The Campus: January 28, 1892.
We have already harped so much in these columns about the matter of subscription that we hesitate somewhat to bring it again before our readers—fearing lest we may perhaps urge beyond the worth of our paper. We are, however, encouraged by the fact that we occasionally see a student slyly stealing a reading of The Campus, and also by the fact that but few students do not read either their own copy or that of someone else. Do not steal your reading; pay for it and then you can enjoy it and not have to go around the corner to read it.

We should have at least 50 more subscribers. The subscription for the remainder of the year will be 85 cents.

A TRITE and threadbare subject is that of the literary societies. Yet what part of our college work should call for more attention and be of more interest than this very theme. A thing at once so pleasant, so practical, and so profitable, how can we neglect it? It is, however, a universal tendency of mankind to defer that which he is not compelled to do. Hence so many students neglect for a term, or a year, to connect themselves with a literary society. Such ones are making a grievous mistake, and should without delay establish themselves with some literary society. Some members have mistaken ideas, in that they absent themselves because, as they say, “not much is done at society.” Do not forget that the society’s success depends upon the individual exertion of each member. Let every one put his shoulder to the wheel and honestly perform his part, and grand results will be achieved.
It is with pleasure that we announce this week the addition of a new department to our literary columns. This will consist of a short review, in each issue, of books of recent publication, especially those that will be of value and particular interest to the student. This department will be under the charge of the professors of the college, which fact alone will assure its success. The contribution to this issue is by Prof. Elliott, and we are glad to recommend its careful perusal.

"Time waits for no man." Almost imperceptibly are the winter months passing by, and balmy spring will be upon us ere we are aware of it. This thought brings up the question, in what condition will the Athletic Association be found at that time? This cold weather is very apt to freeze up all athletic enthusiasm, and yet if Allegheny expects to do anything in this line this year, and to make a creditable showing in the Inter-Collegiate contest, measures must be taken now to place the Association on a firm basis. Many preparatory steps can be taken in this direction. The constitution is faulty, and should be so remodeled as to insure the payment of all assessments, by each member. Heretofore some have paid while others shirked the duty. This is unjust. The association is the only medium through which any practical results can be attained, and we hope to see it in excellent working trim before the close of this term?

In the meantime advantage should be taken of the gymnasium downtown, so that the body may become accustomed to endure fatigue, and thus no time need be lost in the spring.

There is perhaps nothing upon which most people are prone to look to-day with more contempt than "plagiarism." Especially is this true in college life; and indeed instances are not infrequent of the expulsion from college of a person guilty of this most menial of crimes—thought stealing. "Looking Backward" is said to be only the re-edition of a similar work, written sixty years since in an inferior style, by a lady. Often are our best poets accused of the same crime, and their most noted productions considered only as the remodeled compositions of inferior authors.

When we look about for something upon which to stamp the word "original," we are often at a loss to know where to find it. Is original obsolete? The truly candid person cannot but say: "Very rarely can I find anything I ever say or write that has any good claim to originality." A thought is always suggested by following up something some one else has said, written or done. The observer or reader becomes in time like a bullet molder. He fills himself with other people's thoughts; these can only adapt and arrange themselves in conformity to the shape of his brain-mold, is just as nature eternally fixed it, and woven in turn he partially empties his brain, its contents are like the bullet—only another setting forth of old material in new form, in which it has unconsciously shaped itself, in the mind.

A. O. D.

The question of an oratorical association again confronts us. You all know that we at present belong to an Inter-Collegiate League. The question is, do we wish to be a member of such longer? Our sister colleges condemned us for not entering the league sooner. To satisfy them, and to show them what we could do, we entered and the victory was ours. We have redeemed ourselves, and now let us show our colors by withdrawing from this "One-Horse Inter-Collegiate League." What great victory is there in winning a contest over inferior colleges? Would John L. Sullivan feel proud after defeating John Jones?
There is but one college represented in the league that will compare with Allegheny, and for us to contest with some such colleges as are now represented in the league, would not raise the standard of our college.

If we are victorious, and carry off the honors we have nothing to boast of; but if we loss, we lose our reputation. An orator does not necessarily represent the standard of his college. A good orator is as apt to be found in an academy as in a university. In the natural sciences, literature, ancient and modern languages, our college is second to none in the state; oratory is our weakest point.

Another reason for withdrawing is this: Our representative was not treated properly at the last contest at Beaver Falls. The gentleman who represented Washington and Jefferson College will agree with us that neither himself nor our representative were treated as gentlemen. They were opposed by the delegates from the other colleges during the entire day before the contest, and, to cap the climax, our representative who won the prize never received the reward. Why? We do not know.

Do we wish to belong to such an association longer? I answer, No! If we cannot compete with our equals, let us not contest with our inferiors.

A. O. D.

Literary.

Longfellow and his Works.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born at Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807.

He was descended from the old Puritan and Pilgrim stock, numbering among his ancestors that sturdy Puritan, John Alden, the perplexities of whose courtship the poet has celebrated in verse. His father, Stephen Longfellow, intended him for his own profession, that of the law; but Henry early betrayed a retiring disposition which, if not entirely unfitting him for the forum, would at least have made the business of litigation distasteful to him.

When a boy Henry used to linger about the docks of Portland to watch the loading and unloading of ships; and the impressions made upon his youthful mind by these scenes furnished some of the most charming and subtle materials of his later poems. How delicately these impressions are recalled in “My Lost Youth!”

“I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.”

After graduating at the Portland Academy in 1822, Longfellow entered Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, Maine. While attending school he had written a childish scrap, “Mrs. Finney’s Turnip,” but at college he wrote a score of poems, several of such excellence that they were deemed worthy of preservation, and were inserted, by the poet, in the volume entitled, “Voices of the Night.” Among these are, “An April Day,” “Sunrise on the Hills,” and “Hymn of the Moravian Nuns.”

