

farewell to his friends and mounting his sturdy mule is soon climbing the road which winds up the mountain, half a mile away. Here he pauses to take a last look at Granada, and in his description of the scene before him he bids farewell to the reader.

"The setting sun as usual shed a melancholy effulgence on the ruddy towers of the Alhambra. I could faintly discern the balcony window of the Tower of Comares where I had indulged so many delightful reveries. The purple haze of a summer evening was gathering over the Vega. Every thing was lovely but tenderly and sadly so to my parting gaze.

A little farther and Granada, the Vega, and the Alhambra were shut from my view and thus ended one of the happiest dreams of my life."

Readers, closing Irving's book for the last time usually agree that some of the pleasantest hours in their lives were those spent in reading the Alhambra.

### ✦ Editorial Department. ✦

Write on subjects of more general interest is the constant cry of our readers. In this issue we will endeavor to please their fastidious taste by a slight digression from such intensely literary topics as have hitherto been indulged in.

Forgive us, if we too have a tendency to go beyond the field of undergraduate Journals, as our little *Sunbeam* did in discussing that appalling question: "Is Matrimony a failure?"

A word here, said in the most angelic spirit, may not be amiss in reference to our present Senior Class. The time has indeed come to say a little in its defence, before our characters have had a chance to crystallize under the influence of disparaging remarks.

However we are living in hope that perseverance and faithfulness will in the end receive due recognition.

We enjoy our studies, we appreciate our instructors, we are enthusiastic over our class and we will be hereafter fierce in the vindication of its honor.

We are proud of what our college has done in the past. We are sure that a future crowned with even greater honors is awaiting it.

How could it be possible to regard with indifference the splendid opportunities here obtained for a grand liberal education.

Our studies with Dr. Burns are intensely interesting. His lectures have exerted an influence on our thought that will endure through life. Our science course has attained a loftier eminence, than ever before, under Professor McLaughlin, whose unlimited patience and boundless energy are so universally admired. We are justified, I'm sure, in saying that the curriculum of English studies here could not be surpassed.

With sad hearts we chronicle the death of "Priney," our pet dog—the last relic of by-gone days. Like Shakespeare his parentage is little known. His age is estimated at somewhere between twenty and thirty years.

His life was one of comparative ease and tranquility. He, at least, of all our residents had not been hurt by the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Never was seen a cloud of sorrow or solicitude upon his noble brow—except when the Doctor trod on his tail.

His death is shrouded in somewhat of a mystery. Report says, that after suffering several days from a severe attack of indigestion, he staggered blindly into an old well in the back yard.

The remarks in one of our exchanges, on the inferiority of woman's mind, we condescend to give a passing notice.

In order to spare the tender feelings of the writer in making such an unpardonable error we will not disclose his whereabouts. That the mind of woman is *not* inferior to that of man is a self-evident truth and needs no demonstration, but in consideration of the weak mental capacity of our friends across the line who are doubting it, we will bring forward a few illustrations to help their understanding.

Naturally for the positions of highest trust and responsibility in the state or