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THE FORTNIGHTLY LANTERN.

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

VOL. V.

OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY, JANUARY 22, 1885.

No. I

THE LANTERN.

Issued on the first and fifteenth days of each College month. Board of Editors chosen from the Alcyone, Horton and Browning Literary Societies of the Ohio State University, and subject to confirmation by these societies.

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THE LANTERN acknowledges a very acceptable Christmas gift from one of its founders, Harwood R. Pool.

SOCIAL life at the college has received a new impetus. The social at President Scott's under the auspices of Browning Society, was not only a financial success for them, but it was a benefit in another way to every one who attended. There has always been too little sociability among the students and professors. The class socials of last year were a much needed innovation. Browning has done more yet for social intercourse by giving an entertainment which was not limited to any class or organization. These entertainments do much to promote better feeling between the students. We hope some other organization will take the matter up and that we have not had the last social of the year.

MR. PARSONS' LECTURE.

IN this number, we give a few selections from the many tributes that have been bestowed upon Hon. William Parsons. The voice of the press of Ireland, and England indicates the high estimation in which he is held in those countries. To one testimonial, we wish particularly to call the attention of our readers. The *York (England) Times* says: "The most influential and numerously attended meeting ever held in this city, amounting to four thousand persons, was held on Wednesday evening, for the promotion

of the cause of reform in England. All the speeches were vigorous and effective; but that of Mr. Parsons was the oration of the occasion. At its conclusion, the President declared emphatically that Mr. Parsons' eloquence had electrified the audience." The President of the meeting was John Bright, the grand old English statesman. Our readers have read the tributes of Dickens, Lord Beaconsfield, and Thackeray. Will not the students of this university go to hear an orator who has delighted some of the most eminent authors and statesmen of England? A few years ago, Mr. Parson delivered his first lecture in Boston, and has since lectured eighty times in that city of learning and culture. He has great popularity in the New England States, and is rapidly winning golden opinions from audiences in the Western and middle States.

PROFESSOR McFARLAND.

IN the last issue of the LANTERN reference was made to the offer of the Presidency of Miami University to Professor McFarland. We did not then believe the Professor would leave the Ohio State University. Since then we have been grieved to learn that he has about decided to do so. We believe the loss of Professor McFarland would be a great misfortune. Not only would this college suffer from the loss of a mathematician, and civil engineer of great reputation, but that loss would be a rivals gain. Ever since this college was organized, Professor McFarland has devoted his energies to buliding it up in the spirit in which it was endowed—to making it *the* college for the masses. That work was appreciated. His department has always been the most crowded in college. All over the country are civil engineers who rejoice to say that they learned their profession under Prof. McFarland. Those whom he has sent forth have always been the most active in inducing others to come here. Now the same talents and energies that he used so unsparingly for the good of this college will be used in the same way for the benefit of Miami. We are very sorry that the Professor's relations to this University are such that he can not see his way clear to remain. We hope the trustees will endeavor to get the Professor to reconsider his determination and remain with us. Wherever he goes, he may be assured that the good wishes of a host of student's who have known and loved him will go with him.

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THE LANTERN.

THE GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

Governor Hoadly's message will be a disappointment to the friends of the Ohio State University. We had hoped that he would recommend the requests of the Trustees and Faculty, especially those in relation to financial matters, to the Legislature. But he has not a word to say about the special appropriation nor the twentieth of a mill tax. The chief needs of the University at present, so far as they can be supplied from without, are financial. It has grown up to and beyond its present income. New professorships need to be endowed, further equipment is needed for the laboratories, and the library should have the income of a special fund as a regular supply for its needs. The message contains no mention of these important things. In what is said of the University, it is more noticeable for what it omits than for what it contains.

Only two recommendations are made. The one advocating the establishment of a Botanic Garden at the University grounds will meet the hearty approval of every one. The recommendation to consolidate the governments of the Ohio State University, Ohio University, and Miami University will probably not meet with such general approval. The advantage of the consolidation of the institutions themselves so as to do away with all rivalry, and put an end to requests for appropriations for the others which could be more advantageously used here, would be obvious. All attempts to do that have resulted in failure. To put them all under one management while maintaining three separate institutions would not do away with any of the evils. Miami and Ohio Universities must always be hampered by limited resources. The income of neither for the past year has exceeded \$9,500. That very fact makes it evident that their usefulness must always remain very limited. Neither can compete with the Ohio State University in university or technical education. The chief benefit of actual consolidation would be the acquiring of additional income by this institution, but since that has proved impossible, we see nothing to be gained by a nominal consolidation which leaves all separate.

PARSON'S LECTURE.—A good audience in size, and composed of the most intelligent and cultivated of our people, listened to the lecture of Hon. Wm. Parsons of Ireland. This gentleman is one of the most eloquent speakers that ever entertained an Indianapolis audience. He speaks without notes, and at times in an impassioned manner. The lecture was pronounced by the audience one of the best of the season.—*The Indianapolis Journal*.

General Literature.

THE INFLUENCE OF TOWNS AND CITIES
ON THE EMANCIPATION OF EUROPE.

After the overthrow of the Roman Empire, the Barbarian invaders quartered themselves upon the people of the country, despising the inhabitants of the pillaged and plundered cities. Thus dominions which had been the privilege of towns was now transferred and held with a strong hand by the country. The ruin of those prosperous communities closed for a time the world's greatest sources of civilization and freedom. But during the Ninth and Tenth centuries the revival of old towns and the origin of numerous new ones is very marked. Through Southern and Western Germany, Traves, Mentz, Worms and Nuremberg grew up with wonderful rapidity, many grew up about archepiscopal sees, others had their establishment in the forts erected as a protection against the slaves, some grew from the Roman camps and colonies on the Moselle and Danube, while still others grew entirely by their own energy and the advantage of their situation under the laws of trade. In their beginning these cities apart from the Cathedral and Episcopal palace looked exceedingly wretched; the streets were unpaved, the houses small and of wood. There were often no walls about them and in winter the wolves invaded the very suburbs. Their population consisted almost wholly of Vassals and Nobles, artisans or agricultural laborers bound to render to the Bishop or other Lords personal service and tribute. The Nobility being also the exclusive managers of governmental affairs. This is the beginning of the free cities of Europe, whose people gained their liberties by fighting for them inch by inch, and as early as the Twelfth Century flung to the breeze the banner of Municipal Self-government, and voted all through the dark ages. They at once became the firmest bulwark against tyranny in the State, and the centers of European intellect and freedom. Great in mercantile enterprise, great in political ambition they became the great centers of a life and progress which were preserved through the Middle Ages. To oppressed vassals possessing not a right their Lord was bound to respect, they opened wide their gates and received them as fellow citizens. The Nobles protested and paraded their forces before the city walls in vain, for their slaves had drunk of the cup of freedom now, and with their fellow burghers joined in the cry for liberty. Weakened by the desertion of vassals and the seizure of lands, the Nobility were forced to take up their residence in the cities which thus became one of the most potent elements in the destruction of feudalism with its tendency toward disintegration and slavery, and then, while knighthood was developed at the courts and castles of Princes and Nobles, where chivalry dwarfed the moral nature of mankind, and made skill with arms the only road to honor and renown, where "honor to the brave" resounded amidst the din of clashing arms, and woman cheered and clapped their hands at the conqueror as a victim wa

