

THE LANTERN.

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

Vol. I.

OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY, OCTOBER, 1881.

No. VIII.

THE LANTERN.

Published monthly during the academic year.

EDITORS:

FRED. KEFFER, '82
W. W. DONHAM, '82.
W. K. CHERRYHOLMES, '81.
W. S. JONES, '82.
BELLE SWICKARD, '83.
OLIVER L. FASSIG, '82, FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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.

This year will probably go a great way towards bringing us out of the confusion which the pursuit of the elective system threw us into. Now we may hope that our classes will assume something like a respectable size and condition. We confidently expect better results from the scheme now in operation.

If we do start out with a goodly number of students, we beg our outside friends not to think that they are all Seniors. Our friends may rest assured that there will be no necessity for larger buildings to accommodate the class of '82 alone. Seniors at the O. S. U. have been, and are, a somewhat rare and peculiar article. We predict, however, large classes in the near future.

Entrance examinations were in full blast for a few days after the opening, and the festive applicants were furnished with plenty of amusement by our affable and accommodating Faculty. We saw some of the prospective students whose expressive countenances possibly indicated the least mite of worry and confusion. We hasten to assure such as these that they have our sympathy. We have been there.

The Athletic Association having made such a brilliant beginning as it did, should not only keep up its record, but also make some important advances this year. The grounds which were given it should be fitted up in the proper manner, so that the Association could claim them as a permanent possession. A little action now may secure a valuable acquisition, which carelessness may deprive it of, for a time at least, if not permanently.

Cornell was happy in the possession of a boating crew. She was proud of its muscular development. So much confidence had she in the superiority of her skillful muscle that she must show the world a specimen of it. The crew went to Europe. The crew came back again. The crew made a record. The world has seen the specimen muscle and is satisfied. The amiable members of the crew are now trying to force on each other the glory of the record. Unselfish Cornellians—what a lovely showing you have made.

'81 will always be remembered in connection with the inauguration of Class Day. The experiment of last June was a complete and glorious success. It spoke well for the enterprise of the small class which had its management in charge. A precedent has been established which the well known energy of '82 will not permit to be neglected. Let the present Senior class take hold of the matter; let them take an active part in the work of the Athletic Association during the coming year, and they will no doubt have the hearty co-operation of all the students in their endeavor to even surpass the successful Class Day of last year.

We can not press too strongly upon students the advantages to be gained by a connection with one or other of the really good Literary Societies in College. What ever may be done in future, it is certain that in the past the opportunities offered by the *College* for literary culture, (such as is obtained in the Literary Societies) has been quite small. Students say: "O, I have not got time to bother with society." We would answer that no time spent in College will pay the student better in the end than that spent for, and in, the Literary Societies. It is not enough that a person should merely know a thing. He should be able to tell it, and without this his knowledge is nearly valueless to all save himself. Besides this, the knowledge of Parliamentary law, and the method of conducting the business of all assemblies for whatever purpose, will throughout life prove invaluable. Not only do we reap the benefits of a literary character from society; it is well known, and has always been a

drawback to the University, that there is very little social life amongst the students, which circumstance is owing mostly to the isolated manner in which the students live—scattered all over the city. But the Literary Societies offer the best remedy for this lack of social life that we possess at present—offer the students a chance of becoming acquainted, and break up the monotony of student life.

Any person who has attended all of our Commencements since the University began turning out graduating classes, will admit unreservedly that the Commencement of '81, taken as a whole, was a great improvement over all preceding ones. It was more interesting in almost every feature. The Society Commencements were extremely well attended, showing the interest taken in this important branch of College work. The introduction of Class Day was a happy and a most successful event. The seasoning of the more solid portions of the Commencement programme with a little of the spice of humor, and of the athletics, seemed to be greatly enjoyed by those in attendance, and we would be pleased if future classes would observe Class Day in a like manner. The large crowd of visitors which gathered at the University on Commencement Day proper, was evidence that we have no mean number of friends who are interested in our welfare. Merit seems to be asserting itself, and we are all happy in the belief that our institution possesses not a little of this much valued merit.

Two crying needs of the University are a drill hall, and an assembly room adequate to accommodate all visitors on public occasions, as on Commencement Day. If compulsory drill is to be maintained in College, as we hope it will, then surely a large, well warmed and ventilated hall should also be provided for use during inclement weather. True, the basement and halls have answered the purpose since drill was instituted in College, but they are altogether too small, dark, and warm, and what we need is a building especially designed for drill use, and the increasing number of students fully warrants the construction of such a hall. Then the Assembly Room: Just as was predicted in THE LANTERN for July, there were, on Commencement Day, more than twice the number of visitors which the Lecture Room would seat, and as a consequence the hall was so packed on that hot June

day that one could scarcely breathe, and also hundreds who had traveled all the hot, dusty way from the city, were compelled to return without having been able even to get a peep inside. The men in the drill, when ranks were broken, found the Lecture Room so crowded that most of them were unable to enter, much, it is needless to say, to their disgust. In a number of instances relations and friends of the graduating class were unable to enter, and to add to the annoyance of those inside, who were near the doors, the noise in the halls prevented their hearing much of what was being said. Let us either have a more commodious hall, or else hold Commencement in the Opera House, or in the open air, or under canvas, but *never* again in the Lecture Room.

College never opened under more favorable auspices than it does this year. The body of students who presented themselves for admission within its walls Thursday morning are above the average maturity of those entering in previous years. The general appearance of the applicants is such as to give promise of good and faithful work. The most encouraging feature, however, in connection with the new students, is that out of more than a hundred applicants, nearly one-half presented High School diplomas or teachers' certificates. These are all students who know how to study, and are old enough to know for what purpose they have come here. Many of them are prepared for advanced standing; some will enter the Second Preparatory class; others will be ready for regular college work. A few are here who will increase the ranks of our special students who came to take advantage of the excellent opportunities afforded by our laboratories for fitting themselves for some special field of labor. The beginnings of other years have been promising, and the lower classes, to the Sophomore, have always been well filled the past few years. Then the classes begin to dwindle, until, at the end of the Senior year they have all but faded away. The incoming body of students give indications of possessing more of the "sticking" qualities necessary to swell our upper classes of the future. It is yet too early to make an accurate estimate of the entire number of students who will be in attendance during the term. It will depend entirely upon the number of old students who return; and they will likely not be back before the close of this week. Three hundred is probably a safe estimate,

giving a small margin for stragglers. With such a body of students in the hands of the excellent faculty which we now have, there will be no room for doubt that the coming year will be by far the most successful in the history of the University.