Naturally of a studious disposition, at Bowdoin Longfellow maintained a high rank for scholarship; and at his graduation, in 1825, was assigned the delivery of one of the three “English Orations.”

Having been offered the Chair of Modern Languages in his alma mater, he accepted, setting sail for Europe the following year to fit himself for the position. After nearly three years’ study in France, Spain and Italy, he returned to America and immediately entered upon his work at Bowdoin. Although engaged in a very absorbing occupation he found time to continue his literary work, publishing in 1833 his first book, a translation of “Coplas de Manrique”—a thoughtful piece, the selection of which indicated his bent in literature. The same year he published “Outre-Mer,” in which we have an account of the young poet’s im-
pressions of European life. Avowedly an imitation of "The Sketch Book," "Otre-Mer" in some respects rivals Irving's work, but lacks its lighter touches and its perfect ease of manner.

In September, 1831, Longfellow was married to Miss Mary Storer Potter, an estimable young lady, who seems to have been particularly suited to the poet's temperament.

In 1835 Prof. Longfellow was offered the Chair of Modern Languages in Harvard University. Gladly accepting this offer of advancement, he again set sail for Europe, accompanied by his wife; his purpose being to study the languages and literature of the northern nations. In Holland Mrs. Longfellow became ill, and, after long and patient suffering, died. This was a severe blow to the poet, but, like the explosion that tears the rocket in mid-air, producing its Iris-hued coruscations, the shock called forth one of Longfellow's most beautiful productions—"Footsteps of Angels." The last verse is often quoted for its tender feeling:

"Oh! though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only,
Such as these have lived and died."

From Holland Longfellow went to Germany, and then to Switzerland and the Tyrol, where, amid the sublime scenes of the Alps, he endeavored to find solace for his bereavement. At Interlachen, in Switzerland, he met an American family, Mr. and Mrs. Appleton, and an only daughter who afterward became his wife. In December, 1836, Longfellow returned to America to enter upon his new duties at Harvard. His residence in Cambridge was the old Craigie House, in which he occupied the rooms that, during the early part of the Revolutionary war, had been General Washington's headquarters.

From his window in the Craigie House, the poet could look out upon a beautiful landscape, through which the River Charles "in silence windeth." From the window also he could see "the red planet Mars," which inspired that magical poem, "The Light of Stars:"

"Within my breast there is no light,
But the cold light of stars;
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars,
The star of the unconquered will.
He rises in my breast,
Serene and resolute and still,
And calm and self-possessed."

In his second trip to Europe Longfellow had given much attention to the literature of the Germans, translating many of their ballads, the simple grace of which won their way to his heart. And it is said by critics that the German influence is distinctly traceable in many of his works.

The first collection of Longfellow's poems appeared in 1839, under the title of "Voices of the Night." In addition to the "Early Poems" already mentioned, this volume contains the "Prelude," "A Psalm of Life," "The Reaper and the Flowers," "The Light of Stars," "Footsteps of Angels," and other well-known poems. What an exquisite sense of the beautiful and what delicacy of feeling are exhibited in the following verse from the "Prelude:"

"A slumberous sound, a sound that brings
The feelings of a dream—
As of inumerable wings;
As, when a bell no longer swings,
Faint the hollow murmer rings,
O'er meadow, lake and stream."

And in these lines from the "Hymn to the Night:"

"From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drinks repose."

At about this time also "Hyperion" appeared, a romance, which, although unques tionably a very beautiful composition, is not popular at the present day. It contains a tiresome superfluity of poetical expressions, which plainly indicates that its author's province was not prose-writing. It is said that Mary Ashburton, the hero of the story, is Frances Appleton—the young lady whom, as I have said, he met at Interlachen—and that Mr. Berkely is Miss Appleton's father. Paul Fleming, the hero, is the young poet himself, who, having fallen deeply in love with the young lady when in Europe, took this indirect, and perhaps
somewhat indelicate, way of wooing. If it is true that the telling of sorrows tends to dissipate them, perhaps in this story Longfellow was unconsciously reconciling himself to the spirit of the beautiful motto with which it is prefaced: "Look not mournfully into the Past; it comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present; it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future without fear and with a manly heart."

The next collection of Longfellow's poems was "Ballads and Other Poems," the best-known of which are "Excelsior"—that much-criticised poem of aspiration, which, in my opinion, is his greatest production—and "The Village Blacksmith," perhaps the most American of his poems.

At this time the anti-slavery movement was agitating the country and Longfellow was urged to use his influential pen in its behalf. Not so enthusiastic over this subject as Lowell and Whittier, nevertheless Longfellow's sympathetic nature quickly responded to the call of the hour; and his carefully written "Poems on Slavery," published in 1842, will doubtless outlive those of his contemporaries. The adaptation of metre to meaning in the latter part of the following verse from "The Slave's Dream" is excellent:

"And then at furious speed he rode,
Along the Niger's bank;
His bridle reins were golden chains,
And with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank."

In July, 1843, Longfellow was married to Miss Florence Appleton, the original of the heroine in Hyperion.

About a year after his marriage, Longfellow published "The Spanish Student," the failure of which can be attributed to nothing but the author's lack of genius in play-writing, as he was very familiar with Spanish life and literature. That light lyric, "Stars of the Summer Night," which is so often set to music, is found in this play.

Within the next two years appeared "The Poets and Poetry of Europe," and "The Belfry of Bruges and Other Poems," of which "The Arsenal at Springfield" and "The Arrow and the Song" are the most popular.