carried from the lists. Where justice was polluted with trial by combat and the maxim "might makes right" the only judge. While all this was going on in the country, there were flourishing cities in the land where very different views of life were taken, and an element was at work for the emancipation of Europe. For here the scientist and artist first began their work, the saw of the carpenter and the ring of the blacksmith's hammer mingled with the bustle of busy trade's people as they hurried through the streets at work. Here also Merchants Guilds were established discussing the protection of labor and the modes of increasing trade. Leagues with neighboring cities were formed and the most active measures possible were taken for the suppression of piracy and brigandage. They awakend new motives and feelings which gave the people clearer notions of what they fought for, and prepared the way for the emancipation of the common people of Europe by showing them on which side the power lay should the commons rise and assert their rights. The elective and representative system which they established and preserved developed true notions of government, and at the close of the dark ages, when the mind of man was ready to burst the narrow circle of dogma and superstition then prescribed by the church. We find the inhabitants of cities inspired with ideas of self government. They pour forth to the country men trained in economy and trade, and bankers whose enterprise asked only for protection in order to establish themselves in all parts of the globe, trained artisans preserved by these cities stood ready to disseminate their views at the first opportunity. Thus it can be seen that under the fostering care and protection of towns grew those elements which contributed so largely to the emancipation of Europe from the chaos of anarchy and slavery which existed during the dark ages.

C. A. D.

THUNDERBOLTS.

The subject of thunderbolts is a very fascinating one, and all the more so because there are no such things in existence at all as thunderbolts of any sort. Like the snakes of Ireland, their whole history might, from the positive point of view at least, be summed up in the simple statement of their utter nonentity. But does that do away, in the least, I should like to know, with their intrinsic interest and importance? Not a bit of it. It only adds to the mystery and charm of the whole subject. Does any one feel as keenly interested in any real living cobra or anaconda as in the non-existent great sea-serpent? Are ghosts and vampires less attractive objects of popular study than cats and donkeys? Can the present king of Abyssina, interviewed by our own correspondent, equal the romantic charm of Prester John, or the butcher in the next street rival the personality of Sir Roger Charles Doughty Tichborne, Baronet? No the real fact is this: if there *were* thunderbolts, the question of their nature and action would be a wholly dull, scientific and priggish one; it is their unreality alone that invests them with all the mysterious wierdness of pure fiction. Lightning now, is a common thing that one reads about wearily

in books on electricity, a mere ordinary matter of positive and negative, density and potential, to be measured in ohms, (whatever they may be), and partially imitated with Leyden jars and red sealing-wax apparatus. Why did not Benjamin Franklin, a fat old gentlemen in ill fitting small clothes, bring it down from the clouds with a simple door-key, somewhere near Philadelphia? and does not Mr. Robert Scott (of the Meteorological Office) calmly predict its probable occurrence within the next twenty four hours in his daily report, as published regularly in the morning papers? This is lightning, mere vulgar lightning, a simple result of electrical conditions in the upper atmosphere, inconveniently connected with algebraical formulas in x, y, z , with horrid symbols interspersed in Greek letters. But the real thunderbolts of Jove, the weapons that the angry Zeus, or Thor, or Indra hurls down upon the head of the trembling malefactor—how infinitely grander, more fearsome and more mysterious!

And yet even nowadays, I believe, there are a large number of well-informed people, who have passed the sixth standard, taken prizes at the Oxford Local, and attended the dullest lectures of the Society for University Extension, but who nevertheless in some vague and dim corner of their consciousness retain somehow a lingering faith in the existence of thunderbolts.

We all of us know that lightning is a mere flash of electric light and heat; that it has no solid existence or cove of any sort; in short, that it is dynamical rather than material, a state or movement rather than a body or thing. However, the word thunderbolt has survived to us from the days when people still believed that the thing which did the damage during a thunder-storm was really and truly a gigantic white-hot bolt or arrow; and as there is a natural tendency in human nature to fit an existence to every word, people even now continue to imagine that there must be actually something or other somewhere called a thunderbolt. They don't figure this thing to themselves as being identical with the lightning; on the contrary, they seem to regard it as something infinitely rarer, more terrible, and more mystic; but they firmly hold that thunderbolts do exist in real life, and even sometime assert that they themselves have positively seen them.

But if seeing is believing, it is equally true, as all who have looked into the phenomena of Spiritualism and psychical research (modern English for ghost-hunting) known too well, that believing is seeing also. The origin of the faith in thunderbolts must be looked for (like the origin of the faith in ghosts and psychical phenomena) far back in the history of our race: The noble savage at that early period when wild in woods he ran, naturally noticed the existence of thunder and lightning, because thunder and lightning are things that forcibly obtrude themselves upon the attention of the observer, however little he may by nature be scientifically inclined. Indeed, the noble savage, sleeping naked on the bare ground, in tropical countries when thunder occurs almost every night on an average, was sure to be pretty often awaked from his peaceful slumbers by the torrents of rain that habitually accompany thunder storms in the happy realms of everlasting dog-

days. Primitive man was thereupon compelled to do a little philosophizing on his own account as to the cause and origin of the rumbling and flashing which he saw so constantly around him. Naturally enough, he concluded that the sound must be the voice of somebody; and that the fiery shaft, whose effects he sometimes noted upon trees, animals and his fellow-men, must be the somebody's arrow. It is immaterial from this point of view whether, as the scientific authropologists hold, he was led to his conception of these supernatural personages from his prior belief in ghosts and spirits or whether, as Professor Max Muller will have it, he felt a deep yearning in his primitive savage breast toward the Infinite and the Unknownable (which he would doubtless have spelt, like the Professor, with a capital initial, had he been acquainted with the intricacies of the yet uninvited alphabet); but this much at least is pretty certain, that he looked upon the thunder and the lightning as in some sense the voice and the arrows of an aerial god.