A new college year is before us. The first term has opened, and once again the University halls, which have been enjoying a season of peaceful rest and quiet, resound with the noise of hurrying footsteps of eager students who are seeking to settle themselves into their respective courses, preparatory to a year's faithful work. The laboratories and recitation rooms present once more an appearance which indicates that something is about to be accomplished within their walls. In passing through the University we recognize many old faces, and also notice many new ones, and taken in all the year's work is begun under as promising prospects as could be desired. THE LANTERN welcomes all students, old and new, and wishes them a year of continued prosperity.

We know that there is prosperity here in store for you if you will only seek it out. All students of this University enjoy some unusual advantages, and while we forbear mentioning all of these good things we modestly refer to the one which is embodied in THE LANTERN. We possess a college paper, and it has been pronounced a success, in fact, the right thing in the right place. Our paper is young, and needs support, pecuniary and other, and we have no doubt that the students will be enterprising enough to subscribe for THE LANTERN, and also furnish us, from time to time, with interesting matter for publication.

Once again doth THE LANTERN beam. And now by the aid of its genial rays let us look about and view the aspect of people and things inside College walls. That there has been some change is apparent at once, for even the old College itself has suffered—or rather enjoyed—a great transformation, and its halls appear strangely unfamiliar in their new dress, indeed we should scarcely know them did not THE LANTERN shine so steadily. As we pass by the door of No. 1, we turn the mellow light into the room, and on the old chair by the round table, before which how many have trembled. But we miss the familiar face of our old friend and President, bending over the Record, perhaps intent upon our fate, and instead we see an-

other there, and we wonderingly ask ourselves, "Will all be well now?" Something about the new face and form seems to answer "yes." Next we pause before the door of the department of Modern Languages, and allow THE LANTERN to shine in for a moment on the scene of its birth place. But even its light fails to disclose to us our own old Prof. Millikin adroitly balancing on one leg of his chair whilst explaining the mysteries of the iambic pentameter, and we sadly remember his illness and resignation, bringing to mind his parting words to "my own boys and girls." Another has taken his place, and the best we can wish the stranger is that he may also take Prof. Millikin's place in the hearts of "his boys and girls." Going down on the first floor, (west wing) into that wonderful hall of mysterious brazen forms, the first object which we find is, to our delight, the genial face of our old wizard of three years ago. And not so much Japanned is it either, but that we still recognize all the characteristics of once more our own Prof. Mendenhall. Long may he wave. But what is that strange voice out on the campus? Listen! "Hep, hep, one, two, three, four, hep." Peering out of a window the gorgeous crimson plume reflects not THE LANTERN'S beam, and presently we remember that it waves now in sunny Italy. Wishing the stranger joy we continue our investigation, when a tap, tap, comes faintly from the Geological Museum. Cautiously opening the door we see distinctly the huge Megatherium, and just under it, seated beside Mt. Blanc, is a form, and a joyous face which we instantly recognize as that of our old President, who with a Gomphoceras and hammer in his hands, looks happier and freer from care than ever before. With a word of recognition he begins brushing the dust from the left facial suture of a Paradoxides Trilobite, and we turn away and wander on until we come before the door of the Botanical Department. But the penetrating light of THE LANTERN fails to disclose Prof. Morgan, whose term of service was so brief we hardly learned to know him, and before we have time to survey the new Professor a sudden gust of air extinguishes the light, and our search necessarily closes.

To say that the Board of Trustees surprised almost every one acquainted with University affairs, by the result of their meeting of Commencement week, would hardly be overstating the case. Although we

were aware that Dr. Orton had been forcing his resignation upon the Board for a year or two, we did not anticipate that it would be accepted now any more than it had been in the past. However, we presume that the Doctor knew what course of action he had best pursue, and acted accordingly. There is nothing left for us to do but accept the circumstances and content ourselves with what our honored ex-President shall do for us in the Department of Geology. We are provided, however, with a President in the person of Prof. Walter Q. Scott, and from what we have learned of the attainments and the ability of the Professor, we predict that he will be fully equal to the task which he has undertaken. In a previous issue we expressed the universal regret with which we part with Prof. Millikin, and hope that now he is on the high way to a complete restoration to health. Prof. Smith's leavetaking was unexpected, but as his intentions are so good we deem it proper to excuse him this time. President Derby, of Antioch College, takes the work of Prof. Smith, and it is expected that he will discharge his duties to the satisfaction of all. Lieut. Lomia, whose time has expired, leaves, and is now in Sicily, visiting his old home. His place is taken by Lieut. Ruhlen, who will take charge of our "noble soldier boys," and he will no doubt be heartily welcomed. Prof. Mendenhall, who for the past three years has been Professor of Physics in the Imperial University of Japan, comes back to his old chair, and all we hope is that the Professor is as happy to get back as his old students are to see him there. Now, while we are glad to note how earnest the Board of Trustees are in their work, and how hard they strive to do it properly, still we can not refrain from expressing our belief that their treatment of Prof. Morgan was scarcely fair, to say the least. We do not think it proper to enter into a discussion of the subject in the columns of THE LANTERN, and will say nothing further than to record our belief in the matter, excepting to add that Prof. Morgan gave complete satisfaction to his students, and that they were sorry to part with so estimable an instructor. Prof. Lazenby, of Cornell University, was selected to take charge of the department thus made vacant, and it is said that he is a thoroughly practical teacher, and competent for the work. While it could scarcely be said that the Faculty has been revolutionized, still we

must all recognize the fact that important changes have been made. Better work can now be expected, inasmuch as the working force has been strengthened, and this year is looked forward to as one of great advancement in all the departments of the University.

RICHARD III.

ORATION BY C. J. H.

The historian of the Middle Ages finds everywhere land-marks well defined, annals well kept, traditions well told. From the very beginning of what this haughtier century chooses to call the Dark Ages he can trace the struggle between the old and the new, until just at the close, just where England was about to burst upon the world with a new philosophy, but when her history is so stained with crime that it becomes vague and uncertain. In that century lived Richard III.

