

THE LANTERN.

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post-Office, Columbus, Ohio.

Vol. I.

OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY, FEBRUARY, 1881.

No. II.

THE LANTERN.

Published monthly during the academic year.

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TERMS:

One copy, per year, \$1.00
Single Copies,15

Members of all departments of the University are requested to contribute to THE LANTERN. Communications may be handed to any of the Editors, or addressed to the Financial Editor, O. S. U., Columbus, Ohio.

The Editors are not necessarily responsible for any opinion expressed outside of the Editorial columns.

Subscriptions received and copies of THE LANTERN sold at Gleason's and Smythe's Book Store.

We are happy in that we are able to present to our readers the second issue of THE LANTERN. But we find it necessary here to say a few plain words to all who are interested in our undertaking. We have received some complimentary, encouraging words, and have heard some fault finding. For the first we are glad to know that many recognize the difficulties in the undertaking and are willing to give us credit for at least an earnest effort to supply a want so long felt. For the second also please accept our thanks, and in return we would say, if the paper does not suit, it is in a large measure your own fault. It must be remembered that what it contains depends almost entirely on yourselves. Our work is in large part mechanical, and that is enough to keep the staff busy without the additional duty of soliciting articles or writing them ourselves. We are as strongly conscious of our defects as our most enterprising critics, and lament them perhaps more than a looker-on can, but is it not asking too much to expect a board of editors, burdened with college duties, and a very ordinary set of mortals at best, to write, edit and finally pay for the printing of a paper, and at the same time make it the standard of excellence in every respect?

To those who have kindly assisted us, the editors tender their hearty thanks. Give us an earnest support, not only financially but also through your pen. No matter what you may have to offer, send it in, whether it be a personal, a topic of college interest, an exposition of transcendentalism, or the last joke from an embryo Artemus Ward. We stand in the position of servants to the whole body of students, and will do all in our power to make THE LANTERN a success; but without your constant and hearty co-operation it will be a difficult task to say the least.

By recent action of the Board of Trustees, a new department, that of Botany and Horticulture, has been added to the University. The scientific side of this new feature of our institution is represented by Botany, and its practical side by Horticulture, in furtherance of which a green house will probably be soon provided. This action leaves Dr. Townshend with the department of Agriculture and Veterinary Medicine, which important branch he will now have time to fully develop, a thing before impossible. Mr. A. P. Morgan of Dayton, has been appointed to the new chair. He is an accomplished botanist.

The saying "easy earned soon spent" is particularly applicable to the student. He who goes to school well supplied with "the wherewithal" by wealthy parents rarely proves so good a student, as he who having no hand to help him save his own, toils unaided along the pathway of knowledge. In every department you will find the person who is supporting himself, standing among the best in his class; and the number of these students in our halls is by no means small, indeed we could point to dozens of such—some depending on results of work done whilst attending school, but in the majority of cases, on the products of the labor of the previous year or vacation. These are the men who form our best citizens; they know the value of time, and the price and worth of knowledge, and they study accordingly—they are here "for business."

In our last issue an editorial appeared which seems to have been construed by some, as casting reflection on the present occupant of the Chairs of Physics and Mechanics. It is but justice to state that no such reflection was intended. It is well-known that he has been in charge of two Departments, either of which is sufficient to occupy the undivided attention of a single person, and besides he has had the building and equipment of the new Mechanical Laboratory on his hands, which in itself was no small task. Hence it is not to be wondered that the Department of Physics has suffered somewhat.

Vassar girls' definition of a simple pendulum— A weightless particle hung on an imaginary thread.

Among the many advantages that we students enjoy, there is a very common one which appears to be slighted quite noticeably. We refer to the privilege that every student possesses of becoming a member of a literary society. We have said that this is a very common privilege; so it is, and this very fact of the existence of such a large number of societies goes to show that students as a rule appreciate the advantages to be derived from society work. If any one will take the trouble to notice the sort of students that the societies are generally made up of, we think that they will be impressed with the fact that the standing of society men is far from being poor, and also, that the best material in college is usually in the literary societies. Can any one doubt that contact with such students is beneficial? Some of us who are studying science may think that society work will be of no especial use to us in the pursuits which we expect to follow in after life. We hope there are none who believe this to be true, for it seems to us that the scientific student should be all the more anxious to prosecute society work thoroughly, in order to get, at least, a small amount of literary knowledge. Besides the literary benefits to be gained there is a knowledge of parliamentary rules, which the scientist, the engineer, the mechanic and the farmer, as well as the man of letters should be possessed of; for who knows how soon any one of us may be called on to preside at some convention of our fellows, and in order to do this with satisfaction and dignity, some knowledge of parliamentary rules is indispensable. Indeed there is no phase of society training which is not worthy of commendation; the advantages to be derived from it are so real and so practical as to command the attention of every earnest student. The literary societies of the University are in good working order and can accommodate a still larger membership than they at present consist of. We hope that a larger number of students and especially the younger ones will become identified with this most important branch of college work.

Crowding in one way or another, is the one evil above all others that besets a college man. As he begins his course full of energy and purpose, anxious, if not to gain knowledge for itself alone, at least for the power it brings him, or perhaps simply desirous of the credit that always attaches to one who does well in college; actuated by one or more of these

impulses, too often is it the case that we try to do too much.

It is natural for every healthy, earnest student to gain as much as possible from the various fields open to him, not only in college work and hard reading, but in the other multifarious duties and pleasures found in college politics.

But can this system of high-pressure running be kept up through a whole college course? Yes, some can do it, even lead in their classes, and leave their alma mater with the encomiums of a faculty and bright prospects for their future. Others again can not, but break down; others, just "get along" and that is about all, attaining, perhaps a general success, but it is too general, a thorough success is not reached in any one line.

Of the results of such lives little need be said, they unfortunately speak for themselves. Those who break down under this strain only add to the great crowd of jaded, spiritless men, who from the very nature of their physical circumstances take a selfish, misanthropic view of life. For the others, we see them every day, men who left college with minds over crowded with knowledge only half digested, and teeming with thoughts half formed, brilliant, perhaps, but lacking in intelligibility from their crudity. Finding at last too late, that their knowledge, gained oftentimes at a tremendous sacrifice, is of little or no avail for it is not thorough, that the criterion of knowledge is its usefulness, the ability to apply the principles, not the details of what we learn.

A characteristic fault of Americans is their great hurry, the haste with which they rush into a thing, skim it over and jump from it to something else. Ground that an American student covers in four years, a German, and that too, not because of his inability; would not accomplish in six or even eight years.

It is our bounden duty to do all we can creditably and thoroughly, but to do more, is an injury to the institution with which we are connected and our fellows, and a crime of the highest kind against ourselves.

