught anti-slavery doctrines, and now contains many colored students, the members of a literary society, composed of white students, recently dared to reject a colored candidate for admission. Thereupon the irate faculty commanded them to receive him. They refused, and consequently twenty-three of their number were expelled, taking off with them the society library. Now, fifty others have left college, and consequently "there's trouble in de church."—*Harvard Daily Herald.*

Banjos are said to be in demand at Vassar.

## SOCIETY NOTES.

## HORTON.

On Friday evening, February 10, the Society suspended their meeting to attend the Anniversary of the Alcyone.

A committee has been appointed to secure the printing of five hundred copies of the Constitution.

L. Westfall writes a member of the Society that he will be on hand, ready for work, early next term.

It happens, not unfrequently, that the Society is embarrassed by a programme half executed or imperfectly rendered. The offense usually proceeds from the same source, namely, from those who have greatest need of the work, from those who are enthusiastic enough in applause, or in something else that is easy to do, but are wanting in that essential element when real labor is to be done.

The retiring President, Mr. Keffer, was defeated at the last election for the office of Sergeant-at-Arms. The cause was mainly due to a lack of organization on the part of his friends, and to the zeal with which his opponent entered the contest. An earnest canvass is fair and proper in a hot fight like the one named, but caution should be taken to prevent corruption from creeping into these lucrative positions.

On Friday evening, February 3d, the following officers were elected:

President, C. R. Vanderburg.  
Vice-President, Floyd Davis.  
Recording Secretary, L. A. Hine.  
Corresponding Secretary, S. P. Watt.  
Critic, M. C. Dickey.  
Treasurer, J. W. Conaway.  
Librarian, O. E. Ozer.  
Sergeant-at-Arms, Chas. Lane.

## ALCYONE.

The lecture-room of the University was taxed to its utmost capacity on the night of the 10th by the friends of Alcyone who came to witness the 8th Anniversary Exercises of the Society. At 8:15 the meeting was called to order by the Vice-President, Mr. Root.

The introductory piece—Mendellsohn's Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—was rendered with fine effect by Miss Minnie Schulze and Mr. Shirner.

The exercises proper were then opened with prayer by Prof. John T. Short.

The Vice-President then gave a brief sketch of the Society from its organization, under the title of the Deshler Literary Society, through a period of trials, to its present flourishing condition. This was followed by an oration by Mr. Selby, on the "*Influences of Custom*," which showed careful thought, and was delivered in an easy and effective manner.

The violin solo, by Mr. Martin Gemunder—DeBeriot's Fantasia—showed talent of a high order as a violinist. He responded to an encore.

Next followed an essay, by Mr. Fassig—subject, "The Story of Atlantis"—in which the legends of Central America and the Platonic traditions were cited, as well as the geological evidences which point to the existence of the submerged island of Atlantis, which is supposed to have stretched between the Old and New Worlds in the Atlantic.

"Homer, the Fountain of Genius," was treated by Mr. Miller in a manner which indicated a familiarity with his subject. Mr. Miller uses a natural and conversational style which always contributes largely to the success of a public speaker.

The soprano solo—Anuchen's Aria—by Miss Minnie Schulze, was received by the audience with the applause which it so richly deserved.

Mr. Keyser followed with a carefully prepared essay upon the "Responsibilities of Power."

The vocal quartette, consisting of Mr. H. Lippert and the Krumm brothers, fully sustained the excellent reputation they have earned as fine vocalists. Their regular selections—*The Gospel Banner*, and *Carnival of Venice*, as well as the encore, were received with the hearty applause which their execution merited.

The literary exercises were closed with a spirited discussion of the topics of the day—"Shall immediate legislative action be taken upon the Mormon question?"—Mr. Mead in the affirmative, and Mr. Wilson as his opponent, both treated the subject in a creditable manner, in their characteristic ways.

The members of Alcyone have every reason to be gratified at the results of the Eighth Anniversary. Another has been added to the list of successful entertainments of the Society.