Now this idea about the arrows is itself very significant of the mental attitude of primitive man, and of the way that mental attitude has colored all subsequent thinking and superstition upon this very subject. Curiously enough, to the present day the conception of the thunderbolt is essentially one of a bolt, that is to say, an arrow, or at least an arrow-head. All existing thunderbolts (and there are plenty of them lying about casually in country houses and local museums) are more or less arrow-like in shape and appearance; some of them, indeed, are the actual stone arrow-heads of primitive man himself in person. Of course, the noble savages was himself in the constant habit of shooting at animals and enemies with a bow and arrow. When, then, he tried to figure to himself the angry god, seated in the storm clouds, who spoke with such a loud, rumbling voice, and killed those who displeased him with fiery darts, he naturally thought of him as using in his cloudy house the familiar bow and arrow of this nether planet. To us nowadays, if we were to begin forming the idea for ourselves all over again *de novo*, it would be far more natural to think of the thunder as the noise of a big gun, of the lightning as the flash of powder, and of the supposed bolt as a shell or bullet. But the old conception derived from so many generations of primitive men has held its own against such mere modern devices as gunpowder and rifle balls.

But why should thunderbolts, whether stone axes or flint arrow-heads be preserved, not merely as curiosities, but from motives of superstition? The reason is a simple one. Everybody knows that in all magical ceremonies it is necessary to have something belonging to the person you wish to conjure against in order to make your spell effectual. This is the secret of half the charms and amulets in existence, most of which are either real old arrow-heads or canelians cut in the same shape, which has now mostly degenerated from the barb to the conventional heart, and been mistakenly associated with the idea of love. Old and pagan in their nature as are these beliefs, they yet survive so thoroughly into Christian times that I have seen a stone hatchet built

into the steeple of a church to protect it from lightning.

But it was the introduction and general employment of lightning rods that dealt a final death blow to the thunderbolt theory. It was urged, indeed, that the attempt, thus to rob Heaven of its thunders was impious; but the common sense of mankind refused to believe that absolute omnipotence could be sensibly defied by twenty yards of cylindrical iron tubing. Thenceforth the thunderbolt ceased to exist, save in poetry, country houses, and the most rural circles.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

THE NEW AGRICULTURE.

The following is the report of the *Evening Dispatch* of Prof. Orton's, excellent lecture on Wednesday:

The lecture of Professor Orton, this morning, was by far the most finished and entertaining of the State University course. Prepared in the Professor's very pleasing style, abounding in excellent illustrations, sound thoughts, sparkling wit, and beautiful language, it secured the close attention of the audience. The lecturer began by speaking of the many changes that have taken place in every land and in all professions of life during the last fifty years, and then proceeded to consider the changes in agriculture. The first characteristic of the new agriculture is its mobility—the freedom of motion of the farmer and his products. The influence of steam is incalculable. This mobility has given great opportunities for the collection of wealth, sometimes by sagacity, often by piratical rapacity. Mobility has made famine in this broad country impossible. There is always some Egypt to which we can go for food. The whole continent opens before us. Mobility demands greater intelligence in farmers selecting the crops that they shall cultivate. It emancipates the farmer from slavish routine and blind obedience to tradition and tends to place him upon broad and reasonable ground.

The same element affects the farmers' markets and his relations to trade. The belittling dicker of the cross roads store is a thing of the past. This mobility of farm products gives an advantage to mixed farming as compared with the production of any single staple. The possibility of moving insects from one part of the country to another is one of the disadvantages of this mobility that has become a serious question in both America and Europe. The same mobility is wearing away, to a great degree the distinctive marks and badges of the farmer's life, so far as they are outward marks. It gives the same dress and home arrangements to the city and country.

In the second place, the new agriculture is characterized by a wide and ever widening use of farm machinery. The use of machinery in his work broadens the farmer's intelligence. Many of his machines are so complicated that it almost requires a mechanical training to manage them. Machines spare the farmer's strength. They relieve him of much of the hard and continuous physical labor that has prematurely bent the backs and stiffened the joints of the generations of farmers before us. Farm machinery greatly reduces the time required for the necessary labors of the farmer. The time thus saved from the culture of

corn and wheat he can devote to a higher use, by the culture of himself as a social and intellectual being. Farm machinery multiplies manifold the power of the individual worker. The system it has brought to us tends to over-production of the great staples, and thus it defeats itself when viewed merely as a source of rapid gain. The highest use of modern farm machinery seems to lie in the amelioration of the farmer's lot, in the lightening of his burdens, and not as we are so generally disposed to count it, in furnishing him with the means to the rapid accumulation of wealth.

In the third place, the new agriculture is characterized by its attitude toward science. It favors and demands the application of science to every part of its wide world. The new agriculture, in a word, is scientific agriculture, or rather is to be. The old agriculture was wholly practical. Its rules are all empirical, its appeals are all made to tradition. Science takes the facts furnished by experience; makes intelligible the practice that we have accepted by tradition, greatly aids agriculture by suggesting new lines of practice, and directly protects some of the most important agricultural interests, by the microscope, scapel, the balances of the chemist, by the barometer, and the telegraph. "The new agriculture found the farmer laden with heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, the burdens of hard, protracted, physical labor. It has lifted these burdens and freed him from them forever. It found him bound to do his work for more of the day, and more days of the year, than the man of any other craft or calling. It has shortened his hours of daily labor and his weeks of yearly toil, and has given him the same freedom that other callings enjoy. It found him hampered and belittled in the disposal of his crops by primitive methods of barter. It has transformed him into a man of affairs, standing by the side of his peers in the markets of the world. It found him following tasks blindly, on the treadmill of tradition. It has opened his eyes and quickened his intelligence, and now he needs and uses as large a range of knowledge in his work as merchants, manufacturers, or bankers respectively require. It found him superstitious and credulous, planting his seeds, cutting his timber and cutting his meats by the phases of the moon. It leaves him still watching the moon, but the moon of the railway weather signal, by which, unless by barometer or telegraph, he plans his varied labors. In a word, it found him ignorant of science and jealous and impatient of its claims when he came to know them. It leaves him certain that his best interests are wrapped up in knowledge, and eager to learn what he can of the wonderful claim of cause and effect by which the Creator has bound the kingdoms of nature together. Have we not a right, I submit, to say that changes as sweeping and radical as these mark a new calling among men?"

