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THE LANTERN.

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We have been eagerly watching for some news from our prospective Naval Professor, but as yet nothing definite has been learned which would throw any light whatsoever upon this interesting question. We know not what condition this matter is in, whether favorable or unfavorable to our interests.

In our last issue we printed a communication from "B," criticising, and enthusiastically praising one of the Professors' work. Since then a number of students have indignantly inquired whether they and the "intelligent public" are to conclude that the Professor of Anglo-Saxon is the first one, or the only one of the Faculty who is entitled to such encomiums, and then they branch out into eulogies on their Professor. The LANTERN likes this spirit, and believes in the adage, Honor where honor is due; but there is really no need of any one imagining he has to take up the gauntlet, for it is evident that B did not intend to throw one.

Once more, as winter draws nigh, we raise our voice in a supplication to the Trustees to put the walks leading to the University in better repair. All of them are bad enough, but that leading from Neil Avenue to the building is the worst of the lot. One has to emulate a grasshopper to keep dry, even when slight showers fall, and when it rains heavily, the walk becomes one continuous string of puddles, alternating with mud holes. Those through the grove are very bad, and in wet weather, a ferry boat would not be amiss at the Frambes Avenue stile. That from the Dormitory to High street is in very bad condition, especially near the gateway. Let us have, them repaired as soon as possible.

Boys of the O. S. U., attention! Have you considered that you are eight years old? The days of infancy are past, crying, blubbering, and such diversions are no longer in order. What you want now is a good lung expanding, mouth-opening, soul-expressing *yell*; a veritable war-hoop, as it were, striking consternation into the hearts of your enemies, (no matter if the fact is that you have none) and arousing hope and courage in your own hearts, and in the dusky maidens who afar listen to you. Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the LANTERN, containing phonetic representations. Remember the suggestion of the President that *Ohio* would be a good word, as we could "make it as round at each end and as *high* in the middle as we please." In the meantime, brothers, let us yell.

All will be glad to hear that since the appointment of Professor Derby as Librarian, the Library has been vigorously discussed. It is very probable that a reading-room will be started in connection with it, and we shall have a little better chance of finding out what is going on in the world than we do now. The question has been raised as to what end ought to be in view when books are purchased; that is, what sort of a library is to be formed. Since we can draw books from the city library, where all the popular and standard works can be obtained, and have access to the State library, a good general library, such books as are found there ought not to be purchased by us, at least for a while. The aim will be to make this a *working* library, that is, to include such books as are needed for reference and assistance daily, and supplemental to classroom work.

Little did the Professor in charge of Wednesday Rhetoricals know what a mistake he was making when, in the kindness of his heart, he encouraged the young man who presented a paper on Mind and Matter, saying that he was glad to see us tackling such subjects; that we were unworthy of the name of students if we did not. Lo, the result! Next Wednesday an essay on MAN. One of the juniors has confided to us that he has had some astonishing experience, and will out-Emerson Emerson on the Over-Soul in a short time,

while one of the seniors will soon discuss whether the results of the last summer work of the Concord school of Philosophy, as summed up in the statement that "Woman is a spiral, evolved from the heart of God," are capable of verification. That alcove in the library where quietly rested Spencer, Mill, Bain, and Calderwood is almost deserted of its occupants. Sweet friends, forbear.

The lack of room in the University buildings is fast becoming a serious difficulty, and is one that will soon have to be settled by the erection of other buildings if the institution expects to continue to grow, (which it does.) The present buildings, large as they are, are already crowded, and about the hardest and most vexed question before the Trustees is the satisfaction of the demands which the various departments are constantly making for more room. We fully sympathize with those of the Trustees, who, in their perplexity, looked, perhaps, a little too fondly upon the spacious society halls, and who wished to convert them into class-rooms and exclude the societies, although such a proceeding could obviously not be seriously undertaken without great injury to the institution.

As we say, the college has grown "too big to hold itself," and the *only* possible remedy is the construction of additional buildings containing two or three times as much room as the present ones.

From information lately gained, it appears that the old State Oratorical Association is not a corpse after all, but it is about to reorganize, and live on. The O. S. U. has been invited to assist in this reorganization, just as it was invited some time ago to take part in the organization of the new association, whose object evidently was to exclude all the so-called one-horse institutions in the State from membership. As our students took no very active measures to join the new organization, it is not likely that they will take any interest in the reorganization of the old one, which claims to be *the* State Association. For some reason these organizations attract the attention of the O. S. U. only to a very small extent, and we are not prepared to say just what this reason is. It remains to be seen whether Ohio can support two flourishing organizations of this nature, and while we do not wish to question the ability of Ohio to accomplish

anything she attempts, still we cannot help thinking that two of these associations would be just twice as many as the State ought to support.

If our students could but see the allusions to, and copies of some of the rules and regulations that exist in certain colleges, and observe the justly indignant spirit that the students manifest in regard to them, they would congratulate themselves anew that they have been placed where such a disciplinary method as ours is, is in vogue. For instance, from a long list of things prohibited at Lawrence University we select the following: "Visiting student of the opposite sex, games of chance. The use of intoxicating drinks, or gunpowder in any form about the premises, attending theatrical exhibitions, balls and dances," and so on *ad infinitum*. The Faculty of the O. S. U. has never seen the necessity for any such legislation as this. But none of us are such idiots to conclude that because certain things have never been forbidden that they are encouraged. And the result of this has been that cases of college discipline are almost unknown, and the Faculty is accorded the respect that comes from knowing them in the discharge of their true duties, and not as literary policemen.

The burning of the Asylum for Imbeciles offers a good opportunity to criticise defective points in the apparatus which is *supposed* to protect the University building from a similar calamity. It is a safe statement to make that if never so small a fire were once started in the building it could not be extinguished. In the first place there is not nearly enough water in the tanks to extinguish a large fire, and even if there was, who is there present who knows how to manage the hose, excepting the janitor.

There should be a number of persons, living in the immediate vicinity of the college, engaged to serve as a fire brigade, and previously trained so as to know exactly what to do in case of fire breaking out, and there should also be engaged a permanent watchman to serve during the night.

There is altogether too much carelessness as regards precautions against fire. We can point to many instances where Bunsen lamps are left burning all night, liable to be overturned by any stray rat. Matches are left lying about in a most promiscuous manner in

paper boxes ready at the bite of a mouse to destroy a half a million dollars of property.

This is not a *theory* as regards the cause of fires. We can point to a case which occurred in a certain laboratory but little more than a year ago.

There needs be an immediate and thorough revision of these matters, and we do not think it necessary, in light of recent events, to labor to convince any one of the fact.

We have received for notice some circulars entitled "An Experimental Farm and Garden," and "An Agricultural and Horticultural Museum," along with a synopsis of a course of lectures in practical fruit culture. As regards the first; after stating the desire of those controlling the farm to make it purely experimental, the article says:

"It is our desire to extend to farmers fruit-culturists, gardeners, and others, useful information and instruction in any and all practical ways. To this end correspondence is respectfully invited. Communications on agricultural and horticultural subjects are always welcomed. All questions will be fairly considered, and, as far as possible, promptly answered.

