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THE LANTERN.

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“THE mills of the gods grind slowly,” so does the Committee on Agricultural Chemistry.

WE are so sorry that so little effort was used to secure the passage of the “Ely Bill.”

THE man who wins popularity by unselfish endeavors, and continues to maintain that popularity, deserves praise, for he is a man of worth. It is a recognized fact that college students, as a rule, in estimating the real value of their professors, seldom miss their mark.

PROF. DERBY has the congratulations of the LANTERN for the successful manner in which he presented the claims of the University for a new library to the Legislature. He was by far the best lobbyist of any of the Faculty who went to the Legislature last winter. Chiefly on account of his endeavors the Legislature appropriated \$5,000 for the purpose of improving our library. The need that this will supply, has long been felt by both the Faculty and the students. A college without a library is like a cart without a horse. As it has been, students have been compelled to go to the State and City libraries, when they desired to get extensive information on any subject. Prof. Derby has the hearty thanks of all

the students for his earnest and zealous efforts in endeavoring to improve the trust that has been placed under his charge. This successful effort has increased his popularity, which has by no means been meagre heretofore.

THE three literary societies have decided to hold a joint commencement this year. This is a project which has long been looked for, and a successful entertainment may be anticipated. It is certainly a step in the right direction, and will bring the societies into relations more united and more friendly.

Thus far the societies have agreed perfectly as to the arrangements for exercises. Without previous consultation each unanimously voted to request Dr. W. Q. Scott to deliver the address. This action may well be pondered over by those who claimed that the action of the students last year, in denouncing the removal of Dr. Scott, was not an expression of the feelings of all the students.

It is rendered doubly fitting by reason of the fact that Dr. Scott was the first to suggest to the societies the plan of holding a united commencement, and was always an earnest advocate of that policy. It is to be hoped that he will not refuse an invitation so unanimously and spontaneously given.

WE confess to a feeling of disappointment at the recent action of Governor Hoadly toward our University. A gentleman of great talent, of wide experience, of fine scholarship; one familiar with educational methods on both sides of the water, and, more than all, thoroughly acquainted with the peculiar needs of our institution, and deeply interested in her welfare, from long residence and graduation, was the choice of the LANTERN for the position to which it has pleased His Excellency to appoint another. We believed then, as we do now, that the best interests of universities demanded that the alumni be represented on their boards of trustees; and we believed this to be especially true of our university at this particular time. We did not see then, nor do we see now, why the Ohio State University should be made an exception to a rule which exists wherever colleges rear their walls, and whose wide operation attests its utility and propriety that those most deeply attached to a college, and most familiar with its workings and

its peculiar needs, should have a voice in its management. The fitness of the gentleman to whom we refer, to fill such a position, has been recognized by his appointment as one of the trustees of the Miami University. Why he was not appointed on the board of trustees of the Ohio State University, as was the unanimous wish of the students and alumni, is one of the mysteries which we will not attempt to explain.

Of the gentleman who was appointed, as we never had the pleasure of hearing or seeing his name till apprised of his appointment in the columns of the city papers, we can say but little. We understand that he is a prominent colored gentleman of Cincinnati. Race prejudice, however unfounded and unjust, is a fact, and long will be so. All proper efforts to obliterate it should receive the hearty support of every patriotic citizen, but we do not believe that the attainment of such an object, however desirable, demands that the welfare of a young and promising institution should be jeopardized at a critical stage of its growth. We feel sure that a better appointment could have been made. Time will tell whether or not a good one has been made.

WE have heard from Denison at last through the columns of the *Collegian*. Thank you, brother, for your suggestion in the spelling of your illustrious institution. The LANTERN has never boasted of the literary and classical advantages of the Ohio State University, but when we have compared the work done here with that done at the Denison University, a literary and classical college of established reputation, we have found it at least to be equal in every respect. Let the young editor, "who has a fair knowledge of the work done in Ohio colleges," take the catalogue of the Ohio State University and his own *Alma Mater* and compare the amount of time that each institution spends on "Languages and Literature," and if he be still unsatisfied, let him attempt to pass the examinations here in "Language and Literature" after he has finished his work at the Denison University, and see what an easy task it will be.

The *Collegian* says: "Classical students from here can enter corresponding classes in leading eastern colleges without trouble. Such cannot be said of the O. S. U." How strange! Our seniors in the classical department have been offered senior standing in Cornell University. Will the *Collegian* say that Cornell is not a leading "eastern college?" But, perhaps, they could not get senior standing at Denison.

The time was, when the classics were greatly neglected in this institution, but that time has passed, as they who keep themselves posted on educational matters know.

The editor in another place says, that "the LANTERN seems puzzled to know why Mr. DeLamatre did not receive first honor instead of second." Our able cotemporary may be an editor of wide experience, but he has not yet learned to distinguish between editorial opinions and local reports. The above quotation refers to the local report published in the LANTERN, and not to an editorial opinion. If, however, the reports in the Delaware *Transcript* and in the *University Voice* and *Collegian* of Wooster, and even in the *Oberlin Review*, be examined by the editor, he will find that our local report is unanimously corroborated as to who was the popular contestant.

As to our literary departments, especially that of English, we are sorry to say, that it is far from being perfect, or even being at present what it might be. None of our departments are perfect by any means. But even in our weakest department, we do fear a comparison with our little neighbor at Granville.

IT is to be hoped that the interest shown in elocution and oratory last term will still be greater the coming term. It is certainly unnecessary for us to point out the advantages to be arrived from the power of oratory. Everybody ought to be able to speak his thoughts and opinions in the most agreeable, intelligent and forcible manner possible. Of all other persons, this accomplishment is most nearly perfect in the orator. There are few who are naturally orators. Those who have been most eminent in the art only obtained their proficiency by preserving study and practice, by taking lessons from the finest masters in the art, by imitating the most successful speakers. Some of the greatest orators only became such by overcoming the greatest of difficulties.

It is said that Demosthenes used to walk up hill with pebbles in his mouth, practicing the rudimentary sounds, in order to improve his articulation. Cicero made a complete failure in his first attempt on the forum; he retired and for years studied and practiced elocution before the finest critics in the world. Curran, the great Irish orator, had so great a difficulty of speech, that when a boy he was called "stuttering Jack Curran," by his school-mates. This he overcame by practicing the vowel and consonant sounds and by continually reading aloud passages from the best authors. Henry Clay, "the mill boy of the slashes," began practicing when he was twenty-seven years of age in corn fields and in barns with nothing but horses and cattle for his auditors.

The beginning of nearly every great orator has been the same, and every person who desires to become proficient in the art must follow the same path and the same methods. He must practice before the

best critics he can find; he must continually practice the rudimentary sounds, and read aloud passages from the best authors. He who does this will not fail to attain his object. It is to be regretted that so little attention is paid to the art of public speaking by the students, that there are so few advantages at the University, and, above all, that so little encouragement comes from the Faculty. There are three or four members of the Faculty who show a decided interest in the matter, but from the rest there proceeds a protracted silence.

The Wednesday rhetoricals, conducted by Prof. Orton, and the literary societies, are the only avenues we have in this direction that are directly connected with the College. There are, however, persons near the University whom we may secure by special tuition to give us instruction, and since this is the best that can be done, at present, we would advise every one who can to join a class and take lessons from these persons.

General Literature.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

Second Honor Oration delivered by C. W. DeLamatre, at the State Oratorical Contest, at Wooster.

The basis of ideal republicanism is universal suffrage. In this lies the glory of free institutions, and in this lurks their deadliest peril.

Universal suffrage, as it exists in this country, means that two trinities shall share equally in political control—the moral trinity of knowledge, virtue, and honest wealth, and the immoral trinity of ignorance, vice and useless penury.

A republic must depend for its perpetuation upon the moral trinity.

There is, however, ample opportunity for the base elements of society to organize under the leadership of unscrupulous party men, and to administer the functions of government in the interests of selfish ambition. Government, instead of a grand institution for the higher interests of man, then becomes a mere instrument for plunder.

This danger has furnished a theme for the foes as well as the friends of republicanism. Foreign statesmen predict that this will cause ruin, and our wisest men view this evil with pain and with alarm.

Various ways of limiting the suffrage have accordingly been suggested. Admitting, however, that some qualifications *ought* to be required of the voter, the question naturally arises, whether any material limitations, with our present status of society, could be put into practice. The past at once answers that it could not. The spirit of all important nations has been to widen the suffrage, and especially has this been the case in the United States.