The whole matter lies of course almost entirely with the individual himself, but much might be done by educators, from the teacher of the child to the professor, towards restraining this growing tendency of American students, the result of too much crowding, towards superficiality—a shallow surface knowl-

edge—that brings no real good or content to the possessor.

Knowledge acquired is always a gain, but when slowly acquired, so that the mind may have time to regard it in every possible light and application, then, and then only, does it reach the full power of usefulness, which consists in having what we do know, well in hand.

Are we or are we not a University? The question is certainly pertinent, and deserves some consideration, especially when we take into account the fact that a certain body of citizens, who assume the right to control the institution, have petitioned for a revival of our old appellation.

When it first dawned on the minds of those most concerned, that the old title was at once cumbersome and ridiculous, steps were immediately taken to have it changed; and a host of other names were proposed, some not less absurd than the old. The Legislature, however, waived all these aside, and bestowed upon us our present name, Ohio State University. No sooner was this announced than a great cry arose. The majority claimed that in assuming such a name, we only placed ourselves in the same category with those colleges and academies which attempt to cover up poverty of instruction and equipment with a pompous title, while some were satisfied with a shrug of the shoulder, and a still smaller number were willing to admit that the new name was better than the old.

In order to determine what right, if any, we have to be called a University, it is necessary first to find out what a University is, and to do so is certainly quite an easy matter. In England, a university simply signifies a collection of colleges, each with a separate faculty, a separate income and a separate body of students. But this acceptation of the term is limited to England, being not even extended beyond the Scottish border. The continental idea is quite different, and it is the one that has received general acceptance in the United States among those people who have gone so far as to inquire into the difference between a college and a university. There a university means an institution which has in one corporation the four schools of philosophy, medicine, law and theology; in other words, an institution which, besides giving a thorough academic training, prepares young

men for the various learned professions. At the time, however, when the rank of university arose, the school of philosophy meant only ancient languages, mathematics, speculative philosophy and history; while medicine, law and theology exhausted the list of learned professions.

But it is no new assertion that a great breach separates the past centuries from our own, a breach so vast and so important that it is scarcely possible for us to comprehend it at the present day. Science has in the mean time taken its rise, and with it the wonderful development of every industry, and the multiplication of human wants. The age calls less for doctors, lawyers or priests, than for the learned skill of chemists, machinists, engineers, geologists, etc.; while the vast importance the sciences have assumed makes it impossible to crowd them together with the humanities, into a course of four or six years. It is clear, then, that a university which clings only to the four schools of the old institutions, neglects the most important of our modern professions, and disregards the larger part of what is now regarded as making up a liberal education. It is evident, therefore, that the old idea must be set aside, and the new one accepted, which defines a university to be an institution which offers a complete general education, prepares for active duty in the learned professions, and affords opportunities for the exhaustive study of subjects in science or literature. The new institution does not necessarily include all the professions, nor need medicine and law be among those it does teach. All that is required of the university of our day is training in some of the technical professions, and a more thorough treatment of general subjects than the college affords.

Let us now see if our own institution comes within this scope. It affords first of all a broad general education, in which the student is given a large choice, in order to enable him to mold his training with a view to a definite life-work. Next, any one with tastes for study in a well defined line, can do so as long and as exhaustively as lies within his power and will. Every facility in the way of experimental research is offered him in physics, chemistry and zoology; while he has extensive laboratories, and the knowledge of specialists to guide him in those subjects as well as in geology, botany and languages. Lastly, all who desire can gain a thorough knowledge of mining, civil and mechanical engineering, and prepare themselves for honorable positions in those professions.

The only conclusion these facts lead to is, that we have every right to the name of University.

GEORGE ELIOT: A STUDY.

BY KATHARINE A. MATHEW.

Foremost among the dominant novels of the day those of George Eliot abound in the expression of one of the peculiarities of our age;—its delight in introspection. The novels in the libraries of our fathers and grandfathers abounded in *incident*. The age of Scott and Cooper was one which had an intense and eager interest in the actions of mankind. Hence, readers were anxious to know all that could be known of the outward lives of the fictitious or semi-fictitious personages of the novelist's fancy; what they said, what they did, their loves, their quarrels, their hair-breadth escapes, their falling or rising fortunes. Add to these clever, though often verbose, descriptions of scenery, personal beauty or the reverse, and *there* was a work of absorbing interest, one which the reader would not willingly lay aside until he had read the very last word, then he closed the book, with a half-regretful, half-delighted sense of knowing all that could be told.

In the works of George Eliot, (works prized more highly than ever now that the broad intellect which inspired them will give us no more such masterpieces;) we are conscious of being taken to higher ground than the usual paths of Fiction. All the hidden motives that influence lives, all the under currents that sweep away obstacles so irresistibly; these she takes with a master hand, and manifests them to us so that we say within ourselves "*I have thought thus, suffered thus, dreamed thus.*" The secret of the power of George Eliot's creations is her recognition of the underlying and unappeasable sorrowfulness of the happiest life; the wailing harmonies of C minor, "key sacred to tears" rising ever and again to the brilliant surface of the *motif* in Life's long symphony. Every thoughtful human being has, at some period or other of his or her existence, felt in the inner life that which George Eliot brings so brightly forth in her crystalline epigrams. "We love—we suffer," say her books, rarely, "we laugh, we enjoy, we are happy." In fact, her happy people are her least pleasing, we feel that they are shallow, they must be, or they would not, as Kingsley says:

"Sit in a cloud and sing like pictured angels,"
And say "the world runs smooth" while right below
Welters the black fermenting heap of griefs."

To nothing is George Eliot so severe as towards shallowness, her favorite characters are intensely, even painfully in earnest. Through them breathes the spirit of the words of "Festus:"

"We live in deeds not words, in thoughts, not breaths—
In feelings, not in figures on a dial,
We should count time by heart-throbs, he most lives,
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

The shallow sentimentalism which laments over far-away sorrows, instead of comforting those near at hand, and the maudlin self-pity, that is for ever weeping over its own little "pin pricks of pain;" these meet with scathing rebuke from her healthy pen.

George Eliot has been censured by some critics, because in the construction of her plots, the love and the life do not find their fruition in happy marriage and perpetual bliss. But, it is life-histories and not fairy-tales which she has written for us. And therein lies her power over a thoughtful and observant reader. In "The Mill on the Floss," Maggie Tulliver's fate seems almost too sad for truth, and yet, even as we read and are sorrowful, we feel that to a nature like Maggie's, death was preferable to the life that would have been hers. Silas Marner's solitary and sorrowful existence is a masterpiece of portraiture. With Felix Holt and Daniel Deronda, we read of the strife and unrest, that fills great earnest souls, living in the higher cloud-land. In the stories of Savonarola, and of Dorothea Brooke, high-hearted and misunderstood, we read the suffering of a thousand dumb sensitive souls.