"Seeds that are suspected of being unsound, or adulterated, will be carefully examined and tested. Weeds and other plants will be identified and named. New varieties of grains, grasses, fruits, vegetables, and flowers, will be gladly received, and their merits thoroughly tried and reported."

The second circular solicits from farmers, fruit culturists, gardeners, and others, articles and materials with which to form an illustrative Agricultural and Horticultural Museum. The synopsis of lectures is simply a very thorough and exhaustive list of topics in fruit culture of treated by lectures during the Fall term.

The whole shows that Professors Townshend and Lazenby are earnestly laboring to make the farm what it should be—not a source of pecuniary profit to the University, but a truly *experimental* farm, the management of which should be purely in the interest of Agricultural science and the farmers of Ohio.

We sincerely hope their labors in this line, and also in the collection of a museum will prove eminently successful.

The following has been received:

MR. EDITOR: The "judge," "attorneys," "witnesses," and "jury," duly appreciate the piteous allusion made to them in the last issue of THE LANTERN, and would like to know where a crowd of half a hun-

dred young fellows can be found who will not indulge in a fair and open joke. Besides, what brushes the dust off an egregious "verde" better than an occasional rub. Also, which is the more preferable: to break the monotony by a perfectly open and innocent hoax, in which there is no real harm, some fun, and from which the subject can gain a little experience, or sneaking into a fellow's room in his absence and stealing his bed-clothes, etc., or with locked doors and lowered curtains to draw round a snug poker table and

"Think it is no sin, sir
To take a freshy in, sir,
And ease him of his tin, sir,
To drive dull care away."

C.

We had expected an answer to the notice "C." mentions, and moreover, we expected its tone would be just what it has proved—simply an attempt to excuse a mean act by citing worse ones.

He casts a slur upon his "fellows" when he intimates that this "trial" took the place of other and meaner acts, which would have taken place had it not been held.

If the "fellows" held this "trial" merely to satisfy cravings which might have resulted in other acts similar to those so poetically stated, then, as we said in our first note of the affair, they are indeed to be pitied.

We admit that it is hard to find a crowd of half a hundred fellows who will not indulge, occasionally, in what "C" terms a "fair and open joke," for even the highest polish of modern civilization seems to have failed to eliminate the traces of barbarism which still linger in many persons, ever ready to show themselves when occasion offers.

Finally, we congratulate "C" upon the dignified position he has accepted, as a dust-brush for egregious "verdes."

A meeting of the Board of Trustees was held about the middle of the past month, this being the last meeting of the Board previous to the publication of the annual report to the Governor. It appears that no business of a very startling character was transacted, but that only the usual routine was gone through with, approving or rejecting bills, applications for appropriations to the several departments, &c. As to this latter part of their work, rejection seemed to be the order of the day, at least partial, if not complete rejection. It seems that some most urgent applications for money to be used to supply some of the departments with material, which was almost indispensable to the carrying on of the work of the departments

in a proper, intelligent manner, were only in part, and rather small part at that, recognized by the Board. We presume that this action was taken because of a lack of funds at the disposal of the Board, for certainly it could not be attributed to a failure on the part of the Trustees to recognize the validity of the ground for application. Of course no one is more ready or willing to supply a need than the members of the Board, who are so thoroughly acquainted with the workings of the departments, and consequently with the supplies necessary to keep them going so as to do the best work. Now, as we started out to complain, we must throw the blame on somebody or something, and so we presume we shall have to pile all this blame upon the State, which has proved for the most part so negligent to the charge which the government and the people of Franklin county placed under its fostering (?) care. So we will allow the blame to rest with the State, or rather with the alleged representatives of the sentiment of the State, who congregate annually and make the wise and just laws which are supposed to govern the average citizen, and insure peace and prosperity to the State as a whole. To speak plainly, and to come to the pith of the matter, rather than blame the State as a whole for the non-support of the past, we think that it is due to a very large extent to sectional jealousies, and to some very convenient *false* ideas of economy, indulged in by some noble examples of our wire-manipulating State politicians. Without attempting to discuss further this subject, we will close by simply saying that we think that the two latter reasons given as the cause of the rather shameful treatment we have received at the hands of the State in the past, are so plain, that the mere statement of them suffices to convince the fair minded reader of their truth. We hope for better things in the future, and time alone will tell whether or not our hopes are well grounded.

[COMMUNICATED].

THE GLEE CLUB.

The Glee Club, which was mentioned in the last issue of the LANTERN, is still living, and battling successfully, too, with the various waves of extermination which continually dash against all organizations in this college. There is a hesitancy on our part in joining any organization that may chance to spring

up among us. This is the case with the Athletic Association; is the case, to some extent, with the classes of the college, and is notably the case with the Glee Club. A person does not like to have his name connected with a thing which does not prove a success in the very beginning. He would rather wait and see if it proves a success before he joins it. This is a perfectly natural tendency, but it will be fatal to all our organizations if it is not remedied. Don't wait to see how well we sing before you join, but join us and then listen. The members number now about fifteen, and there are enough good singers about the college to swell the ranks to thirty or forty. We have our new books, have a very able leader, Mr. Springer, have our meetings on Friday evenings, between four and half-past five, after the work for the week is over. Now, let us see what you can do for this organization, as it lies in your power to make it a permanent feature of the University.

State Universities, from their grand principle of furnishing free education, are looked upon as the most valuable means of forming an intelligent and successful people. In States where such colleges are located it should be the common duty of those who have the opportunity, to direct young people to their benefits. The high schools, for the most part, supply the State Universities with students, and the Superintendents of these schools are the prime causes of this desirable movement. But do the Superintendents of the high schools of Ohio give the needed attention to this matter? Do they direct those lately under their care to greater advantages, and hence to advanced places in education? Do they not rather turn them toward the college of their peculiar or secular choice, even though that institution may possess inferior facilities for pursuing a course of study? While their Alma Mater must necessarily be greatly esteemed by them, should they allow this esteem to displace their better judgment? Colleges, at well as other human institutions, are subject to change in the course of time, and the position of any college to-day may be far different from its position when a man graduated from it a score of years ago. Hence, the risk of sending pupils to a college whose walls but cast a shadow of its former self. Rather let our Superintendents direct their pupils to an institution founded for the express purpose of affording a free education and an institution so based upon an unyielding foundation that it must succeed. Should the Superintendents of Ohio fulfill what almost seems their duty in this matter the State University would become second to none in the land, and the great principles for which it was established would be fully carried out.

S.

COMMON MISTAKES.