But whither are we tending? Are not the evils

and dangers of the system on the increase? With the thousands of illiterate colored voters, and the millions of illiterate foreigners and criminals thronging our large cities, can we denounce as altogether wrong, those doubting Thomases, who cast skeptic glances at that time-honored, unquestioned doctrine, "all men are equal."

That great philosopher, who recently visited this country, said, as a result of his observations, that "neither America nor any other country is completely ready for universal suffrage." Two things are certain, however. In the face of what she has done for her colored people, the United States can never materially restrict the suffrage; and, notwithstanding Mr. Spencer's statement, the fact remains that we have maintained our existence under a suffrage practically universal. The only question is, "are we *now less capable*?" This is the greatest of political questions, and it addresses itself especially to those who constitute the moral classes of society. No remedy for political evils can be hoped for arising from the restriction of the suffrage. The remedy must come from the moral classes of society.

A "government of the people, by the people, and for the people," will be as those people are who take most active part in it. Too well known is it that our best men do not take the most active part. There is a popular opinion indeed, which renders it absolutely disgraceful for our best men to take an active part in politics. Should a minister be discovered electioneering on Monday, all the good effects of his yesterday's sermon would be lost. On election day certain people resemble the great wandering planets of space. They revolve in obedience to a central sun which determines all their movements, and gives to them what little warmth they possess. Do any of the great central suns of the church exercise an influence here? Do those men who write theoretical articles upon restricting the suffrage ever use their influence *here* to avert the evils which they *write* so forcibly and eloquently against? Perhaps they have done so, for there are instances when the best citizens, goaded to desperation, by a Tweed, or some other great defaulter, have risen up and overthrown the author of their wrongs. Such victories, however, are but momentary. Enthusiasm soon wanes. Business, too often the innocent and unintentional enemy of republican institutions, again become the engrossing object of attention.

The American people are entirely too sanguine. They think they can go to bed foul and impure, to awake in the morning cleansed and purified. They construe every event and sudden accident into an auspicious omen for the future.

When yellow fever was making such sad havoc among our Southern people, the great North, with characteristic generosity, sent them bounteous and substantial aid. Impulsive enthusiasts proclaimed it a great political blessing in disguise. Alas! how many here to-night can name the year of that dreadful scourge?

Again, when Garfield died, and the American people, without regard to party or section, had gathered around his bier, shedding, as it were, tears of blood thereon, in that "hour of stern agony," the predic-

tion was as general as the sympathy was universal, that his death would completely revolutionize the political aspect of the country. The Nation was to be united. Political parties were to be purged, yea, even the white-winged dove of morality was forever after to have its resting place in the dome of the capitol.

Did affairs work out as predicted? Did political parties become so much more pure? Did the country become so much more united? Did humanity make such gigantic upward strides as to miss any rounds upon the great ladder?

Far be it from us to speak disrespectfully of Garfield's name, or to underestimate the grand good influence of that pure and high-minded statesman, but we do not believe that the purest, strongest and most high-minded statesman, by the most tragic of deaths, ever has, or ever can atone for the political sins of fifty million people. Nor do we believe that any single circumstance or factor will determine the great result. Great reforms are not brought about in a single day, nor by temporary bursts of patriotic enthusiasm. The revolution that freed us from the tyranny of George III, lasted seven years, but the struggle, which is to make pure our system of universal suffrage, will reach out into the centuries.

The future of our country, who can tell it? Will it be glorious, or will it be ignominious? Our patriotic orators, overwrought with fervent enthusiasm tell us, in eloquent strains, of the glories of her past; and with their prophetic vision, they can descry away off yonder on the orient of the political horizon, gleams of a yet brighter day. There may be clouds there, they tell us, but no devastating storms. We have grand possibilities. We have the strongest ground for hope, but, let it be remembered, that there is no Castor or Pollux whom we can call down from heaven to do battle for us; let it be remembered that there is no Hercules whom we, Eurysthean-like, can command to eradicate our evils; let it be remembered that whatever our future may be, it must be worked out by us.

It is absurd to attempt the evasion of responsibility, by offering at the altar of citizenship the plea of "no time for political duties." Such a plea never reaches the ear of the great God, who presides over the destinies of Nations. *Persistent work*, work at the polls, work at the caucus, work among the masses, work in the enforcement of laws made, is the only acceptable offering.

To be a christian, is to be a good citizen; to be a good citizen, is to take time for the thorough performance of *all* political duties.

Citizens too often lay the flattering unction to their souls that they have performed all these duties, when they have performed but one in the series, that of voting; and when they find themselves obliged to support an unworthy candidate, they lay another flattering unction to their souls, that in reality it is party principles for which they should vote, and not for men. It will generally be found that party principles are party platform planks put there for the sustenance of sundry to-be-conciliated factions. At any rate, principles in themselves are always passive. Honest men are always active in the application of noble principles. Every one remembers the saying of the old Spartans that their *walls* consisted of men.

"God give us men!

A time like this demands strong minds;
Great hearts, true faith and ready hands.
Men, whom the lust of office can not kill;
Men, whom the spoils of office can not buy;
Men, who have opinions, and a will;
Men, who have honor; men, who will not lie;
Men, who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking.
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking."

In the early days of the republic, and in the days of subsequent war, the best men were a power in forming the political judgments of the masses; but the rich streams of wealth that burst forth everywhere at the touch of active enterprise, intoxicated all who tasted.

Human institutions are but transitory. The strongest of old nations have at last decayed. The history of their decline and fall has been the history of the reckless actions of their sons, who, through the intricacy of business affairs, a false notion of respectability, or an over-weening confidence in the strength of their government, have been led to neglect the simplest duties of citizenship.

Can it be that the American people, who are now the warmest advocates of republicanism, will, by their individual indifference, by their mercenary devotion, be the very ones to cast upon it a stain forever ineffaceable?

Shall it be said of us that we started out upon our voyage with the brightest of prospects, with flying colors, and beating drums; with as brave a crew as ever dared the perils of Time's ocean; that we out-rode many a storm; that we gained many a victory, but that finally we went upon the rocks, in calm weather, in smooth seas, while our sailors were fast asleep?

In the language of another, "this idea of government by the people is either a great central star set for all time in the constellations of nations, approaching forever and forever nearer the great central sun of truth until it shall glow in all the effulgence of the perfect day, or it is a brilliant comet of eccentric orbit, which, after it has passed its perihelion, will hasten back into the regions of perpetual night."

Our Nation, fortified against famine by inexhaustible resources; fortified against foreign nations by a broad ocean; supported by a people of rare good common sense, of the most wonderful enterprise, and of sublime patriotism, will, if our best men do their public duty; if they attend to the affairs of state, as well as to those of business; if they not only *recognize* their grand national possibilities, but also *work earnestly* to make them *realities*; if our men *be* men, then will this Nation, purchased by blood, purified by blood, the Nation of Washington and Lincoln and Garfield, maintain the preeminence which a century has given it, and continue to be what God intends it *should* be, "a pillar of cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night," leading the burdened staggering race of men through the shadows of the dawn, through the twilight of the morn into the noon-tide splendor of the crowning civilization.

"I hear," said Mrs. Parvenue, "that Mr. Wilson's son took the diploma at Yale last year. I always said Yale was an awful unhealthy city!"—*New York City*.

AN EPISODE OF THE REVOLUTION.

(Translated from the French, by Emile Du Souchet.)

It was when Napoleon was crossing the Alps in Italy that this history of mine begins.

I was a humble 4th corporal, and personally was a very harmless sort of man, never giving any one trouble, never angry, never fearing the foe, and much given to eating hard tack and pork—henroosts being unavailable. I had but one fault—I loved above all things to sleep.