"One of the most able, eloquent, and accomplished lecturers in the field. He stands among the first in the land. We have rarely listened to a speaker who had more ease and grace of delivery. Altogether, the discourse was one of the most charming, both in substance and in manner of delivery, that we have ever had the pleasure of listening to."—*Mr. Vernon, (Ohio) Republican on Mr. Parsons.*

Local.

ALL ABOUT IT.

GRAND SUCCESS OF BROWNING'S ENTERPRISE.

Some people wonder how a Legislature, with all its parliamentary delays and formal nonsense can ever accomplish anything. Such people must regard the Browning enterprise as a miracle. If big men get mixed up on forms, what about young ladies—all ladies—who don't know the difference between a call to order and a motion to adjourn and who hate parliamentary law? If the public could have witnessed the proceedings of that little society as they met day after day last week to talk over and try to plan for the great event, it would have been appreciated more than an oratorical exhibit or a regular prize fight. How they did jabber, and how much jibber it took to settle a point and how hard it was to tell how a thing had been decided after it was over! Some want ice cream and some don't, some want a high charge and some a low one, some want every thing and some don't know what they want, but all keep talking at once.

And then it rained, and all the boys didn't come when the clock struck six. It rained harder than ever. But a taste of Browning was too much for the boys. They could stand a good deal of water for a little soup. When the bell began to jingle, jingle, it was hard for the girls not to all rush to the door at once. They kept getting happier and happier as the parlor got fuller and fuller. And then when they went to the table and began to eat and paid real money, it was so nice. Boys, if you ever want to make the girls think well of you, just eat their soup as if you liked it and pay them double what it's worth.

But really the banquet couldn't have been better. (Some of the *mothers* made it.) The menu cards, executed by Tottie, were as exquisite as the delicacies they represented. Charlie Scott also tried his hand at cards and fixed in glowing colors a "caution. Any one feeling largely inclined (from appetite, generosity or conscience) will not be restricted in the amount of cash compensation," and a "Wise Hint. Pay for your refreshments with a silver dollar and refuse change." This little freak of smartness was worth from ten to twenty dollars.

The Brownings were wide awake to their interests. They would take turn about going in among the crowd and looking hungry. Some compassionate boys would take them out and pay them a big price for what they got. In a few minutes the girls would come back looking hungrier than ever and gauge some other innocent admirers. Some of the girls got most too much and have since vowed that their attachment to the society is not strong enough to get them to eat that many suppers again.

The affair had been pretty thoroughly advertised. Special invitations were sent to the other societies, the members of the faculty and the trustees. The societies held special meetings and adjourned. Of the faculty Miss Weld, Prof. Tuttle, Prof. and Mrs.

Smith and Prof. and Mrs. Derby, and Senator Godfrey of the trustees, were present. A number of citizens from the neighborhood also attended. A few of the boys brought up their girls from the city. Mr. Pomerene, with his majestic whiskers, was there having a good time.

Some of the boys wanted to buy a pretty menu card, but they were not for sale as they were intended to be stowed away among the archives of the society. Just what became of those cards was a profound mystery, for when the girls looked for them at the close of the evening they could not be found. They will make better traditions than archives anyhow.

The receipts were a little over fifty dollars and the expenses about seventeen, leaving the society a neat little sum to be invested in picture strings and carpet tacks.

The convenience of having an accomplished and gentlemanly florist at hand was realized in the success of Mr. Roth in adorning the tables with plants from the green house.

To those who are wont to wander about the college halls and peep through unlocked doors the scenes in Browning hall may not be unknown, but for others a few particulars will be necessary. An old table (slipped out of the art room), a few chairs, some of which are old and have broken or deformed limbs and an antiquated curtain are the articles of furniture. The blackboards about the room are adorned with promiscuous specimens of handiwork or wit. The society must have a poetry machine from the evidences on the wall. One prominent poetic scrawl reads:

Three little Browning girls,
Sitting in a row,
Ready when they're called on
To chatter all they know.

The following is the latest from the machine. A few teeth got loose after it had been turned a little while and had to be stopped:

All the "Nameless" Browning girls,
Short and fat, and slim and tall,
Joined in happy combination
To get the funds to fix their hall.

With soup and cake and oyster pie,
'Mid fuss and worry, mud and rain,
They've got their chink and had their fun,
By charging lots and getting treated o'er and o'er again.

HEROES OF THE HOMERIC AGE.

Outline of Mr. Parson's Lecture.

Troy and Professor Schliemann. The Story of 3,000 Years Ago, and the Marvelous Confirmation of its Reality by the Buried Treasures Recently Discovered.

SYLLABUS.—The Golden Age—The Early Morning of Intellectual Life—Homeric Manners and Feelings Three Thousand Years ago—The "Tlien and Now"—Aim of the Iliad—The Grand Opening Spectacle

—Three Immortal Heroes—Achilles and His Wrath—Ulysses, and the Wisdom of the Ancients—Troy—Character of Hector—The Parting of a Trojan Husband and Wife—A Deputation Three Thousand Years Ago—Description of a Feast—Helen the Enchantress—The End of the Wrath—The Broken Morning, The Stormy Day, and the Calm, Uncloaked Eve of Iliad—Professor Schliemann's Discoveries—The Foundations of Troy Excavated—The Subterranean Strata Read as the Leaves of a Book—The Buried Treasures—A Greek Pompeii—The Tomb of Agammemnon; the Silent and Solemn Witnesses to a Wealth 3,000 Years Old—The Homeric Heroes lying in their Graves arrayed in Golden Panoplies, —their Helmets, Shields and Weapons by their sides The features of Thirty Centuries gone by Preserved in Golden Masks—The Homeric Ladies with Golden Flowers and Precious Stones strewn over their Ashes —Breast-plates, Rings, Armlets of Gold, and Gems indicating their Royal Rank—Gold Cups, Vases in Alabaster, Ivory and Crystal and Gorgeous Sepulchral Decorations, all revealing the realities of Old Homer's Story.