## POETRY.

## DAMMERUNG.

When spring showers sink caressing  
O'er each blossom, leaf, and bell;  
When the fields in greener blessing  
Forms the earthborn's wondrous spell,  
Little elves, yet efficacious,  
Hie to help where'er they can;  
Be he bad, or be he gracious,  
Pity they this luckless man.

When, at eve, the tepid zephyr  
Fills the green encircled lea,  
Sweet with fragrance, o'er the heather,  
Twilight lets her veil flow free;  
Whispers peace for sweet reposing,  
Rocks the heart in childlike rest,  
And day's golden portals closing,  
Leaves these weary eyelids blest.

Night, already, has sunk o'er us,  
Deepens grandly, star by star;  
Heaven's lights, in touching chorus,  
Gleam in grandeur near and far:  
Glitter here, in lake reflecting,  
Glimmer there, in night's clear sea;  
Bliss of deepest rest protecting,  
Reigns the moon in splendor free.

Hours, already, have passed by thee,  
Pain and bliss have flown away:  
Show thy faith! for health is nigh thee—  
Trust the new-born light of day!  
Vales grow green, while hills appearing  
Neath the shade of bushes rest;  
And the corn, to harvest veering,  
Moves, in waves, with silver crest.

Be thy wish how great soever,  
But behold yon orb of day!  
Thy frail bands mayest quickly sever—  
Sleep's a shell—cast it away!  
Tarry not to show thy daring,  
When vague fears the throng pursue!  
Laurels are for noble wearing,  
Noble souls that see and do.

—From the German.

## BATTALION NOTES.

[CONTRIBUTED.]

The battalion has been divided into four permanent companies, and the officers distributed among them. Messrs. C. C. Green, Frank Taylor, and T. E. Hill have been appointed corporals, and assigned to duty in the companies.

We will soon have a battalion flag. Through the kindness of President Scott we are enabled to announce to the public a lecture upon the life and times of Julius Cæsar. In undertaking this enterprise the battalion, let it be understood, while it appeals to the good will and college-spirit of the students, does not come before the public with the word "charity" as its motto, but it offers the public a bargain—a business transaction. The battalion has not yet arrived at that period of its history when it becomes an object of benevolence. The battalion is an independent body, a living, moving power in the University which supplies a place for the overflow and exercise of college spirit, which larger class organizations supply in older colleges. It is the largest body of students bound together by common interests, and under energetic leadership there is no reason why it should not be the starting point of important college enterprises.

While money is the immediate object of this enterprise, there is a still greater benefit to arise from it. It is drawing the battalion together in one common cause; it is bringing out its dormant powers, and it will show what success it can obtain when once put in motion.

This institution, while its instruction is above the average, is wanting in college-spirit. This is probably due, in part, at least, to the fact that the students are scattered all over the city instead of being within reach of each other. The sooner a good healthy college-spirit is developed the better, and such enterprises as this are excellent ways to develop it.

It is the duty of every student to take at least two tickets, and it is the duty of every member of the battalion to sell as many as possible.

## FLASHES.

You may peruse it, if you choose;  
Love's fragile flower has wilted,  
And this is but a faded leaf,  
With which I mock the gnawing grief  
That comes from getting jilted.

That blur of ink? I used to think,  
When this was ante-yellow,  
A tiny tear had left the stain.  
Yes? No! He held it in the rain.  
Who's he?—The other fellow!

—Acta Columbiana.

Why was Pharaoh's daughter like a successful stock broker in a money panic? Because she got a little profit from the rushes on the banks.—*Ex.*

Who was the greatest æsthete? Balaam's ass. Because the Lord made him to (o) utter.—*Ex.*

Here is the Yale Club. What is This They are Eating? It is Hash. What is It made of? I Don't Know. Do they Get fat at the Club? Yes, Children, That is About all They do Get. Lean Meat is too expensive for the New Haven Landlady.—*Yale Record.*

## TRANSLATION FROM ANACREON.

Nature gave horns to the ox,  
And presented hoofs to the equines,  
And fleetness of foot to the fox.  
To the lion a chasm of dentines,  
To the bird the power of flying,  
Of swimming was given the fish,  
To men the talent of lying,  
To co-eds—naught's in the dish.  
Oh yes! there is something—good looks!  
Now, girls, it's no use to scoff;  
It is better than boning and books,  
For it makes you stand in with the Prof.