Sir Thomas Browne endeavors to set right some of the mistakes of his time in his book "Vulgar Errors." A number of the errors specified are still afloat, and others, "old and new," circulate in orbits of greater or less eccentricity, and in planes more or less inclined to the daily newspaper.

It is impossible to explode all, but the students of this University would do themselves and their fellows a service by sending to the LANTERN for illumination the striking errors they encounter in reading and in conversation; not meaning thereby trivial errors in spelling and grammar, but misapprehensions in facts, which ought to be part of the common stock.

I. In a popular engraving, Cornelia, Mother of the Gracchi is represented as pointing to "these are my jewels," in the shape of two boys of nearly equal size (although there is nine years difference in age.) In common notion, also, her jewels are the two tribunes. But she had ten other such gems of purest ray serene, and, besides, might have been proud of her son-in-law, Publius Cornelius Scipio Aemilianus Africanus Minor *nee* Lucius Aemilius Paulus Filius, a great warrior, who loved his wife, but did not marry TIB when he espoused Miss C. Sempronia G., (a baker's dozen in all.)

Very likely it is an uncommon mistake to suppose that Cornelia M. G. helped to shuffle off the mortal coil for her adventitious jewel, viz., the aforesaid P. C. S. A. A. M., *nee* as aforesaid. By the way, their family matters were a political emulsion, water and oil, plebs and patrician, only, when it came to a separation it produced an explosion of the nitro-glycerine kind.

II. It is an error to suppose that all of the name "Cornelius" were of the same ancestry. It was the name of a great tribe whose nearest modern counterpart is in the clans of Scotland. Great numbers of slaves, on becoming freedmen, took the name of a patrician house, and the house of the Cornelii was, perhaps, the most popular. In like manner, manumitted slaves of our own sunny South tacked the name of their former master to their cognomen, e. g. Pompey Jones. (Did the compulsory emigrants from Africa have any names?) Hence the names Tallieffero, Poin-dexter, and Pontefract among their descendants.

III. Undoubtedly, the names of many Roman families came from a peculiarity in their founders; as Celer, Claudius, Niger, Rufinus. For all that, there is much chance of error in ascribing to their remote descendants the same characteristic, just as if our Messrs. Long, Short, Black, White, etc., were "true to name." But it may be that the poet Ovid had a big nose (*naso*) or the orator Tully a chick pea on his, (*cicer*) or that the great Dictator Julius was a regular Esau (*cæsaries*) before he got bald. Very often these

etymologies are illusive, and are sources of frequent errors. Certainly Caius Julius was not Cæsar, because he was the McDuff of his time, but he may have given his name to the surgical operation by some perversion of the facts; and quite as certainly the story of the stupidity of the "Elder Brutus" was invented to account for his name.

IV. It is a mistake to suppose that our own surnames are as old as Adam. The Scotch and Irish still show the tendency to patronymics in "Mac" and "O," and besides these, we have "Ben," "Pen," "Ap," "Son," etc. Names derived from places are still more abundant. The most noteworthy are the names of the German Jews, which they were compelled by law to select, two or three hundred years ago, for more efficient registration. Many are Oriental and fanciful. Lowenthal, Lilienthal, Rosenberg, Vale of Lions, Valley of Lillies, Hill of Roses—Cf. Melancthon, Erasmus Desiderius. But we are all in the same boat as to surnames.

V. No book suffers so much from careless reading as the Holy Scriptures; and this paper could easily be filled with the mistakes which pious and reverent persons make through their misapprehension of the evident meaning of the text. For instance, it is not uncommon to hear in extempore public prayers petitions for the blessing of a Sabbath-day's journey, as if that implied a good long stretch, instead of a change of camp on account of defective sewerage. So, also, many people call the first day of the week Sabbath day.

But this article is already too long to cite further errors. C. B. C.

P.S.—Who has seen the newspaper paragraph that George Washington died in the last hour of the last day of the last month of the last century? It has been current for at least thirty years.

MY EARLY EXPERIENCE AT THE O. S. UNIVERSITY.

The fall of 1873 was marked by two events, at least, of special import and consequence—one to the nation, the other to the State. I mean the beginning of one of the most disastrous financial panics in the history of our Republic, and the opening of an institution whose influence in our State and nation can never be measured by dollars and cents—the Ohio State University. On its opening there were but a score of students, and seven professors present.

At this time, also, the roof the Institution was not completed, the inner doors were not hung, and even the floor of the lecture-room was not begun; in short, the noise of the saw and plane of the carpenters, and the rattle of the plumber's hammer were heard daily, if not hourly, for months after the opening of

the school; but still the recitations and lectures went steadily on with a vim which is characteristic of the beginning of all undertakings which are bound to succeed in the end.

During the first winter of our school, (1873-4,) most of the students and four of the faculty, Profs. Mack or "Cut Short," "Tommy," "Granny," and "John Henry," boarded as well as lodged in the University; and such a time as we had can better be imagined than described.

The "hash," as we then called it, was prepared in one of the basement rooms, the room which is now often used for the safe-keeping of certain stray specimens of the mammalia, commonly known as the canine. The next room east of this was our dining apartment. Here, also, though we had but two or three young ladies, (i. e. we had the chivalry if not the beauty) the song and the dance could be heard and seen almost every Saturday night, when all was as "merry as a marriage bell."

But at the tables, in the knots gathered about the stoves (for the heating apparatus was not yet in operation), as well as at the dance, a close observer could not have helped noticing that already there were factions or "syndicates" formed or forming. This can easily be explained.

The room just above our dormitory and dance-hall (afterward Dr. T.'s old apartment) had been partitioned off by curtains into six apartments, each of which would accommodate two students, and a jollier and more rollicking set of students could not be found anywhere. We "made night hideous" with our orgies. As, for example, we often paraded the upper regions of the building, called "Saints' Roost," at times of the night when honest people should have been in bed. Each member of the noble band was dressed in a long, flowing white robe, and while carrying a pillow in one hand, held to the robe of the person ahead with the other, and when the leader would knock on the door of a Saint, and a head would appear, it would usually disappear quicker than it came out, as there would be as many blows aimed at it as there were pillows in the procession. * * *

One night some wet powder was put on a board in the middle of our room and set on fire, when the Old Nick ("Dad B.") and all the imps, (for our room was by that time called "Purgatory,") caught hands and began to dance around it, and to utter the most hideous shrieks and unearthly cries, when, hark! the sound of measured footsteps was heard coming from the region of the "Saints," and an imp cried out "One of the Professors is coming," when all was consternation and confusion for a moment. But no time was to be lost. One imp ran with the board and burning powder, raised a window, and threw powder and all

into the snow, while the "Old Nick" and the other imps scampered off to their several apartments in a twinkling, and were soon poring over their books, apparently as hard and attentively as old Archimedes when demonstrating some new proposition in Geometry, or as Newton, when working out the theory of gravitation, or the laws which regulate the heavenly bodies, when some one knocked. An imp cried out "come," when who should it be but Prof. "Mac," with his lamp in hand, and with a twinkle in his eye, which seemed to say, "All is not well in these lower regions," and he said: "Did you hear any noise around here?" An imp answered "No, what did it sound like?" and the Prof. said, "Probably I was mistaken, but I thought I heard quite a racket down stairs some where," and turned him around, and wended his lonely way back to his "little bed." But this broke up the fun for that night, at least. And so time went on, nothing special happening unless some lucifer rebelled in "Saints Roost," and as of old, was driven out and sought shelter in the "lower regions," where we would soon initiate him into full membership. * * *

After the completion of the college building, and as our fame went abroad for good and honest work many more students were added to our numbers, and many more knocked at our doors for admission.