In 1847 appeared Longfellow's masterpiece, "Evangeline," undoubtedly the best poem, for its length, in our literature. The question of the "English Hexameters," in which it is written, I shall leave to more experienced critics. The success of the poem, I think, vindicates the metre, although the comparison with the perfect metre of the Greek and Latin suggested by the word "hexametre," is doubtless odious to scholars of those languages.

After publishing "Evangeline," Longfellow undertook the writing of another story—"Kavanagh"—which, although weak in plot, is really better written than "Hyperion." The story is a transcript of New England village life of fifty years ago; and although not possessing the qualities necessary to make it popular with novel readers at the present day, nevertheless it aptly illustrates the moral which is placed at the beginning of the book—"The flighty purpose never is o'ertook, unless the deed go with it."

The following year Longfellow atoned for the partial failure of "Kavanagh," by publishing another volume of poems, among which was "The Building of the Ship"—the pride of patriotic Americans for the sublime apostrophe to the Union which it contains.

"The Golden Legend," published in 1851, is a romance of the Middle Ages, when such characters as the hypochondriac Prince Henry and the devoted Elsie, are said to have been produced by the prevalent religious fanaticism. But the play possesses no particular dramatic interest.

In 1854 Longfellow resigned his Harvard professorship. Up to this time our poet had written nothing which could be called distinctively American; and the severe criticisms to which this fact gave cause, doubtless suggested to him
the writing of his Indian Edda. And the term "exotic flowers," which Margaret Fuller had applied to his previous writings, does not apply to "Hiawatha," for in it we have the true Indian spirit, and the smell of the forest. In his selection of the simple Finish metre, Longfellow showed that nice taste which is one of his characteristics. The nakedness of Schoolcraft's "American Indians," from which he drew most of the materials of this poem, forces even the poet's detractors to give him credit for considerable inventive power in the construction of "Hiawatha."

Longfellow and his family used to spend the summer at Nahant, near Boston. Here he wrote "Seaweed," a poem possessing remarkable delicacy of touch.

When a companion piece to "Evangeline" was announced, there was, of course, a general rustle of expectation throughout Longfellow's audience; and "Miles Standish" did not disappoint them, although its inferiority to its predecessor in point of description and motive, is acknowledged.

In "Tales of a Wayside Inn," Chaucer's device of stringing together stories purporting to be told by various odd characters, is made use of. The "Landlord's Tale," the first and best, is the well-known poem, "Paul Revere's Ride."

In 1861 Mrs. Longfellow met a tragic death. She had been making seals for the amusement of her younger children and had dropped a particle of the burning wax upon her lap. Her dress was of a light material, which readily ignited; and by the time her husband reached her she was fatally burned. The loss of his wife plunged the poet into a melancholy from which he never recovered. He had now reached an age when he began to see his old-time friends failing around him. His next volume, "Flower de Luce and Other Poems," contained monodies on Hawthorne and Agassiz, whose deaths had added to his depression of spirits. His literary labors, however, were not interrupted.

In 1868 he produced "The New England Tragedies," which dealt with the persecution of the Quakers and the witchcraft mania. This work, written in blank verse, is simply a metrical version of the old colonial chronicles. Afterwards he produced "The Divine Tragedy," a study of the Gospels in which the poet again shows his weakness as a dramatist. These two tragedies and "The Golden Legend" were then consolidated, forming a triology entitled "Christus," the composite character of which would be apparent even to one unacquainted with its origin.

The same year, 1872, "Three Books of Song" and "Aftermath" were published. These works are a continuation of the "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

In 1868 Longfellow again sailed for Europe. Everywhere the scholars of the Old World received him with the greatest respect. Cambridge University conferred upon him the degree of L.L. D., and Oxford that of D. C. L. On his return to America he immediately entered into literary work again, completing, in 1870, his translation of Dante's "Divine Comedy." His knowledge of the text of the great Italian's masterpiece and his skill as a translator had made this a safe undertaking for him; and the result is truly a remarkable piece of work. It is said to be as literal as it is possible for a metrical translation to be, but it is also said that the original possesses far more fire and passion.

In 1875 appeared "The Masque of Pandora and Other Poems." In this collection is "Mortiuri Salutamus," a noble song of the poet's old age, read before his surviving classmates on the fifteenth anniversary of their graduation. Three years later "Keramos" appeared, accompanied by a last "Flight" of "Birds of Passage," as the poet had fancifully called a number of his collections of verse. He was then growing old and felt that he must soon lay down his pen forever. "Utama Thule," a thin book issued in 1880, contains many touching farewells.
These sad lines, from the poem which gives the book its name, illustrate its general character:

"With favoring winds o'er sunlit seas,
We sailed for the Hesperides,
The land where golden apples grow;
But that, ah! that was long ago."

And his premonitions did not deceive him. On the 24th of March, 1882, Henry Longfellow sank peacefully in death. He was buried in the cemetery of Mount Auburn, near Cambridge.

While Longfellow's writings contain flights of imagination which are seldom surpassed, and polished similes with which the most fastidious cannot find fault, yet it is not so much for these qualities that they are prized by the masses, as for the peculiarly beautiful and Christ-like sentiment which pervades them. For example, the "Psalm of Life," that "little homily" which the critics have placed in one of the lowest niches of Longfellow's "temple of fame," is a favorite poem among the great, toiling, humbler class, who, when life seemed hardly worth living, have found more consolation in those lines than in the passionate outbursts of a more brilliant, but less gentle, genius.