The young child, Richard, was the creature of circumstances. On all sides men were scheming. He saw a proud and unholy ambition shaping the destiny of his friends, and therefore, of the nation. And the heart of the young boy was made callous, his finer feelings blunted, his nobler sentiments stifled in the grasps of an unscrupulous ambition.

What then must the child, trained thus, become? An ambitious man! Call him hard hearted if you will. But you call Napoleon peculiar; you call Cæsar peculiar, and even Washington peculiar. Then why not, in the same spirit, grant the same indulgence to Richard III. He fought. He fought alone. He cut himself loose from every tie of effeminate affection; challenged the strongest powers in existence, and dared as no man ever dared, to make his name a fatal terror to all who stood in his way. Napoleon played with Nations. Richard played with Kings. And all honor to the man who dared this solitude in the world's drama. All honor to the mind which dared originate what popular opinion and fancy have ever cursed. And who, with reverence for genius, can but admire, and even venerate the awful solitude of the man who spurns the world's opinions?

Yet such a course must be attended with double disadvantages. Richard fought against the house that eventually succeeded. At his death the house succeeded, which he had harmed by every means in his power; the house whose Princes he had slain in the tower; to which he never surrendered until crushed upon the battle field.

Now every King has his historian, if he may be so called; and it is the duty of that writer to flatter his King, regardless of the truth. Besides, in those earlier days, England had a population whose opinions were

their ruler's opinions. These two facts working together eventually produced the traditions that hang about the memory of Richard III. The writers of the Tudors had to flatter their King and for the sake of that flattery every other character must be depreciated. And naturally enough, the house of the Plantagenets must be attacked; and of course to be singled out was the uncertain career of Richard III.

They said he was deformed. Strange omens occurred at his birth. He stabbed Clarence. He murdered Edward, and the Princes in the tower. The murder of Edward and Clarence history will not bear out. It was not common report during his lifetime. And let this sweep away somewhat of the cloud that dims the memory of Richard III. That he did kill the Princes no one will deny. But was it not justifiable? Put yourself in his place. It was either death to him or death to the Princes; and it was death to him or to them, or civil war in the end. And what man, with confidence in his own patriotism and abilities, loving his country too well to plunge it into the horrors of a civil war, would not have done as Richard did? It was an act of patriotism. It was a case of self defense.

A few years after his death Tom Moore gathered the stories that enemies had set afloat, and called it history. And men, urged on by that blind jealousy that prompts a man to find fault with his betters, the herd with the high born, have accepted what was not even common report during Richard's lifetime, and what Tom Moore can not prove with evidence. And shame, be it said, to posterity, from these idle stories of birth and form she has interpreted his character. The name of Richard is ever associated with horrible crimes that drown out all thought of the good. But yet he proposed some of the best laws that England ever had. He built up her commerce, her navy. And had his enemies left him unmolested, there is not a doubt but that England might look back with pride upon his reign.

Then why has history been so unjust. Go! ask the scholar, and he will hiss in your ear the name of *Shakespeare*. Wherever history is vague, poetry springs in and fills the gap. Shakespeare, true to the law that Homer first made, knew that he could find the best material where popular tales formed history. He knew that in all the annals of England there was no better opportunity than the uncertain career of Richard III. He, too, seized the wild tales; breathed them into life; stamped them with his genius; handed them to eternity. Men stand in awe of Shakespeare. The generations bow before his God-like genius, and in the contemplation of its sublimity, seem to forget the stern realities. But let the generations pause. And much as we honor Shakespeare, much as we hate

tyranny, let us not allow the master genius to overshadow the truth; to deprive a character of its just due, and above all to subvert history, whose character should be as pure and as sacred as the human soul itself.

THREE AUTUMN DAYS IN KING ARTHUR'S LAND.

BY KATHARINE A. MATHEW.

"Riding at noon a day or twain before
Across the Forest called of Dean, to find
Caerleon and the King."

—TENNYSON.

In one of the most unfrequented corners of the picturesque Principality of Wales lies a quaint, quiet little town, around whose historic name gathers a brightly-shining mist of song and legend—Caerleon-on-Usk. The name comes back to us from the magical pages of Tennyson, bringing with it visions of Arthur, "the blameless King," and of all the "sweetness and light" of those wonderful Idyls. The origin of Caerleon reaches back through the centuries to pre-historic times. It is certain that long before the days of Ostorius Scapula, Caerleon was a Roman station under the name of Isca Silurum, where the invincible second Augustan legion was for years in garrison. Its Keltic name *Caer*, signifying a fortification, and *llen* a place of learning, suggests a possible Druidic school. The road leading to it formed a branch of the great Julia Strata, a Roman road from Aqua Solis (Bath) to Menevii (St. Davids). Monmouthshire, though numbered among the counties of England, was considered as a Welsh county until the reign of William and Mary, when it was included in the Oxford Circuit. Although nominally English, in no part of South Wales is the language more purely spoken, the old Cambrian custom more carefully kept up, or the Keltic anti-Saxon spirit more easily roused. Brave indeed would be the tourist who would venture to suggest to any intelligent native on the banks of the "full-tided Usk," or "swiftly flowing Wye," that Arthur, son of Uther Pendragon, was only a poetic myth, and that no British Court ever held its royal revelry at "high Caerleon." In spite of the proud boast of Ostorius that "the Silurian name should be exterminated from the earth by the Roman arms, as the Sigambrian had been from the States of Gaul," no such extermination has yet come to pass, and the late born science of Geology has adopted the name to carry our thoughts back to the dim old-world times, calling them the Silurian Age. The country of the Silures now offers a rich mine for the geologist or the antiquarian, for the student of historic or botanic science.

With our minds full of Arthur, of bonny Prince Hal, of Captain Fluellen, and of that prince of romancists, Geoffrey of Monmouth, with our Shakespere, and our Tennyson at hand, travel with us, kind-hearted reader, as we retrace the steps of a happy pilgrimage to King Arthur's Land.

It commenced on a bright, clear, breezy September morning, the time, nine A. M., and the place the quaint old hostelry in a narrow, winding street of the town of Abergavenny. Before the door stands the mail-coach, with four good horses, which is to convey our party southward on the road to Caerleon.

Those who have only traveled in a dizzy, swinging, noisy railroad car, know nothing of the true poetry of travel, as experienced in an old-fashioned mail coach, with its full equipment of horses, coachman, and guard, with his joyous horn, rolling along over the smooth turnpikes of a Welsh county. The rosy-faced children and the house-mothers, with fresh, clear complexions, and clean gowns, come out to the cottage doors to look after us as we spin along out of the odd, ancient little town.

