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The Otterbein Record.

A MONTHLY COLLEGE PAPER.

VOL. I.

WESTERVILLE, O., APRIL, 1881.

No. 8.



OTTERBEIN UNIVERSITY, WESTERVILLE, OHIO.

ITS DESIGN.—To furnish young men and women the advantages of a thorough education, under such moral and religious influences as will best fit them for the duties of life.

LOCATION.—The University is located in Westerville, Ohio, on the Cleveland, Mt Vernon and Columbus Railway, twelve miles north of Columbus. Situated in a quiet town, the University is yet within easy reach of the Capital City, and has railroad connection with all the larger cities of the State and country.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT.—This is a Christian institution without being sectarian. Pupils of any church, or of no church, are admitted. All are required to attend morning prayers during the week and church on Sabbath. Regular recitations are held during the week in Bible History, and N. T. Greek. The students have a regular prayer meeting once a week. International Sunday School lessons are studied by classes every Sabbath morning. A Sunday School Normal class is organized at the beginning of each year and conducted by the President.

We seek to govern by an appeal to the student's own sense of right and honor. When it is evident that a student is deriving no profit from his connection with the University, he may be privately dismissed.

COURSES OF STUDY.—There are two—the Classical and Scientific—which are equal to those of our best and oldest Colleges. A Preparatory prepares for College and for Teaching. Instruction is given in Vocal Music, on Piano, Organ, Violin and in Theory; also, in Pencil Drawing, Perspective, Crayoning and Oil Painting.

REMARKS.—Both sexes are admitted and recite in the same classes. The second Term will begin January 12, 1881. Expenses unusually moderate. Tuition and incidentals \$30 per year; rent and care of rooms from \$10 to \$20; boarding from \$60 to \$100; text books from \$10 to \$15; fuel, light, &c., \$10 to \$20. By economy \$150 will enable one to spend one year respectably.

For special information, address the President,

REV. H. A. THOMPSON, D. D.,
WESTERVILLE, OHIO.

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The douche is especially objectionable because of the liability of the patient to take cold after its use.

THE DOCTOR PRESENTS THIS MONTH SOME

NEW TESTIMONIALS

In regard to his TREATMENT OF CATARRH.

From the Rev. J. S. MILLS, a Presiding Elder, and one of the most prominent clergymen in the United Brethren Church:

DR. G. T. BLAIR.

Dear Sir:—Permit me to gratefully testify to the merits of your treatment for Nasal Catarrh. After suffering from a severe chronic catarrh of the head and throat for many months, your mild and specific treatment has effected a thorough, and I believe a permanent cure. I can cheerfully recommend your treatment to those similarly affected.

Yours truly,

J. S. MILLS.

From Mrs. C. E. Chambers, wife of a prominent farmer, Delaware, O.

Having suffered six long years with what is commonly known as nasal catarrh, and to describe my symptoms or to give you a partial account is beyond my powers of description. Suffice it to say, I had become so thoroughly diseased through my nasal organs that it was difficult to breathe. There was a constant discharge from my nose of a thick, tenacious matter, very offensive at times; "droppings" into my throat with a constant irritation. My disease had become so obstinate it had extended to my stomach, producing a constant burning and "water brash," spitting up particles of mucous matter. After eating, my food distressed me, and I had all the symptoms of a confirmed dyspeptic. My hearing was impaired, and my condition was indeed most miserable. I had given up all hope of recovery, having tried nearly every available remedy, but thanks to a kind friend, I was persuaded to try your most excellent treatment, and to which I am indebted for complete recovery from the dreaded disease, and I but speak the sentiment of a truthful heart when I cheerfully recommend your valuable treatment to any person who may be suffering from a like affliction.

From Rev. C. Hall, a student of Otterbein University.

Feeling under great obligations to you for the almost miraculous cure I have experienced through your treatment, I take this method of again expressing it.

Having been a sufferer for many years from chronic catarrh, the throat and nasal passages being involved, and having all the symptoms of catarrh in its worst style.

I followed your directions to the letter, and immediately began to experience relief, and now, after a few months' treatment, I am entirely cured; am now as healthy as any man, being able to carry on my studies and do full work every day. I can only hope that others who may be similarly affected may try your inhalant and mild constitutional treatment. I am sure there was no more aggravated case than mine, and it is reasonable to suppose you can cure other cases as well as mine.

From Miss L. H. Waters, a teacher in our Public Schools, Westerville, O.

Having used your local and constitutional treatment for catarrh of the head and stomach, I have been feeling decidedly better for the last two months than I have for years past. My digestion is much improved, and all headache has left me. My head feels much clearer, and I enjoy health better in every way. I feel that I shall soon fully recover.