Longfellow perhaps never reached the depths of passion which to some minds constitute the true realm of a poet; and yet there are passages in his writings—hints thrown out, as it were—which indicate that it was not natural inaptitude in that department, but studied self-restraint which determined his province in poetry. He seemed to reprove in himself those very traits which in other poets have been the parents of passion. He was a poet of the study. The solitary walk in the forest calls forth a passionate exclamation:

"Visions of childhood! Stay, O stay!
Ye were so sweet and wild,"
which is immediately curbed, and in a calmer tone he says:

"Other themes demand thy lay;
Thou art no more a child."

In another passage in the same poem—the "Prelude" to "Voices of the Night"—when the poet's instinct of seclusion asserts itself, he tells, as if explaining a dereliction, how the green trees

"Ever whispered mild and low,
Come, be a child once more!
And waved their long arms to and fro,
And beckoned solemnly and slow;
Oh! I could not choose but go,
Into the woodland's hoar."

And soon after, his muse having been recalled from its temporary excursion, he says in a self-reproving tone:

"Look, then, into thine heart and write,
Yes, into life's deep stream!
All forms of sorrow and delight,
All solemn "Voices of the Night,"
That can soothe thee or affright,—
Be these henceforth thy theme."

Especially from the last verse is it evident that Longfellow set out, thus early in life, for a definite mission field, so to speak; and that it was not entirely chance, or the mere following a natural inclination that made him "the poet of the feelings."

This apparent self-restraint, which at times makes his writings really answerable to the charge of "tameness," may be referred to his markedly conservative and practical nature, which prompted him, in culling the products of his fancy, to adopt not so much sentiments that would startle, and ideas that would create commotion, as the lofty and elevating principles of Christian Ethics. Among the many interpretations of that mystical poem, "Excelsior," I would venture the suggestion that it is the poet's protest against that ineffectual spirit of speculation which manifests itself in the works of many of the great masters. And may not this conservative spirit be considered an important characteristic of true culture? By virtue of this trait, I believe Longfellow may be placed in the front rank of poets.
Pope leads us through a maze of philosophical speculation, in the course of which he neglects his own injunction—"Presume Not God to Scan;" Byron's powerful genius is tempered by a wantonness which confines our appreciation of him to mere admiration of his capabilities; Gray's sublime stanzas breathe an atmosphere resembling the mild but melancholy atmosphere of Indian summer: Bryant's precocious genius gave us, in "Thanatopsis," a sombre and austere philosophy which is consoling to stoical minds but is entirely inadequate to satisfy the cravings of most natures; Burns sings to us when we have sunk into the mire of despair, but does not seek to lift us out; Goldsmith arouses our sympathy and excites our pity, but Longfellow, instilling into his lines his own simple, strong faith, stimulates our better purposes and sets before us a high ideal.

W. C. PICKETT.

The Essential Uses of the Moods in Greek and Latin Set Forth in Parallel Arrangement.

The foundation of thorough knowledge and appreciation of the classics is laid in drudgery. The drudgery starts with learning paradigms and acquiring a vocabulary, and is continued in mastering the rules of syntax, which, with their subtle distinctions, seem endless to the bewildered student. As an aid to reduce part of this drudgery to the minimum, the revised edition of the above mentioned work is unrivaled. In these sixty pages are found clear statements of all the ordinary uses of the moods in Greek and Latin arranged on opposite pages. There is nothing that every student should not know, and the essential principles are here set forth in terms so clear that the dullest can comprehend. To the Latin student the pamphlet is worth many times its cost; to the Greek student its value is trebled by its treatment of the Greek and the comparison made between the two languages.

The examples under each rule exemplify—not true of all books of rules—and their value is enhanced by the fact that those under corresponding rules are generally translations of the same English sentence, showing very vividly the use of each language.

In the margin are references to the three Latin and two Greek grammars in common use. No more profitable exercise could be taken by the classical student than to study this book, carefully looking up the references to all the grammars named, thus getting several ways of stating the same truth, always an aid to understanding a subject.

Not professing to be a substitute for the grammar, it is a most valuable help to a clear comprehension of some fundamental rules of syntax, and will remove many a stone of stumbling from the path of the beginner, while it will be found suggestive even to the maturer student. It is one of those books that bear the earmarks of having been made in the class room for every-day students. This is the secret of its merit.

The December issue of the College Student contains several very creditable literary productions, among which we find a very convincing argument in favor of keeping the reading room open on Sunday. He quotes from several leading educators of some of our largest colleges, where the Sunday reading room has been given a fair trial. At Yale it has been permitted for twenty years with no evil results. Everybody reads more or less on the day of rest, and this is a means of making more accessible the good things to be found in the library.

The Sequoia has arrived from the Leland Stanford University, and is welcomed as a distinguished guest. It is a bi-weekly published by the students of the university, and abounds in literary and scientific articles. It also has
several pages devoted to local news and athletics. Everything seems to bespeak for the mammoth institution of the West a brilliant future.

"The Supernatural Element in Shakespeare," is the subject of an excellent article in a recent number of the Niagara Index which we cannot refrain from mentioning. It portrays in beautiful language the perfect pictures of human nature, and the delicate religious thoughts embodied in all of the Shakesperian plays.

A recent number of the Oberlin Review contains an editorial commenting on the work of the Senior class. The faculty there seem to have laid aside the text-book to some extent, and require more extensive research and outside reading. This is a plan well worth imitation in other colleges. Far too many college men spend their time almost entirely in vainly endeavoring to digest the contents of numerous text-books. Thus they go through their college course with little general knowledge, and almost totally devoid of the literary polish that results from extensive acquaintance with standard authors.

Mount Union College has been admitted to the Ohio State Oratorical League. The interest in oratory, judging from the number who entered the preliminary contest, seems to be at its height.