We had learned from our Welsh History the evening before, that we were now at the ancient Gabannium, once a station of the Romans, now called Abergavenny, and we had prepared ourselves for a glimpse of the ruins of the Castle, by learning that it was built in the eleventh century by the Norman Hamelin Balun, "who had much trouble with the turbulent natives, who did persist in carrying swords and bows." Hamelin Balun and his turbulent natives have vanished, and instead of spears bristling on the castle ramparts, we see the tall spikes of the wild yellow snap-dragon on the roofless walls, and the hart's-tongue fern waving from the crannies of the old west gateway.

Passing southward, we have a most exquisite view between the castle and the bridge over the Usk, of the mountain range of the Bloreng (Sugar-Loaf,) rising darkly grand towards the clear sky, its summit, bare of trees, crowned with great patches of purple-brown heather, and plumed with yellowing brake-fern; its sides covered with rich pasture, dotted with sheep, cattle and ponies, while a belt of forest trees at its base stands in all the rich dark-greens and brown-yellows of early autumn.

On we go, past cosy villages, with names unpronounceable to Saxon tongues, villages of white-washed cottages gleaming out of green gardens, with white chapels or gray ivy-covered churches, each with their sentinel yew trees; past wide openings of long, green lanes, where the high hedgerows, shaded with many an elm and beech, give a local habitation to large spears of purple-belled digitalis, yellow-golden rod and pale asters, where the orange berries of the bryony, the rich,

sweet, thorny blackberries, and the scarlet seed-vessels of the dog-rose are tangled into an enchanting wreath with the pale blossoms of the wild clematis, which there they call "travelers' joy." It was all travelers' joy to us, that long, delightful ride, until we came rattling with bugle music into the streets of the quiet little town of Usk, and the first thing to be thought of was dinner, and the next was—salmon. "Were salmon in season?" "Oh yes, salmon were always in season in Wales." Then we recalled our old friend of the Elizabethan era, the poet Churchyard, who in his poem the "Worthiness of Wales," writes as follows:

"And of good fish in Oske you shal not mis,
And this seems straunge, as doth in Wales appeere,
In some one Place are sammon all the yeere;
So freshe, so sweete, so red, so crimp withall,
That man might say loe! sammon here at call."

We did not forget either, how valiant Captain Fluellen had said:

"There is a river in Macedon, and there is a river in Monmouth, and there is sammons in both."

We decided that the Usk "sammons" were worthy of their ancestry.

It was Saturday, and we agreed to take a Sabbath day's rest at Usk, and leave Caerleon for the crown of our enjoyment. Between the salmon and sunset there was time for a ramble to the remains of a Roman encampment in the neighborhood. As we strolled along, gathering wild flowers from the hedges, our scholar enlightened us as to the early days of Usk. The Britons called it Brunebegie. Giraldus Cambrensis mentioned Usk as *Castrum Isca*. Churchyard says:

"A castle yet in Oske there doth remain,
A seat where Kyngs and Princes have been born."

The fourth Edward and the third Richard are said to have been born at Usk. We decided that the town must have been at some time more extensive than it now is, for the long, straggling ways, scarcely to be dignified with the name of streets, stretching widely in four directions, were sprinkled with houses, standing, most of them, in a wide plot of orchard, pasture or garden. Arthurian legends are plentiful at Usk. Here we heard the Welsh Triad, which being interpreted is as follows:

When Arthur reigns again
In British land,
Then shall all peace and plenty e'er abound.

No Arthur has reigned in British land since the great son of Pendragon. Of the few royal Arthurs who have figured in history, Arthur Plantagenet was put out of the way by his uncle, King John, and Arthur Tudor died an early death, while the Prince Arthur, the third son of Queen Victoria, has many a healthy young life between him and the succession. In such prophecies as these we see the poetic spirit, consoling itself under present oppression by looking forward to the bright day of deliverance.

[To be Continued.]

THE LONG RUN.

PROF. T. C. MENDENHALL.

The confidence which everybody seems to have in "the long run" is one of the best evidences we have that, after all, everybody utilizes his reasoning powers to some extent, and does not refuse to profit by the lessons of experience. The phrase has acquired a somewhat technical meaning, and seems to refer to the result of a large number of experiences under conditions which are in the main uniform, but yet never quite identical. No one can well deny that if the circumstances and conditions which precede an event could be perfectly reproduced, the event itself, which in the outcome of these circumstances and conditions, would be exactly repeated. While it seems practically impossible to repeat with absolute precision the conditions which determine the character of a certain event, yet the variations from what may be called the normal, are in general, oscillatory in their character, and "in the long run" the character of the event becomes fixed. This means that in comparing one long run with another the result becomes more nearly identical as the number of experiences upon which they are founded becomes greater, and it does *not* mean that the variations from the normal become fewer as time goes on, or any less in magnitude.

Thus, from long experience, we learn that in a certain city a certain number out of every one thousand of its inhabitants may be expected to die each year. At one time the number of deaths will be larger than this number, and at another time smaller; but if one period of several years be compared with another, the results will agree closely. Large excesses or marked deficiencies are, however, continually liable to occur.

The study of questions of this nature resulted many years ago in the development of a department of mathematical science generally known as the "Calculus of Probability." Although it consists, paradoxically, of the application of mathematical processes of reasoning to questions of "pure chance," yet its conclusions and deductions have firmly established themselves as worthy of the same degree of confidence as is so generally extended to other departments of mathematical science.

One of the severest tests of the existence of confidence in a statement is a general willingness on the part of the people to invest money in it.

Everybody knows that the business of Insurance, and especially Life Insurance, rests upon the validity of the doctrine of chances, and hundreds of illustrations might be given, demonstrating confidence in that doctrine.

One of its most interesting applications is in the investigation of observations in Astronomy, and in all the experimental sciences. Among the errors to which such observations are liable, are many which may be grouped under the head of "accidental errors," their existence, magnitude, and distribution being attributed to accident or chance. Admitting this, they become subject to the application of the calculus, and many interesting and valuable conclusions concerning them are reached.