Yet George Eliot's books are not all shadow. Far from that, but she recognizes with Joubert that
"To reach the regions of light you must pass through the clouds."

In her novels are some of the most exquisitely bright and finished pictures of English life and English scenery. Interiors, glowing with lamplight and firelight and eloquent of culture; breezy landscapes, where the green leaves twinkle under the pale, tender blue of an English sky, word-pictures that recall landscapes by Wilson; snowy Christmases, over-flowing with jollity; English Easters, fragrant with Lent-lilies and primroses; October twilights, when the drip of the autumn rain mingles with the moan of the west wind on desolate moorlands, or opulent midsummer noons when the green wheat glistens in the sunshine, and the mellow notes of a thrush float from the willow thicket. All such scenes she brings before our delighted eyes. To those who know those scenes, it is like hearing again some sweet old song, long years unsung; while to those who know them not, they appear with one wave of her magic wand, as if the leagues of ocean were suddenly rolled away.

Strong yet tender, truthful yet kindly, just without severity, lenient without weakness,—such was George Eliot; let one of the highest places accorded to Woman in the thronged avenues of the World's great Fair of Literature be given to her, the crowned Queen of her queenly women—the advocate of the true, the poet of the suffering—the artist of the beautiful.

Major Burbank of Cornell is getting out a pamphlet on military tactics for the use of his class.

READING.

J. H. POOLEY.

A large proportion of every man's reading should have reference to his peculiar profession or occupation in life ; as, ministers theology, the lawyer law and jurisprudence, and so on. The old adage, "let the shoemaker stick to his last," is a homely one, but none the less full of good common sense—a quality that all the world professes to admire, and suggestive of a most important lesson in practical wisdom. We care not what a man's business is, he ought to know more about it than any outside of the guild, and if he can know more than any of his fellow craftsmen, so much the better for him ; the ambition to excel will do him no harm, nor will he be any the less thought of for it.

All subjects appear more or less trifling, or unattractive to the eye of ignorance, and all increase in interest and importance as we become more thoroughly acquainted with them. More particularly are these observations true of the three learned professions, whose treasures of information are stored up in the volumes of the past, and left on record in works of contemporary celebrities. We have a right to expect of those to whom we commit such sacred trusts, that they should qualify themselves by every possible means to be sure guides and reliable counsellors.

The physicians by no means monopolize all the quackery in the world, although to give them their due, they have certainly got so much the lion's share of it as to become the legitimate proprietors of that unenviable word, and it has always seemed to us that there is no characteristic of the medical fraternity so unworthy of their high calling than their disposition to decry *book learning*, as they sneeringly call it, and vaunt themselves by their practical experience.

It is a wonder that people will be gulled by such a paltry and contemptible artifice as this, as if a man were any less capable of using his own powers of observation from having availed himself of the result of other men's studies, even supposing these others to be no better than he.

Erudition is honorable to a physician, who ought to be learned as well as skillful, and will be none the less skillful for being learned. But we would not advise any one to confine himself entirely to the literature of his own profession. No, let him look into other fields, and seeing how much there is to be known outside of his own little province, take a humble view of his own limited acquirements. Of this be assured, that a mere doctor, or a mere clergyman, or a mere lawyer, is after all a poor stick, at the very best. And yet be not ambitious of the distinction of "Jack-at-all-trades," remembering that such are proverbially "good at none."

Turning now to subjects of a more general character, we would observe that there is no kind of reading which is a more useful and pleasant exercise for the mind than history.

History should form a considerable part of the reading of every one who would be well informed, and it is impossible to be at all proficient in any other branch of learning without some knowledge of this. The benefits to the mind of historical study are many and great. It accustoms the intellect to large and comprehensive views, and imparts a faculty for the classification and generalization of facts and ideas. It purges away those narrow and contracted opinions, and that treadmill way of thinking, which a mind whose horizon is bounded and circumscribed by the petty concerns of individual interest and experience is so apt to contract. It strengthens the memory, while it improves the judgment, by requiring the reader to form his conclusions from a long series of events, and pursue the operation of great principles through the bewildering labyrinth of a complicated narrative. And it is here that we learn the most impressive lesson of human frailty and depravity. Many pages does the historic muse weep over, while she unfolds them blotted with the blood of inhuman and unjust slaughter ; and the wail of anguish comes up through the dim vista of the hoary past, laden with the cry of the countless thousands whom "man's inhumanity to man has made to mourn." While these scenes claim tears for our fallen humanity, and exhibit in awful clearness the sinfulness of sin, there rises, ever and anon, like a beacon of light to the storm-tossed mariner, cheering and brilliant examples of heroic virtue, and peaceful but splendid achievements.

For the recording muse has not only chronicled the battles gained by armies on the tented field, but also the conquest wrought by single heroes in the retirement of the closet, and the victories of truth and right over error and superstition.

Furthermore, history imbues our minds with a clearer and firmer belief in the existence and government of an All-wise and Almighty God. We may trace in part the great stupendous operations of a superintending Providence in His dealings with the children of men, subordinating their fierce and unruly passions to the accomplishments of his own schemes of love and mercy, and ever

"Out of seeming evil bringing forth good."

As we see him rewarding virtue and punishing vice in nations as well as individuals, we are at once enticed and alarmed into obedience to His word and will.

The reading of history is calculated to root out of our breasts that odious parasite, pride, and in its room to give rise to a proper and reasonable humility. As we pursue the story of the past, and compare the

multitudes that have passed away without a recording trace left behind, with the few that live in the remembrance of posterity, we are most forcibly reminded that a few fleeting years will blot out our name and memory from the earth forever.

And while we see even those who occupied the most attention—the great, the renowned, the leaders of armies, the conquerors of cities and the subverters of nations—while we see these, in spite of their glory and their power, at last, “Like pall captives creep to death!” the things of earth lose their transitory and illusive aspect in our eyes, and we see “vanity” inscribed in brazen letters on all beneath the sun.

Whilst history thus fills and distends the understanding it yields a purer, because a more *real* pleasure than fiction. We are carried away as we read; we pity or detest, we despise or admire, condemn or approve, and are even moved to love or hatred. Such are some of the reasons for making history a part of our reading, and some of the more obvious uses of it; let us now enquire as to the properest books to be consulted on the subject.