Dr. Blair also devotes special attention to diseases of the glands, as the following testimonials will show:

From Mary E. Christman, daughter of a prominent farmer of Orange township, Delaware Co.:

Having suffered many years with what is known as Goitre, or "Derbyshire Neck," which had become so troublesome that I had great difficulty in breathing, let me perform ever so little labor. The growth of tumor had become as large as a good-sized apple if not larger, and had a tendency to increase in size year by year. Becoming alarmed at its continual growth, I consulted some of the most prominent physicians in Columbus, but they gave me little or no promise of a cure.

About giving up all hope of a cure, I applied to you for counsel and treatment, having learned through a relative your success in treating such diseases, and now, after a few months' treatment, the tumor is gone, and I consider it permanently cured.

This testimonial is a very faint expression of the gratitude I feel at being free from the dreaded disease.

From S. S. Ha'iday, wife of the Janitor of our Public Schools, Westerville:

This is to certify that my daughter, Mary, suffered from Goitre, or "large neck," for more than three years. The tumor was the size of the largest orange, and was certainly increasing in size. She had been under the treatment of several prominent physicians who done little or no good, and in fact gave me little reason to expect a permanent removal of the tumor, as some of them pronounced it an incurable disease. After many discouragements I was persuaded to try Dr. Blair's treatment for my daughter.

After taking his medicine and following his directions, the tumor has entirely disappeared, and she is now enjoying better health than in many years. I think the removal of the growth almost a miracle.

My friends and neighbors can testify to the truth of the above.

Consultation free. Persons at a distance can communicate by letter (enclosing a postage stamp), and all inquiries will receive prompt attention.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

WESTERVILLE, OHIO.

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First Door North of W. O. ROWE & CO.,

WESTERVILLE, O.

The Otterbein Record.

Mailed at the P. O. at Westerville as second class matter.

VOL. I.

WESTERVILLE, OHIO, APRIL, 1881.

No. 8.

UNION.

E. B. GRIMES.

[Oration at the Primary Contest, at Otterbein University, March 2d, 1881.]

From the central throne in Heaven descends a golden chain of knowledge, wrought by the hand of God, along which play the rays of light *Divine*, transmitting to our hearts and minds, a realization of the holy *union* linking our destinies to Him. Our souls, like harps with capabilities for joyous or solemn music, murmurs a response, chanting, like the choristers of old, praises to Him who fashioned the earth with its beauty and the heavens with its glory. Clouds, with manifold forms and fantastic tracery, joined with hands of golden light, gleaming in colors dipped in heaven, form the shadowy portals to the grander union in the shining galaxy beyond.

Yet, in this glittering union of light, illumining the canopy of heaven, are separate and distinct worlds with polar seas, level plains, and lofty mountains; seasons come and go, and, for aught we know, the modest lily tolls its perfume on the morning air; music, in cadences low and sweet, may fill the vales with silver tones; forms of grace, with the intolerable blaze of colors, far more brilliant than sapphire gleams, may be reflected by the sun.

But, beyond are the invisible and unknown realms of warm fancy's fair elysium; the present and known, even with all its greatness, sinks into insignificance when compared with the vastness of the whole; the same union that pervades the glistening arch of light, has flowed over the clouds, over the waters, and left its seal on the face of man; it extends

from the golden haze of the Torrids, and the rosy flood of their skies, to the icy palaces floating on the northern seas. Aye, from the creation, union is the monopolist of grace; its beauties are enhanced by the manifold draperies that envelope it, and the Palace of Nature, with laws innumerable, fixed and true, robing each thing with the vestments of union; light shining from the jeweled studded dome of blue, piercing the rayless matter until it glows in so varied forms as Castalia, high on Mount Parnassus, reflected from its mystic waves, colors of every hue. Waves of sound echo o'er earth's myriad strings, swelling into cadences of music, filling the lengthened aisles and fretted vaults with sweetest symphonies, blending in a harmony richer and more ravishing than the Sirens' songs that charmed, with magic strains, the weary mariners. The sunlit morning succeeds the moonlit night, the summer meadows, enameled with grass and flowers, succeed the naked forests and frozen lakes of winter. Elements acts upon elements; one atmosphere connects all parts of earth; the tides of the restless ocean rise and fall; the prismatic colors of the rainbow unite and gleam forth from the sun in rays of powerful brilliancy; the lambent lights of the pale-faced moon exerts its attraction upon land and sea; the pole star, the beacon light of the ancient mariners, the shekinah of the bright empyrean circlet, the unerring guide through the cycles of time, shines still from the northern zone.

All hail the union of forces that robe the morning in celestial loveliness, that deck the midnight heavens in sparkling jewels, that cause the earth to teem with blossoms and fruit for man.