We clip the following from the Haverfordian:

"Resolved, That we consider the united action of classes in dealing with objectionable individual members is often justifiable and beneficial.

"That such action should be undertaken after careful consideration by the entire class, and with the purpose of benefiting the individual.

"That we strongly condemn the continued annoyance of a single person by a few men, whether with a spirit of malice or a desire for fun.

"That we equally condemn tale-bearing under any conditions."

The new library which Henry W. Sage gave to Cornell University is practically finished, and the removal of books thereto from the old library was begun a short time ago. This edifice has a capacity for the accommodation of 470,000 volumes. The building is so constructed that addition can be made to the west and south wing of the building. The Andrew D. White library of 30,000 volumes will occupy a separate room. The building will cost when completed $300,000, and the university will have besides the interest of $300,000 to invest in more books.—Ex.

"The Kansas City Society of University Extension has completed a permanent organization, and enters upon an immediate prosecution of its work. It offers its members eighteen courses, consisting of twelve lectures each. The officers of the society have received the following offer from the University of Kansas: (1) "Persons holding the degree of Bachelor of Arts from institutions of equal rank with the University of Kansas, will receive the degree of Master of Arts upon the satisfactory completion of nine University Extension courses of twelve lectures each. These courses shall be accompanied by such study, reading and examinations as shall be prescribed by the professors in charge." (2) "Persons not holding the Bachelor's degree, upon satisfactory completion of nine courses of twelve lectures each shall receive a University Extension diploma." (3) "Work done under instruction from other institutions than the University of Kansas will be accepted on examination, for not more than four of the nine courses necessary for a degree or diploma."—Ex.

Considerable interest is being shown in the proposed debate between representatives of Harvard and Yale. It is an innovation in the inter-collegiate contests, but will undoubtedly lead to the permanent establishment of the custom. The challenge came from the Yale union and was immediately accepted by Harvard. As decided at the meeting of the representatives there are to be two debates, the first to be held at Sander's Theater, Thursday,
January 14, with Governor Russell as the presiding officer, and the second meeting at New Haven some time in April. The subject for the first debate is, "Resolved, That a young man casting his first vote in 1892 should vote the Republican ticket. Harvard being the affirmative and Yale the negative. No decision will be rendered.—Ex.

A new institution, to be known as the School of American History and Institution is about to be established in the University of Pennsylvania. Its object is to make a distinctive American school, and to teach everything that pertains to America in the way of history, literature, law and lore, of any kind. It offers eight separate courses, including those for lawyers, teachers, and journalists.—Ex.

There was a young man from Lenore,
Who wished that his sad life were o'er;
So he joined an eleven
And went straight to heaven;
And bucked through Saint P. at the door.
—Muse.

There was a young student of Psych,
Who went out to ride on his "bike;"'
But he ran on a fence,
And stuck there, and hence
Obtained the concept of a spike.
—Muse.

We sat compactly 'neath one robe
That starlit winter night,
The talk and laughter lulled a bit,
The darkness screened from sight.
I slipped my arm around her waist,
Somehow, I thought I might,
I passed a breathless second, would
She kick or let it stay.
A half responsive yielding
I hardly thought meant "nay."
And then the chaperon remarked
Come, children, break away!"
'Tis not the laugh that followed that
Emitters now my pen,
Nor knowledge that the chaperon
Was on to me just then;
But when I had another chance
I wish I'd tried again.

Glad to see you back.
Welcome, all new students.
How did you spend your vacation?
The attendance this term is not quite so large as it was last.
Have you taken your best girl sleighriding yet? If not, why not?
Chesbro and Stillson have been out of college on account of sickness.
Miss Ella Emery, of Milboro, Pa., is visiting friends in the college and city.
V. L. Johnson represented Pa. Omega at the national convention of S. A. E.
L. W. Eighmy and F. H. Murphy are recovering from an attack of the grip.
Mr. Alex. Harrington, ex-'93, of Johnsonburg, Pa., spent Sunday in town.
Quite a number of students are indisposed by the prevalent distemper, la-grippe.
Miss Gertrude Mills is not in college this term. Sickness prevented her return.
Arthur Staples, who was kept from college last term by an attack of typhoid fever, is back.
The declamation contest of Philo society has finally been set for Wednesday evening, February 3d.

Miss Mayhem, representing the student volunteer movement of the missionary work of this country and Canada, spent Sunday at Allegheny, and several students expressed their intention of becoming foreign missionaries.
Chauncey Bell has left college on account of failing health. He is now with his brother in Nebraska.

During the recent cold weather, and while the walks were so slippery, the chapel exercises were dispensed with.

Miss Jennie Mitchell, of Beaver Falls, Pa., a student of Beaver College, is visiting her cousin, Miss Maude Johnson.

The Y. M. C. A. recently gave a sleighride party to Conneaut Lake. All voted it a success. Ask Peffer and Howe.

Miss Lucy Pickett, '91, who has been in Paris continuing her studies, was obliged, by poor health, to return home this winter.

Prot. Trueman has been suffering for the last week with an acute attack of bronchitis, being unable to hear his classes. We hope for his speedy recovery.

Paul Reisinger, ex-'92, who is now a cadet at West Point, was obliged to take a few days rest, owing to some slight trouble with his eyes. He is at his home in this city.

Dr. Wheeler has been secured by the ladies of the Episcopal church to give his series of lectures on English Literature. The lectures will be open to all for a reasonable sum, and all who have heard them know what a treat is in store for his audience.

A census was recently taken to ascertain how many of the students are members of evangelical churches, with the following result: Methodist 95, Presb. 26, U. P. 8, Cong. 7. Ten different denomination are represented. 74 per cent. are members of some church.