One night when our division of old Bony's army was encamped near the foot of Mount Blanc, I was put on guard, probably to keep away sundry avalanches, for beyond these there was no imaginable danger to threaten us in this wild mountain land. I must have felt this reasoning strongly for it was not long before I felt asleep and dreamed of my home in the sunny valleys of Lorraine. Suddenly I was awakened by the corporal's guard. I was thrown under arrest. I was taken before old Bony; "What deserve you?" cried he in thunder tones. "To die, *s'il vous solait*," said I, meekly. "No, wretch," said His Grace, "You shall not die. We shall fire you out—of a cannon. Away with him." Aghast at this horrible cruel sentence, I grew sick of this world and only begged a half hours respite. "Do you wish to prepare for death?" said my executioner. "No," said I, "I would prefer rather to spend the last moments on this earth in a calculation." "Proceed," said they. "A dying man's wish is a sacred thing." Then I called to memory my different formulæ for motion against gravity, and found that a body projected into the air 6.95 miles per second would never return. "Farewell!" cried I. "Old earth, our parting shall be done! Load her up with dynamite gentlemen, (pointing to the dismal looking gun near by), and come shake hands for I long to be rid of you." They loaded her up well; they elevated the muzzle at an angle of 25 minutes from the perpendicular, and having put me in an old oyster can to preserve me from burns, they loaded me in also. Just then I heard old Bony come up apparently to see the fun. Peeping over the edge of the can, I lifted my cap and said, "Good bye, old Bony; don't let those beastly Lombards—" but just then the string was pulled, and I must admit that I never in all my life felt as strange a sensation: But not taking the time to think how I felt, I crawled out of my can, and steadying it with one hand, sketched on it with the other the picture of the fast disappearing earth, for I thought it might be useful when I landed. Just as I finished, the supply of air became inadequate, and I lost consciousness, which did not return until a fresh breeze aroused me. I was terrified to think I might have made a miscalculation and was returning to the earth, but upon gazing at the world, I was now rapidly approaching, I saw I had not, for the distribution of land, and water was unlike anything I had drawn on my can.

Seeing that I would land in an inland lake, I got inside my can, and put on the lid securely, and presently splashed in the water, my momentum sending me to the bottom; but upon rising, a breeze blew my can to shore. The planet was Venus. The air was mild and soft, the trees much the same as ours; there were

beautiful birds on the trees, and fishes in the water, and tame and pretty animals roamed the woods and fields. The people were much the same in figure and appearance as we, only that every one was attended constantly by a sort of ghost or shadow, the exact counterpart of himself. Never speaking, this shadow followed his proper owner at a short distance behind. Upon finding me the people uttered a word which I afterwards learned meant dead. For when a man dies here his shadow leaves him, never returning; and, as I had no shadow they thought I was dead. But I soon dispelled this illusion. I was not dead yet! Now I found that these shadows were what we should call the soul, a spiritual part of man including all his moral attributes as conscience, sense of right and wrong, etc. The people possessed tastes, passions, and reasoning powers much as we of this earth. These shadows acted as they pleased. No shadow had ever been known to utter a word either to his owner or any one else, and over it a man had no control. To illustrate: At my friend's house lived a maiden young and fair. So was her spirit, and had I not always been averse to ghosts, assuredly I should have fallen in love with it. It was so *silent* and so beautiful. Just like one would wish his better half to be! But to have the spirit one must needs have its owner. This seemed akin to bigamy to me, and I could not think of it for a moment. But a certain young man in the town thought differently. He did not exactly love her, but thought she was rich and would make a good wife; he was green, and little knew the ways of his spirit. So he called again and again for form's sake, before asking the final question. People are not bashful there. I was in the parlor at the time.

"Good evening," said he, bowing to Mr. a la Parisienne, at the same time their two spirits bowed gracefully to each other, and withdrew to a corner together.

"Aw, Mr. ———," said she, artfully smiling. "I'm so glad to see you." Here her spirit held its fingers up, in the form of an interrogation point. She saw it and blushed, but he did not.

"I've a secret I've longed to tell you," said he. Just then her ghost came forward and set down on a low stool between them, and with its face resting between its hands, and its elbows on its knees, gazed intently at the pair. His spirit stood behind the stool. He continued: "Maud, I love you, and would ask you to be mine." Immediately his spirit came around before hers and held out toward it a shadowy cook-stove; hers held in its hand a hazy gold piece, which it seemed reluctant to give up to his spirit, which evidently wished to have it. Both saw this performance. He muttered an unnamable word and gave his spirit a terrible kick, which seemed to have no effect, for it grinned hideously and winked at hers. It was truly a painful scene! Maud felt it so. "Papa would object," said she. "Maud, said he, in despair, "Believe me. Don't heed that wretched fool of a ghost that dogs my steps. It hates me. It would ruin me if it could." "It is an old tradition," replied she, "that a shade can do no wrong. Without the guidance of my spook, many, many times would I have gone astray. Excuse me, sir, but really the actions of your spirit forbid my

entertaining any ideas of marriage, for the present at least." Poor Mr. ——— was unable to answer a word, but vented his ire on his ghost by giving it sundry kicks. "Pray be seated," said she, "I hear papa coming." Just then her father came in, followed by a ganty shade, which shook hands with the other shadows. Then, while the old gentleman was talking of the weather, the three spooks retired to the corner, and after exchanging a series of rapid winks executed a most remarkable act. The old man's shade suddenly seized the young man's spirit by the collar and gently assisted that unlucky imp out the door on the end of its foot, while Maud's spook smiled and clapped its hands. Mr. ——— blushed. So did Maud. "Excuse me," said he, "but really I must go and find my shadow." So he went away, and Maud rushed to her ghost and kissed it. "You dear old spook!" said she. Here this interesting story comes suddenly to a close.

THE OBLIQUITY OF THE ECLIPTIC.

First Article.

The ecliptic is the sun's apparent path in the heavens. If the plane of the earth's equator were extended so as to reach the heavens, the line of intersection with the celestial concave is called the celestial equator. The ecliptic crosses this equator at an angle of about twenty-three and a half degrees. Every few years some philosopher who knows nothing of astronomy, publishes as a fact that this angle is subject to great change—that at some period in the past, the sun has traveled far to the north, so as to make Greenland a tropical country, and mentions the arctic deposits of coal as conclusive proof.

I do not propose to discuss the question of climate, or of coal. One may consider Greenland a tropical country now, if he so chooses, I merely say that since the earth's daily revolution on its axis became twenty-four hours, the sun has not been within sixty five degrees of the pole; and this is equivalent to saying that the sun never was and never will be within the aforesaid sixty-five degrees. Consequently all attempts to explain the tropical climate of the north by means of the variation in the obliquity of the ecliptic, are absurd, and are known to be absurd, by all who know anything of the subject.

La Place has shown that the variation on each side of the value does not exceed $1^{\circ} 17'$. The variation depends on the disturbing influence of the heavenly bodies, (including the sun and moon) in the protuberant matter about the equator. Most persons who read this article know that the equatorial radius of the earth is longer than the polar by thirteen miles.

According to the mathematical proof referred to above, the angle of the ecliptic will oscillate back and forth forever on each side as stated.

R. W. M.

There is an old German play in which, when the curtain is rung up on the first act, a beautiful forest is presented, in the midst of which Adam is seen hastening to the garden of Eden to be created.—*Varsity*.

A NEW GEOLOGICAL THEORY.

AS DEVELOPED BY UNCLE TOM.

"O, Uncle Tom, what is this?" cried the little boy, one dark rainy evening in January, to the old darkey, who was busily engaged in thinking about something.

"I 'spec'ts, honey," said Uncle Tom, as the little boy held up before his eyes the picture of a fiery volcano, whose boiling lava was licking up, with great energy, crowds of queer shaped beings, who seemed to struggle as if the melted rocks were but water, I 'spec'ts dat am sum'thin you don't know nuthin' 'bout."

"Now, Uncle," said the little boy, climbing upon the old man's knees, and pulling his gray beard, "Wont you tell me, please?"

"Well," said Uncle Tom, "we's all got to live an' larn, an' I reckon I might as well tell you fu'st as last." Then, with a mysterious air, as of a man possessing a great secret, he rolled up the whites of his eyes toward the ceiling, and meditated a while; then he said, "Honey, that am a wolleycaner; an, why bless my soul, if dis aint de berry place whar ole Mr. Man done gone down an' seed what de insides of de world am like! It's mighty cu'rous, too!" Here Uncle Tom paused a long time, much to the impatience of the little boy, who had now become thoroughly interested in what Mr. Man had seen in his subterranean tour. But a second pull at the old man's beard, aroused him, and he said:

"Dis here Mr. Man's a pusseverin curious creature, sure's your born, and what he aint found out am sca'cely wuth knowin'. But sometimes he gits fooled, an' dis here was onc't. Mr. Man he up an' he says, says he, dat dis wolleycaner am a place whar de yearth am squeezed an' got hot, an' so boils like a pot; but dese aint de facts in de case, for it aint a place whar de groun' was squeezed, but whar it's jus' done rise up into a hill from de heat what was always there, like de blister on de dough in yer mammy's cookin' oben."

"How very curious," cried the little boy in amazement, at so much wisdom.