Union is not only of outward forms, but it inhabits the souls of things, and we must seek within and beyond, and cease not as suppliants until its charms are present to our view; the heart has no formulas that guide its emotions, its impulses are quickened by a congenial object, the laws of our being are fulfilled, and so perfect is the union of parts, that heart and mind unite with heart and mind to form the union on earth, that will unite with the union immortal beyond; while the chords of our souls, strung o'er the Lyre of Knowledge, touched by the mystic wand of love, sends forth in low sweet tones, praises to the King on High:

O! thanks for the mind to perceive,
O! thanks for the heart to do,
O! thanks for the soul to guide,
O! thanks for the *union* of all.

The trinity of mind, heart, and soul, form the being, fashioned the image of his Maker; this trinity is unique, inimitable, embracing all extremes, all contraries, in a harmony that redoubles their reciprocal effect, in which, by turns, appear and are developed all images, all sentiments, all the human faculties, and all real and intelligible fields of thought. The mind reflects the images of the finite world, the heart throbs in sympathy for the lowly, the soul revels in dreams of the infinite—above only can we hope to find a union more clear, profound, and vast.

What a world of emotions; what sacred memories cluster round the one word *country*; 'tis the symbol of union, of law, and order of people, of states; within are accumulated the glories of the past, each victory and achievement is locked within its bosom; the same law that governs every innate feeling, binds us to our *native land*. And the cold stone monuments of centuries ago grow warm in the sunshine of the present; flecks of brightness dart from the deepest corners of dead Heroes' tombs, fluttering like protecting wings along the time-worn paths smoothed by

the tread of pilgrims' feet, binding with imperishable chords, our hearts in union, inspiring a love more binding than existed among the dreamy inhabitants of the green clad isle, who, "eating Lotos, day by day," 'till their minds and spirits wholly were bound by its magic spell. Each individual, each state, each nation is a union bound by sacred ties and holy remembrances, forming a *National Union*, strong and majestic.

America, is the *union* dear to the heart of each American, her stars and stripes, crimsoned with the blood of freemen, proudly float on the pure air of God, bringing protection to the home of the lowest or highest citizen, that union where the joys and sorrows of one are shared by all.

Though our hair be silvered by the frost of time, though dimmed be the light of our eyes, though kissed by the cold lips of sable death, union still stands; and a golden lyre, strung with silver chords, tuned by the hand of an Orpheus, played by the master hand of an Apollo, echoing in silver tones the sweetest symphonies, charming with a union of melodies the path of age, is but typical of the music from harps of richest gold, played by the choir of immortal minstrels, who welcome upon the golden strand the weary pilgrims, their choral of praises swell through the courts of Glory, and re-echo from the throne of Heaven, crowned by the effulgence radiating from the light of God.

The variety and loftiness of the invention of Raphael, the brilliancy of the coloring of Titian, the splendor, the opulency of Rubens, the richness, the truthfulness, the magic of Rembrandt's gloom, though decked with the crown of mortal union, are but illuminated with a light from the lustrous radiance, amid glimmerings of happiness and life immortal, amid polished temples and flowery wreathes, and the forms of angels, in clothing of gold, singing their songs in a language plaintive and sweet as strains *Æolean*.

How infinite soever be the union above us, the tiny ant has its home secure as the most brilliant star; the same star that suspended the nebulae in the immensity of space, robed the lilies and attends to the cry of the raven. To Him the earth and stars do reverence, the deeps respond to His call, infinities of distances hear Him and obey, all His works are enveloped with, and pervaded by, union. And, though the glory has passed away from the *cross*, it still illumines the prophecies and shines in His words, "Who spake as never man spake." In union the true God is revealed in His majesty and unequalled mein, for down through the misty ages comes a warning voice that only God is infallible, and time, with its ever effacing mould, marks all things for its victims, and the throne of man's earthly glory is but the foot-stool of God. In the midst of all He sits enthroned—who created all things and gave to His works such symmetry and harmony.

From His boundless fountain flows the exhaustless streams of crystal waters, gliding through their straight wrought channels, the golden light from the glittering fountain gleams upon the placid bosom of the silver streams, as they roll this *earth* of ours upon its axis and flood with strength and light the myriad inhabitants, and will continue to flow until the earth be rolled away, and these life-giving streams return to the Fountain of Heaven, for there is the origin of *union*, and there is its perpetual home.

—♦♦♦—
GEORGE ELIOT.

—
BY LIZZIE HANBY, M. A.
—

It seems like sacrilege for one unlearned and immature to attempt an expression upon the life and works of the queen of letters, so recently vanished from earth. A collection of some of the choice sayings made by renowned critics may be interesting to those

who have failed to gather the beautiful tribute so willingly offered by those who knew her best.