—Chronicle.

The Boston young lady of culture does not call it the Irish Land Bill. She designates it as the Celtic Real Estate William.—*Yale News.*

Chicago's fair daughters have taken the æsthetic nonsense deeply to heart. One recently inquired for furniture-covering—"Something with a distinct individuality—but—rather subdued and—pensive—with a—dash of pathos and faint suggestion of infinite tenderness."—*Chronicle.*

"Hys mortar-board ye hatter made  
From dark-hued cloth, of fynest grade;  
Tyght fit his massyve brayn to show,  
And e'en hys fan-like ears below,  
That well hys brawny shoulders shade.

"He rydeth forth on many a rayde,  
He masheth many a blooming mayd,  
As he uplyfteth, bowing low,

Hys mortar-board.—*Ex.*

"Ve all know," said a school director to the new teacher, "zat A, B, and C is vowels, but vot ve wants to know is vy zey is so."—*Ex.*

There was a young lady in Gloucester  
Whose parents thought they had loucester;  
But a violent breeze  
Blew her out of the treeze,  
Into which the old bull had toucester.

—Chronicle.

Occupant of Slater to room-mate—"There's a mighty good thing in that essay of yours in the closet." Pleased author (eagerly)—"Is there, though? What is it?" "One of Moke's sandwiches." (Volley of books and exit of critic).—*Ex.*

The Harvard Annex 1900—Miss Martingale: "Say, Julia, old girl, you ought to go down to New Haven and back up the foot-ball team—you ought now, really." Miss Basbleu: "Why, I think it is perfectly brutal! Last fall those horrid Yale girls threw Tootie Peters right down flat on the ground, and pinched Daisy Tompkins' arm so that it's been black and blue ever since."—*Lampoon.*

Two well-dressed ladies were examining a statue of Andromeda, labelled, "Executed in terra-cotta." Says one, "Where is that?" "I am sure I don't know," replied the other, "but I pity the poor girl, wherever it was."—*Ex.*

Ordinarily our O. S. U. boys have a first class reputation on the score of sobriety, and any attempt to detract from this enviable reputation would be met with vigorous measures by the average student of our University. However, we are at a loss to know what defense would be set up for the one who attempted to put a letter in a fire alarm box.

## LOCAL.

Rain!

Mud!

Did you get a Valentine?

Buy a ticket for the lecture.

Presidents Vanderburg and Fassig, ladies and gentlemen!

Many students went to hear Dr. O'Leary, the week he lectured.

The testing machine is being set up in the Mechanical Laboratory.

How to get rich:—Tossing pennies. New Book, by S. J. W.

McCullough, Warde, and Mr. and Mrs. Florence drew large University audiences—especially the former. Every one is looking forward to Booth's appearance now.

Don't fail to buy tickets for the lecture on Julius Cæsar.

Alcyone's Eighth Anniversary was a success in every way, and a well pleased audience departed from the University on this occasion.

Lecture: Julius Cæsar, March 7.

O. S. U. D. *Primary*.—This is a Pis-tol. Can the Pis-tol shoot? Yes, it can shoot, and do-n't you for-get it. Look out, my chil-dren, for it may go off. C. C. said so, and C. C. knows. C. C. is an ex-pe-ri-enc-ed war-ri-or.

We recommend that Mr. O'Brine investigate the gas-house and see if his chemistry will enable him to ascertain why it is that so much sulphur exists in our gas. The escaping sulphurous acid is particularly noticeable in the Society halls, although it is here perhaps due to the debates.