"Yes," said Uncle Tom, "but 'taint half so cur'ous as de beasts an' de beastesses dat onc't libed in de groun' dere. But dey's all dead now, mostly, an' we finds 'em in de rocks in de groun'."

"O, Uncle Tom, now did they get these?" asked the little boy.

"Dar, now," said Uncle Tom, "don't yer go to spilin' things by askin' what I was just a'gwin' ter have tole yer, if yer had hold yer hush. How did dey git dar? Well, 'twas in dis way:

"Once't s'pon a time when all de beasts an' beastesses was a disportin' of umselfs in de clearin', Brer. Gomfossorus he walks up ter Brer. Trilerbite an' up an' says, says he,—

"What were those names?" asked the little boy.

"Hush, honey, dum was names in dem days dat de animals toted wid 'em, and we mustn't ax why dey had 'um. If dey had 'em dats 'nuff for us, and dey did have 'em as sure as de jug 'ole Mars. John done gimme long 'go's umpty."

After a pause the little boy apparently not noticing this last allusion, Uncle Tom began again.

"Ole Brer. Gomfossaras he up 'an says, says, he, 'Mawnin' Brer. Trilerbite, how's your corporocity seem to segaciate this mawnin'?"

"O, jist tolerble sah, my left fashal sootyer is sort of decomposed, sah, so dat Sis Jirosserus says, I'se a natterral parraddox."

"Say did yer know dat all de creaturs is gwine swimmin' dis mawnin' in de big pond? Let's go 'long."

"Den da went nigh de pond an' Lor'! you'd orten ter see de sight ob de creaturs disportin' demselves in de water. Dar was Sis. Jirosserus a spinning like a cotton gin; an' Brer. Diniksis who 'lowed he could knock de stuffin' outer de hull crowd, an' Brer. Ike, de O'Sawrus 'lowed he could'nt. Sis Orsocrus was thar a countin' the pletes of her skirt, an' little Brer. Linger Leller who 'lowed he come from de oldest family agoin'."

"Brer. Brak O'Pod,' says he, 'I'se got blood."

"Blood!" says Brer. Brak O'Pod, says he, "why I'se got more lives dan a cat. G'way wid yer blood, yer skalpun."

"Thar was Sis C. Lily a making bows to de folks, an' if I was ter stay an' tell yer of all de beasts and beastesses dar I'de nebber git done."

"Now, wilt da was all a disportin' of umselves, de water all on a sudden began ter git fearful hot, an' biled an' biled an' got thick an' muddy. Den Brer. Trillerbite an' Brer Linger Leller an' dat crowd of beastes dey holler an' holler, an' at las' gib out an' sink to de bottom. De las' words Brer. Trilerbite says was, 'I 'lowed all 'long dis yer was a Prince Evil pond.' Next follered Brer. Brak O'Pod an' his crowd who sunk nex' on top, an' so on, de fishes an' sich beastes bein' de las' ter go; an' dis am de way we find um to dis day. Den de trees begun ter burn an' fallin' on top made de coal' an' at las' de grabble began ter fall from de top an' kivered eberyting up."

"O, Uncle Tom, wasn't it two bad," cried the little boy.

"Go 'long dar now to yer mammy, an' de next time I sees you, be ready fer to tell me what ye've larned," said Uncle Tom in reply.

O. S. U.'s. PART IN THE RIOT.

The O. S. U. boys who went to Cincinnati with the 14th regiment have been busy answering questions since the beginning of the term. Sergeant Amy who was wounded has hardly been able to give in his report as yet, but is doing well and says he will soon be as well as ever.

Of those who went with the 14th regiment, Sergeant Amy, Corporal Morrison, and privates Shanck and Poland are regular members of the organization. Private Shanck is the only one at present studying in the O. S. U. The rest went as substitutes as follows:

C. A. Davis, H. N. Thompson, and Harry Stockwell as privates in the Governor's Guard; J. S. Casey as private in Company F; W. E. Campbell, H. A. Woods and the writer enrolled in Company A, 14th regiment. Mr. Woods, Casey, and the writer were assigned to the Gatling gun, which on arrival in Cincinnati was turned over to Captain Slemmons.

Several other old O. S. U. boys were members of the regiment but their names are not re-called.

On the train everybody was speculating on the dangers we were about to encounter. Several suggested the use of dynamite and torpedoes, much to the discomfort of not a few of the younger members. Accounts of the riot were eagerly sought at every stop, and when about eight miles from the city we learned that the Court House with its priceless wealth of records had been fired. Had the regiment started as soon as ready, there is no doubt that the Court House could have been saved. It was poor management on the part of some one. We marched out of the depot without any of the expected trouble, and soon arrived within the barricades which the 1st regiment had built to protect the jail. The Gatling gun, much to the comfort of the squad, was marched in a square formed by four companies until inside the lines. The gun was sent to guard the east entrance to the jail, while the rest of the regiment quickly formed to clear the space in front of the burning Court House. After interchanging a few shots the mob was driven north, west, and south on the streets leading to the Court House. Sergeant Amy's company, Company F, assisted in driving the rioters across the bridge to the north and returning took the front place in driving another part of the mob west on Court street. They succeeded in clearing one square when both parties came to a halt. Company F was in line just back of the first alley with Company B, and the Governor's Guard supporting in the rear. The rioters sheltered themselves behind the corners on the first cross street, and fired diagonally at the men on the right of the company. A number of the rioters were brought down, while most of the men on the right of our line were wounded. Captain Slack was wounded and Sergeant Amy and Corporal Morrison were shot down. Sergeant Amy was shot three times, once in the knee, once in the left shoulder, and the third time in the left side of his head when he was in the act of loading. The wounds were all from heavy buckshot which buried themselves in the flesh, but did little damage. The men were in great danger of losing their eyes. Sergeant Amy was again struck with a pistol ball which entered about two inches below and behind his left ear. This was the most serious wound our men received. The ball is still lodged in the neck, but may do no damage. Amy regrets that he was not able to be at the depot when the boys returned. Morrison was around looking much worse hurt than he really is.

The Gatling gun was ordered around to assist on Court street, but the main trouble was ended before it reached the spot.

Soon after this, the report came that the rioters were moving down on us with three cannon and plenty of ammunition. This proved, however, to be one of those exaggerated reports to which we had not yet grown accustomed, but it tried the metal of the gun squad when Colonel Freeman ordered us up the street to meet the cannon. We were relieved of a load of anxiety and pulses beat more calmly when the cannon came peaceably inside the lines in the hands of the police.

The rest of the night was quiet, but no one inside

the barricades cared to sleep. When daylight came the men who were off duty strolled along the streets to view the destruction made by the mob or went to the jail to view the five dead rioters, the bleeding witnesses of the results of mob violence. The Court House was a blackened mass of stone and iron. The records had nearly all perished and the few charred remains that had been saved by the firemen who worked hard all night, were removed to the neighboring buildings. The doors and show cases bore witness to an immense amount of reckless shooting. All the fine plate glass windows had been broken with bullets and stones. Here and there were ugly clots of blood which reminded one of a slaughter house, and marked the spot where some reckless citizen had fallen.

As to the character of the mob it was very different from that of Friday night. It lacked the leadership and support of reliable citizens and at the time of our arrival was little else than a cursing, yelling, shooting gang of drunken roughs with no aim other than the wanton destruction of property and perhaps life. They were armed with clubs, stones and fire-arms of every sort. Cincinnati has a remarkably live, active and enterprising population, but she has a bad element which needed only the application of the torch by leading citizens to set it into a wild and uncontrollable blaze. Drink had much to do with it and the closing of the saloons by proclamation of the Mayor was one of the first steps toward order. The mob was made up of those who have so long enjoyed the license in dissipation that the city affords, and who have so long and recklessly persisted in the desecration of the Sabbath. The Queen City furnishes a school for her own destruction.

All day Sunday crowds gathered about the barricades, and we were frequently reminded of the dangers of the coming night. Foolish women and children were present in great numbers, among the spectators. The Gatling gun and companies A and B were stationed at the scene of the fight of the previous night. About 8:30 the rioters again assembled, and it was not long before the bullets came whizzing over our heads, and then came whole volleys from our men. Many of the rioters fell. The Gatling gun was fired three times during the night, more for the purpose of frightening the crowd than killing them. Six or eight shots were fired from the gun each time. It is needless to say that there was some unnecessary shooting on the part of the militia, but it served to show that it meant death to approach the barricades. One ball struck the barricade and another struck the hopper of the gun, just saving Lieutenant Knell who was standing in the rear of the gun. The bullets were nearly all high, striking the sides of the buildings, and the Court House in our rear.