On this account the study of the Calculus of Probability becomes a matter of much importance to the student of exact science, and it has seemed to the writer to be desirable to invite the attention of such students to a more careful consideration of what is meant by accident. In a more precise sense it appears, after all, to be impossible for an event to be determined by pure chance. If a coin be tossed in the air it seems, in general, equally likely to show "head" or "tail," when it drops, and one of the most elementary propositions in the doctrine of chances is that, in the long run, heads and tails will appear an equal number of times. This is a proposition which is capable of an experimental examination. A coin has been thrown many hundreds, and even thousands of times with results confirmatory of the truth of the proposition. Similar results have come from extensive experiments in the throwing of dice.

The proposition may be put in this shape: when the reasons for the happening of the event A are identical with the reasons for the event B, then, in the long run, A and B must occur with equal frequency. But is there not a principle in logic, of frequent application in mathematical demonstration, and other similar processes of reasoning, which may be stated as follows: when there is no reason for the happening of the event A, which does not also exist for the happening of the event B, then *neither* A or B will occur. Does not the very fact of the occurrence of A rather than B, necessarily imply that there was a *reason* for A rather than for B?

When a coin is tossed and shows head rather than tail, it is evident that there must have been controlling circumstances and conditions which determined the result of the throw; in other words, pure chance can not control the result of a single throw. Were the conditions of the experiment not subject to variation, the coin would show the same face continually. But what has been termed the oscillatory character of these variations determine that, in a long series of experiments, heads and tails will be approximately equal in number.

It might, therefore, be more accurate to say that accidental errors are those which are determined by conditions which are inconstant and oscillatory in their

character, so that, in the long run, errors in excess and errors in deficiency are likely to be equal both in number and in magnitude. It is not denied that it is still necessary to account for this regularity in the variations of conditions, to the actual existence of which experiment seems to point.

In the application of the theory of probability to the investigation of observations, this regularity is assumed and it is important that the student should carefully scrutinize every case with which he deals, to be sure that it is a fit subject for treatment. It often happens that the examination of a long series of errors shows this regularity to be wanting, thus indicating the existence of conditions which are constant, and which, therefore, determine constant error. The writer has given some time within the past year or two to the experimental verification of the law of chance in a case somewhat more complicated than those mentioned above. Trials, to the number of twenty thousand, were made, and the results carefully recorded. Theoretically, as the number of trials increase the result ought to approximate more nearly to a constant quantity. Although the reduction of the experiments has not been entirely completed, enough has been done to show that this approach to a constant quantity does not exist; at least *not to the constant which theory indicates*. This unquestionably points to the existence of a constant error, which must be eliminated before the theory will be satisfied.

This detection and elimination of constant error is of the first importance in all scientific investigation, whether of an elementary or advanced character, and it has seemed to the writer to be worth while to excite an interest in the subject among students of the exact sciences. The above remarks have been made with that object in view, and to that end it has been thought well to state one or two cases not quite fairly. The student is requested to examine these cases critically, and to inquire what is meant by "pure chance," and whether there is any legitimate place for it in reasoning about natural phenomena.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart is building a new college in New York, to cost \$4,000,000. It will be the largest in America, non-sectarian, co-educational, and expenses will be put at a very low figure.—*Ex.*

The French Government has organized a commission to cultivate the sense of beauty in the young. Its president proposes to erect school buildings at once elegant and appropriate, to decorate the larger colleges with beautiful friezes, and to ornament the bedrooms of the boys with tapestries and heliogravures of the best masters. He wishes also to establish in each lycee a small and attractive museum.

RES GESTAE.

They have adopted the Revised Testament in chapel at Yale.

"Maid of Boston, ere we separate us,
Give me back my cardiac apparatus."—*Ex.*

Michigan University is to have a new museum costing \$60,000.

Nearly two hundred colleges in the United States favor and practice co-education.—*Euphilonian*.

The Yale Freshmen are taking a course of Latin conversation, using the "Roman pronunciation."

Prof. in Physics to W.: "Have you ever electrified a body by squeezing?" Mr. W. blushes and sits down.—*Ex.*

The average age at which students enter American colleges is seventeen; a century ago it was fourteen.

"There," said a senior, as he made a fatal pull at his glove before going to the ball, "I've sacrificed a kid to Venus."

Persistent efforts are being made to procure the establishment of the proposed Texas University at Austin.

She—"Isn't Astronomy a very interesting study, Mr. —?" Collegian, (condescendingly)—"Yes, very; that bright star up there is Juniper."—*Colby Echo*.

The University of Berlin has 215 Professors, and during the past academic year 5,027 persons attended their lectures.

First student at one of our principal boarding clubs:—"Say, are those biscuits fresh?" Second student:—"No! those are Sophomore biscuits. They were fresh last year."—*Athenaeum*.

The degree of "Master of Pharmacy" is hereafter to be given at Michigan University to those graduates of the first degree in the school of pharmacy, who show special ability in original research.

Clergyman—No, my dear, it is impossible to preach any kind of a sermon to such a congregation of asses. Smart young lady—And is that why you call them dearly beloved brethren?—*Columbia Spectator*.

John Hopkins University had, during its last session, 176 enrolled students, the larger number of whom studied chemistry. Twenty-five students took biology.

Scene on Washington street: Conceited Sophomore sporting a cane and mustache. First small boy (on opposite corner)—"What is it, Bob?" Second small boy—"Give it up; gimme a stick till I kill it."

There were originally sixty-one lady candidates for the recent Oxford local examinations. Thirty-nine passed and five withdrew, the remaining seventeen having failed to satisfy the examiners.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The Board of Regents of Wisconsin State University have adopted a resolution expressing the opinion that positions at commencement should not be based exclusively upon marks of scholarship and rank, but other things should be taken into consideration.

A new scholarship has been founded at Brown University. The income from the sum of \$3,000 is to be annually paid to the student passing the best examination in the first, third, sixth and twenty-fourth books of Homer's Iliad, or in the Oration of Demosthenes on the Crown.

The *Providence Press*, in mentioning the new system of self-government which is working so well among the Amherst students, says: "When this principle is universally recognized in American colleges, we have no doubt that troublesome cases of discipline will become very rare, and the standard of scholarship will be improved."

The *Hartford Courant* says of the Chinese students in this country, that when they have entered a school or college, or taken up a study, they have forthwith proceeded to step to the head of the school and to master the whole of the study. It has been amazing to see how, in a strange country, speaking a foreign and peculiarly difficult language, they have managed in so many ways, on so many occasions to beat their American boy associates.