The Glee Club is working away, and its prospect is bright, its ultimate success being but a question of time. A new set of music books, more suitable for such clubs than the one it has at present, is to be bought. Mr. Hanson is now leader, and Mr. Vanderburg is president, of the club.

On the 17th, for the first time, our ears were greeted with a systematized and concordant college yell—the one suggested by our President. We hope to heaven it may be the last time. Close your eyes, dear reader, and imagine a score or two of open mouths, and listen—Ho! ho!! ho!!! hi! hi!! Hi!!! O——O.

The "good, lung-expanding" long-wished-for yell has at last been heard. Now, let us have peace.

Prof. Astronomy—Mr. W——n, from what period do we reckon dates?

1st Student—Birth of Christ.

Prof.—And from what period did they reckon previous to that event?

1st Student—Why, before Christ.

Prof.—That will do. Now, Mr. S——tt, from what event did the ancient Greeks reckon time?

2d Student—From the fall of Rome.

[Sensation.] Fact.

A petition was circulated just previous to the 22d, asking for a holiday on that date, which petition was signed by every student in the school. The faculty granted it, and, for the first time in some years, the students were free to use their little hatchets. The Dorm. inhabitants are said to have improved the opportunity to steal kindling wood from the back fences.

It is said that the myriads of cats, and a majority of the dogs formerly resident on the first avenue north of the University have gone a-traveling, leaving no explanatory notes behind. Of course, there is no doubt but that their owners gave them away—none in the least.

"Joshua," an old favorite of Prof. Mendenhall's had a serious fall from a window, on the 16th, and broke his back. Dr. Marvin has charge of his case. —Physical Lab. students will understand.

Mr. Wilgus toils away in the office of the Commissioner of Railroads and Telegraphs, and lives on a mixture of psychology and railroad statistics, administered in alternating doses, so that in the Spring he may be in good condition to have the "visions" requisite for his "prophecy" concerning the future of the members of great '82.

Some say that the Octophanti Coterie has turned its toes skyward, and has become a ghost—an Octophantasm. It is rumored that a "wake" was held a week or two ago, and that its remains will be placed in the Archaeological Collection; but we are not certain of this, as it is possible the dead may be raised, for we have heard that a Mr. B., one of the most celebrated of the Octos, has recently invented a "dentifrice" which is warranted to raise anything, from a ghost to a fight. We anxiously await developments.

Be sure to go to the lecture on Julius Cæsar.

St. Valentine's Day was not unobserved at the Dormitory. but the recipients of these fair favors were not numerous. "Davy" received but one, but his unemotional and cold nature demonstrated itself as he tossed it into a stove without looking at it. Mr. Lane was favored with a number that were questionably complimentary, and even Mr. Smith was not forgotten. Mr. S. was especially pleased with the notice taken of him.

A good story is told about Prof. Norton's recent lectures to the Farmers' Societies. At a certain Farmers' Society, where the Professor was to lecture, the customary call was made by the President for "Questions," and a gray-bearded farmer of ye olden time arose and asked "Whether there wasn't too much of this scientific foolishness getting into the farmers now-a-days." Then the President called upon the Professor to deliver his *scientific lecture*, who appreciated his situation, inasmuch as the lecturer is supposed to be ready to answer all questions asked by the members.

The fine portrait of Baron Justus von Liebig, the famous German chemist, which now hangs in the President's office, was painted at the instance of the late Secretary Klippart by Mr. Silas Martin, of North Columbus, from photographs in the Secretary's possession. Mr. Mar-

tin presented the picture to the University nearly three years ago, but through a misunderstanding it was not brought to the building until a short time past.

A fine frame would make the picture appear to very much better advantage.

Davy's new gas apparatus has not proved to be quite as fine a thing as he anticipated, but he intends to persevere until he secures his object.

Professor Orton posted a list of *Rhetoricals* on the east hallway bulletin. Some one tore it down, and then the Professor had a private board placed at his class-room door and there posted a similar list, but again it was torn off, or rather was scraped off with a knife.