We are obliged to cut out part of our local column and some of our fraternity and alumni notes this issue.
PIANOS AND ORGANS.

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We have already harped so much in these columns about the matter of subscription that we hesitate somewhat to bring it again before our readers—fearing lest we may perhaps urge beyond the worth of our paper. We are, however, encouraged by the fact that we occasionally see a student slyly stealing a reading of The CAMPUS, and also by the fact that but few students do not read either their own copy or that of someone else. Do not steal your reading; pay for it and then you can enjoy it and not have to go around the corner to read it.

We should have at least 50 more subscribers. The subscription for the remainder of the year will be 85 cents.

\* \* \*

A TRITE and threadbare subject is that of the literary societies. Yet what part of our college work should call for more attention and be of more interest than this very theme. A thing at once so pleasant, so practical, and so profitable, how can we neglect it? It is, however, a universal tendency of mankind to defer that which he is not compelled to do. Hence so many students neglect for a term, or a year, to connect themselves with a literary society. Such ones are making a grievous mistake, and should without delay establish themselves with some literary society. Some members have mistaken ideas, in that they absent themselves because, as they say, “not much is done at society.” Do not forget that the society’s success depends upon the individual exertion of each member. Let every one put his shoulder to the wheel and honestly perform his part, and grand results will be achieved.
It is with pleasure that we announce this week the addition of a new department to our literary columns. This will consist of a short review, in each issue, of books of recent publication, especially those that will be of value and particular interest to the student. This department will be under the charge of the professors of the college, which fact alone will assure its success. The contribution to this issue is by Prof. Elliott, and we are glad to recommend its careful perusal.

"Time waits for no man." Almost imperceptibly are the winter months passing by, and balmy spring will be upon us ere we are aware of it. This thought brings up the question, in what condition will the Athletic Association be found at that time? This cold weather is very apt to freeze up all athletic enthusiasm, and yet if Allegheny expects to do anything in this line this year, and to make a creditable showing in the Inter-Collegiate contest, measures must be taken now to place the Association on a firm basis. Many preparatory steps can be taken in this direction. The constitution is faulty, and should be so remodeled as to insure the payment of all assessments, by each member. Heretofore some have paid while others shirked the duty. This is unjust. The association is the only medium through which any practical results can be attained, and we hope to see it in excellent working trim before the close of this term?

In the meantime advantage should be taken of the gymnasium down town, so that the body may become accustomed to endure fatigue, and thus no time need be lost in the spring.

There is perhaps nothing upon which most people are prone to look to-day with more contempt than "plagiarism." Especially is this true in college life; and indeed instances are not infrequent of the expulsion from college of a person guilty of this most menial of crimes—thought stealing. "Looking Backward" is said to be only the re-edition of a similar work, written sixty years since in an inferior style, by a lady. Often are our best poets accused of the same crime, and their most noted productions considered only as the remodeled compositions of inferior authors.

When we look about for something upon which to stamp the word "original," we are often at a loss to know where to find it. Is original obsolete? The truly candid person cannot but say: "Very rarely can I find anything I ever say or write that has any good claim to originality." A thought is always suggested by following up something some one else has said, written or done. The observer or reader becomes in time like a bullet molder. He fills himself with other people's thoughts; these can only adapt and arrange themselves in conformity to the shape of his brain-mold, is just as nature eternally fixed it, and when in turn he partially empties his brain, its contents are like the bullet—only another setting forth of old material in new form, in which it has unconsciously shaped itself, in the mind.

The question of an oratorical association again confronts us. You all know that we at present belong to an Inter-Collegiate League. The question is, do we wish to be a member of such longer? Our sister colleges condemned us for not entering the league sooner. To satisfy them, and to show them what we could do, we entered and the victory was ours. We have redeemed ourselves, and now let us show our colors by withdrawing from this "One-Horse Inter-Collegiate League." What great victory is there in winning a contest over inferior colleges? Would John L. Sullivan feel proud after defeating John Jones?
There is but one college represented in the league that will compare with Allegheny, and for us to contest with some such colleges as are now represented in the league, would not raise the standard of our college.

If we are victorious, and carry off the honors, we have nothing to boast of; but if we lose, we lose our reputation. An orator does not necessarily represent the standard of his college. A good orator is as apt to be found in an academy as in a university. In the natural sciences, literature, ancient and modern languages, our college is second to none in the state; oratory is our weakest point.

Another reason for withdrawing is this: Our representative was not treated properly at the last contest at Beaver Falls. The gentleman who represented Washington and Jefferson College will agree with us that neither himself nor our representative were treated as gentlemen. They were opposed by the delegates from the other colleges during the entire day before the contest, and, to cap the climax, our representative who won the prize never received the reward. Why? We do not know.

Do we wish to belong to such an association longer? I answer, No! If we cannot compete with our equals, let us not contest with our inferiors.

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**Literary.**

**Longfellow and his Works.**

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born at Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807.

He was descended from the old Puritan and Pilgrim stock, numbering among his ancestors that sturdy Puritan, John Alden, the perplexities of whose courtship the poet has celebrated in verse. His father, Stephen Longfellow, intended him for his own profession, that of the law; but Henry early betrayed a retiring disposition which, if not entirely unfitting him for the forum, would at least have made the business of litigation distasteful to him.

When a boy Henry used to linger about the docks of Portland to watch the loading and unloading of ships; and the impressions made upon his youthful mind by these scenes furnished some of the most charming and subtle materials of his later poems. How delicately these impressions are recalled in "My Lost Youth!"

"I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea."