One wonders sometimes why it is that all good words are saved until one has passed beyond the existence where they would be of value. Surely less harsh criticisms and more commendation would have made the life of Marian Evans less bitter and joyless. When asked by Kate Fields, many years ago, if she were happy when writing, she replied, "I am miserable when writing, but I am still more miserable when not writing."

Perchance had not her soul gone through great tribulations and deep throes of anguish, we would never have had the tender, sympathetic woman, whose lofty intellect towered among the clouds, but whose hand reached down to paint the lowliest and sweetest human characters.

The world has lost not only a novelist, but a philosopher.

At an early age she became mistress of seven different languages. Hoping, perhaps, to gain the exquisite privilege of being judged by her works alone, she early chose the pseudonym of George Eliot, thus she was successful in deceiving many. One individual is of interest to those who shall read this. It is said by those who know, that years ago a certain wise professor of O. U. was relieving himself of some sophistry concerning the relative mental capacity of men and women, before a class in mental philosophy; and in proof of his false position referred his meek listeners to the very popular work which had then been recently published, called "Mill on the Floss," and solemnly declared that "no woman could have written such a work, that the feminine mind was utterly and forever incapable of producing such a masterpiece of fiction." What must have been his consternation upon discovering what Charles Dickens was the first to recog-

nize, that the renowned George Eliot was a woman. After the discovery of her real identity, this wonderful being wrote incessantly and boldly. One work followed another, but not in quick succession. It is said that she earned with her pen the sum of \$250,000. Her education was fine, and general culture rarely equaled. Herbert Spencer is said to have assisted in her education, but he denies it, and says in reference to the influence exerted upon her by Lewes: "For many years before his death, the controlling power of George Lewes was traced by critics in every line she published, yet to-day the untarnished fact remains, that clear as crysolite, steadfast as a star that differeth from all other stars in its especial glory, shines the untouched, inviolable gems of George Eliot."

The scholarly critic of the New York *Sun* says, among other good things, "When we regard George Eliot in her capacity of thinker it seems to us almost impertinence to compare with this woman any masculine author who has addressed an English audience through the medium of a novel," and goes on to place her, as a novelist, above Dickens, Waverly and Thackeray, and Mary Clemmer says, thank God the writer of this was a man and not a woman.

It seems strange that so many who have rendered their names illustrious in literature, causing the utterance of them to send a thrill of pleasure through the sensitive beings who have drunk from their fountains, should be blurred by the taint of evil. Wilson was unhappy in his social relation; Lord Bacon lacked integrity; Dickens had an ugly skeleton in his household, and all seemed to suffer by the wickedness in themselves. Whatever the social relation may have been of this gifted woman, she stood pre-eminent among women in the ranks of literature, and whatever her life may have been, she teaches nothing impure in her writings. She indulged in

what to all pure minds is sin, but she was in every sense, except in the law, a model of a devoted wife, and those who love her grieve that this important factor in the preservation of home, was impossible to them. We can only quote the words of the Master, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone."

After her first works, "Mill on the Floss," and others, she rose by gradual steps to higher and more wonderful creations. "Daniel Deronda" was eagerly sought for and read not only by the scholarly readers, but by those who little comprehended its deeper meanings. "Romola" cannot fail to interest those of us who a few months since listened to the profound and eloquent address delivered by Doctor Moore on "Saronarola," and later furnished the more elaborate article in the *Scribner*. Her school of philosophy, which seems to lead one to believe in fatality, is portrayed in "Tito Melema."

One can read "Adam Bede" from cover to cover, and never believe that its author was not a believer in the God worshiped and proclaimed by Dinah. In the *Independent* we find the following: "George Eliot's fine, strong hand never struck a blow at religion; but George Eliot's spirit—great, tender, inexpressibly sad—threw over it often the deep shadow of its own imploring and piteous hopelessness. We have only to follow her successive pages to see where the seer and sybil sank into the wise and un comforted philosopher. But amid the piled up fragments of worldly wisdom we continue to see to the end the commanding figure of one woman, full of nobleness, who somehow, always misses happiness at last. No stray passage, outraying the flame of the spirit reveals the inward life of this great woman as hid with Christ in God. All inspiration was hers, but the inspiration of Faith."

Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus, in his grand sermon on "George Eliot as a Moral Teacher," has the following: * * * "They see in

George Eliot the Michel Angelo of women. No little canvas does she use. No petty, meaningless characters does she make to complete a human scene. Every stroke of the brush is a revelation of strength for good or ill; every touch is an illuminated point whereto human moods and emotions crowd. She paints no little pictures. Everything is magnificent, for behind everything of hers is a magnificent soul. Common life becomes transfigured. The universal cleaves to the special, each shattered fragment of finiteness is bounded with the infinite. Into every nature pour rivers with no banks. And then, what analysis! Down into the marrow until life trembles and tries to hide in a motive, which she describes so truly that it is caught at last in its own solitude. All this with a reserve that makes it powerful, strikes our time with wonder." He also says, though sadly, that her religion is the religion of humanity without God, without Christ.