One bright youth from a northern county wrote the President thus:

"Dear Pres.: I understand that you do not *tolerate* religion at your college. This suits me exactly," etc.

It is supposed that he had heard of our "Purgatory," and longed to become one of its honored members.

But notwithstanding the unfavorable beginning, caused by the terrible panic, and the fact that the institution has been "reorganized" several times, and has received, as yet, but little financial assistance from the State (which ought to foster it more than any other of her institutions,) Trustees and Professors, saints and sinners, in a word, all connected with the institution, have gone steadily forward, hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder, until to-day the Ohio State University will compare favorably with any institution of learning in the State, if not the entire West.

E. E. C., An Ex-Imp.

The Thanksgiving dinner of the Chemical Laboratory held in one of Professor Norton's rooms, was heartily enjoyed by all the members of the department, as well as by its head and right-hand man. Quite a surprise awaited the revelers in the form of an excellent turkey, presented by Mrs. Norton. The dinner was unsurpassable, the poetical recitations good, but the music was deficient. Better join the Glee Club, boys, before your next feast. Mention should be made of the fact that the young ladies of the Chemistry class were present to enjoy and render enjoyable the occasion.

FATA MORGANA.

"They gave me now for a subject, Fata Morgana. I could sing of this. * * * * In my heart, indeed, abode life's most beautiful Fata Morgana."—*Hans C. Andersen's Improvisatore.*

The golden sunshine of Italy glows on the terraced hill,
Where the laden vines creep up and on, over the shelving steep:

In the heart of the vines and the olive groves, lies 'neath an arching shade,
Pepi, the fisherman's boy, wrapped in a dreamful sleep.

Down drops the sun in the sea-wave, up climbs the moon in the east.

Perfumes breathe from the orange flowers, voices sound from the street;

Loudly the peasant boys laugh by the chestnut-roaster's fire;

Gaily the maids in the saltarell, dance to the music sweet.

Fair glow Amalfi's vineyards under the moonlit skies;
Lovely the deep great Midland Sea tosses its azure waves;
In the holy place of a ruined church the fisherman's home is built;

Its summit is wreathed with bending vines, its feet the soft sea laves.

A broken painted window sheds tinted and rainbow light,
The quiet eyes of Saint George look down on Pepi's restful face;

To his dreams a beautiful vision comes, a lovely angel-child

Smiles on him, breathes o'er him, takes his hand, while a radiance fills the place.

She leads him into the vineyard green, and over the mountain top;

She glides with him over the azure sea to Monte Vesuvio;
Together by magic power they look into its mystic deeps,
And watch the red flames whirling, and the fierce bright lava glow.

Then on and on through moonlit air, to cities noble and grand,

And churches with light and incense filled, where softest music rose;

From palaces with carven walls and pictures rich and rare,
To cottage homes, and peasant huts, perched high mid the frozen snows.

On and over the orange groves, over the marshes green;
Over the dead Campagna, over the beautiful sea,
Over the City Eternal, Roma—the deathless one;
On and over the sleeping land, in the moonlight pure and free.

At last, in the crimsoning dawn clouds to a fair cloud palace gate,

Entering with song and laughter, borne on the fragrant air,

"This is my mother's home," she sang, "welcome and welcome again!

The home of thy heart, my Pepi, lovely and peaceful and fair."

Up rose the sun in the morning, down sank the moon in the sea;

Visions of glory hand in hand walking with Pepi at play.

Dimly remembered with longing; and the orange flowers whispered, "We know."

And the roses murmured, "We saw her—who knows is she mortal or fay?"

Years pass on, and the fisherman's boy, Pepi, the dreaming child,

Grows to a slender youth, and goes with his father to sea;
Working the ropes and pulling the oars, and steering the boat in the storm,

Dreaming still, as he floats along, beautiful vision, of thee!

Soft sounds the Ave Maria—fishermen rest on their oars,
Soft sounds the hymn to Madonna over the listening tide;
Deep down—deep in the waters, Pepi can faintly see
The dark clear eyes, and the yearning arms, of his sweet dream maiden bride.

Evening rests on the midland sea, fishermen steer for their homes;

Pepi sits in his father's boat, and there rises out of the sea,
An island city with pearly walls and rainbow tinted towers,

Its turrets touch the sunset clouds with banners fluttering free.

"Fata Morgana!" the fishermen cry, "See! see! the white armed girl!

She beckons to us from the green, green shore! Maria! save us now."

Fades as he speaks the glorious sight, hidden the lovely isle.

Cold, dark cloud, and a damp grey mist sweep over the vessel's prow.

"Pepi! ah Pepi! steer for the shore!" but the boat moves not to his hand.

"Pepi, my Pepi!" the father calls—Nay father, call no more,

Fata Morgana hath beckoned him home, home to the cloud built towers.

Steer for thyself, O father, back to Amalfi's shore.

KATHARINE A. MATHEW.

SOCIETY NOTES.

HORTON.

The membership of the Society still increases. It has reached such proportions now that members are beginning to discuss where we must fix the limit to our numbers.

A decided feeling of opposition is manifested against admitting persons to the Society who are not members of the college. In the cases already acted upon, the peculiar demands of the candidates were such as could not be rejected.

We have heard it rumored that some of our first graduates want diplomas from the Society. Without reflecting anything on our early membership, we would like to observe that some persons want a good deal of honor at very little cost.

An amendment has been offered to the Constitution, which is to prohibit the graduation of any person from the Society, who shall not have been a member at least two years. While there might be some exceptions to the justice of such a law in the main, it is a very necessary one. Why should our Society graduate those who come in at the last hour merely for the sake of a diploma?

The election of officers, Friday evening, November 4, resulted as follows: Pres., F. Keffer; Vice Pres., J. H.

Galbraith; Rec. Sec., F. Davis; Cor. Sec., Belle Ewing; Treas., J. W. Conaway; Critic, Belle Swickard; Librarian, M. P. Kenney; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. P. Milligan.

ALCYONE.

The Society is moving along with accustomed vigor. No measures of unusual importance have engaged the attention of the Society the past few weeks. A livelier spirit is manifested in the discussions of the business meetings; the boys seem determined on becoming familiar with Robert's Rules of Order, much to the confusion, sometimes, of the presiding officer.