The first qualification of a good history is that it be written at a suitable distance of time from the events it narrates. For though it might seem at first sight that nearness of time would enable the writer to give a more just and striking narrative, yet so apt is the mind to be unduly biased by feeling and prejudice, that a contemporary historian is scarcely ever to be implicitly relied on for the truth of his statements, still less accurately for his deductions. Though time deadens in a measure individual preferences and sympathies, yet party spirit and political partisanship, disposing the writer to palliate the faults of one side and aggravate those of the other, are in a measure so inevitable that it is impossible, especially in a country that enjoys a large share of freedom, to gain an accurate knowledge of history from the statements of a single writer, but several are to be consulted, that between their counter statements, the truth may be found. “Woe to him that reads but one book,” says old George Herbert, in one of his proverbs, which here finds an application. Look, for instance, at the first Napoleon. What an erroneous opinion should we entertain for this great man if we formed it exclusively from the accounts either of his French panegyrist and his American admirer on the one hand or his British traducers on the other. The one side presents him to our homage as a demigod, the other paints him as a fiend, fit only to excite in us feelings of horror and execration. But by comparing the conflicting accounts, and avoiding the extremes of both, we are led to that middle judgment which is probably the true one. Besides inaccuracies of statements, we are to guard against the false deductions

which are drawn by some historians from well ascertained facts. For instance, it has been said, and truly said, of Gibbon, that although a surprisingly correct historian, in the main of unimpeachable veracity in his narrative, yet we are apt to arise from the perusal of him with our minds profoundly in doubt as to two things—whether there be any truth in the christian religion, or such a virtue as chastity among women.

The skepticism of his mind mingles with all his writings, so that even while reciting facts he, when it suits him, gives them an air of fable, or if compelled to admit their reality, distorts their moral teaching and significance.

It is very much to be regretted that several of the great masters in history are enemies to our holy religion, and their excellence and importance is such that we can but sanction their study. But forewarned is forearmed; let them be read warily, and it would be an excellent plan for the young student to accompany them with a work on the evidences of Christianity, and thus take the antidote with the poison.

[Communication.]

ON POLARIZATION OF SOUND.

A few essential facts regarding this subject were omitted by Mr. C. H. Wright in his article in the previous issue of THE LANTERN. Essential because relating to the date of the commencement of the investigation, and which should be given in order to a complete history.

About eight years ago the undersigned noticed that all such effects of light, as radiation, reflection, refraction, diffusion, diffraction and interference, were known to be common to sound waves, while polarization was not, and that for its explanation, in light, the vibrations were assumed to be transversal. That is, in a pencil of sunlight, for instance, the particles of luminiferous ether were, for explaining polarization, assumed to vibrate transversely to the direction of the pencil. In sound waves, the vibrations of particles of the transmitting medium were known to be longitudinal. It was therefore seen to be only necessary to polarize sound to put all the effects of light and sound upon a common basis, and due to a common theory, viz: longitudinal vibrations.

The study of the problem of polarizing sound commenced then, several years before Mr. Wright thought of it, and was not so easily disposed of as represented by him who seems to have obtained the whole key and solution by a mere indifferent suggestion from me, the same being obtained, according to the article, subsequent to his commencing experiments, as necessarily inferred from the following words used by him, viz: “I, (Mr. Wright), made a series of experiments, during the summer of 1880, with the view of dis-

covering, if possible, properties in sound waves similar to those of polarized light."

After much study, two laws, one due to Fresnel, and the other to Brewster, were found to the purpose, and in 1874-5 an apparatus was made for me in the verifying experiments. The pressure of circumstances, however, prevented the completing of experiments until change of position placed this apparatus out of my hands.

About two years ago, all the essential apparatus which I had Mr. Wright use in the final verifying experiments, was procured by me at my own personal expense. But this very apparatus is illustrated in Mr. Wright's article, and according to quotation above, would appear to have been made quite recently, at Mr. Wright's instance, aided by my suggestion only.

Mr. Wright, however, is entitled to credit for good, reliable work, and for adding the half L.s., b and b', serving convenience, but not necessity.

Mr. Wright was set at the experiments by me last spring as a student in my class in experimental physics. It occurred when he came to me to be directed to a line of experiments. He apparently had not considered the matter previously. Once or twice after beginning experiments, he came reporting no progress, apparently expecting to give the matter up. On receiving fresh aid he would return to them.

The experiments simply verified my anticipations, and developed no unanticipated facts nor theories.

The facts pointed out above are briefly thus :

1st. I commenced the problem about eight years ago, and made apparatus six years ago.

2d. I procured all essential apparatus two years ago, at personal expense.

3d. Mr. Wright was set at the verifying experiments at my instance.

4th. He added nonessential, though convenient attachments.

5th. On failing, was shown how to succeed.

6th. His efforts developed no new theories, nor unanticipated facts.

7th. He was anticipated in the general solution of the problem, and in the design and purchase of apparatus.

This exposition of facts is made for the purpose of putting the matter in its correct light, and for the purpose of noticing its important bearing upon the theory of luminous vibration.

S. W. ROBINSON.

Scene, Geology Class. Subject under consideration is the formation of continents. Mr. M. "Well, Professor, why should the continents have been formed just where they are?" Professor, who for once is at a loss for an answer, "That is rather hard to say. I—we can't—you see—well, *the Lord knows.*"

ON LITERARY RESERVE.

BELLE SWICKARD.

"Let us then be up and doing," has been dinned into our ears with such forcible eloquence, that he who is shouting lustily for "reform," or valiantly persuading the world of the divine truth of his "mission" to it, or attempting to realize his "aims," and even the wise few who are content viewing life steadily and as a whole, all forget in the care of the interests of those about them to-day, how the years that are to come will look back with loving curiosity and reflection on the story of our lives, and the result is that the future will be as destitute of true pen-pictures of us as though retiring into ourselves we had uttered for it a fiat, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."

One needs to travel but a short distance to notice the growing homogeneousness of our national character; how rapidly the old distinct type of the novelist and play-wright of fifty years ago are merging into one another; the ingenious, inquisitive Yankee is a sober, plodding, thoughtful man, who asks questions from a sense of duty, not for amusement; the hearty, hospitable, free and easy Westerner is as suspicious of the unproven newcomer, as his English brother across the water, while the chivalric, pleasure-loving Southerner is as eager to retrieve his lost fortune as the despicable traders whom he laughed at in *ante bellum* days are to retain theirs; but the commonly noted characteristic of all is this growing reserve about one's own affairs.

In a lately published life of a distinguished public person, all matters relating to his private life, to him as a man, and not as scholar and statesman, poet and President, are resolutely excluded by his biographer, as not being matters of public "interest," while the true fact is, that although students of history may find these six volumes a rich mine of political information, the many are interested in the man, John Quincy Adams, only; he, it is, whom they want to know, and tantalizing; indeed, is that never-lifted curtain, always suggesting so much behind it, but continually veiling all.