When we stand awestruck and filled with admiration at this tower of strength, certainly richly endowed by heaven, we grieve that this mighty intellect which swayed an imperial scepter among all her cotemporaries, was not baptized and quickened by the spiritual fires from God, which made Elizabeth Browning the daughter of Shakespeare. Her work of translating the Life of Christ by the German author Strauss, no doubt laid the foundation for her position of Agnosticism which she retained all through life. While she helped all over whom she had an influence, to do the very best they could, with the elements possessed by each, and the environments of each, still she aroused no recognition of a divine being who is able to aid the struggling one.

Suddenly this great light went out. Permission was granted to bury her remains in Westminster Abbey. Grace Greenwood, writing from Europe, says: "I am glad they did not bury her in the Abbey. She

belonged to the whole world. She lies out in the world yet but little removed from the vast city over whose struggling, aspiring, suffering human life her great heart yearned with a divine trouble. Over the grave of the greatest woman of England no bannered arches rise, no stained glass windows turn dusky lights into glory; around it shall come no sacerdotal splendor or stir; but above it shall unroll all the pomp of the heavens and by it shall pass the grand procession of the seasons."

And Mrs. Clemmer, from Washington, the following: "Oh! rare great nature, tender as strong, gentle as wise, loving as pure, in the far sphere where thou hast come to thy heritage, forget not those who love thee in the world where so late thou camest to thy crown; nor the souls in the Kingdom of Thought, desolate for their queen."

ON PUBLIC.

BY A JUNIOR.

[Dedicated to the Sophomore Class.]

It is highly probable that public rhetoricals were instituted in very early times. The exact date of their first introduction and the particular place at which they were first performed are matters of speculation. Historians have failed to inform us in regard to these vital points, and we are therefore compelled to rely upon our own resources in attempting to discover them.

Several reasons might be stated in favor of the view that King Solomon was the originator of public rhetoricals; but there seems to be no use in advocating this theory. There is nothing classic about it, and of course it is very much better to find their origin in ancient Greece. This *sounds* a great deal better, and the sound is something that must always be taken into consideration.

Distinct traces of performances which bear a striking resemblance to the rhetorical exercises of the present day may be discovered even in the mythical or heroic period of

Grecian History. The king frequently addressed his council, and both king and council spoke before the agora or general assembly of freedmen. A nearer resemblance is found, however, in the recitations of the lords and rhapsodists who presented their pieces to public companies. Now these rude performances, of which a fuller account is given by Dr. Smith in his valuable work on Grecian History, are doubtless the imperfect beginnings from which have sprung the modern public. And, even at the present day these performances seem to have a slight tinge of the mythical and heroic, which is *prima facie* evidence of their ancient origin.

For a long period there seems to have been little improvement in these exercises. The people of that age were not yet prepared to receive so much grandeur. In the time of Demosthenes, however, some advancement was made. Demosthenes was himself on public several times, and did very well considering his opportunities and the age in which he lived. Of course he did not enjoy the privileges of a modern university and could not be expected to speak like men who do have those privileges.

The full development of the public rhetorical was reserved for a later day and a more enlightened age. At the present time it has almost, if not altogether, attained its full development. No improvements are made, and there is no room for improvements. The institution is perfect. All that is necessary is for those on duty to prepare for the occasion and await its arrival.

According to tradition, being on public must have been a more serious thing in the days of our forefathers. Almost everything was hard to do in "good old times." But we may smile complacently at the simplicity and ignorance of former times—"we who live in the full blaze of the nineteenth century"—we who live in an age which, by its patent processes and short methods, relieves our over-burdened shoulders of much hard labor.

Let it not be supposed, however, that there is no labor connected with the preparation and delivery of a public rhetorical performance. There is generally a large amount. The occasion is a very important one—one that a Sophomore may well look forward to with fear and trembling. It is an occasion that is valued like a gem on account

of its rarity. It is an occasion that may bring renown and so forth.

Now, after fully considering the prodigious importance of the occasion, the problem is to prepare a speech in keeping with it. There are several solutions to the problem, but it is necessary to state only the one commonly adopted, that is to prepare and present a *splendid* oration—one of which it might be said as of Mark Twain's map of Paris, "there is nothing like it."