Cornell University is to have a new department, one of History, Political and Social Science and General Jurisprudence. The department, it is stated, will be opened with a full undergraduate course in which, while literary and scientific studies are pursued for general discipline and culture, a leading feature will be instruction and training in modern history, political economy, social science and kindred subjects, with special reference to the needs of young men intending hereafter to take up the law, or to enter journalism, or political life.

EXCHANGES.

Rather than omit our usual exchange column, we will deal with our latest exchanges—those of June last.

The *College Olio* seems to incline to the belief that local news should in a great measure fill the columns of a College paper, at least one would think so from a perusal of the *Olio*.

The *Yale Record* of June 18, devotes so much space to editorials as to force one to conclude that this is a leading feature of that publication. We like to see good, sound editorials, but do not think it best to occupy space with them which should be filled with other matter. Sporting affairs receive the lion's share of attention.

The *Phillipian* for September is the first exchange received this year, and the new editors modestly make their bow. We would suggest to the new editors that a chance to make their reign remembered consists in taking advantage of the opportunity to enlarge their very small paper. Scarcely three pages of reading matter is not a brilliant showing, to say the least.

The *Trinity Tablet* editors were somewhat elated at the prospect of a horse railroad. Hope their joyous anticipations will be realized, for we know that they will enjoy riding at such furious rates of speed as these celebrated vehicles (street cars) are accustomed to travel. We sometimes imagine that we see ours moving, and we would advise the *Tablet* editors to try our test for determining their velocity, viz: Sight along the corner of the barn at the flying(?) car, and if the car disappears around the corner inside of one half hour, then the observer is warranted in concluding that the car "do move."

The *Volante* contains principally Commencement news, which is interesting enough, but other departments were, for some reason, made to suffer. Only one contributed article appears, consequently it looks lonely. The editors deplore the fact that Class Day was omitted this year, and regards this unlucky omission as the cause which was instrumental in keeping a large number of friends away from some of the Commencement exercises. We imagine that *The Volante* is about correct in their opinion on that point. Class Day exercises should be, and usually are attractive. One whole page is taken up with simply the names of resident members of a college fraternity, together with an emblematic cut. It was interesting(?). Guess it must have been an advertisement.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The wonderful discovery lately made near Thebes, of a great store of Egyptian antiquities, including mummies of kings and queens, historical papyri, statutes, etc., promises to be the most valuable find that has been brought to light from the tombs and ruins of the Valley of the Nile. The relics were found in a cave a few miles from Thebes. It seems that the cave was discovered some time ago by persons who carried on a profitable trade with travelers by selling minor articles which they brought in secret from the hidden treasure. After some time, however, the sale of beautiful statutes, recognized by Egyptologists as genuine and of exceptional worth, aroused suspicion. The secret was discovered by the arrest of one of the persons. The contents of the cave were at once recognized as of great value by Herr Brugsch, director of the Boulak Museum of Egyptian Antiquities. Thirty-nine mummies were found; many are in a state of perfect preservation. Twenty-six of these are now accurately known. Among them are those of the most illustrious monarchs of the most glorious epoch of Egyptian history. They cover a period of about 700 years. The oldest among the royal mummies is that of King Raskenen, one of the latest monarchs of the dynasty which ended about 1700 B. C. The number includes also that of Thotmes the Great, in whose reign Egypt attained the summit of her power and civilization, and that of Ramses II, the Pharaoh of the Jewish captivity. There can be but little doubt that these mummies were not originally placed in the secret cavern. The ancient Egyptians did not hide their dead in that way. The explanation of Herr Brugsch is, that on the occasion of some foreign invasion of the Nile country, the tombs of the kings near the then capital at Thebes, were opened and their contents removed and concealed in the cave to preserve them from the enemy. All the objects found will be removed to the Boulak Museum, and the work of deciphering the papyrus rolls will not be begun until October. That these inscriptions will throw much fresh light on what is known as the Middle period of Egyptian history, and settle many disputed questions there can be no doubt.

The 30th meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, opened at Cincinnati on the 17th of August, under the presidency of Professor George J. Brush, of New Haven, and closed on the following Tuesday. The meeting was unusually large in attendance and every way successful. The association was divided into eight sections, each section devoted to a special branch of science. Through the liberality of the citizens of Cincinnati, arrangements were made for excursions to Mammoth Cave, Chattanooga and Lookout Mountain. Montreal was selected for the next place of meeting, and the 23d of August the time. Among the papers accepted for reading, were three by Prof. T. C. Mendenhall.

PERSONAL.

Profs. Mendenhall and Tuttle were elected Vice Presidents at the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Cincinnati.

The degree of L.L. D. was conferred upon Prof. Norton at the Commencement of Wooster University, last June.

We are glad to welcome back our friend and former student, Newton Anderson, who spent the past two years in Europe. He will be Prof. Mendenhall's assistant in the Physical Laboratory.

'79—Ferdinand Howald is in West Virginia, where he has accepted the position of superintendent of a coal mine.

'80—John H. McCormick is employed in the testing department of Gill's Car Works.

'81—C. M. Lewis is Principal of one of the Coshocton schools.

Prof. Millikin has been at his home, in Hamilton, all summer. His health is not materially changed. He will soon leave for the western part of North Carolina, a well known health resort, where it is to be hoped he will obtain relief.

A plaster-cast bust (life size) of Mr. Hall, made by Thomas Mullay, was on exhibition at the State Fair, and attracted universal attention.

'82 loses another of her members—W. S. Jones, President of the class. He has gone to Indiana as one of a corps of surveyors. He has laid aside his experiments upon the electric light, and writes: "Have sold my electric light and bought a railroad."

'80-'79—Prof. Sidney H. Short and Mary Frank Morrison were married on the night of the 2d of August, at Washington City. They are now at Denver, Colorado, where Prof. Short will resume his duties in the Department of Physics at Denver University. We wish them success and happiness.

Prof. Townshend just returned from Chicago, where he attended the large stock fair in progress last week.

'82—H. L. Wilgus will not attend the University, although he expects to retain his connection with his class, and graduate next June. He will continue to hold his present position in Railroad Commissioner Sabine's office, in the Capitol.

John W. Hughes went to Oakland, Maryland, for a few weeks, for the benefit of his health. He is rapidly recovering from his recent dangerous illness.