Granted that our early lives know not the reverses of De Quincy, that our faith brings not the spirited endurance of Mazzini, that our confessions record not the lofty exaltations and the meek humility of St. Augustine, each one has, in himself, a something worth uttering, that he owes to the world; but no, a foolish reserve steps in and says, "How indelicate to pour out to the unsympathizing world the tender confidences exchanged between friends in winged letters or around the fireside, or expose the silent passions hidden perchance with tears, in the secrecy of a "journal," or "Your life is the common life of all; what interest

have they in hearing their own story?" But the world will not be unsympathetic, and it will be interested in your trival fond records, in your fears and aspirations, your defeats and your successes, at least after you are dead.

Of course I do not advise you to emulate Southey's keeping copies of his letters and continually revising them for publication, nor yet the sentimentality, tired and gilded, of the Rousseau school and times, nor the shivering self-analyses of certain religious enthusiasts. A healthy sentiment will lead in the right direction.

Part of this reserve is doubtless owing to the full noon-day blaze of skepticism now illuminating every fold of the threadbare mantle of thought which we have been wearing so long, only because our fathers threw it over our shoulders, and the consequent brave questioning of doubt; our opinions, our likes and dislikes are changing so fast that a morbid consciousness forbids the recording of what we are surely aware of, that in a year, we will be mortified to read; such is our impatience of results.

Not long since a wise man came hither from the East, and as an old and faithful friend gave us a glimpse into the outer and inner life of his far-famed neighbors in that fair storied town; one of these mistakenly reserved souls, unappreciative of the true Boswellian spirit, went home from the beautifully rambling talk, in a fine tremor of wounded sensibility, because "the purple Plato" had descended so far from his philosophic pedestal, as to *gossip* about his brother sages and bards. The world and I find such gossip charming.

When Miss Martineau had visited America and after publishing her "Theory of Society in America," had followed it by the more popular "Retrospect of Western Travel," Carlyle wrote to her saying that he had "much rather read of Webster's cavernous eyes, and his arm under his coat tails than all the political speculation that a cut-and-dried system of philosophy could suggest," and who does not agree with him?

To silence must we entrust our lives? To her guardianship leave aught we have to say? No, no!

'Tis an offense, the magnitude of which I clearly see, and plead guilty in the most confident tones, but hear me *misquote* Carlyle: "Write! Write! Were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a life, write it out in God's name! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee; out with it then!"

Valuable information for the Trigonometry Class—The first Congressman ever sent from Ohio was named John Smith.

To all Freshies: The Faculty are thorough and exacting, and are very much opposed to any *half-way* measures.

BOOKS.

A volume of poetry by Virginia G. Ellard has appeared in Cincinnati, from the press of Robert Clarke & Co. The poem relates a pathetic Christmas story. It is expressive of deed and tender sentiment, and reveals much poetic talent. The numerous and well drawn illustrations are from the pencil of Miss Caroline A. Lord, sister to Prof. Lord.

Quiet Hours. Roberts Bros., Boston.

A neat little book; is a collection of the shorter and more thoughtful poems of the best authors. It is just the thing to have about one, and in a quiet moment to read a little and direct the mind into wholesome lines of thought.—A. H. Smythe & Co.

Unbeaten Tracks in Japan.

A noticeable feature in Miss Reid's work is the general inference that may be drawn as to the decline of Buddhism, that although it may still exist as to the observance of its forms, yet it has lost its soul. Among the better class of Brahmins, a monotheistic religion is obtained; but among the lower classes an utter skepticism prevails. One singular fact in this connection is, that as the old faith dies, christianity does not seem to take its place. They assigning as a cause for not adopting christianity, "What reason in embracing a religion that is rejected by so many of the most learned christians."

Sanskrit and Kindred Literatures. L. G. Poor, Boston. Roberts: Columbus, A. H. Smythe.

This work of Mrs. Poor is by all odds the best short presentation of the assured results of modern philology as applied to the several Aryan literatures in English; and for clearness of statement, good grouping, and soundness of knowledge is a near approximation to the best German works of similar scope and purpose. The final chapters on recent English and Continental literature might well have been omitted, as from the preface appears to be the author's own opinion, other space so gained devoted to additional quotation from the ancient literatures to discuss which is the main motive of the work. Though such a book could not have been written until Comparative Philology and Comparatived Mythology had achieved their triumphs, the work is yet *literary*, and aught else is treated of as preparatory and auxillary to a showing of the specific character and contents of each Aryan literature, and the relation of each to all the others. Strangely enough, the discussions of the Greek and Latin literatures are marked by less of interest and the evidences of the author's broad and deep knowledge than are those of the literatures of India and Persia. These are handled with both power and tact. Mere cram and compilation will not account for them; the author has not only studied about those writers of India and Persia, she has studied their very selves, and writes of them with a woman's tact in selection of what to write about and a man's knowledge of what is to be written. No one duodecimo will make a scholar, but none can read this unpretentious but scholarly and genial book without a great gain in knowledge, and a strengthened sympathy with old and distant and strange yet kindred thoughts and thinkers. The only "Unity of the Human race," for which one need care particularly, is the unity of the soul and the needs and activities of the soul; and not least in the much good of such studies as this—an informing and quickening of the sense that men and especially Aryan men of all times are all of our blood, thinking fundamentally the same thoughts, and feeling after if haply they may find the same God and the same truths and consolations.

M.

Edison is the most promising man in the country. He don't make light of his promises either.

TO FUSCUS,

HORACE BK. I, 22.

He, free from guilt, of flawless heart,
On far famed Moorish bow and dart,
On arrows, baned by subtle art,
On these need not rely.

And tossing Syrtes sultry sands,
And distant bleak Caucasian lands
And tangled Indus' storied strands
A-roaming he'll defy.

'Tis true; for in my Sabine wood,
My Lalage I sang in mood
Care free and gay, and while I stood
A wolf fled me unarmed.

Such monsters, Dannia's beechen groves
And Juba arid nurse that loves
Her lion, as he restless roves,
Do yet protect unharmed.

Still 'mid the trees in sluggish plains,
Where boding Jove all time disdains,
To smile in warm and fruitful rains,
And Arctus frowns above,
Or 'neath the roll of Phoebus' car
Whose shimmering dust drives man afar,
My sweetly prattling, smiling star
My Lalage I'll love. B. S.

MEETING OF OHIO COLLEGES.

The Association of Ohio Colleges met at Marietta last month, with Denison, Hiram, Kenyon, Hudson, Marietta, Otterbein, Oberlin, Ohio State University, Athens, Delaware and the University of Cincinnati represented. President Orton delivered a fine, practical address as President of the Association, which was well received, and it would be well if those in power would think and act on the point noticed in his address, in which he deploras the habit, particularly in this State, of placing funds for educational purposes at so many different places, a thin coating over a large area.

Prof. Smith, of Oberlin, read a paper defining the degree A. B. He gave a high standard, but claimed that "We are not called upon to educate every one who offers, but to see to it that those whom we do educate are thoroughly educated, according to the best standard of the country.