Local Notes.

The number of failures last term was rather smaller than usual.

Kelly says he was lonesome during vacation. The boys will make it interesting for him now.

The department of Physics will be conducted by Mr. Randall and Mr. Marks for the remainder of the year.

No sooner is the intention of one Senior to commit matrimony known, than rumor lights upon all the others and accuses them of similar intentions.

The Farmer's lecture course commenced on Friday of last week. The first lecture was by Prof. Tuttle on the subject of "Foods." The number in attendance so far has been very small, and the indications are that the class will be small throughout the course. Only eighteen were enrolled on Saturday morning.

K—went into the Candy Kitchen some time since and invested in a pound of candy which he was about to send by messenger to a young lady to whom he had been rather attentive, when he suddenly discovered that he had forgotten the lady's name and address. He beat a hasty retreat, but as it is understood that the young lady got the candy, we suppose he must have found out the missing particulars.

The President of King's College, in an address to the Canterbury Young Men's Society, said of Mr. Parson's lectures: "These are not merely lectures, they are elegant literary compositions of great power in critical analysis. To speak of my own feeling, I frankly admit, that Mr. Parsons has filled me with astonishment to observe him in his off-hand manner, without note or memorandum, clothing all his subjects with an exuberance of graceful imagery, with wit, and a seemingly inexhaustible store of the most elegant language."

Personal.

Winfield Scott has left college.

George Angier is clerking at Smythe's.

C. A. Davis is local editor of the *Herald*.

C. D. Thomas spent the holidays in town.

H. A. Kabler spent vacation with his Xenia friends.

H. P. Converse spent part of vacation with George Smart.

B. A. Eisenlohr spent most of the vacation in Cincinnati.

L. G. Hosteller, of Wooster, '88 has entered O. S. U. '89.

Felix Holmes, foreman on the farm, died during vacation.

H. P. Smith has charge of the Freshman class in Anatomy.

E. S. Howells is superintendant of a coal mine near Manitoba.

A. E. Howell is teaching and reading law in Belmont County.

Charley Winter spent a day with his Fraters at the close of last term.

J. H. Fergus spent a few days last week with Addison at Zanesville.

D. F. Snyder of '86 has returned and will pursue his mining studies.

Frank Hill says that the letter he gets every Tuesday is strictly business.

Fred Marvin, Oliver Fassig, and Guy Comly were in town during vacation.

F. J. Pritchard and Wilbur Priddy are attending the Columbus Business College.

T. E. Holliday expects to take first honor in the Senior class at Franklin College.

Thomas E. Petre will resume his studies this term after an absence of several months.

H. J. and Woodworth, Viets, Aldrich and Jersey, stayed at the dorm through vacation.

E. A. Hermes has left college on account of his health and is at present in Cincinnati.

Prof. Tuttle will depart for the Crescent City next week, and expects to remain one week.

Miss Clara Barnmann will not return to college this term on account of the illness of her father.

Among the new studies at the O. S. U. is telegraphy with Mix and Devol as practicing operators.

Prof. McFarland's ocular trouble which has been so painful and persistent shows signs of abatement.

Dr. Courtright, formerly of O. S. U., later of the Columbus Medical College, is practicing at Basil.

Witty, pointed, eloquent, and well appreciated.—
From the New York Times.

W. A. Connell has recovered from the fever and once more essays the tasks of text-books and of lectures.

The engagement of George R. Twiss, of '85 to Miss Gladden, daughter of Rev. Washington Gladden, is announced.

Mr. Alwood says he is getting lonesome in his thirty acre house in Louisiana, and will return in a week or two.

The jolly young pedagogue, W. H. Miller, contemplates favoring the University with his presence for the present term.

What is our loss will be Cornell's gain. C. B. Whiley of '87 will remain at home for a time, and enter that school next year.

L. R. Sayler was called home by the death of his grandfather just before the close of last term. He will not return to college.

Charley Esterly was here for a day near the close of last term. He is doing well in his present situation at Lawrence, Kansas.

Who hath need of Parsons?
Let some one Rice and say,
While Prichard and Frambes add
It's a Priddy tiresome way.

W. H. Miller entertains the boys with stories of blood shed in the Hocking Valley where he was a guard for most of the Fall and Winter.

W. J. Root, '85 passed the first week of the present term visiting a lady friend. His excuse for not returning to college sooner is that he has been sick.

Part of the work for the New Orleans Exposition, that of the Educational Statistics, has been in the hands of Frank Taylor who has ably attended to it.

Among the returned faces of old friends none shines more benignantly than that of Mr. J. L. McMurray, who has been for a few months sojourning in Tennessee.

N. W. Gilbert has returned from Tennessee and spent a few days in Columbus on his way home. He will soon go to Illinois as general agent for a publishing house.

Van Meter forgot to change his headgear since he returned from New Orleans (if he has been there.) Forbear, Frank, your portentous sombrero will not hasten Spring.

Mrs. Dr. Townsend has been in New Orleans since Christmas. Her sojourn has been uncomfortably prolonged by the extreme state of backwardness of the great Fair.

The absence of Miss Clara Barnmann is not only a loss to the school in general, but renders vacant her position on THE LANTERN board from which she can be so illy spared.

W. R. Pomerine, disguised by what the ladies call horrid whiskers, dropped in on the boys the other day. He is studying law, and says he is so busy that this is his first opportunity to visit O. S. U. He is the guest of C. V. Pleukharp.

Prof. Mendenhall departed for Washington on the 2nd, to accept a position in the Signal Service. A host of well wishers congratulate him, while regretting their loss in his departure.

F. W. Speer, '83, will soon return to Mineral Park, Arizona, to take charge of the mining operations at that place. He has been in Columbus since May 1884, on business connected with his work.

George Smart has severed his connection with the college to accept a position on the staff of the *Dispatch*. Mr. Smart inclines to journalism, and we wish him success, and hope that his stay on THE LANTERN board, though brief, may have been a help to him.