An amendment to the By-Laws of the Constitution was voted down, at the last meeting, mainly on account of the excellent opportunity it would offer to ambitious and windy members to prolong the discussion to midnight, or the initial hours of the morning.

A "long felt want" has been supplied by the purchase of an unabridged dictionary for the Society.

The rapid growth of the Society has taken us beyond the seating capacity, making it necessary to invest a considerable amount of money in chairs soon.

A question which is agitating the minds of the members at present is, What are sufficient and reasonable grounds for excusing members from active membership for stated periods. The question has come up for consideration several times this term.

A BANQUET.

The *Incognitos et Agnos* proposes to hold a royal feast at the O. S. U. Dorm., on the 24th. By the time this notice appears, however, that event will be a thing of the past; yet we venture to announce such an account of the proceedings as we have been able to gather.

It is the intention of this mysterious, classical body to base the proceedings of the occasion on Grecian customs. Athenian taste will be displayed in allowing no ladies to participate in the feast. Senator Jack Morton will act as master of ceremonies, assisted by Gen. J. W. Keifer, Jr., and W. D. Frazee.

The columns of the front porch will be wreathed with evergreens, and festoons of gorgeous flowers will pend from the upper balcony. From the front porch, guests will enter the spacious office by the bronze door-way, where they will receive proper salutations and greetings. No pains will be spared to make a proper display of art, though the propriety of a "bust" on Thanksgiving is seriously criticised.

The Dormitory string band, led by Judge Davis, will dispense music during the early part of the feast. The band will be relieved by the celebrated vocalists, Emanuel Reichenbach and Seigle. All officers of the O. S. U. battalion will be furnished extra chairs on which to recline at the table.

King David, by virtue of his high position, will be given the seat of honor. In due time this officer will be called upon to discourse on "The Divine Right of Kings."

After mutual admirations and congratulations, the opening scene will begin with the libations to the gods. An important part of the programme will be the reading of a new and original poem by C. R. Vanderburg; also a startling western adventure, narrated by W. Brotherton.

At the close the following familiar chorus will be rendered by the Order:

"Oh, we think it no harm in the least, sir,
To have an occasional feast, sir!
And turkey is the beast, sir,
To drive dull care away." &c.

RES GESTÆ.

Whatsoever man seweth that shall he rip.

Four is the æsthetic figure. It is too too.—*Ex.*

How to make a Maltese cross—"Step on its tail."
—*Dartmouth.*

Anna Dickinson condescends to play "Hamlet" first. A melancholy deign.

When the Pilgrims first landed they fell on their knees, after which they fell on the aborigines.—*The Chronicle.*

"Sun, moon, and stars forgot," quoted a junior after flunking in astronomy.—*Williams Athenæum.*

"Is that letter from your sister?" "No, thank you, not my sister; somebody else's sister—good sister."
—*Dickinson Liberal.*

Two young ladies in confidential conversation:
"Have you a falsetto voice?" "N-no, but I have a false set 'o teeth."—*Ex.*

Professor Physics.—"What is Boyle's law?"

Diligent (?) Junior.—"Never trump your partner's ace."—*Ex.*

Webster was an aesthete, because he enthusiastically says in his dictionary that the verb "speak" is too utter.—*Ex.*

Oh, these women who adore dogs! Yesterday we heard a lady say to one of her friends: "Just look, Angele, isn't it lovely to see Fido give her little hand every time my husband offers his paw!"—*Heidelberg (Col.) Monthly.*

While an Idaho girl was sitting under a tree, waiting for her lover, a grizzly bear came along, and approaching from behind, began to hug her. But she thought it was Tom, and so leaned back and enjoyed it heartily, and murmured "tighter." It broke the bear all up, and he went away and hid in the forest for three days to get over his shame.—*Ex.*

Oh! pulchra puella,
Do look on a fellhah,
Qui canit under your winder.
Clara luna lucit,
Dulce amor ducit,
For what the devil's to hinder?

[*Allegheny Campus.*]

A little girl once said that she would be very glad to go to heaven, because they had plenty of preserves there. On being cross-examined she took down her catechism and triumphantly read: "Why ought the saints love God? Ans.—Because He makes, preserves and keeps them."—*Dickinson Liberal.*

WHY?

Why does it haunt me, haunt me like this?—

Two or three freckles, the sauciest nose,
Lips like cherries, and made to kiss,
Kissed by others since, I suppose.

Kissed by others since, I suppose.

What does it matter? I had my share—
Breezes and breezes fondle the rose,
Tell me, for that is the rose less fair?—

[*Harvard Advocate.*]

COLLEGE NOTES.

Oberlin College strictly forbids the use of tobacco by her students. At Notre Dame University only the seniors are allowed an occasional cigar on a written request to that effect from their parents.—*Hobart Herald*.

Columbia College has established a department of architecture, and has called Prof. W. R. Ware, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, to occupy the professorial chair, at a salary of \$5,000. His method of instruction is largely his own.

In 1879 Harvard had the largest college library in the United States, containing 182,500 volumes. The University of Cincinnati had also 146,013 volumes, including a public library; Yale, 93,000 volumes; Dartmouth, 55,000; Brown, 52,000; University of New Jersey, 47,000, while Michigan colleges have libraries as follows: University of Michigan, 29,000 volumes; Olivet, 7,000; Hillsdale, 7,000; Hope College at Holland, 4,500; Kalamazoo, 3,300; Albion, 2,500; Battle Creek College, 1,000; Adrian, 400; Grand Traverse, 300.

The London University honors lists, which have just been published, show that the young women who were examined took a remarkable place. The class taking examination for mathematical honors had three members, one being a girl, and the girl beat both her male competitors. The first in the English honors list for the preliminary B. A. examination was a young woman, and in the German honors list two of the first class, consisting of only four, were also girls. The first in the honors list for Anatomy, in the preliminary Bachelor of Medicine examination, was a girl, Miss Prideaux, of the London School of Medicine for Women, who had beaten both her Guy's Hospital rivals. Another girl was one of three students placed in the first class of the honors list for Materia Medica and Pharmaceutical Chemistry. This paragraph is commended to the attention of divers American colleges.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

The Medical Department of the University of Wooster is giving that institution some trouble. This department is located at Cleveland, Ohio, which also supports another medical college. A proposition was made by a gentleman residing in Cleveland to the effect that he would donate a considerable sum of money to these two colleges on the condition that they should unite and form a single institution. Thereupon it seems that the prominent members of the medical faculty of the Wooster University concluded to effect this union, without consulting the trustees of the University, and this action was followed by that of the trustees expelling those members of the medical faculty who were so officious as to attempt to take the government of the Medical Department into their own hands. The case is quite an interesting one, and developments are now in order.