With this night the shooting ended. On Monday, by the accidental discharge of the gun which killed Israel Getz, of the Governor's Guard, Henry Stockwell was slightly wounded in the back of the head. Monday night we did little but sit behind the barricades and snatch what little rest we could.

We can say little in favor of the rations furnished. It was poor living in spite of the solicitations of the Governor. Had it been Columbus the ladies would have looked after the feeding part with their usual energy.

No one was sorry when the order came to move to the depot. Mr. Casey became impressed with the demands of his studies, and tried to get off Monday evening, but missing the train he arrived only six or eight hours ahead of the regiment. None of the O. S. U. boys regret the experience unless it be Sergeant Amy who deserves credit for being one of the most nervy and best drilled men of the regiment.

The 14th justly won her laurels, and they were well pleased with the reception Columbus gave them. The O. S. U. boys were treated courteously by the members and officers of the 14th, and find them honorable, gentlemanly fellows worthy of the praise they have won. M.

A MAN ABOUT COLLEGE.

A migratory disciple of Minerva, who knows no law or creed, and whose identity is veiled in a *nom de plume*, may note many things which escape the eyes of a more consistent man. Not all the steam of a locomotive goes toward generating useful motion—some escapes at the valve in spiteful hissings, which, although aware that it is of no service, yet rejoices in being born to, at least call attention to itself. With which explanatory preface I begin my querulous utterances by asking, "Did you ever consider the advantages of being a Prep?" If you will but "advance and listen," then to you it shall be proven, beyond controversy, that under the present system in our University, the lower the class man the better the provisions made for him. The recitations are made comfortable to his economy of time and desire for healthy digestion. The three consecutive morning hours are given him lest he ruin his digestion over a cold luncheon, as the upper class man is compelled to do. Then, too, he must have these hours so that he may return to his room and employ the remainder of the day and evening in study. During these early hours the professors are fresh for him, and surely they require all their powers for preparatory work, even though they are jaded for the higher work of the afternoon. What does it matter though some higher class man comes at the first hour and is compelled to remain all day for another recitation—forsooth the festive Prep is long since in his room, and sure he needs the more time for study. According to this programme the examinations are made out, and admirably it works. The Prep is not detained a day longer than necessary for his much needed rest, and is rushed through. If any upper class man has to wait three and even four days for concluding examinations, why let him wait, for he has no rights which a Prep is bound to observe. A moral drawn from the distant future—"College classes with professors in the morning—Preps with tutors in the afternoon."

Just east of the Athletic Grounds, and next to the walk lies one of the neatest nooks of the campus—beneath the old sycamores. In summer the giants limbs hold out a sheltering canopy which even the remotest vestige of old Sol's rays can not penetrate. Now by all means let us have some good substantial seats

erected there, and the Sycamore Triangle will form one of the land marks so essential to a college.

Since we must have chapel exercises, let us have some system about it. You all know how annoying it is to have some men "re-echoing through the aisles" when prayers have once begun. If you intend to come in, do so at once, and do not render yourself a nuisance by plodding in after time. The doors should be locked promptly at the ringing of a third bell, and we should be subjected to no more annoyance from this source.

If we had more good old fashioned hymns and less searching after new and startling tunes, our singing would perceptibly improve.

By the way, the Annual Society contest is to come off shortly. Now, Messrs. Committeemen on Music, please do not harass our ears, nor exhaust our patience, nor yet compel us to split our gloves with applause by bringing up some home talent from the city or college. Take an example from Washington's birthday celebration, and give us a good orchestra during whose performance we may stretch ourselves and talk.

If your readers escape all bad results of this effusion, I may come again. In the mean time I am

A MAN ABOUT COLLEGE.

College Organizations.

HORTON.

The winter term was a prosperous term for Horton, materially as well as intellectually. The presentation of a piano and a fine canopy by the present and old members will mark the past term as one long to be remembered. On the other hand, there has been no quarreling and jealous factions in the society, there has been an interest and enthusiasm in literary work, and as the consequence the members may well congratulate themselves on a pleasant and profitable term's work. There were a few new members admitted, some of whom have shown themselves well worthy of membership. At the close of the term there were 53 members on the roll. Those who take part in the inter-society contest were excused from society duties, and they have been missed, as they are usually, among the most regular members.

One feature of the programme, which is coming into favor, is the lecture. A member informs himself on some topic or selects a subject with which he is already acquainted, and discusses it before the society with no manuscript, except perhaps a few notes. Some very excellent and entertaining exercises of this class have been delivered. Hon. H. Sabine and wife were present at one of the regular meetings. Mr. Sabine was called on for some remarks, and responded by commending the society on its work and offering some valuable comments in the habit of using slang. Visitors are welcome, and the society appreciates such suggestions as the one just referred to.

It is the custom not to hold society on the first and last Friday evenings of the term. About a year ago Horton conceived the idea of having a lecture by one

of the professors on the last night of the term. Dr. Townshend delivered the first, and Prof. Mendenhall the second of these lectures. Last term Prof. Smith lectured or rather gave a talk on "Student Life in Germany."

Work and then play, is a motto followed by the society, for after the literary programme is done and miscellaneous business has come, then look for the fun. It is not at all certain from what quarter the storm will come; it may be in the form of the election of an officer to fill a vacancy, the adoption of some new measure, or resolutions of censure against some careless officer or transgressing member; but it is sure to come. Amendments, appeals, points of order, privileged questions, and the descent of the gavel rapidly follow one another in quick succession and unending permutation. President Myers preserves the dignity of his office remarkably well. A question of some moment to the society sometime ago was, "What shall we do with Woods?" This gentleman has the misfortune to be gifted with some of the qualities of Ohio's great statesman. He has an idea that it is necessary to speak as long and as often as is possible on every point which comes up, and if he has nothing to say, as is most frequently the case, it takes him longer than ever to say it. With a good amount of wit, lots of preverance, and an unlimited quantity of brass, he is well nigh irrepressible, and what to do with him was indeed a problem. Finally it was decided to make him secretary and keep him quiet by giving him something to do. At first he found it difficult to record and talk too, and the society had a fine time correcting errors in the minutes, but now he says he has learned how to keep his records and talk at the same time. He graduates in '87, and the year '87-8, may be looked forward to as one of peaceful tranquility.

Y. M. C. A.

Our association, though not so great in number as might be wished for, does not lack in interest and enthusiasm with those who attend.

We sent four delegates to the State Convention of the Y. M. C. A., held at Dayton in February, who returned with new ideas for work, by which the society has profited much. One interesting feature of our meetings this Spring will be a study of the Bible lesson for the next day at our Saturday night meetings. All students are welcome to this meeting.

On the evening of March 11th, fifteen members of our association visited the Otterbein association. We were well entertained by the members, and all were pleased with their meeting. The feeling of fellowship between the associations runs high. A common conference between the associations at Delaware, Westerville and O. S. U. is under consideration for the Spring term, to be held at Westerville.

The association has placed in the hands of the students a small Hand-Book, containing much valuable information, and it is hoped that all who receive it will keep it for reference.

The meetings are still held at Third Avenue Church on Saturday evening, from 6:45 to 7:45. All are invited.

Local.

THE STATE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Pursuant to a call, delegates from several colleges of Ohio met at the University on Friday, April 11th, and proceeded to organize a State Athletic Association. From the temporary constitution adopted we get the following particulars: A programme was agreed upon, subject to the approval of the several colleges represented. The several events on this programme are as follows:

One hundred yards dash; standing broad jump; putting heavy shot; running hop, step and jump; pole vaulting; one-fourth mile run; high jump (standing or running); throwing heavy hammer; one mile run.

This programme will probably be slightly changed. In counting, each event credits five for first place and three for second. The highest total of each added separately gives the championship. The judges will be chosen by the Executive Committee, subject to approval of every college. Each University represented will probably be allowed to send two representatives, who may apportion the events at will, the credits of each going to the sum total of their college. The President was given to Dennison University, the Treasurer to Wooster University, and the Secretary to the Ohio State University. The first annual meeting will occur at the Ohio State University grounds May 31, 1884, at 2 p. m. The business meeting will be held in the forenoon of that day. This date allows delegates the holiday of Decoration Day in which to get here. Although this is the first movement made in this direction, the chances are good for its success, and indications predict a contest far beyond what we had expected for the first year.

PROF. SMITH'S LECTURE.