Of course this requires patient, persevering effort; yet the importance of the occasion brings inspiration. It is sometimes said that circumstances make the man, and how true it is. Circumstances often make a man a—very different person from what he generally seems to be. It took the excitement and opposition of a mob to call forth the oratorical powers of Wendell Phillips.

The delivery of an eloquent speech is perhaps more difficult than its composition. It is not at all easy to develop a voice of sufficient size and power, to give the proper pitch and preserve it through a lengthy discourse, to add force at the right times, and at stated intervals diminish it till it sinks to a whisper, and to express by the modulations of its tenderness, dignity, determination, etc., all at once. To gain these things requires practice.

Just when to introduce gestures and what shape to make them are also matters that claim attention. The gesture is very expressive, especially if not made properly. Several good places for gestures may be chosen, and the kind wanted may be selected, or the hands may be turned loose just at the time of commencing to speak. In either case the result will usually be gratifying.

By heeding these suggestions the performer may be on public with safety. There is no danger of his failing, and if there are any weak points in his argument, let him speak them with *force*, and he will come off with credit and covered with glory.

But after a performance has been prepared and delivered, what comes next? Is this the end, the consummation of being on public? The preparation of a few short weeks, and the accumulated energy have resulted in a mushroom growth of a single night. The task is completed, and by the fading vestiges of its effects is dimly traced the word

FINIS.

The Otterbein Record.

A MONTHLY COLLEGE PAPER.

MANAGING EDITOR, . . . REV. J. S. MILLS.

Associate Editors. . . . { D. F. MOCK,
MARY GARDNER.

Business Manager, A. E. DAVIS.

APRIL, 1881.

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STATE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The State Contest was held in College Chapel on Wednesday evening, April 6th.

There were only two colleges represented, viz: Otterbein and Oberlin, and each of these by the men who received first and second honors at the primary contests.

After several pieces of music by the W. C. Band, and prayer by Bishop Dickson, Mr. C. B. Dixon delivered an oration on "Life's Progress." The oration was very good, and especially his delivery deserves much commendation.

Following was an oration on "Byron," by R. S. Lindsay. His production was *highly* commended as an essay, but his address was not the best. Rapidity of utterance and indistinct articulation were points on which criticisms might justly be offered.

The band then discoursed a piece of music

—Rose Waltz. Afterward, "The Mission of Beauty," by A. E. Davis was discussed. Mr. Davis certainly deserves much credit for originality and order in the treatise of his subject. But he did not burden his words with enough of the soul element.

Mr. W. J. Turner then gave an excellent oration on "The Influence of Slavery on American Literature."

Mr. Turner is a natural orator. His subject matter was good, well cast, and filled with a pathos that held the audience almost spell-bound throughout.

The judges then retired for deliberation, and soon returned and announced their decision on the merits of the orations.

Mr. R. S. Lindsay being one of the men who received first honors at the Oberlin contest, was awarded the same here, although he did not receive the highest grades, as will be seen from the following figures:

DIXON.

	Thought.	Style.	Delivery.
Townsend	8	9	9
Bodine	8	7½	9.6
Nash	9	9	10

LINDSAY.

Townsend	10	10	7
Bodine	9.6	8.4	8½
Nash	9¾	9¾	9

DAVIS.

Townsend	8½	8½	9
Bodine	9	8.4	8½
Nash	9.2	9.2	9

TURNER.

Townsend	9¾	9¾	9¾
Bodine	9½	9	9.2
Nash	9.7	9.7	9.8

AVERAGES.

Dixon	8.79
Lindsay	9.14
Davis	8.81
Turner	9.57

The contest was highly entertaining, and well appreciated by the audience.

It was generally conceded by the audience that Mr. Turner should have received the highest grade, but not so generally that Mr. Lindsay should have received the second.

VOCAL MUSIC.

While Otterbein can boast of thorough instruction in the Classics and Sciences, while she has facilities to aid her students in acquiring thorough scholarship and culture in the more essential departments of knowledge, there is one department in which she is deficient—that is vocal music. Though this does not belong to the College proper, it does concern both the students and the institution. Should not vocal music be taught in Otterbein, should not the students be encouraged to give some attention to this most excellent accomplishment? The demand for it in both college and church is fully as great as for instrumental music. And surely we would not deem a university complete without a department of instrumental music.

It is certainly desirable to be able to sing, to have the faculty of song developed so as to appreciate and enjoy the sweet harmonies and noble sentiments in the world of song. The reasons why we should cultivate this power are too obvious and numerous to be argued here.

We all feel a want in this respect, a want which might, and which should be obviated.

Very few of our students are readers of music, and a large per cent of these are wholly destitute of vocal culture. Instead of half a dozen furnishing music at prayers, as is frequently the case, a hundred voices should be engaged in chanting the choruses.