Harvard College was named after John Harvard, who, in 1638, left to the college £779 and a library of over three hundred books. Williams College was named after Colonel Ephriam Williams, a soldier of the old French war. Dartmouth College was named after Lord Dartmouth, who subscribed a large amount and was president of the first board of trustees. Brown University received its name from Hon. Nicholas Brown, who was a graduate and endowed the college very largely. Columbia College was called Kings College till the close of the war for independence, when it was named Columbia. Bowdoin was named after Governor Bowdoin, of Maine. Yale College was named after Elihu Yale, who made liberal donations to it. Colby University was named after Mr. Colby, of Boston, who gave \$50,000 to the college in 1866. Dickinson College

was named after Hon. John Dickinson. He made a very liberal donation and was president of the board of trustees for a number of years. Cornell University was named after Ezra Cornell, its founder.

President White, of Cornell, has returned. While in Europe he secured Dr. E. A. Freeman, the celebrated English historian, as a non-resident professor for Cornell. Dr. Freeman is the author of the "History of the Norman Conquest," and of about twenty other historical works accepted as authorities, and many of them as text books.

COLLEGE EXCHANGES.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Very true. So we wouldn't dare to find fault with the cover of the *Olio*. No, not for worlds. It's too utterly æsthetic for mundane usage. Is it possible that any one in the western wilds of southern Ohio designed this? If so—but the inside—the locals, page after page never ending. If it takes this kind of stuff, and such an amount of it, too, to please and satisfy the appetite of the Marietta man, well, he must have a regular boa-constrictor digestion, that is all we can say.

The Lafayette College *Journal* presents a neat appearance, but as it contains nothing but college news of the same sort, its columns are not so attractive as they would be if more varied. Its personals are particularly full and interesting. The editors seem to congratulate themselves that they will probably meet expenses, and have a slight surplus. With over seven hundred subscribers, and a subscription price of a dollar and a half per year, we should think you ought to have a large enough surplus to take a trip to Europe, at least.

The *University Herald* reflects undergraduate life about as well as any exchange we have seen, and no doubt the students of Syracuse are as proud of such a paper as we were pleased with reading it. It is brimful of college news, and if the condition of the University is to be judged from the *Herald*, it must be exceedingly healthy and flourishing. The accounts of the different receptions and conventions were well written up.

The *College Transcript* had an interesting article on the Return of the Chinese, written, we suppose, by some one who is going out there to educate them, and other articles are full of interest. The more the shame then, that its clean pages are occasionally soiled by such would-be-witty, but only coarse expressions, as are found in the locals of the 5th and 12th inst. It is to be hoped, also, that the co-education problem will be solved so that there will be not quite so much jarring. Why can you not, oh phrenzied Wesleyans, accept with philosophic calmness, the blessing that the gods have granted you?

The *Crimson*, in speaking of exchange criticism, suggests that the *Illini*, the *Niagara Index*, and others who adopt that style, ought to be suppressed. How cruel such a suggestion. It is so refreshing, after pondering on the serious, thoughtful, profound criticisms of most of the exchange editors, to turn to those same festive fly-off-the-tangent columns of the *Index*, for instance. Of course our hearts are wrung in sympathy with the poor victims of his severity, and we tremble (for that is evidently what he wants us to do, and we couldn't be so disobliging as to disappoint him), but breathe a little more freely when we find that we are not yet crushed, but still live. Thus at the present writing do our spirits rise, and we break into song:

Have you read the Niagara Index?
The paper that ruthlessly slashes and wrecks.
The all exterminating,
The sure annihilating,
The terrific Niagara Index?

LITERARY NOTES.

Two new books by Ex-Governor Cox, of Ohio, will soon be published by Scribners, on episodes of interest in the civil war, namely: *The Campaign of Atlanta*, and *The March to the Sea*.

The portrait of Doctor Holland, photographed from a crayon sketch by Wyatt Eaton, is offered with one year's subscription to the *Century* for \$6.50, or without it for \$5.

It is said that Judge Tourgee's new novel, *John Eax*, (to be pronounced Eeks) is in a new vein. He is still working in the inexhaustible field of the South, but omits as the chief factors of his work the negro and politics, devoting his attention "to some of the more attractive and romantic characters of Southern society, for which he has a keen and sympathetic appreciation. He depicts the force of family pride, the gallant and persistent lover, the passage of war, and life in many phases." If the book is equal to those parts of "*A Fool's Errand*," that might properly be regarded as lying in the province of the novel, which the book as a whole did not, it will certainly have the same success.

A French newspaper has just reviewed "*Buckle's History*." The learned critic earnestly hopes to receive soon additional volumes of the work. At the Literary Men's Congress, held in Paris, 1878, the secretary regretted that neither Thackeray nor Dickens had replied to the invitations sent them. How much wider La Manche is than the British Channel.—*Ex.*

We haven't met the guardian for so long in literature that we were beginning to think that the species was extinct, and we had the faintest thoughts of writing an obituary on him. During all the years of our acquaintance with him he was so *blase* that it did not seem possible for him to exist any longer. Surely all the wards in Christendom have been married off ere this. But no, he is irrepressible, he turns up again with the customary amount of moralizing, self deception, and rejuvenation in the end. Need we say that we refer to Miss Susan Warner's—author of *Wide, Wide World*—last book, *A Letter of Credit*.

It is hard to imagine how any magazine could be better than the November number of the *Century*. Every article is full of interest and power; the portrait of George Eliot more satisfactory than any yet published; Frederic Douglas' *Escape from Slavery*, a plain, simple narrative. Every Student of Shakespeare will be interested in the great Italian Tragedian's *Impression of Shakespearean Characters*, and after reading this, will turn to the paper on Salvini himself, with drawings of him as Othello and Macbeth.

Gosse's English Ode.—It is said of Wordsworth, that he had such an attachment for mountains, and so looked upon them as his own that he rather resented another's attempting a flirtation with them. My friend F. sees the wrath of Achilles dramatized almost daily for him by the clouds above. H. will sit for hours beside a running stream, and wonderful are the secrets that he declares Nature then babbles to him, and of full significance, the oracles. In reading Black's novels we have often wondered if he did not feel some passionate attachment to sunsets, so beautifully, so exquisitely does he reproduce them. For the different forms of poetry, the same fondnesses are shown. We have all seen the man who furiously, or in a melancholy way, delights in Tragedy's sepulchral tones. C. thinks that the sonnet is the only perfect form of verse, and that the poetic conceptions that cannot be bounded by fourteen lines, are unworthy of expression. No doubt there are some who thus will confess similar feelings about

the ode. From its very nature it must be sustained, dignified and elevated. It has all the out-gush of the pure lyric. *Thou* and *I* are all it takes cognizance of, and as one chants its musical cadences it is impossible to realize that he is not thinking aloud his own thoughts, so direct is it. Who has ever read the ode on Immortality without at once feeling that he himself has been and is yet conscious of it all. This is why so few really fine odes have been written. In the volume before us will be found about all the best that our language has produced, that is if we admit as the definition of an ode (and it seems correct) what Mr. Gosse lays down, "any strain of exalted and enthusiastical lyrical verse, directed to a fixed purpose, and dealing progressively with one dignified theme." The common complaint about selections is that some one's favorite is sure to be omitted. But most readers will find all their favorites here, and many new ones. The list begins with Spenser's *Epithalamion*, and closes with Swinburne's "*To Victor Hugo in Exile*." Of living writers, Tennyson's *Ode to Memory*, and *On the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, and Coventry Patmore's *To the Unknown*, together with the one of Swinburne, above mentioned, are included. As there are forty-seven in all, it will be seen that the bulk of the work is set apart for classic English writers. Numerically speaking, Collins, Keats, and Shelley are most largely represented. The volume is beautifully printed, small, and to those who have not yet made a study of this noble verse, as well as all lovers of the ode, we heartily commend it.