The preceding is but one of many cases in which society programmes, notices, lists, etc., are defaced or torn from the bulletins—occurrences which conclusively prove that we are blessed with a number of babes or weak-minded youths who should be sent home to be shut up in a closet on a bread and-water diet as of yore.

"Esterly's mule" is a new species of quadruped recently developed at the Dorm. It furnishes rare sport to the gay and festive Dormitorians to see Esterly clime his mule.

On the noon of the 13th a meeting of the cadets was held in the Assembly room to arrange a plan by which the battalion might secure a new flag, as the one it has at present is hardly fit to accompany a corporal's guard. President Scott proposed to give a lecture in the Opera House in behalf of the effort, which offer was accepted. The President will lecture in the Grand Opera House on the 7th of March. Subject: Julius Cæsar; and every student should go and take as many friends as possible, and make the affair a grand success. A vote of thanks should be given the President for his action in the matter.

Let no one remain away from the lecture on Julius Cæsar, March 7th.

In connection with the ticket-sellers for the lecture on March 7, comes the following tale, told us by a prominent citizen of Broad Street: On the morning of the 18th (the day the agents "did" the city) about 9 o'clock a University student came around to my house to sell a ticket, he said, for—well, I have forgotten what, but I bought one, partly for my wife, Jane, and principally to get rid of him, for I was very busy. In a half-hour a *second* student came with tickets, and my sister bought one for Jane. Presently a third student came, and my son John, not knowing what had already happened, bought a ticket for "Mother." Soon a fourth student rang the bell, and my daughter Mary thought she would buy a ticket "for Mother," and did so. After a time a fifth and last student came, and mother happening to go to the door bought one for Jane. Nothing further happened until supper, when each of us produced his ticket for Jane. "Wife, said I, "Here's a ticket for something or other, at the University." Maybe you'll want to go."

"Jane," said my sister, "I bought a ticket for you to-day, but I have forgotten what it is about. Here 'tis."

"O, Mother," broke in little Mary, producing her

card-board, "See here! I got something for you to-day, too."

"Mother," said John, "Here's something I got from a chap in brass buttons this morning. See what it is."

"Jane, my dear," now broke in Mother, "A policeman came around this morning with a ticket of some kind, and I supposed I had to take it."

"Why!" said Jane, in a moment or two, "They're all alike. What *shall* we do?"

"Do?" groaned I. "Do? Confound it all, do you 'spose I've got the money to—,"

"Henry," gently interrupted Jane, "Never mind, I'll buy another ticket and we'll all go."

*Perhaps* this story is a little stretched, but the experience we have had during the past few weeks goes a long way toward its confirmation.

The lecture given by Professor Mendenhall, at Comstock's Opera House, on February 21st, was an admirable one, and was highly appreciated by those who heard it. It is well worth one's time to listen to such a production. More students should have availed themselves of the opportunity then afforded them of learning something solid, and of seeing some most successful and instructive experiments. Newton Anderson efficiently assisted the Professor in the experimental portion of the lecture.

A class of young ladies, with Miss Smith, their teacher, of corner Long and Fourth streets, made the Zoological department a visit on the 24th inst., and were shown some of the anatomical models by the Professor. One of the young ladies remarked, on looking at the manikin, that "it is not very pretty—but still—."

### A WISH FOR ALL.

Students, your time now value high  
Let not a moment thoughtless fly,  
With useful knowledge ever try,  
Your minds to store.  
Or else you will with many a sigh  
Your loss deplore.

Your days are now of worth untold,  
More precious far than purest gold;  
If life's well spent, when you grow old  
You will rejoice,  
That virtue's laws your ways do mould;  
You'll bless your choice.

Remember, students, you are sent  
To cultivate rich talents lent,  
And when good days of life are spent,  
Its last sigh heard,  
You must account for every cent  
You e'er received.

And now's the time your books to square  
That they may balance right and fair;  
That you may neither fear nor care  
Who them may view,  
This truly is my wish for you.