C. E. Brossman, who has just finished a course of training in the Philadelphia School of Oratory and Elocution, was in the city last week. He will give an exhibition of his elocutionary powers here some time this Fall.

Prof. Derby will give to the Department of Ancient Languages all the advantages of a thorough course at Harvard and Johns Hopkins Universities.

Augustus D. Selby has returned.

Miss E. E. Longstreth is teaching in the High School at Miamisburg, near Dayton.

H. C. Moore will teach this winter again, at Clintonville. He has given up the study of law, and expects to be back to the University next year to complete his course. He has almost decided to follow teaching.

'80—F. Smith is resting in Kentucky. He has spent most of the time during the summer doing Geological work for the coming census.

W. Brotherton has had a very serious time with the typhoid fever for the past two months. He, however, is

now recovering gradually—slowly but surely. He is in Denver yet.

'78—C. H. Dietrich has been Superintendent of Schools at Hopkinsville, Ky., for the past year, and will remain there during the coming year. After that he talks some of going to Arizona again, on a surveying expedition. He paid the University a flying visit during vacation.

'83—J. R. Lovejoy met with a painful accident the latter part of July. While working at a planer, he had a portion of the left index finger torn off to the second joint. He was quite sick in consequence, but has recovered.

Prof. J. R. Smith will probably be in Leipzig in time for the opening of the Universities. The Professor started on a pedestrian tour a short time ago.

J. D. Streeper, one of the engineering corps who went to Georgia last June, has returned to the University. The others will remain there until the work is completed.

J. H. Galbraith, who has been assigned to B Co., as second Lieutenant, will not drill this year.

J. W. Speer has obtained a clerkship in the Census Bureau at Washington. He has been employed for the last three months doing Geological work in Indiana, Ohio, West Virginia, and Pennsylvania, for the coming census.

'80—H. D. Gregory has been engineering during the summer. He was in the city for a few days a week or two ago.

'81—D. O'Brine is going to be back to take a post graduate course. He will still retain his position as chief executor of the Dormitory Club, and dispense justice to all the inhabitants thereof. He paid his father a visit in Michigan during vacation.

C. B. Baker is teaching again at Osborn, Ohio. He studied law during the summer, in the city.

L. Westfall has a school of twenty scholars near Piqua, Miami county, and is well pleased.

W. A. Smith, formerly Professor of Civil Engineering at Ada, Ohio, has resigned his position there to accept a place as the Assistant Civil Engineer in the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad office, at Tiffin, Ohio. He paid the city a visit during vacation, after which he rusticated at Lakeside for a short time.

Miss Belle Swickard will continue as assistant in Greek, and in the Library.

P. C. S. and Miss S. are no more—single. "Our blessing be upon them."

'81—W. K. Cherryholmes will be with us again this year, to take a post graduate course, and to assist Prof. Tuttle. We are glad to have "Cherry" with us again.

Fred. Hubbard is at Brooks & Walker's Bank, in the city.

"Who will take my place in drill?" is what Fred. Blankner wants to know.

J. R. Campbell is attending Bellevue Medical College, New York.

George D. Makepeace is sick with typhoid fever at the residence of John McDowell.

Paul Cook is reading law at his father's office, in Chillicothe.

J. A. Spielman is Assistant Civil Engineer of the Baltimore & Ohio R. R., Trans-Ohio Division, located at Tiffin for the present. He was in the city a few weeks ago, hunting for civil engineers. Business is brisk with him, he having over 500 miles under his supervision. "Jack" credits the military department of the O. S. U. with teaching him to be prompt and exact.

LOCAL.

Welcome!

What are you going to study?

Now for a hard term's work.

Subscribe for THE LANTERN.

Contribute to THE LANTERN.

Still THE LANTERN shines forth.

How did you spend your vacation?

Glorious! Over three hundred students.

Now we sing of the girls we left behind us.

Still the Dorm lives, moves, and has its being.

Davy and the Chemical Lab. still remain inseparable.

Now doth the gay and festive bugler toot his little horn.

To the new President and Professors THE LANTERN sends greeting.

Let all new students avail themselves of THE LANTERN's guiding ray.

A fence should be placed around '81's class tree, or it will be in great danger when another of those furious charges takes place on the campus.

The flower garden that was seen walking down street to the depot the morning after commencement, was found on investigation to be only our honored chief, bearing away his laurels of the day before.

And now the wondering, wandering little Prep. paces the halls and the campus, and wishes to the bottom of his heart he had never left his little home to be tossed on the sea of college life. But he will soon recover.

The amount of sarcasm directed against '82 on Class Day, was truly remarkable, and it is wonderful how that much abused class managed to survive. Probably the thought that its chance at '83 was not far away, sustained '82 on that day of trial.

Attention has once before, in the local columns of THE LANTERN, been called to the matter of procuring a large flag to crown the summit of the tower on days of dress parade, review, etc. Such an addition to the Military Department is in the greatest degree desirable, and should be made without delay.

J. H. McEwen spent his Fourth of July in Cleveland, and celebrated by a trip upon Lake Erie. Poor Mac! Old Erie was too much for even the old terror of any sinning Dormitorians, and he gracefully yielded to the inevitable. It is to be regretted that the Dorm. did not possess an Erie in the days of old for the especial benefit of the irrepressible Mac.

It would be interesting and amusing if some one could ascertain how many of the students carried out their great vacation schemes of study or of reading. As a

rough guess we would place the number at 5 per cent.—at all events, in our case, we of THE LANTERN can place the number at 0 per cent., and then fall short of the truth, and who, pray, are so industrious as we?

P. C. Smith still rejoices in the possession of his beautiful glassy amber-eyed duck, and as we once predicted, many are the odes and sonnets he has composed in honor of his pet, during the loneliness of the long vacation days. Some terrible member of '83 says these productions are what might be styled inductive poetry, and he, like the remainder of his imaginative class, probably knows.

And now out upon the Campus soundeth the tread of marching feet, and the atmosphere resoundeth with hep, hep, forward, march, steady there! and similar utterances. And the weary Prep. becometh lost in the maze of moving men, and wondereth if this be military glory; but let him not lose heart, for he may'st yet be a fourth corporal—yea, even a supernumerary, or a high private in the rear rank. O, we were there!