Thomas C. Kelly is a special examiner of the U. S. Pension office operating in Illinois, with headquarters at Springfield. He is married now and declares that his family presents a picture of domestic happiness, well worthy the emulation of quondam Seniors—also Juniors, Sophs. and Freshies, provided they are sufficiently developed.

John B. Wikoff '84 examining clerk in the eastern division of the Pension Agency, at Washington, spends his spare hours studying law. He entered the Senior class of the Washington Law School, and hopes to graduate before he is called upon to step down and out. Christmas, he paid a flying visit to his friends and college chums.

THE LECTURE.—The lecture of Hon. Wm. Parsons, Tuesday evening, was not only one of the best, but *the* best of the course. We think this can be said without detracting in any degree from the merits of the lecturers who preceded him. The lecture was full of wit and wisdom, and valuable information, delivered in a wonderfully captivating and pleasing manner. Without making any pretenses to being a humorous effort, it kept the audience in the best of humor throughout, and at the same time gave them abundant food for profitable thought and serious reflection; while, as a literary and oratorical production it was admired by all. Mr. Parsons is an easy, fluent speaker, never at a loss for words to express an idea, and his oratory is of the mellow, gentle and captivating kind which carries his audience with him. He is evidently one of the best representatives of his race, a born orator, and an aristocrat by right of fine and gentle blood, with nothing of aristocracy about him, but a genial, cultured man, whom it is a pleasure to know and listen to. As we said, his lecture was the best of the winter, and every one was sorry to have him close. We only express the wish of all who heard him, when we say we hope he may visit us again. The lecture committee are to be congratulated on the fortunate selections they have made for their course of lectures this winter.—*From Minnesota Paper*.

"The lecturer was a stranger; but his effort was of such a character as will make him a welcome occupant of our platform henceforth. English in appearance, but Irish in blood and oratoric fire, he treated his theme with a happy mingling of biography, sketch, and anecdote, that reminds one of the plan of Thackeray's lectures."—*Springfield Republican*.

Fraternities.

Phi Delta Theta has lately entered Dartmouth and Columbia.

The Phi Psi's received a valuable addition to their number in the person of L. G. Hosteller, who hails from Wooster.

The Grand Arch Council of the Phi Kappa Psi will meet in Columbus, Feb. 18th. The Phi Psis are expecting a good time.

Harry G. Simpson, of Cornell, and Curtis Claypoole, of Kenyon, were here the latter part of last term in the interests of Theta Delta Chi.

By the death of Ex-Vice President Schuyler Colfax, the Betas loose one of their most zealous as well as one of their more conspicuous representatives.

Phi Kappa Psi reports a new chapter at South Carolina College, Columbia, S. C., thus reviving their old chapter there which was founded in 1857 and became defunct in 1873.

Phi Delta Theta has much improved her condition by moving into rooms in the new Hoster Block. The Phi's will soon have a pipe direct from the Brewery, leading to the ante-room, as the goat occasionally demands "bracing."

Lieut. Anderson, 16th Inf., U. S. A., '84 Phi Gamma Delta, writes expressing himself as well pleased with his Texas home. The Lieutenant commanding took advantage of Lieut. Anderson's arrival to absent himself from the Post, leaving the new recruit in command.

Although reports, far from flattering, have been circulated recently concerning the chapter of Phi Psis at Wooster, they are still alive and have five men on the chapter roll. They were unfortunate in a number of their men leaving college, but none were expelled as reported.

There were fifty active chapters and fourteen alumni associations represented at the late convention of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity at Nashville. Hon. J. F. Phillips, of the Supreme Court of Missouri, delivered the oration at the public literary exercises which were held in the Tennessee Capitol.

The December number of the *Phi Gamma Delta* has an excellent portrait of John Clark Redpath for a frontispiece. This eminent historian takes great interest in college fraternities. The Western chapters of all fraternities had in him an earnest friend and advocate during the time of the discussion of the question whether fraternities should be allowed to exist in Western colleges.

"One of the most able, eloquent and accomplished lecturers in the field. He stands among the first in the land. We have rarely listened to a speaker who had more ease and grace of delivery. Altogether, the discourse was one of the most charming, both in substance and in manner of delivery, that we have ever had the pleasure of listening to."—*Mt. Vernon (Ohio) Republican*.

General College Notes.

Russia excludes women by law from university education.

Of eight two hundred dollar scholarships recently awarded at Cornell, four went to ladies.

Nine young women have lately taken the degree of B. A. at the Royal University of Ireland.

President Arthur is spoken of as probable President of Union College, of which he is a graduate.

The State of Ohio is reported to have more colleges and ministers than the whole of Europe.—*Ex.*

Dean Burgan says God has forsaken Oxford University since women have been admitted to its examinations.

At Harvard work on the college papers is accepted as a substitute for the regular literary work of the university.

"The best school of journalism in the world," said Charles F. Thiving, "is the editorial board of a college journal."

At Amherst and Kenyon, students who maintain an average of 75 per cent. continually in their studies are excused from regular examinations.

Of the three hundred and sixty-five colleges and universities in the United States, about one hundred and fifty publish papers which range from dailies to monthlies.

By the will of the late Senator Anthony, Brown University will receive 5,000 volumes of American poetry. It is said to be the best collection of American verse in existence.

"A college journal is the pulse by which the faculty may determine the condition of the students." The College journal should be wholly independent of the faculty, if it would perform its legitimate function.—*Ex.*

Among great Americans who have expended their youthful talents in editing college papers, are the poets Holmes and Willis, the statesmen Everett and Evarts, the eloquent divine Phillip Brooks, and the pleasing author, Donald G. Mitchell.

The history of college journalism begins with the Dartmouth *Gazette*, which was first issued in the year 1810; and it is a noteworthy fact that Daniel Webster lent his first literary efforts to this college journal. To-day there are fully two hundred college papers regularly published.

Mr. Parsons enjoys a well deserved reputation as a lecturer and an advocate of social and political progress through Great Britain and Ireland. The address was delivered in response to a special invitation by Horace Greeley and others. The audience was both large and respectable, and listened to an unusually long discourse, which was only varied by frequent bursts of prolonged applause. Mr. Parsons is thoroughly easy and elegant in manner, clear and correct in delivery, and free, exact, and eloquent in style.