After graduating at the Portland Academy in 1822, Longfellow entered Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, Maine. While attending school he had written a childish scrap, "Mrs. Finney's Turnip," but at college he wrote a score of poems, several of such excellence that they were deemed worthy of preservation, and were inserted, by the poet, in the volume entitled, "Voices of the Night." Among these are, "An April Day," "Sunrise on the Hills," and "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns."

Naturally of a studious disposition, at Bowdoin Longfellow maintained a high rank for scholarship; and at his graduation, in 1825, was assigned the delivery of one of the three "English Orations."

Having been offered the Chair of Modern Languages in his alma mater, he accepted, setting sail for Europe the following year to fit himself for the position. After nearly three years' study in France, Spain and Italy, he returned to America and immediately entered upon his work at Bowdoin. Although engaged in a very absorbing occupation he found time to continue his literary work, publishing in 1833 his first book, a translation of "Coplas de Manrique" — a thoughtful piece, the selection of which indicated his bent in literature. The same year he published "Outre-Mer," in which we have an account of the young poet's im-
pressions of European life. Avowedly an imitation of "The Sketch Book," "Otre-Mer" in some respects rivals Irving's work, but lacks its lighter touches and its perfect ease of manner.

In September, 1831, Longfellow was married to Miss Mary Storer Potter, an estimable young lady, who seems to have been particularly suited to the poet's temperament.

In 1835 Prof. Longfellow was offered the Chair of Modern Languages in Harvard University. Gladly accepting this offer of advancement, he again set sail for Europe, accompanied by his wife; his purpose being to study the languages and literature of the northern nations. In Holland Mrs. Longfellow became ill, and, after long and patient suffering, died. This was a severe blow to the poet, but, like the explosion that tears the rocket in mid-air, producing its Iris-hued coruscations, the shock called forth one of Longfellows most beautiful productions—"Footsteps of Angels." The last verse is often quoted for its tender feeling:

"Oh! though oft depressed and lonely,
   All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only,
   Such as these have lived and died."

From Holland Longfellow went to Germany, and then to Switzerland and the Tyrol, where, amid the sublime scenes of the Alps, he endeavored to find solace for his bereavement. At Interlachen, in Switzerland, he met an American family, Mr. and Mrs. Appleton, and an only daughter who afterward became his wife. In December, 1836, Longfellow returned to America to enter upon his new duties at Harvard. His residence in Cambridge was the old Craigie House, in which he occupied the rooms that, during the early part of the Revolutionary war, had been General Washington's headquarters.

From his window in the Craigie House, the poet could look out upon a beautiful landscape, through which the River Charles "in silence windeth." From the window also he could see "the red planet Mars," which inspired that magical poem, "The Light of Stars:"

"Within my breast there is no light,
   But the cold light of stars;
I give the first watch of the night
   To the red planet Mars,
The star of the unconquered will.
   He rises in my breast,
Serene and resolute and still,
   And calm and self-possessed."

In his second trip to Europe Longfellow had given much attention to the literature of the Germans, translating many of their ballads, the simple grace of which won their way to his heart. And it is said by critics that the German influence is distinctly traceable in many of his works.

The first collection of Longfellow's poems appeared in 1839, under the title of "Voices of the Night." In addition to the "Early Poems" already mentioned, this volume contains the "Prelude," "A Psalm of Life," "The Reaper and the Flowers," "The Light of Stars," "Footsteps of Angels," and other well-known poems. What an exquisite sense of the beautiful and what delicacy of feeling are exhibited in the following verse from the "Prelude:"

"A slumberous sound, a sound that brings
   The feelings of a dream—
As of inumerable wings;
As, when a bell no longer swings,
   Faint the hollow murmer rings,
O'er meadow, lake and stream."

And in these lines from the "Hymn to the Night:"

"From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
   My spirit drinks repose."

At about this time also "Hyperion" appeared, a romance, which, although unquestionably a very beautiful composition, is not popular at the present day. It contains a tiresome superfluity of poetical expressions, which plainly indicates that its author's province was not prose-writing. It is said that Mary Ashburton, the hero of the story, is Frances Appleton—the young lady whom, as I have said, he met at Interlachen—and that Mr. Berkely is Miss Appleton's father. Paul Fleming, the hero, is the young poet himself, who, having fallen deeply in love with the young lady when in Europe, took this indirect, and perhaps
somewhat indelicate, way of wooing. If it is true that the telling of sorrows tends to dissipate them, perhaps in this story Longfellow was unconsciously reconciling himself to the spirit of the beautiful motto with which it is prefaced: "Look not mournfully into the Past; it comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present; it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future without fear and with a manly heart."

The next collection of Longfellow's poems was "Ballads and Other Poems," the best-known of which are "Excelsior"—that much-criticised poem of aspiration, which, in my opinion, is his greatest production—and "The Village Blacksmith," perhaps the most American of his poems.

At this time the anti-slavery movement was agitating the country and Longfellow was urged to use his influential pen in its behalf. Not so enthusiastic over this subject as Lowell and Whittier, nevertheless Longfellow's sympathetic nature quickly responded to the call of the hour; and his carefully written "Poems on Slavery," published in 1842, will doubtless outlive those of his contemporaries. The adaptation of metre to meaning in the latter part of the following verse from "The Slave's Dream" is excellent:

"And then at furious speed he rode,
Along the Niger's bank;
His bridle reins were golden chains,
And with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiling his stallion's flank."

In July, 1843, Longfellow was married to Miss Florence Appleton, the original of the heroine in Hyperion.

About a year after his marriage, Longfellow published "The Spanish Student," the failure of which can be attributed to nothing but the author's lack of genius in play-writing, as he was very familiar with Spanish life and literature. That light lyric, "Stars of the Summer Night," which is so often set to music, is found in this play.