Prof. Tuttle read a paper defining the degree B. S. He stated the fact of there being no uniform standard for the degree, not only in Ohio, but in the United States. He claimed that too often the curriculum for the degree of B. S. meant simply a classical course, with the classics left out, the time shortened and the whole course made easier, the object of those colleges offering these mutilated courses being to increase their roll and revenue with students desiring the mark without the work that the degree signifies.

Pres. Cutler of Hudson read a paper advocating a more general adoption of the lecture system in our colleges.

Prof. Whitlock of Delaware, pointed out in his paper the abuses and benefits of the elective system.

The Association is of the greatest benefit to the higher institutions in the State, in its nature exclusive as well as inclusive it serves to protect and enlarge the interests of all.

RES GESTAE.

They speak of freshwomen and sophogirls at Smith College.—*Yale Courant*.

Yale has done away with Sunday chapel. The *Graphic* says because it seriously interfered with Saturday evening poker.

The latest conundrum at Wellesley is, "Why are our teachers like the third conjugation?" "Because they have no *bo* in the future."—*Harvard Echo*.

Columbia was organized in 1754, the money being raised by a lottery. Its endowment now amounts to \$5,000,000.

The whole Senior Class at Madison University has left college on account of some trouble about their studies.

Prof. (Ending up his lecture.) And gas is delivered in the lecture room. ["So it be, frequently."]*C.C. N. Y. Free Press*.

Epitaph for a cannibal—"One who loved his fellow-men."

A Prep. was discovered in his examination with a book under his overcoat, and being questioned by an anxious classmate as to how he had succeeded, answered in laconic terms: "Not too verbatim, but just verbatim enough."—*Transcript*.

It is the Faculty's duty to act as suspenders for college breaches.—*Ex*.

In the fellowships at John Hopkins' there are graduates from thirty different colleges. Yale has the greatest number, seven.

Good advice to the fiery young society orators: Drive a street car this month and read Boethius.

Fiery debater: "What is worse than lying?" Meek opponent: "Standing."

Sunday-school teacher: "Now Johnny, the Lord can do anything he wishes." Johnny, incredulously: "Can the Lord make a stone so big that he can't lift it?"

Senior asks professor a very profound question: Professor—"Mr. W——, a fool can ask a question that ten wise men could not answer." Senior—"Then I suppose that's why so many of us flunk?"

"HARDLY EVER."—

Charinus—Tu pol non sobrius es.

Byrrhia—Quid ais?

Non ego sobrius? At me Teetotalicus ordo.

Inter discipulos gaude habere suos.

Lac et aquam poto, non vini turpe venenum.

Charinus—Tu nunquam Bacchi pocula grata bibis?

Byrrhia—Nunquam.

Sim.—Quid? nunquam?

Byrrhia—Vix unquam.

—*The Westminster Play*.

THE COLLEGE PRESS.

In an article in the *Delaware Transcript*, the writer finds fault with the deterioration of conversational powers particularly among students. Holding that chaff and nonsense, "talk" in short has supplanted true conversation with thought as its basis yet admitting that it is convenient and pleasant oftentimes. But we must remember that opportunities for light conversation are not often afforded a student, and that when they do come, he ought to be forgiven for taking advantage of them and getting away from books and thought. The local and personal columns of the *Transcript* are always well filled, a thing too often neglected.

The *Oberlin Review* has a clear, logical article on the influence of Henry VIII on Progress. Also an article on Arnold the "Hero of Saratoga." The writer falls into the serious error committed so frequently now, of letting false feelings of pity and mercy blind an honest judgment. In fact he becomes quite poetic in his plea for a fair hearing of Arnold's case. It seems to us he has had it, and the verdict of the peoples of both England and America is to-day what it was and always will be.

The *Niagra Index* contains an editorial on "Piety and Pranks," exceedingly well written, on a live subject. It is a strong remonstrance against hypocrisy and false feeling in religion. The *Index* is mistaken, however, when it says "There is scarcely any educational institution in the States which does not hold and teach some special creed to its inmates." We know of at least one, where there are even no chapel exercises. But it is a well known fact that the students preserve better order and are freer from the little deceits and hypocrisies that the *Index* writes against, than so many of our sister institutions, with their strictness in religious observances. We can not refrain from quoting the following paragraph in full, as tersely expressing a liberal opinion, from perhaps an unexpected source: "We have our own fixed belief, but we do not wish to intrude it upon others, we have our own peculiar mode of worship, but we do not here ask others to imitate us. We simply condemn, in common we believe, with every lover of moral culture, that absurd practice of forcing those under their charge to follow certain restrictions which produce no real good, and are the cause of much disgust."

The *Earlhamite's* usual quiet was somewhat broken by the "eruption" on Byron. The genius of the poet undoubtedly was as great as his morality was low; but we never thought the poet to be such a "phenomenon" as to be at once "volcanic, feline and wild," nor that "His genius was a Vesuvius—lofty, overwhelming, intermittent, rarely trivial, commonplace or regular."

The *Chronicle* contains a very readable article on "Mother Goose's Melodies." It is a first class paper.

We are much obliged to the *Ohio* for its fatherliness in criticising our first issue. If it would wait a few numbers doubtless it would find more to criticise. "The articles are heavy but have some good points." Please remember that we are writing not for the Marietta boys, but for our own men.

LOCAL.

The band is progressing. Not only can they distinguish the sweet notes of their music from the general din, but they were able to extract sweetness from the tartrate of candy offered them by the ladies sometime ago.

During the latter part of November the supply of water in the College tanks was exhausted, and to guard against a similar occurrence, a line of pipe has been laid from the building to the spring, at which latter place will be

stationed a wind-mill to pump the water into the tower reservoirs. It was a much needed improvement.

At last has the labor of our embryonic civil engineers taken on a tangible form. The college campus and farm is so cut up with imaginary railroads, canals, tunnels, etc., that were these to assume a visible form, the resultant chaos would be indescribable. But now we have a real, substantial evidence of the prowess of our young engineers, and instead of explaining to our visitors, shadowy imaginations and diagrams on paper, we can lead them to the college campus and point with pride to the mound of earth that traverses it in such a grand sweep, and say exultantly, "Lo, see the prints of trigonometrical ponderings and geometrical study."

A very interesting experiment was made in the Physical Lab., the day of the State Grange's visit. There were four experimenters, and they often assisted each other in a very kind manner. Some were inclined to be officious and did a deal of ordering about, but the others took it pleasantly and merely let it pass. Many interesting points were made, but the experiment was nearly spoiled by a selfish person, who, wishing to get all the credit, tried to take his mate's instrument and try it alone. Hearing the approaching steps of the Professor, and not wishing to have their work seen, they put away the apparatus with amazing rapidity, and "cut sticks" and shuffled out into the hall.