Prof. Smith having been invited by the Horton Literary Society to deliver a lecture on the last Friday evening of last term, kindly consented to do so.

He chose for his subject "Student Life in Germany." Although it was in the midst of the final examinations, the popularity of Professor Smith drew an audience which packed the hall. He spoke very highly of the city of Berlin, saying that its increase of population exceeded that of New York.

He presented on a blackboard a comprehensive table of the great universities of Germany, showing their location, number of students, number of professors in their faculties, and the dates of their foundings.

The professor spoke of the faculties saying that there are two kind of professors, the ordinary professors who receive their salary from the government, these being the older teachers, and the special teachers who are the younger men of the faculties, and, as far as teaching goes, correspond to the tutors of the American faculties.

The pay of the *special* teachers is derived from the tuition of the students who attend their respective

classes; their salaries vary therefore, with the popularity of the teacher.

The students were then presented both as at study and at play.

The study of the German student is by no means easy, and if he receives a degree at all, he must pass long years of steady application, after which he is required to pass a most rigid examination. The student at play is very different from the American student. His play is indeed limited. The literary societies represent the mean between the American literary society and fraternity. It is divided into three parts, that which we call the literary program, the business session, and the social in which they indulge in singing songs, drinking beer, &c.

The literary and business parts of the society are generally short, only taking up an hour or so, while the social part is kept up indefinitely for hours.

Professor Smith not only instructed the audience eloquently with interesting information, but amused them frequently with genial witticisms. The audience was attentive through the lecture, breaking out frequently into applause at the wit of the speaker. Every body was sorry when the lecture was over and would have listened gladly for another hour. Professor Smith will always be a welcome visitor to the Horton Hall.

FLOWER VASES ON THE CAMPUS.

A beautiful variety of ornamentation can easily be made by a judicious arrangement of metal vases set at suitable places throughout the grounds of the University. And there is but one way to secure the approbation of the thoughtful, viz.: That the inscription be brief and free from whatever may be objectionable or ephemeral. More than this would be mere garbage, and is absolutely inadmissible.

Whenever there is general assent to this way of managing the matter, the college authorities will do all in their power to accommodate the classes as they go out from year to year. Let 1883 come first, then 1884, and so on.

"Here lie the plugs of '83" may be very funny, but lacks in essentials when set up for immortality. "Go, stranger, tell in Lacedæmon that we died here in obedience to her laws," probably has a better chance of being known a thousand years hence, as an inscription over the dead. R. W. M.

DR. McCOSH.

On Wednesday, April 10th, the University was honored by a visit from Dr. McCosh, Princeton's venerable and distinguished President. Dr. McCosh came to Columbus to attend a meeting of Princeton alumni, which was held on the 9th, and visited our institution in response to an invitation from the President, and the Board of trustees. The city papers announced that the eminent philosopher and educator would address the students at noon, and this announcement attracted a number of visitors. The students assembled in the lecture room at the usual time,

and the religious exercises were conducted by Rev. Edward Anderson. After these exercises, President Scott stepped forward, and, in a few appropriate words, introduced Dr. McCosh. The doctor has passed the three score years and ten allotted to man, and one might conclude from his appearance that his period of usefulness is about passed. He is very stooped and nervous, but is said to have changed very little within the last ten years. He has a striking face, with a fine forehead, a prominent nose, and keen eyes. He wears short side whiskers only, and his hair is white and quite thin. In talking he walked backward and forward on the platform. He has not a pleasing delivery, and, although there was no lack of animation, the closest attention was often necessary to hear his words, on account of their indistinct pronunciation. The doctor said he would briefly discuss a few topics relating to higher education, and give the students some points about which to think. He first spoke of the great importance of the relations between preparatory schools and colleges. There ought to be perfect harmony between the two kinds of educational institutions. The lower schools should provide perfect training for those desiring to study higher branches. Dr. McCosh discussed at some length the question as to how many and what kind of colleges there ought to be in the United States, and expressed the opinion that it would be best to have about a dozen great universities, and a large number of smaller institutions. In regard to the relations of students and professors, the speaker took a liberal position, saying he thought faculties ought to have some supervision over the conduct of students, to prevent them from going to ruin. Speaking of theory and practice in college, Dr. McCosh said he did not believe in attempting to do much practical work. Let the students thoroughly learn theories while in college, and afterwards they can easily apply those theories. The doctor spoke lastly of the great importance of the arts. He thought the study of language a fine method of training the mind. English, especially, ought to be studied by every student. The remarks of the distinguished visitor received close attention, and when finished were heartily applauded.

Local Notes.

Next time the Freshmen get up a scheme we advise them not to tell any of their class.

The broadest part of the track belonging to the Athletic Association is to be covered with tanbark, and the rest with ashes.

Mrs. Henry M. Neil recently entertained the lady members of the faculty and the wives of the professors at Indianola Place.

The professors are gradually collecting around the University. Prof. Smith is building on Fifteenth Avenue, and Prof. Derby has a lot on the same avenue.

A new road, starting near Prof. Mendenhall's house, will be built to the new horticultural building,

and thence west to the road on the west side of the campus.

A new gas engine and dynamo machine, to cost \$1,500, will be placed in the physical department as soon as possible. The necessary appropriation was passed by the Legislature.

The members of the Y. M. C. A. have displayed commendable enterprise in placing in the hands of the students a neat little book containing various facts of interest to those attending the University.

The following are the newly elected officers of the Freshmen class: President, V. J. Emery; Vice President, Charles Davis; Secretary, Miss Clara Barmann; Treasurer, J. A. Long; Sergeant-at-Arms, B. A. Eisenlohr.

The Horton-Alcyone contest is near at hand, and, unless postponed, will be held on Friday evening, May 2nd. All points of difference between the societies have been agreed upon. The three judges that the joint committee on judges have decided to invite are Judge George K. Nash, Rev. Edward Anderson, and Rev. Dr. W. E. Moore.

The new edition of 'Students' Songs,' comprising the *twenty-first thousand*, has just been published by Moses King, of Cambridge. The collection comprises over sixty of the jolly songs as now sung at all leading colleges in America. It has the full music for all the songs and airs compiled by Wm. H. Hills (Harvard, 1880). The price is only fifty cents.

The editors of the *Makio* are working diligently, and it is expected that the annual O. S. U. reflection will be cast about the middle of next month. Several changes have been made in the Board of Editors, which now is as follows: Phi Gamma Delta, C. B. Whaley; Phi Kappa Psi, W. W. Keifer; Sigma Chi, Ernest Laundon; Phi Delta Theta, Harry Kahler; Chi Phi, E. E. Sparks.

The O. S. U. boys will come to the front. Mr. N. K. Cherryholmes, '81, recently graduated with honor from Bellevue, New York, Medical College, and at the recent Commencement of the Columbus Medical College, Walter S. Bunn, formerly a student at the University, was awarded the first honor. Mr. Cherryholmes took his examination while confined to bed with inflammatory rheumatism.

The most exciting election ever held at the O. S. U. occurred on the sixth of last month. The treasurership of the Ohio State Oratorical Association was the subject of contention. Upon the day mentioned, there were twice as many votes cast in the lecture as there had ever been before. The leading candidate was M. N. Mix. He was opposed by a large number of students, who believed that his fraternity, the Phi Gamma Delta, had, during the past year or so, got ten as many offices as it deserved. The opposition, as usual, however, was divided, and there was no unity of action among them. After the students assembled to proceed with the election, the preps were invited to sit together at one side, and it was decided not to drop the name of the candidate having the lowest number of votes after the first ballot. The vote of the three leading candidates on the first ballot

was as follows: Mix, 54; Smart, 25; Milligan, 24. Second ballot: Mix, 54; Smart, 23; Milligan, 22. Third ballot: Mix, 54; Smart, 28; Milligan, 20. Fourth ballot: Mix, 62; Milligan, 17; Smart, 28. Votes were cast for Taylor, Kahler, Mead, Peters, Twiss, and Miss Warner.

From the Cincinnati *News-Journal* we clip the following notice of the recent marriage of Miss Julia Warner, formerly an O. S. U. student:

The elegant residence of General A. J. Warner, member of Congress from the Fifteenth District of Ohio, was brilliantly illuminated this morning upon the occasion of a happy event. This was no less than the consummation of a boy and girl engagement entered into seven years ago by George M. Woodbridge, jr., son of the Hon. George W. Woodbridge, of Marietta, and Miss Julia, the eldest daughter of General Warner. The bride is a dark eyed, intellectual girl, who has for years performed the difficult office of private secretary to her father, and can talk as intelligently upon the finances or the building of a railroad as most ladies can about the latest fashion or a new recipe. She looked very sweet and womanly in her pale pink bridal robe. Mr. George M. Woodbridge is a rising young lawyer of Bellaire, O., who, though only twenty-five, has already won a good position in his chosen line of work, and we predict for him a successful career. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Wm. Addy in the presence of a number of friends and relatives. The bridal pair, accompanied by Bellaire friends, will leave on Monday for their home in that city.