Exchanges.

On returning from the holiday vacation—the most delightful of the whole year—to hard work, we find our table well filled with Exchanges, among which are the holiday numbers of the *Varsity*, and of the *Oberlin Review*. It is very pleasant to find such reminders of the good times we have just been having, so we give our special attention to them.

The *Varsity* comes nearer to our ideal both in appearance than does the *Review*. Its garb of a pretty shade of blue seems much more holiday like than does the russet brown; and the pages within are filled with holly and mistletoe, and the beautiful thoughts of Christmas tide, while the *Review* gives us but one short poem on the subject, very pretty, yet only enough to make us want more. As we noted the difference between the two papers, the thought arose that after all it is but an expression of the difference between the two nationalities—the English and American—in the observance of Christmas.

The *Varsity*, quotes Mr. George William Curtis, who says in speaking on Christmas:—"It is a peculiarly English festival. By some essential and mystic tie it adapts itself to English genius; it is characterized by English feeling; and old Father Christmas wreathed with holly and pouring a full flagon of generous wine, while the Christmas log blazes upon the hearth and the young folks kiss under the mistletoe, is a huge, hearty, English figure." This is undoubtedly true. There is something connected with an English Christmas that we as Americans know nothing of. But why is it so? Surely the "glad tidings" should bring as much joy to us as to our English cousins. We admit, that, as the *Varsity* says, our festivities lack "association and remembrance," the greatest charm belonging to the customs of old England, yet why not make them? With us Thanksgiving has the history, and rightly, woven so closely as it is with our national life; but it can not have the joyousness of Christmas. We certainly owe it to the future generations as well as to ourselves to make our Christmas holidays as full of cheer as they are anywhere else; but this only can be done by giving ourselves up more fully to the pleasure they offer. This apparent neglect of Christmas is after all but one of the outcomes of the hurry and bustle of the fast life that we as Americans are living. We begrudge even Christmas day, and business is carried as far as possible even into it, while the English willingly give up a week for festivities.

But our pen is carrying us too far, for we are nearing the great question of the ultimate effect of this increasing rush upon our nation. We hope, however, that in the future the spirit of Christmas will be poured out more fully upon us, and that more of the college papers, with THE LANTERN among the number, will issue Christmas greetings in the shape of attractive holiday numbers.

The *Dickinson Liberal* has the right conception of a college paper. The school publication does represent the school to, at least, the college world. It

goes to the different schools over the country bearing with it an impression of the school it represents, which is good or bad according to its appearance and contents. And the responsibility of making this impression a good one does not rest entirely with the board of editors. If the students in general do not support the paper by means of their contributions and subscriptions they can rest assured that their paper will not rank as it should among college journals, and in consequence the rank of their school will be lowered. Surely it behooves every student out of loyalty to his college to support the paper.

The *North Western* in its issue of December 19th, gives a statement of its management for the past year. It is a statement that surely must be satisfactory in every respect, and we congratulate the *North Western* on its success. Attractive in appearance, and with interesting contents, it is one of the most welcome of our Exchanges.

LA FAYETTE COLLEGE, EASTON, PA., }
April 14, 1876.

THE REDPATH LYCEUM BUREAU:

Dear Sir: Mr. Parsons, who has lectured two successive years for us, has, in each case, given entire satisfaction. I have abundant opportunities for learning how he is regarded by his audiences, and all unite in praising him. He succeeds in entertaining where many of our veteran Lyceum orators totally fail. His ability to popularise his subjects, and his eloquent delivery, give him a strong hold upon the sympathies of the highly cultivated audiences, and those unaccustomed to lecture-going, as well as our more cultured city audiences. I am, etc.,

JAMES MONAHAN,
Sec'y Easton Lecture Committee.

"Good-nature, spirit, shrewdness, and good sense, shine out in his face. His voice is strong, well cultivated, and pleasant; and he speaks with a good deal of distinctness, though with great rapidity. All was fresh in composition, and pleasing in delivery. Indeed, the vivacity of Mr. Parson's style is perfectly charming; and the life and fire of his delivery are quite irresistible. The audience settled themselves at the beginning of the lecture with faces full of resignation, and therefore of dullness. It was a sight to see how after the speaker really began to get into his subject, they gradually caught fire from his enthusiasm, and warmed up into sympathy and interest. There could be no doubt that such was the fact; and, when Mr. Parsons closed, round after round of unusual applause signalized his success. The lecture was thoroughly popular in its character, admirably fitted for delivery to a large house, and calculated to do good anywhere. Liveliness, spirit, fluency, and a brilliant picturesqueness of style, were its especial features; nor was there wanting an element of genuine humour to crop out pleasantly here and there. Wherever good speaking and brilliant composition are appreciated, Mr. Parsons is sure to find favor."—*Boston Advertiser*.

"He is an orator in the truest sense of the word."
—*Leavenworth Commercial*.

PHYSICS.

AFTER BRET HARTE.

Physics! Well, you bet.
Like 'em? Look at my eyes.
Ward politics? Guess not
much—
That's work of mechanics—
mental, you understand.
Landlady says she can't
keep me—
Corner in kerosene, or looking
that way.

Text book used? Don't you
know?
Havn't you read the papers?
It looks innocent, the book
I mean,
Like a college Freshman—
vous comprenez.

"Book I. Mechanics," and be-
tween leaves of chocolate brown,
Well, put a dash, only the
good Lord knows!

Professor? Apparatus?
and that?
All of the best I'm willing
to own.
Been to Germany, and
knows a heap so they say.
Lots of money, you know,
to provide—food for thought.
Still we didn't strike
gravel in this—

"Mechanics. Book I." To continue.

Lecture room of the best let
me tell you.
In front is a board painted
innocently black;
A piece of chalk, very
simple;
A man before board with
the same.
What follows? Have mercy!
Don't ask me!
Measurement infernal, ana-
lytics, calculus and that.

Got busted? Old fellow
don't speak of that!
They say man has mercy.
Is a Professor a man? or
a what?
That question must set-
tle the question.
Have faith? But faith in
things human is cheap—
So philosophers say.

—*Cornell Era*.

"Seldom have we seen an audience more delighted or entertained. At the close, Mr. Parsons was prevailed upon to deliver a second lecture this evening, to which he finally consented."—*Sandusky Register*.