BATTALION NOTES.

The most prominent fact to be noted just now, is the remarkably fine weather we have enjoyed so far.

The battalion has been confined to its cramped and unwholesome quarters only three or four times this year. As a consequence, the military department is in far better condition than it has ever been at this time of the year before.

Advantage has been taken of the weather to perfect the company maneuvers, leaving the manual of arms and the bayonet exercise for the winter.

Since the last issue the battalion has been divided into three permanent companies, and the necessary promotions have been made.

For the past three or four years there has been considerable talk of doing away with the officer's chevron. The officers this year succeeded in replacing it with the shoulder strap, which is found to be more satisfactory. The emblem of glory is condensed to a few square inches, instead of being spread all over the arm from the shoulder to the elbow.

The shoulder-strap makes it necessary to hang the sword by a belt instead of the sash now in use. This has led to a petition for the regulation line officer's sword and belt. As there are eleven officers wearing swords, and only nine fit for service, and as the sword now used would look awkward, to say the least, if hung by a belt, we think that the regulation sword is the best and cheapest in the long run.

The commandant has revoked the regulation requiring the black cravat as a part of the uniform, and the boys are exulting over their new freedom, and cravats of many colors may soon be expected.

There is some talk of abolishing the dress hat, but it is not very probable that any such action will be taken.

The following is a list of the officers of the battalion: Horace Allen, Adjutant; H. K. Terry, Quartermaster; D.

L. Gaskill, Sergeant-Major; C. C. Allen, Quartermaster-Sergeant; E. Orton, Band Leader; J. N. Bradford, Chief Musician; J. W. Conaway, Color Sergeant. Company A—M. N. Mix, Captain; J. R. Lovejoy, 1st Lieutenant; Wm. Neil, 2d Lieutenant; C. C. Miller, 1st Sergeant; Winfield Scott, 2d Sergeant; W. L. Kiger, 3d Sergeant. Company D—E. O. Ackerman, Captain; C. S. Amy, 1st Lieutenant; E. L. Alcott, 1st Sergeant; M. T. Dozer, 2d Sergeant; L. Hine, 3d Sergeant; W. D. Howe, 4th Sergeant. Company B—J. T. Anderson, Lieutenant Commanding; Frank Allen, D. F. Snyder, 2d Lieutenant; W. S. Devol, 1st Sergeant; W. P. Kenny, 2d Sergeant; W. L. Peters, 3d Sergeant; J. D. Streeper, 4th Sergeant.

PERSONAL.

Prof. Mendenhall lectured on "Seismographs," at Salem, Mass., on the 23d.

Prof. Lord spent Thanksgiving day at Cincinnati, then made a flying trip to Boston.

Pres. Scott was called to New York City last week by the death of a brother's wife.

Thomas Kelly is at the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C.

Prof. Millikin and wife are now at Jacksonville, Florida.

John W. Hughes intends to spend the winter in Southern California.

L. Westfall is unhappy because he "can't hold the big girls after school—there are none."

John A. Ward is Superintendent of the public schools at Willoughby.

'79—F. G. Howald was in the city for a few days last week.

Fred. Hubbard is slowly recovering from the effects of malarial fever.

Miss Mary Keffer spent a week in the city, and was present at the marriage of Miss Townshend and Mr. Wing.

Fred. Shedd is in the employ of Kauffman, Lattimer & Rising, wholesale druggists of the city.

Prof. Colvin died on the 6th of November, of typhoid fever, at Chattanooga, Ten.

A. L. Rohrer is general agent for a Cincinnati book house. He is now canvassing the State with the "Life of Garfield."

W. S. Jones is at present stationed at Fort Wayne. He does not expect to return to college, but will follow Civil Engineering.

Newton Anderson has prepared a table of logarithms and formulæ, which will be a great convenience to the students of Physics in working problems.

John A. Spielman and W. A. Smith have gone to Central Mexico, where they have secured excellent positions as engineers in the construction of a railroad.

The managing editor of the LANTERN, W. K. Cherryholmes, has been ill the past two weeks. He is again at his post, though not entirely well.

Thomas Mullay is winning fame as a rising young artist. His latest work of art is a bust in clay of the late Bishop Rosecrans. It is highly spoken of as extremely life-like, and preserving the expression of the Bishop's face in a wonderful degree. Art has always been a favorite study with Mr. Mullay, and he will yet be heard from in one of its branches.

HYMENEAL.

Miss Alice M. Townshend, and Mr. Charles Wing, of Newark, O., were married Thursday morning, November 8, at the residence of Prof. Townshend, Rev. Francis Hall, of Newark, officiating. Shortly after the ceremony, the happy twain "winged" their flight eastward, for a two weeks' bridal trip in New York City. With them the LANTERN sends its congratulations and its best wishes.

Miss Nettie Brown, and Mr. Curtis C. Howard, were married on the 9th of November, by the Rev. Dr. Rodman, at the home of the bride, in Newark, N. J.

Miss Flora Field, and Mr. Edwin Sharp, teller of the Commercial Bank, were married at the First Presbyterian church, on the 22d of November.

LOCAL.

The latest from the Histological Department is a suggestion of one of the students to harden a section of the buccal cavity in alcohol.

Who, what, where, which, whence, is that mysterious Octophanti Coterie of which some speak in such an awe-stricken manner. We cannot make it out.

The cultivation of æsthetics in the rhetoric class is really surprising. The Professor himself is being surpassed. One of the enthusiastic juniors is able to see the sublime even in a horse or a steam engine.

From the present appearances at this date of writing the Chemical Lab. will not hold a Thanksgiving feast as was done last year. This enjoyable practice should be continued, in our opinion, and we would volunteer to be present each time to make reports.

Miss Alice Williams had her yearly salary increased \$150 at the last meeting of the Board of Trustees. This looks encouraging. May the good work continue until her salary is made what it would be "if she were not a woman."

It is with pleasure we make especial mention of our junior, Mr. Dillon, as regards the fine order in which he has kept the University buildings this year. The results of his constant work are a credit both to himself and the school, for things in general never looked neater than at present.