The Freshmen have made one more effort to distinguish themselves, and, as usual, they started well, but ended sadly. The card in the last LANTERN about the negligence of the faculty in not replacing the vase and pedestal of the class of '83, called attention once more to the outrage that was perpetuated last June. It occurred to some of the Freshmen that now their opportunity had arrived. Their last scheme had failed, partly, at least, because so many had a hand in it. The wise schemers concluded that this time only a chosen few should be told the secret. Thus they proceeded, and, on Saturday, the 15th, after much toil and labor, the pedestal was lifted from the lake and taken back to its former position on the campus. The vase, which had previously been brought to the University from a neighboring field, was obtained, and placed upon the pedestal. So far, so good. But of course mistakes were to follow. The Freshmen next secured the services of a student who formerly managed a stone chisel, and had cut upon one of the sides of the pedestal this inscription: "Removed by '84. Replaced by '87." Thus this work was done, their glory won.

On the following Monday, however, there was trouble in the Freshmen family. Upon arriving at the University, the men of '87 found that public sentiment was decidedly opposed to them in charging '84 with committing the outrage of last June. Then the class divided against itself. Few, if any, were there who did not wish that, in the words of their motto, what had been done had not been done. Still, some were loyal to those of the class who had

made the mistake. Others denounced the class and about all its attempts, and still others confined their denunciation to the last enterprise. The matter was ended by Prof. McFarland, who had the vase and pedestal removed and placed in the basement, where it now rests.

Personal.

Miss Cora Needles is teaching.

Ed. Alspach is in school this term.

Prof. Mendenhall lectured in Cleveland recently.

F. S. Lilley expects to farm the remainder of the year.

Will Peters visited at Richmond, Indiana, during vacation.

Clarence M. Albaugh made a short visit to friends here lately.

Geo. Smart remained in the city during the most of vacation.

H. E. Payne visited W. W. Keifer at Springfield during vacation.

George W. Dun is in school this term, and will graduate with '84.

Miss Carrie Doe was in the city, recently, spending her vacation from Painesville.

H. A. Woods was among the volunteers to the Fourteenth in the recent trouble.

Will Heilman was married on February 24th, to Miss Sadie Eckenbury, of Eaton, Ohio.

Prof. Lord was called to Cincinnati recently by the illness of his father, who has since died.

W. N. Scarff was not able to return to the University this term on account of ill-health.

C. R. Vanderburg, of Starling Medical College, has become a member of the Senior Class.

E. M. Van Harlingen is now engaged in the city at Cornell & Pheneger's wholesale drug store.

Frank Raymond was at the University at the close of last term. He will be in school next year.

T. E. Holliday spent Sunday, the 30th ult., with his brother, Rev. J. C. Holliday, of Zanesville, Ohio.

Harry Stockwell distinguished himself with the Fourteenth at Cincinnati. He was slightly wounded.

J. W. Wilson delivered a declamation recently before the Third Avenue Literary and Scientific Circle.

John Dun, Class '83, is still engaged in work on the Geological survey. He is now in Hocking county.

C. S. Amy was among the most unfortunate ones of the Fourteenth, being shot three times. His wounds are probably not dangerous. He had a very narrow escape.

J. W. Conaway is once more with us. He will act as steward at the Dormitory for the remainder of the year.

Messrs. Woods and Smylie are canvassing Pickaway county, as agents for Blaine's "Twenty Years of Congress."

A. E. Howell is engaged in the study of law at his home near Flushing, Ohio, under the Hon. J. W. Hollingsworth.

Geo. Hanson is draughting in the Russell Machine Works at Massillon, Ohio. It is the same position he had last year.

M. N. Mix was second in command of an artillery detail in Cincinnati during the riot. He went with the Fourteenth.

Messrs. W. P. Bently, H. P. Smith and J. S. Rardin assisted W. S. Devol in some experiment work during vacation.

Prof. Tuttle lectured before a Farmer's Institute at McConnellsville, Ohio., Friday and Saturday evenings of vacation week.

Harry Hyatt visited the University the 3rd. He is at present engaged in draughting in the extensive Steel Works at Cleveland.

I. H. Fickel is editor-in-chief of *The Practical World*, a monthly published by the students of the Columbus Business College.

C. A. Paris and H. N. Thompson went to Cincinnati during the riot with the Governor's Guard, of which they are members.

Professors McFarland and Mendenhall recently visited Miami University, in company with several members of the Legislature.

J. S. Casey volunteered his services to Governor Hoadly during the recent riot troubles in Cincinnati. He reports a very interesting time.

Married.—On March 6th, at the residence of the bride's parents, eight miles north of Columbus, Mr. Wm. B. Alwood to Miss Seffie Gantz.

The many friends of W. M. McPherson will be glad to learn that he has almost entirely recovered from his sickness. He is back this term.

Charles M. Lewis, Class of '81, who, for the past year, has been in the West, has returned to Columbus, and is now reporting for the *Dispatch* and studying law.

General College News.

Pie making is among the senior electives at Vassar.—*Ex.*

The Persian language has been added to the curriculum at Cornell.—*Ex.*

The Harvard annex is a great success. Three girls have captured the affections of three professors already. If this keeps on they will soon run out of professors.—*Ex.*

A number of Yale men are thinking of making a tour on foot through France and Germany during the summer vacation.—*Ex.*

Russia is soon to have the most powerful telescope in the world—a thirty inch object glass—to be erected on the Pulkwa hills, near St. Petersburg.—*Ex.*

The Niagara *Index* rejoices at the arrival of some new billiard tables for the use of the students. We may soon expect to hear from there of Vignaux distanced with the festive ivory balls.—*University Herald.*

Cornell University has got a particularly fine Egyptian mummy from Mr. Pomeroy, America Consul-General at Cairo. It is something over 3,500 years old, and the covering of pasteboard bears a host of figures and inscriptions which are as yet plain.—*Ex.*

Several college faculties, with Harvard at the head, are opposed to the way in which college athletics are conducted. They propose to get as many of the larger eastern colleges to join their league as they can. They hope to effect that no college which belongs to their league shall encounter any other than a college team or crew; that no game shall be played except on college grounds; and that no "professional trainers" shall be employed.—*Adelphian.*

President Porter of Yale, recently gave this sound and wholesome advice to the students. "Young men, you are the architects of your own fortunes; rely on your own strength of body and soul. Take for your star self reliance. Don't take too much advice. Keep the helm and steer your own ship, and remember that the art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work. Think well of yourself. Assume your own position. Rise above the envious and the jealous. Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world. Don't swear. Don't deceive. Don't marry till you can support a wife. Be civil. Read the paper. Make money and do good with it. Love your God and fellow men. Love truth and virtue. Love your country, and obey all its laws."—*Ex.*

Exchanges.

The *University Voice*, of Wooster, in speaking of the late contest says: "C. W. DeLamatre seemed to be the favorite with the audience, with our own Fulton coming in as a strong second."

College Courier complains of a lack of sociability among its students; it also dwells upon their desolate hopes of being able to build a gymnasium. The skating rink seems to be their only source of amusement and exercise.

The *Cornell Era* contains a glowing account of the Freshman's supper. Judging from the menu, which is given in full, it must have been very much after the style of our own Freshman's banquet. We beg pardon for drawing the inference, but we will be justified in doing so when all understand that their first course consisted of "Cream oysters with puff

paste," and the last course, "Malaga grapes, fine celery and olives."

Dickinson Liberal. This paper is certainly one of the neatest of our exchanges. It is gotten up in good style, the paper is fine and good, and the type clear and distinct. The editors are to be complimented also on the spirited tone of the articles.

The *Baldwin Index* states that nine American colleges have adopted the Oxford cap. This is well. Heretofore, the only thing that has distinguished a college student from other people has been his bad spelling in his letters home for money to "buy books."

De Pauw Monthly cries for a gymnasium and an Alumni representation in the Board of Trustees. We give the echo. The five pages of locals in this monthly detracts from the interest with which it might have been received. Locals are interesting only to those concerned.