The annual course of lectures on Agriculture and kindred subjects, which was inaugurated here two years ago, has ceased to be an experiment. Many doubts as to the feasibility of the project were at first entertained, but through the untiring efforts of the Faculty it has been pushed on until now it is an accomplished fact, and a prominent feature of the institution. The growing popularity of these lectures amongst the farmers of the State is well shown by the increased attendance, there being at present one hundred and sixty-four, representing forty counties, of whom quite a number have attended the former courses, and many of whom are taking notes to be used in lectures before home agricultural societies. Verbatim reports are being taken by a stenographer (Mr. J. G. Aidel), and will be published in the *Farm and Fireside*, the editor of which journal is attending the course.

AN ECHO FROM THE CLOAKROOM.

Have you seen my laddie, handsome laddie?

He has buttons shining yellow,
And his laugh is blithe and mellow,
He's a charming gay young fellow.

Oh, his uniform, uniform alluring!
Black stripe, color blue, the bluest,
Shade song gives to hero truest,
Cap, thou too for mention suest.

In the rosy morn he walks up, walks up swiftly,
Carries books and well filled basket,
Filled how full? Oh do not ask it,
But the handle—see him grasp it.

Then what bliss to meet him daily, daily meet him.
As in halls, he smiles so brightly;
If I thirst, turns faucet slightly,
Hands me tincup, most politely.

Watch him drill before our window, much loved
Order arms! Or arms right shoulder; [windows.
Ready! aim! or fire! My soldier
Has the grace of warrior older.

Now you recognize the picture, pleasing picture.
O. S. U. Cadet, no other.
Like to him, just find another,
Wonder when he'll call on—mother.

SAMANTHA.

PERSONAL.

'82—Miss B. Swickard, has been made assistant in the Department of Ancient Languages, having the care of the second year Greek.

W. H. McKinney, while skating on the Little Miami, near Morrow, Ohio, had the misfortune to fall, breaking his arm near the wrist. He is rapidly recovering.

'81—J. P. West is studying at the Ohio Medical College in Cincinnati.

Mr. Nutting, class of '80, is one of the corps of engineers engaged in the survey of a new railroad between Toledo and St. Louis.

The friends of Newton Anderson, will be pleased to learn that he is now pursuing his studies in Germany.

Miss Fitch, historian of the class of '80, did not return to college this term.

'79—A. B. McMackin has changed his mind again. He has been attending the Lutheran Theological Seminary in Philadelphia, but now goes to Springfield, Ohio, to complete his Theological course at Wittenberg College.

George E. Mosher, formerly of the Ohio State University, passed through the city December 20, on his way home for the Christmas vacation.

'82—W. C. Langfitt is again at West Point. Kam stands high in his class.

Harry Martin is now in Denver Colorado. He is going, with a dozen students, up into the mountains next spring to prospect for silver.

'78—C. H. Dietrich has returned from New Mexico, and goes to Hopkinsville, Ky., to take charge of the public schools as superintendent.

'80—S. H. Short, Professor of Physics and Chemistry in the Denver University, Denver, Colorado, was in the city a few days during the holiday vacation. His visit was cut short by a message calling him to take charge of the opening of the winter term, Dr. Moore, being seriously ill. Sid is winning golden opinions in his new work.

'79—J. S. Humphreys was in the city during the holidays. Scott is engaged in the Hancock county Surveyor's office, and should the political complexion of his county change, he would be the coming man.

'79—Miss Mary F. Morrison who is now filling the Chair of Natural Science in the Wesleyan Female Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio, passed through the city New Year's day.

'78—Curtis C. Howard has been lecturing on Chemistry to the students of the Starling Medical College since his graduation. The position was offered him after it was vacated by the celebrated Dr. Wormley.

'79—Robert S. Towne, is engaged in the practice of his profession, Mining Engineering, at Leadville, Colorado. He is reported to be in the highest degree successful.

'78—John F. McFadden was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court last December, and is now engaged in the practice of law in this city. He is in the office of Col. Holmes, 61 N. High street, and can be found there by any students having legal business on hand.

'78—Walter A. Dun graduates in medicine from the Miami Medical College, Cincinnati, this month.

LITERARY NOTES.

From an editorial in the *N. Y. Times*, we gather the idea that American literature in all its branches during the past year has been much on the same level. Nothing great or novel has been developed in any field. The older writers seem to either be resting on what they have done, or are simply idle. Even among the younger

writers nothing new is shown. Although a creditable average has been maintained, the writer seems to think that authors, unless wealthy, are Timid in trusting their fortunes to a rapacious publisher. In other words ascribing much of this dearth to the want of a copyright law, and in consequence the present literary drift, is for authors to find an outlet in the best Reviews and Magazines instead of in books of their own. He also states that it is to the Concord school we are to look for the directing lines of philosophical thought in the coming years.

It is reported that Ranke is engaged in writing a universal history of the world, comprising in general the philosophy of history, the first volume of which is to appear soon at Leipsic.

Notes and Queries, for November contains two items on Money and Personal Property in the Middle Ages, of considerable value to the Junior Class in History. From it also we learn that "right away" and "all along," so-called Americanisms, are old English phrases now in use, the first in Lincolnshire and the last in Liverpool.

Harper for this month contains a well illustrated article on Gospel History in Painting; Pottery in the United States, and a sketch of Literary and Social Boston, not only of its people, but of places and things of literary interest.

North American Review contains the long looked for article of General Grant on the Canal question, and an interesting paper by J. Freeman Clarke, "Did Shakespere write Bacon's Works?" He states the following proposition for the basis of the discussion, "Assuming that Bacon wrote the works attributed to him, there is good reason to believe that he wrote the plays and poems attributed to Shakespere," and its converse, assuming that Shakespere wrote what is attributed to him, there is good reason to believe that he wrote the works commonly attributed to Bacon." He makes a good argument in favor of the latter proposition.

Atlantic contains articles on Wives of Poets, the Future of American Shipping, Who are the Aryans by John Fiske, and the usual number of good stories and sketches.

Scribner is without doubt now the leading magazine in this country, and bids fair to rival its contemporaries over the sea, as is seen from the fact that in England the sale in November reached 15,000 copies. It is thoroughly, though not exclusively American in its contributions. An Old Virginia Town, with its illustration of the quaint life of that day is very good. Foreign Acting on the American Stage, Thackeray's Relations to English Society, Garrison Life at Governor's Island and the first chapters of "A Fair Barbarian," by Mrs. Burnett, are among the most interesting contributions. Chas. Barnard furnishes an article on Agricultural Experimental Stations, interesting in connection with the attempt to establish one here.

The Report on the Meteorology of Ohio for 1879 is by Prof. Mendenhall, and is noticeable for the free use of charts and tables.