Some of the Dormitory Preps. avoid family quarrels by tying their boot-jacks to the bed-posts. [This was handed in as a joke. The point is hard to see. Perhaps the author means that in this way they prevent each other from throwing the beds about.]

Miss Emma Lehner has finished a large crayon sketch entitled "Music hath Charms," which is the best production of our art students we have as yet seen. Most of the work was done upon it during the summer months.

W. Brotherton, of '83 may be seen at nearly all hours of the day in his "office" in the Agricultural Department, where he pours out *gratis* his great store of knowledge and experience in regard to agriculture to the wondering natives.

Prof. Mendenhall has procured for the Physical Laboratory, among other new apparatus, a very fine and extensive collection of Crooke's tubes illustrating "radiant matter," a time heliostat, another chronometer of the most approved make, and an apparatus for the production and drawing of "Lissajous's figures."

The kalsomining which is being done at present in various rooms in the building is simply disgraceful, and instead of improving their appearance has made them look

decidedly worse than before. It looks, in fact, just as if somebody had recklessly thrown cupfuls of the blue-tinted wash here and there upon the walls, and had then let it run down in streaks; the wall resembling, when finished, magnified bed-ticking more than anything else.

D. O'Brine finds recreation for his leisure moments in carrying on experiments beyond routine work. Lately, he has constructed an apparatus for making gas analyses, and his work manifests patience and ingenuity. This apparatus could not be purchased from dealers for less than fifty dollars. David has already made a quantitative analysis of air, and of coal gas from the College retorts. He proposes soon to go to a blast furnace and carry on a set of experiments.

Report says we have a man employed to look after the College grounds. Is it true? We have seen what might be mistaken for a man, but what we always regarded as a statue of indolence reposing in classic attitude upon the campus. If it is true that the thing has been seen to move, we must admit the possibility of its being a man. But why should it be kept here? It is certainly not of any use, and by no means ornamental. This may be a cunning device to excite a horror of indolence. It must be a joke about our having a landscape gardener.

Scene—Glass Works: "Davy," (who is full of chemical missionary zeal) to old glass-blower,—“This is soda glass, isn't it?”

O. G. B.—“No, 'taint, it's salt cake glass.”

Davy.—“Well, that is soda glass.”

O. G. B. (indignantly).—“'Taint, I tell you. Hain't I been a blowin' glass nigh on these thirty years. Don't come 'round here a tellin' me about your sody glass. You don't know nothin' about it. That's salt cake glass, I tell you.”

Davy retires convinced.

Vanderburg would fain be a spiritualist, and is striving in vain to solve the mysteries seen by him on that Sunday evening, in a rational manner, and surely the story in the Arabian Nights of the fisherman who caught a spirit in a bottle is not more wonderful than Van's report. But those spirits in bottles are not such wonderful things, after all, when we reflect upon the matter, and like the fisherman's spirit they are generally less troublesome when in the bottle than when out of it. But spirits are out of our line entirely. For further information regarding ghouls, spirits, spooks, etc., we refer Van. to two prominent ladies of the Horton Society.

The Dormitory was unduly excited on a certain Sunday, some weeks past, over a very difficult mathematical problem, namely: If the divisor of 84 be divided by 3, and the quotient is 4, then what is this divisor?

Some said it was 12; others, by dint of much reasoning, proved it to be 63, and during several hours the discussion became warmer and warmer, until each party subsided from sheer over talking, firm in the belief that the other was composed of fools.

That forty persons should argue this question half a day seems odd enough. The LANTERN, though not a mathematical journal, casts its vote unanimously for 12, which, of course, places the matter beyond further discussion.

Why do we sigh, and weep, and tear our hair? Surely not because of the abomination of examinations, for it still lieth far in the dim distance. Neither can it be because of the lecture-room exercises, for do we not dearly love them? Nay, it is not because of these that we sad-deneth and pineth away, as it were, for our cause of woe is much greater than either of these great woes.

Wail for the lost! Mourn for the absent! Lift up your voices to the skies, and cry aloud for the return of

the great blessing which has departed from amongst us just as we learned to know its worth. O, ye two-cent busses, come back, come back, ere we perish in our walking to save a five-cent fare! Come, O, come, ere we die!

A certain senior had an amusing experience a few evenings past with the clay bust that rests upon a box by the rear basement door. On this particular night, upon going in that door the first object that struck his attention was this bust, which was just enough lighted by the moon to suggest the presence of a man standing near the wall. The ensuing scene reminds us of Uncle Remus's "Tar Baby" story:

"Hello," says our senior, backing off, and at the same time lifting his mighty junior cane in his invincible right hand in a true Don Quixote fashion. No answer, and senior thinks he sees it move. "Hello, I say, who are you, and what do you want here?"

Still no answer, and senior is positive he saw it put its hand in its "pistol pocket." "I'll make you answer, you rascally scoundrel: I'll break your head for you," says he, and with a rush forward, down goes the invincible stick upon the poor bust, and a moment after this senior is blessing the darkness which concealed his exploit, and is hoping that "those LANTERN chaps" will not hear of it. Vain hope.

On Thursday, 10th, the Board of Trustees held a meeting at the University, at which meeting this astounding proposition was made—that their halls be taken from the Horton and Alcyone societies and used for class-rooms, and that the societies be allowed to *meet in the Dormitory*. But President Scott settled it in a moment by telling the proposers that such a thing was not to be thought of for an instant, and that they did not know the spirit of these societies when suggesting it.

This does "confiscate the confectionery." We wonder how the Honorable Board would in such an event make amends to the societies as regards the thousands of dollars they have put into their halls, and we wonder how many society members would go to the Dormitory to hold meetings, and finally we wonder how many members would remain in college if their halls were taken in this style. It is difficult to decide whether to smile or grow indignant over the affair, but our nature inclines us toward the former.

It is to be deplored that the poetical muse of the senior class is allowed to go unheeded as at present. The latest production we have received from members of this class surpasses even our highest expectation (it is not necessary to specify said expectation) and we give a few extracts for the benefit of our readers. The poem is very lengthy, and is entitled "To a Sky Lark." The seniors introduce this bird in these words:

"——I beheld on an old Fence Rail

A beautiful Lark with a graceful Tail."

When asked to sing the bird replies—

"Excuse me this one morning, because I can't sing one note Because I have got such a dreadful sore throat."

But the climax is reached when the seniors say—

"Oh, chimney swallow, buzzard, and little pee-wee
Have all of them sung one time to me,
Now when I ask you for to make some music
You right away want to be excused from it."

There is another line—

"Then the lark with a face which smiled in much glee."
And another—

"Then with a flop of his wing and a wag of his tail,
He up and spoke to me from off his fence rail."

But this is enough. We venture no criticism. None is needed. But the depth of our sympathy with the senior class knows no bounds.