Then song might truly be called a part of the devotion, then would the devotional exercises reach the end which they were designed to subserve.

Would it not be a paying enterprise for the students to employ a competent instructor, one who could wake up an interest in this line, and call forth the musical talent lying dormant in the souls of the majority of our students.

Time and means thus spent can not be

spent in vain. A couple of hours each week could be appropriated to this work with great profit. The talent for song in the cultured village of Westerville is at a gross discount, in comparison to general culture and intelligence. Society, like an individual, should be "well rounded out."
D. F. M.

Locals.

Were you April fooled?

What a jolly time we did have manipulating the spade that Sat.!

A fair number of new students have entered college for the last quarter of the year.

The boys say that Misses Fisher and Pete were awfully kind and hospitable in spreading for them such a sumptuous table!

Why don't you return those reeds which you stole out of Bro. Weller's organ?

Rev. Dr. Willits, of Philadelphia, Pa., will deliver the lecture before the Four Societies.

By the request of the senior class, President Thompson will deliver the baccalaureate address on the 2d of June.

Mr. Wilkinson has entered school again, and will take charge of the writing department.

On account of ill health Professor McFadden has not been able to meet his classes the past week. We hope he may soon recover.

The lady societies had their installation exercises on the evening of the 21st of March. If gentlemen are competent judges they were very good.

The moustache Glee Club has gone the way of all the earth, but from its ashes has arisen the Philharmonic; long may it live!

No organ in the chapel yet! Would it not be policy (and conducive of melody) to replace the pedal organ, and have Professor Todd preside?

This deep snow has enabled the street commissioners to gain the approbation of citizens and students. Quite a valuable thing just before election.

The alumni of O. U. will have a grand reunion next commencement, it being the twenty-fifth commencement of the college. Let there be a general assembling of old graduates.

The citizens of Westerville have petitioned the C. Mt. V. & C. railroad to run a morning train south, to accommodate men who work or have business in Columbus. But have not yet succeeded.

President Thompson was absent from the 17th to the 21st. He attended an anti-secrecy convention at Dunkirk, O., where he delivered a lecture on "secrecy." From there he went to Ann Arbor where he lectured on "Temperance," both Sunday and Sunday evening. His private hours were spent with Professor Olney, and the President of the University. He says it is a stirring place.

Many wonder, no doubt, who those gentlemen were to whom Misses Fisher felt constrained to make such a courteous apology, the other morning at prayers. O, ye cowards! who do shrink and skulk away from one so harmless; ye knights of O. U., have your brave hearts failed you? Why did you forsake your noble enterprise on account of the mere approach of a woman to give you a reception? O, ye base, ignoble cowards, who do crouch beneath the lash of a gentle woman's glance!

Personals.

(This column is given to notices of graduates, old students, and those now connected with the University. We earnestly solicit the assistance of graduates and old students, by sending us notices of themselves and others in order that it may be full and interesting.)

'65. REV. E. B. KEPHART is president of Western College, situated at Western, Iowa.

'70. REV. FREDRICK RIEBLE resides at Gal-
loway, and is pastor of a charge west of Co-
lumbus. We understand he contemplates
moving to Westerville.

'72. LILLIE A. KEISTER, of Dayton, Ohio,
having returned from a visit in Pennsylvania,
is now visiting her parents at this place.

'73. F. A. RAMSEY, of Galion, was in town
last week.

'73. ELIJAH TABLER is teaching at Mar-
tinsburg, W. Va.

'74. ALICE L. RESLER has returned to her
home in our city after a lengthy visit in
Pennsylvania.

'75. LAURA A. BOWERSOX is visiting friends
in Westerville.

'78. DAN. REAMER, JR., spent a few days
with "Dick," and his former friends at O.
U., some weeks ago. He was on his way to
Toledo, Iowa, where he intends engaging in
the practice of law. Success to you Dan.

'83. J. O. STEPHENS left school the first of
last week; he went to Buchanan, W. Va.,
where he expects to conduct a normal school
this summer.

'83. C. HALL attended conference at
Parkersburg, W. Va.

MISS LAURA RESLER, who has been attend-
ing a music school in Boston during the past
winter, has returned to Westerville. She
will teach vocal music and voice culture in
O. U. this spring.

R. P. MILLER, who was teaching near Condit, O., has returned to school.

C. N. QUEEN left Westerville for his home Saturday. He will not be back this term.

FRANK SELVAGE, an old student, was in town last week. He is reading law occasionally.

P. F. WILKINSON, who was training verdant minds, this winter, is again in school. He will teach book-keeping and penmanship.

FRANK CUPP, who has been teaching school at Pickerington the past winter, is now at home; after a three weeks' vacation he will return for another three months.