Just exercise your imaginations, our readers, and see if you can conjure up in your minds the appearance of the Freshie when he has inadvertently addressed our old ruler as "Mr. President." In our mind's ear we can hear: "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, Mr. B., but I'm happy to state I have not that honor at present." Old customs cling tenaciously to us, and it will be long before we can accustom ourselves to plain *Doctor*.

Is it not inexpressibly annoying to a full fledged Junior or Senior, when on returning to school a few day's late, (a sacred privilege it seems of the upper classes) he is approached by some two day's old Prep., who with an air of the utmost familiarity with College, kindly offers to show him around, and to give him a "knock-down" to the boys? Knowing their characteristic tendencies, it is to be feared that but few of the members of '82 could endure this trial—at all events, knowing them as we do, we should prefer *not* to be that offending little Prep.

Apropos of Military Drill we publish the following stanza of a lengthy poem sent us on this subject. It is very pathetic and suggestive, and we may readily surmise that the iron of oppression has entered the soul of its author:

"And when the 'break ranks' had been given,
And down in the armory they stepped,
I turned from the place in my sorrow,
Bowed down my head and I wept.
And I said what e'er in the future
Be my portion, the good or the ill,
O, Lord, in thy kindness and mercy,
Keep me from compulsory drill."

Visitors on Commencement Day were somewhat at a loss what to think of the then Junior Class, as these impressive youths marched up to them cane (club) and green hat in one hand, and programmes in the other. Some are reported as saying they feared there was to be a repetition of the old commencement exercise bayonet tactics under a modified and *perhaps* less startling form. The Faculty should see that no such thing ever occurs again. Visitors

are becoming tired of intimidation, and if it is not suppressed we shall soon find our halls deserted on Commencement Day.

The library and class rooms presented a sad scene on Thursday and Friday last, as some fifty or sixty candidates for admission struggled with the problems before them. Poor creatures! All of us know how you felt, and sympathized accordingly.

Those curious members of the Horton Society, who wondered last year when P. C. Smith read his essay on "Home, and What it Should Be," wonder no more. Recent developments have clearly shown why P. C. was studying the subject so deeply as his essay indicated.

It seems natural, and yet at the same time a little strange, to see Prof. Mendenhall about college again. The Professor appears much the same as heretofore, barring, perhaps, that he seems just a trifle older, for which we can easily account, when it is remembered that during three long years he struggled with the mysteries of Japanese written characters, enough to produce a similar effect on anyone.

Just as we go to press, rumors of a radical change in the programme of college work are being circulated about school. It is said that some of the Faculty wish to have laboratory work continue *all* the afternoons of three days in the week and classes the other two afternoons. Just how this can be managed so as not to injure class work is a little difficult to imagine, but evidently it will be of much benefit to the laboratories, whose chief difficulty is that work is too much broken up in them. A committee has been appointed, we understand, to consider the matter.

The Class of '82 has lost several valuable members who have dropped out, as is too often the case with many who reach the Senior year. The true reason why so many fall out in this year is simply this: The course of instruction is too thorough and complete for their retention. When students reach the Senior year they are already so far advanced and well qualified for practical work that many leave to fill offered positions, deeming it more advisable than remaining to graduate. We say this in no jesting manner, but in earnest, for it is an undeniable fact, and one for which there seems no remedy.

It did our souls good just to see the Junior Class actually work once—to watch them serve the ice cream on last Commencement Day, and to see the perfectly reckless way in which they handed out the delectable article, regardless of age, sex, or condition. A certain Junior called together a party of *gamins* who had come out to witness the drill, and served them with two dishes each of cream, and as a return for the favor, we heard one of them compliment '82 by saying he "lowd them fellers what wears green plugs wasn't so mean as they looked." O, generous '82!

One of our subscribers whose home is on the lake shore, says he was very much surprised to see so many of the class of '82 about, and that he marveled at seeing so many slightly intoxicated—mind, not *very* much intoxicated, but only enough so as to need a lamp post now and

then. Indeed he says that nearly one-third of the inhabitants were evidently of that class from their characteristic dress, which it is needless to describe. But we suspect they were not all old Juniors, but simply professional lovers of the piscatorial sport. O, proud and happy '82! That so many should follow thy shining example is indeed to thee unqualified joy; bliss unspeakable.

The Dormitory Club still holds its own, and comes to the front with a larger number of members than ever before, and promises to grow and thrive under the Vanderburg administration—of "hash." But three Seniors remain to preserve order by means of their commanding position and august presence, although of course a single one of '82 would answer all purposes. The harmonious combination of Aesthetic Dormitorians has not held a rehearsal as yet, and hence no report can be made of its condition. Davy still retains his hold upon the reins of government, "not in any spirit of bravado or braggadocio, but simply for the good" of the wayward Dormitorian. Mr. Scott and his family will be retained during the next year.

The Lawn Tennis Club should take advantage of the mild days of September and October to play a few matches, and learn the game. For it has come to light that no one in this enterprising club has ever been able to master the various complications of this intricate sport, and so we are forced to the conclusion that all the brilliant matches of last Spring were indeterminate, both in method and results, excepting, perhaps, the amusement furnished the spectators who viewed the game from afar off, close proximity being forbidden to all excepting the Seniors, who were well known to be quite irrepressible at those times. As we have remarked before, no game is a success without boys—they seem to be necessary evils, despite the assertion of the Faculty, who, though not disputing the fact that they were evils, yet held they were most unnecessary ones, at least in a L. T. C.

Like a volcano's lava, so must the pent-up spirit of fun of the Dormitory erupt once in a while—at least one would have been led to so believe had he seen the performances of Saturday evening before Commencement. Such an unearthly, and absolutely hideous "mob" has never been seen in the city, as that which congregated before the Dorm. on that evening, and no pen and ink gymnastics can suffice to describe the costumes of those present. Goblins, ghosts, demons, old hags, sable minstrels, warriors, murderers, klu klux, and other similar personages were present, not to mention the O. S. U. Band. After forming in line before the building, this interesting company marched over to the college, where a "dress parade" was held, and some not too "official" orders read by Adjutant General C. C. M——r. Thence, under the command of Captain W. H. M——r, the demons made a descent upon the President, who, after repeated calls, was induced to make a little speech, which was to the effect that "he could depend upon their scaring off all enemies they could not fight away." Apparently much pleased by this compliment the battalion marched back to the college, where, with a blessing, the captain dismissed them until June, 1882.