Notre Dame Scholastic: At the celebration of Washington's birthday, this paper tells us, besides the usual programme of orations, addresses, &c., the play of "Louis XI.," arranged in three acts, was performed by the students; a pleasing addition to the usual exercises.

Oberlin Review. Regarding the oration of our representative in the late contest, the *Review*, after severely criticising Mr. C. W. DeLamatre's delivery and gestures, adds, "He undoubtedly carried the audience with him, and impressed them more than any other speakers." It also adds that perhaps the audience would have been better suited had Mr. Fulton been tied with Miss Wheeler for third place instead of with Mr. DeLamatre for second.

Wooster Collegian. The last number was interesting, owing to the full notes given upon the late Oratorical contest. The comments upon the orators are essentially the same as those heretofore expressed through the columns of various journals, excepting as a matter of fact, the remarks upon its own orator. It closes in the following fanciful strain. "Ohio's orator has been chosen 'decently and in order.' Let us hope that he will go forth to conquer when the sunny days of May are making glad the city of the Western plains."

The *King's College Record* of Nova Scotia, comes to us beaming with college spirit. It censures the students, however, for too often satisfying their outside friends, of the Mrs. Candour type, by relating little college rumpuses, thereby giving rise to many unjust reports. It earnestly recommends the establishment of a chair of Agriculture at some one college of the lower provinces, and urges the Government to consider the matter, and confer the honor upon the best fitted college, irrespective of "denomi-

national difference." It also suggests that the Grangers be called upon to assume part of the burden, as the Provincial Treasury is now in a depleted condition.

The Dartmouth. In this paper, under the heading, "The Orthodoxy of Dartmouth College must be maintained," it is stated that "about three weeks ago a petition, signed by a hundred and fifty-seven members of this College, was presented to the faculty, requesting that the reading-room should be opened on Sunday afternoon. That petition was laid on the table indefinitely—in other words, denied." This subject of Sunday libraries has arisen in the minds of many students, and with the students of Dartmouth we question the wisdom of the reception that the petition received at the hands of the faculty. The Dartmouth faculty have also taken action against their Inter Collegiate sports on the ground that "the College is not called upon to act in view of any circumstances except its own, and till the evils of association with professional players are more apparent, it does not think best to adopt a scheme that will work to its injury."

The March number of the *Vassar Miscellany* greets us with its usual dignity. We are forcibly struck by the fact that, that universal object of compassion, the dude, is wholly ignored in its columns. It is also signalized as being the only exchange which does not, as a usual thing, deal in poetry. We clip the following interesting article from its columns:

"The rising generation is evidently not ambitious for College honors. The height to which the American collegiate mind is aspiring is far beyond and above any reward to be won by hard work. To study hard is not worthy any right-minded student, and to be a *dig* is to be something to blush for, or to be blushed for by one's friends. Quickness, slipperiness, good times and little study are the most desirable accomplishments of a College study. Is work old fashioned? Very. Who carves the first place for scholarship? Possibly the one remaining Senior at Hamilton College! The other ninety and nine do not. Ah! no, the highest honor is to be acknowledged the most prominent in wordy,—no, not always simply wordy, assaults upon the Faculty and Professors. The young enthusiasts of Princeton and Columbia, etc., are meeting with discouraging difficulties in their endeavor to cause a revolution; but when was the way of reform ever anything but the reverse of easy? And yet, if only a brave heart is maintained, the good time will doubtless come, when youths of five-and-twenty will occupy and fill completely positions from which justice and wisdom are at present so conspicuously absent. Let us wish the reformers great success, for we are Americans, and Americans all love freedom. "Make the trustees realize their proper position?" To an impartial observer it begins to seem that the trustees are indeed fully aware of their *proper position*, and that young America must soon realize that its age is very young. It is not hard to strike against the wall? It does not hurt the wall."

Flashes.

A new style of writing paper is called "Dude." We infer that it is a kind of foolscap.

A dude gazed intently at a giraffe for a few moments and sighed: "Oh, if I had a neck like that, what a collar I could wear."

A Smith Freshman defines college thus: "A place that's just perfectly divine; nothing but fun; but if fun gives out, then we study."

"Do you see that young man going along there?" "Yes, what of it?" He's got a girl on the brain." "Ah, judging from appearances she must have a soft seat."—*Ex.*

A young man having been requested at a dinner to reply to the time-honored toast of "Women," closed his remarks with the familiar quotation from Scott:

"O woman, in our hearts of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please."

Here his memory failed him; but after a little hesitation he continued in triumph:

"But seen too often, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

—*Ex.*

"She is the flower of my family, sir," said a would-be papa-in-law to a Senior who had been dancing with his daughter. "Pity she comes off so," remarked the senior, rubbing the powder from his coat sleeve.—*College Ohio.*

Prince Albert Victor, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, joined the Cambridge University last week. He has rooms in Trinity College, and will be treated as an ordinary undergraduate; but he will be allowed to keep his hat on when people sing "God save his grandmother."—*Ex.*

The Fresh sat in the gallery,
At the female minstrel show;
"I'm too far back," he sadly said,
In tones both soft and low.

I'm too far back," he sighed again,
"But he could no farther go,
For he saw a bald professor's head
Loom up in the forward row.

—*Ex.*

"Have you any midnight oil," said a Prep to one of our druggists the other day. "Any wh—I—I don't believe I understand you." "Why, when I left home my father said I must get my lessons if I had to burn midnight oil. I'll be hanged if I can get my Rhetoric, so I am on the lookout for some." The druggist sized him up for a few moments, and then took a bottle of liver regulator from the shelf with the remark: "This may not get your lessons, but it will take a great load off your stomach." He purchased and went his way.—*Ex.*

The Yale College Faculty has declared that hereafter when Juniors or Sophomores injure Freshmen, the guilty parties shall be punished just as if they had injured human beings.—*Ex.* The question with us, is, what is the judgment when Freshman attack Juniors?

LOVE.—Young Simpson (to the lovely Felicia, as they stand on the piazza in the moonlight): Miss Felicia, this world looks so dreary and lonely to me. I feel as though no one loves me." Felicia (in a sympathetic tone): "Oh, Mr. Simpson, God loves you." Simpson, after a thoughtful pause, suggests that they go in, as it is growing chilly.—*Life.*

"I wish I was a star," he said, smiling at his own poetic fancy. "I would rather that you were a comet," she said in a dreamy tone, that made his pulse quicken with hope. "And why?" he asked with a suppressed anxiety. "Oh," she replied, in a freezing tone, "If you were a comet, you would only come around once in 1,500 years."—*Ex.*

Junior translating *nunc ego omnino occidi*, "Now, I am all broken up."—*Speculum.*

HUITAIN.

She told me she admired my lovely tie,
And wanted it (and here she blushed for shame)
"To keep it and remember me thereby."
I did not see her cunning little game,
But yielded it, and in my mind I came
From her, a victor. Oh, the wretched jilt!
*She made six other fellows do the same,
And worked our ties into her crazy quilt.*

—*Argus.*

"Say, Bertha," said Louise,
"Tell me how kissing goes,
When on the young man's lip
A heavy moustache grows."

"Why, you naughty girl you!"
The blushing Bertha cries,
"What makes you think of kissing?"
And she hides her shameful eyes.

"How 't feels to kiss a moustache!
You wicked little elf!
Go and try it on a shoe-brush,
And then you'll know yourself."

—*Ex.*

A bit of philosophy from the "College Journal."

A CLEAR TITLE.—If a man would, according to law, give an orange to another, instead of saying, "I give you that orange," the phrase would run thus: "I give you all and singular my estate in interest, right, title and claim, and advantage of, and in that orange, with all its rind, skin, juice, pulp, and all right and advantage therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck, or otherwise eat the same orange, or give the same away, with or without all its rind, skin, juice, pulp, pits, anything theretofore or hereinafter, or in any other deed or deeds, instruments, of what nature or kind soever to the contrary notwithstanding. Such is the language of lawyers; and it is gravely held by the most learned among them that by the omission of any of these words the orange would not be legally conveyed.

The girls have formed their plans for leap year. To the bashful lover they will say, "Do you like home-made bread?" If he says "Yes," the reply will be, "Well, I can bake." Then if he doesn't take the hint, they are to seize both his hands, fall on their knees, and put the question direct.—*Ex.*

"What do you want to set such tough chicken before me for?" indignantly exclaimed a fair damsel in a restaurant the other day. "Age before beauty, always, you know," replied the polite table attendant.

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