College Items.

MICHIGAN University is soon to have a daily paper.

OBERLIN authorities have rescinded the law against baseball.

EDISON will preside over a chair of dynamic electricity in Oberlin.

MICHIGAN University has lately introduced the study of journalism.

THE Bates Sophomores have chosen a colored man as their orator.

LAST year the expenses of Columbia College were about \$325,000.

SIXTY-TWO per cent. of Harvard's graduates of last year studied law.

OVER nine-tenths of the colleges of Ohio are under Christian supervision.

AMHERST has no more weekly rhetoricals, or examinations; Wellesley no more commencement exercises. The day of reformation is at hand.

PROF. CARTER, of Yale, was recently elected to the presidency of Williams College.

THERE are over 7,000 American students attending the schools and universities of Germany.

NOT long since a class in Phonography was organized. The art is said to be easily learned.

EX-PRESIDENT Hayes has received the degree of L.L. D., from the John Hopkins University.

THE people of Harvard are trying to raise a fund for retired professors. \$21,00 is already subscribed.

THE Seniors of Williams College are required to recite twice a day; more time allowed for reading.

TUITION fees of some of the leading colleges: Syracuse \$60, Cornell \$75, Boudoin and Rochester the same, Brown \$85, Dartmouth \$80, Williams \$90, Amherst \$100, Yale \$150, Harvard \$150, Ann Arbor \$20.

IN the present Congress, thirty-four out of seventy-seven Senators, and one hundred and twenty-eight out of two hundred and ninety-three Representatives are college graduates. The eastern States have seven, the western eleven, and the southern fourteen.—*Berkalezan*.

JOHN HARVARD, the founder of Harvard College, was an Englishman who came to this country and died at Charlestown, Mass., Sept. 24th, 1538. He left £700 to found a college. A monument to his memory was erected in Charlestown by the alumni of the college, and was unveiled in 1828, with an address by Edward Everett. The late James Savage once offered \$100 a line for five lines about John Harvard, but got no information, showing how little was known about him.—*Echo*.

THE famous Lowell Institute, of Boston, was founded by John Lowell, in 1836, who left it a legacy of \$250,000, which is said to have trebled in value. Courses on physics, chemistry, botany, zoölogy, mineralogy, literature, natural theology, and such other subjects "as the wants and tastes of the age may demand" are given each winter.

Vanities.

JUNIOR—"Well, I am an aspirant to that office."

PROF.—"What is a miracle?" Student—"The doing of something that can't be done."

A SPANISH contemporary announces that there has just died in London, "el notable escritor ingles, Tomas Carlily." And this is fame!

PHOTOGRAPHER—"You look smile sober; a little." He smiles. "Not so much, sir, my instrument is too small to encompass the opening."

A YOUNG lady, speaking about her prospects in life, said: "The height of my ambition is to become wife of the President of the United States."

AN Irish peasant, being asked why he permitted his pig to take up his quarters with the family, said: "Why not, doesn't the place afford ivery convanience that a pig can require?"

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

AN Iowa farmer declares, upon his solemn honor as a gentleman, that the last grasshopper leaving the State stood on a gate-post and said: "Get some more fence-rails ready for us by next June."

OUR ancestors, the monkeys, are not so ignorant after all; they were all educated in the higher branches.

A NEW YORK boarding-house took fire the other night, and the flames got as far as the pantry, when they went out for want of fuel.

"KNOW all men by these presents," read the old bachelor lawyer. "Why don't they put in women, too?" asked his lady client. "Because," said the old bachelor, "if one woman knows it all women know it."

LETTER from his well beloved to a young gummy: "Finally, my ownest own, understand that I love you more for your defects than for your moral qualities, and thus judge of the boundlessness of my love for you."

AMANTIUM Iræ.—Angry wife of his bosom—"I wish I was dead and cremated, and my ashes put into an urn on your dressing-room table, and then perhaps you'd be s-s-sorry!" Facetious monster—"My dear, that wouldn't end the family jars—it would only begin them."—*Punch*.

LONDON TRUTH—"They tell a good many stories of Mr. J. H. Byron's wit. One runs as follows: A noise of sawing and carpentry was heard behind after the production of new play. 'Dear me, what are they doing?' asked Mr. Byron's companion. 'Nothing,' he observed sententiously, they are only cutting out the last act."

A GALVESTON man went to the doctor and told him: "Doctor, there is something the matter with my brain. After any severe mental exertions I have a headache. What is the remedy for it?" "The best remedy is to get yourself elected to the Legislature, where you will have no occasion to think." The patient replied if it wasn't for the sake of his children he would make the experiment. He didn't want them to go through life with a stigma attached to their names.—*Galveston News*.

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
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