Flashes.

One of our exchanges tells us that the Cornell Freshmen will embrace twenty young women this year.—*Ex.*

There is a town in Illinois so rigidly temperate that they object to storms brewing in the neighborhood.—*Ex.*

Professor (to sleepy student)—“Shall I send out for a bed?” S. S.—“No, thank you, I have a crib with me.”—*Record.*

Now doth the wise student behold the man with the subscription paper approaching. And he ariseth and goeth to his door and turneth the key thereof and locketh it. And when the tempter cometh he knocketh thereat, but there is no word. And he saith to himself, “Behold, this man is out.” And the wise student extendeth his mouth into a smile, until the corners thereof are merged into his spinal column.—*Argo.*

At the University of Sewanee, Tenn., an order for a holiday was rescinded by a scientific professor, who foresaw cyclones in the peculiar antics of his barometer. The next day was clear and calm, and the boys, appreciating the situation, put on their rubber coats, boots etc., and attended recitations with umbrellas raised. They rushed through the soft sunshine as if pursued by howling winds, and shook themselves on entering the class-room, as if emerging from a drenching rain. The professor is doctoring his barometer.—*Ex.*

Freshman rhetoricals. Prof.—“K—may recite.”

K—recites one of two points and stops.

Prof. (looking on his book)—“Or—or——”

K—looks anxiously around in silence.

Prof.—still looking on his book)—“Or—or——”

K—gladly seats himself.

Prof. (looking up)—“Go on.”

K—“Oh! I thought you called on Orr.”

(K—didn't go on.)—*Oberlin Periwé.*

“Why is it, pa, that they call them commencement exercises when they are really the last exercises?” said a young hopeful who had just witnessed the closing scenes of a female seminary. “Because, my son, the girls do not begin to learn anything until after they graduate.”

“My son,” said a father to his offspring, whom he had just been lecturing on the flippancy of youth, “When you are as old as I am, you will not be so foolish, I hope.” “Hope I shan't,” was the rather equivocal reply.—*Ex.*

Prof.: “Mr. Q., are all bodies equally compressible?”

Q., (sadly but decidedly): “No, sir; not everybody.”—*Ex.*

Young Lady: “What sort of a man is Mr. B?”

Student (with charming frankness): “O! he's a d. f.”

Young Lady: “What fraternity is that?”—*Ex.*

“Veni, Vidi, Freeze,” was the remark of a Soph as he came into a recitation room the other day.—*Ex.* Similar remarks can be heard here any cold day since the new janitor came.

ALAS!

A ride, and by my side,

A lass to me so dear,

Next day the bill I pay,

Alas, to me so dear.

—*Tech.*

A LOVE GAME.

She was a pretty and frank coquette,

He was a lad in his Freshman year,

And they stood on the lawn by the tennis net,

With nobody nigh to see or hear;

The sun was bright and the sky was clear,

As he foolishly bent his tall young head,

And whispered the rules in her listening ear—

For she did not know the game, she said.

She was a pretty and frank coquette,

And her ripe lips met in the sweetest pout,

While over her eyes the arch brows met

As she studied the meaning of “in” and “out”;

And half in shyness and half in doubt,

Questioned, with low voice highly bred,

What this and what that were all about,

For she did not know the game, she said.

She was a pretty and frank coquette,

And her wrist was round as she tried to play,

But never a ball could she touch—and yet

She tossed with her racket his heart away.

Serve and return were one that day;

She missed until her dainty cheeks grew red;

He won the set, as a bold youth may,

But the little maid won the game—they said!

L'Envoi.

Such are the chances of war, I fear,

At tennis, where people at odds are set,

And one is a lad in his Freshman year,

And one is a pretty and frank coquette!

—*Bates Student.*

No more fond lovers linger in the wood,

(Alas! the balmy summer days are fled),

They seek anon another kind of wood,

The kind that's split and piled up in the shed.

—*Beacon.*

Her lips were so near

That—what else could I do?

You'll be angry, I fear,

But her lips were so near—

Well, I can't make it clear,

Or explain it to you,

But—her lips were so near

That—what else could I do?—*Exchange.*

“Mr. Parsons has an endless number of literary topics; and we can well believe, after hearing him in one, that he is at home in all.”—*Titusville (Pa.) Herald.*

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The special advantages offered by the University are as follows:

1. It prides instruction in a wide range of subjects.
2. It has a large faculty.
3. It has a splendid equipment for the teaching of science and its practical applications.
4. It is the only college in Ohio that gives instructions in Agriculture and Veterinary Science, Horticulture and other practical applications of Botany, that combines practical and theoretical training in the Mechanic Arts. The new Mechanical and Chemical Laboratories are the best departments of the kind in the West.
5. It is the only college in Ohio that teaches Mining and Mining Engineering.
6. It gives a thorough Military training.
7. All of these advantages are given without charge. *Tuition is free.*
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WILL DELIVER A LECTURE IN THE

Ohio State University Lecture Room,

Saturday Evening, Feb. 7, 1885,

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE LANTERN.

ADMISSION 50 CENTS.

A few Tributes to MR. PARSONS:

GARRICK CLUB, LONDON.

DEAR PARSONS:—I had apprehensions for the success of our project at the Exeter Hall, but you came to the rescue right gallantly, and placed our dear friend, Tom Hood, in his highest aspect * * * Good luck to you.

CHARLES DICKENS.

BOULOGNE, SUR MER, FRANCE.

DEAR BILLY:—Let me earnestly congratulate you. The thing (a lecture in behalf of Tom Hood's monument) was cleanly, neatly, deftly done. Your stand-point differed certainly from mine—but no matter how common the aim, each one of us sees with his own eye, feels with his own heart, and prays with his own prayer.

Your old friend, WM. MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

(Speech in Exeter Hall, London.)

That happy faculty, which Parsons possesses, of constructing historiettes—so to speak—giving the pith and heart of a matter in a few lively, graphic strokes.

BENJ. DISRAELI—LORD BEACONSFIELD.

PUY DIEPPE, FRANCE.

La version dramatique, que vous avez donne a mon ouvrage "Monte Christo," non seulement me satisfait pleinement, mais me remplit d'admiration, que vous avez pu conserver le recit d'une maniere si fidele. Agreez l'assurance de ma consideration distinguée.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, the French Author.