Prof. Short has received the degrees M. A. and Ph. D., from the University of Leipsic, for his works on American Antiquities, a special honor, as it is rarely bestowed on any applicant who does not present himself in person. In connection with this we would cite, as an example of German industry, the fact that six weeks after the translator began his work, the book was published.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Mr. H. S. Maxim has invented and patented an improvement on the Edison Carbon Fibre Electric Light. Like Edison he employs a carbon fibre in a glass globe. But he fills his globe with gasoline vapor, and sends a current

through it, heating it to incandescence. It is asserted that the vapor is decomposed and the carbon deposited in the weaker points. When this has gone on long enough, the current is stopped and the remainder of the vapor pumped out.

A new theory of earthquakes has been advanced by Dr. Novak. He considers that besides the revolution of the earth on its axis, and its revolution round the sun, a multiplicity of motions of the earth appear in space, in virtue of which the earth's axis and the equator shift their position. This causes a variation of the forces influencing the earth's form (especially centrifugal force) and the earth tends to adapt itself to these changes. He considers a change of form of the earth to take place through the complete or partial shifting of the poles and the equator, and this may have effect some time afterward on weak parts of the crust.

Prof. Morton of Stephen's Institute, has succeeded in getting 600 candle power per horse power which, is about 40 per cent. of what Brush gets from his light. At a reception given to the members of the National Academy of Science, by Prof. Henry Draper, he used eight Maxim lights to illuminate his laboratory. A four horse power gas engine was used to produce the light. This cannot be said to be economical.

The announcement is again made that a process has been discovered for taking photographs possessing all the brilliancy and delicacy of the natural colors, and an exhibition of pictures thus naturally colored has just been held in London. According to reports, the colors are produced by the action of light alone in the camera, and owe nothing whatever to the artist's brush. In the photographs exhibited, the coloring appeared to be quite to nature, and delicate tones and shades were clear to the view. The flesh tint was exactly to life, and full justice was done to gorgeous regimentals. The protruded tongue of a dog in one of the photographs possessed the exact color of nature. Says *The English Mechanic*, "Careful and minute investigation showed that human handicraft was not in it, for there were touches and effects which nature's pencil of light could alone accomplish, and that photographs colored by artists, however clever, must be more or less monotonous, hard, untrue to nature and the originals." Unfortunately the process is still kept a secret, and nothing is known as to the mechanical or chemical operations concerned.

Mr. Swan, of New-Castle-on-Tyne, has invented an electric lamp, on the incandescence principle, in which he uses a carbon wire three inches long and about one one-hundredths of an inch in diameter, and weighs one-fifteenth to one-twentieth of a grain. With his lamp he has attached 36 to a four horse power engine, each emitting a light equal to from 30 to 50 standard candles, which is about 30 per cent. of what the Brush light gives per horse power. It is stated that he has run his lights continually from August 30 to November 25, and they seemed to be still in very good condition. It might be of interest to note here that Mr. Swan used carbon filament from calcined card board twenty years before the famous Edison "horseshoe" was tried and failed.

The shareholders of the Edison Electric Light Company were assessed sixty dollars per share, to defray expenses of late experiments.

It is true that Pike's Peak was "caught smoking," as reported a short time ago. The mumblings were heard at the signal service station, and slight shocks were felt, some steam issued and melted the snow around an old crater.

Prof. Short informs us that the atmosphere is so dry in Denver that he can walk across a room and generate enough electricity to produce a spark which will jump two

inches; and he finds no trouble in keeping a Holtz machine charged for a whole evening.

Dr. Carl Vogt divides the fauna on the globe into four different regions, which were separated from each other at different periods: 1. The Australian region, which became independent at a very early period, and has been separated from the other continents at least since the commencement of the tertiary period, and undoubtedly before the appearance of the placental mammals. 2. The Madagascar region, which remained isolated during the period of the lower eocene strata. 3. The Old World region. 4. The New World region which were separated during the eocene and miocene periods, but were connected later during the pliocene and postpliocene periods by stretches of land over which migrations could take place. During the eocene and miocene periods, therefore, the animal migrations were limited, just as at present, by the existence of two oceans, and could only take place upon the surface of the continents chiefly in the direction of the meridians.

BLIBBS AND SKIBBS.

Blibbs is a poet and Skibbs is a critic of poesy. Here is Blibbs' poem and Skibbs' criticism on it:

Blibbs—When I seek in calmness, lady,
Hidden sources of me love;
Reason's voice is silent, lady,
But she smiling, points above.

Skibbs—You are right, Blibbs, in saying that reason's voice is silent, but you are not sweeping enough. She doesn't even "smile" and "point," nor do any kind of pantomime whatever. Reason has little to do with the love affairs of men in general, and nothing whatever to do with yours, Blibbs. Elide her from there without unnecessary delay. Also, it is foreign to your nature to "seek in calmness," it may be casually remarked; but I throw the veil of charity over this fault and pass to the next, viz:

Yonder then, I look, sweet lady,
See love's sparkling fountain shine;
Flowing thence from Heaven, lady,
Love's bright stream must be divine.

Jerehoaboam Jehosaphatt Blibbs, Esq.! Don't distort the face of nature. The geographies, both terrestrial and celestial, are equally non-committal with regard to the subject of a stream flowing from Heaven; yet you rashly commit yourself. This habit will be fatal to your political aspirations if you keep on cultivating it. "Refrain audacious tar."

Need I tell thee, dearest lady,
Deepest rivers furthest come;
While the shallow murmur, lady,
Thou must know the deep are dumb.

No, Blibbs, you needn't have told her, and there's just where you murmured too much. This verse is unwise if not suicidal, because it seems to make necessary the perpetration of another one, to prove the superior utility of murmuring over dumb show. Had you consulted me, Blibbs, you probably would not have written this verse—indeed it is exceedingly doubtful if you would have composed the poem at all.

In this crystal stream, O, lady,
Yearning flows me soul toward thee;
In it see thy image, lady,
In its bosom none but thee.

This stanza, Blibbs, is radically and irremediably wrong from A to izzard. It would not do for you to be swimming in a crystal stream. You wouldn't figure well as a Naiad. It would disenchant her. Then if you made the stream turbid and "riley," so as not to be seen, the lady couldn't see her image, which would also be a fatal defect. No, Blibbs, this stanza should be displaced altogether. It would be better if you were away off some place.

In the gloaming,
Where she is conveniently roaming,
And all the while combing
Her hair.
And you are tearing yours.

You could put on a wig for the occasion, and thus have all the delight of the divine passion without having all its pains. It is not too late to insert this correction yet, Blibbs.

On hearing the criticism, Blibbs adds another alexandrine:

When I seek in wrathness, lady,
Hidden clubs to murder Skibbs,
Reason smiles approval, lady,
Sweet as honey of your lips.