Within the next two years appeared "The Poets and Poetry of Europe," and "The Belfry of Bruges and Other Poems," of which "The Arsenal at Springfield" and "The Arrow and the Song" are the most popular.

In 1847 appeared Longfellow's masterpiece, "Evangeline," undoubtedly the best poem, for its length, in our literature. The question of the "English Hexametres," in which it is written, I shall leave to more experienced critics. The success of the poem, I think, vindicates the metre, although the comparison with the perfect metre of the Greek and Latin suggested by the word "hexametre," is doubtless odious to scholars of those languages.

After publishing "Evangeline," Longfellow undertook the writing of another story—"Kavanagh"—which, although weak in plot, is really better written than "Hyperion." The story is a transcript of New England village life of fifty years ago; and although not possessing the qualities necessary to make it popular with novel readers at the present day, nevertheless it aptly illustrates the moral which is placed at the beginning of the book—"The flighty purpose never is o'ertook, unless the deed go with it."

The following year Longfellow atoned for the partial failure of "Kavanagh," by publishing another volume of poems, among which was "The Building of the Ship"—the pride of patriotic Americans for the sublime apostrophe to the Union which it contains.

"The Golden Legend," published in 1851, is a romance of the Middle Ages, when such characters as the hypochondriac Prince Henry and the devoted Elsie, are said to have been produced by the prevalent religious fanaticism. But the play possesses no particular dramatic interest.

In 1854 Longfellow resigned his Harvard professorship. Up to this time our poet had written nothing which could be called distinctively American; and the severe criticisms to which this fact gave cause, doubtless suggested to him
the writing of his Indian Edda. And the term "exotic flowers," which Margaret Fuller had applied to his previous writings, does not apply to "Hiawatha," for in it we have the true Indian spirit, and the smell of the forest. In his selection of the simple Finnish metre, Longfellow showed that nice taste which is one of his characteristics. The nakedness of Schoolcraft's "American Indians," from which he drew most of the materials of this poem, forces even the poet's detractors to give him credit for considerable inventive power in the construction of "Hiawatha."

Longfellow and his family used to spend the summer at Nahant, near Boston. Here he wrote "Seaweed," a poem possessing remarkable delicacy of touch.

When a companion piece to "Evangeline" was announced, there was, of course, a general rustle of expectation throughout Longfellow's audience; and "Miles Standish" did not disappoint them, although its inferiority to its predecessor in point of description and motive, is acknowledged.

In "Tales of a Wayside Inn," Chaucer's device of stringing together stories purporting to be told by various odd characters, is made use of. The "Landlord's Tale," the first and best, is the well-known poem, "Paul Revere's Ride."

In 1861 Mrs. Longfellow met a tragic death. She had been making seals for the amusement of her younger children and had dropped a particle of the burning wax upon her lap. Her dress was of a light material, which readily ignited; and by the time her husband reached her she was fatally burned. The loss of his wife plunged the poet into a melancholy from which he never recovered. He had now reached an age when he began to see his old-time friends failing around him. His next volume, "Flower de Luce and Other Poems," contained monodies on Hawthorne and Agassiz, whose deaths had added to his depression of spirits. His literary labors, however, were not interrupted.

In 1868 he produced "The New England Tragedies," which dealt with the persecution of the Quakers and the witchcraft mania. This work, written in blank verse, is simply a metrical version of the old colonial chronicles. Afterwards he produced "The Divine Tragedy," a study of the Gospels in which the poet again shows his weakness as a dramatist. These two tragedies and "The Golden Legend" were then consolidated, forming a triology entitled "Christus," the composite character of which would be apparent even to one unacquainted with its origin.

The same year, 1872, "Three Books of Song" and "Aftermath" were published. These works are a continuation of the "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

In 1868 Longfellow again sailed for Europe. Everywhere the scholars of the Old World received him with the greatest respect. Cambridge University conferred upon him the degree of L.L.D., and Oxford that of D.C.L. On his return to America he immediately entered into literary work again, completing, in 1870, his translation of Dante's "Divine Comedy." His knowledge of the text of the great Italian's masterpiece and his skill as a translator had made this a safe undertaking for him; and the result is truly a remarkable piece of work. It is said to be as literal as it is possible for a metrical translation to be, but it is also said that the original possesses far more fire and passion.

In 1875 appeared "The Masque of Pandora and Other Poems." In this collection is "Mortiuri Salutamus," a noble song of the poet's old age, read before his surviving classmates on the fifteenth anniversary of their graduation. Three years later "Keramos" appeared, accompanied by a last "Flight" of "Birds of Passage," as the poet had fancifully called a number of his collections of verse. He was then growing old and felt that he must soon lay down his pen forever. "Ultima Thule," a thin book issued in 1880, contains many touching farewells.
These sad lines, from the poem which gives the book its name, illustrate its general character:

"With favoring winds o'er sunlit seas,
We sailed for the Hesperides,
The land where golden apples grow;
But that, ah! that was long ago."

And his premonitions did not deceive him. On the 24th of March, 1882, Henry Longfellow sank peacefully in death. He was buried in the cemetery of Mount Auburn, near Cambridge.

While Longfellow's writings contain flights of imagination which are seldom surpassed, and polished similes with which the most fastidious cannot find fault, yet it is not so much for these qualities that they are prized by the masses, as for the peculiarly beautiful and Christ-like sentiment which pervades them. For example, the "Psalm of Life," that "little homily" which the critics have placed in one of the lowest niches of Longfellow's "temple of fame," is a favorite poem among the great, toiling, humbler class, who, when life seemed hardly worth living, have found more consolation in those lines than in the passionate outbursts of a more brilliant, but less gentle, genius.

Longfellow perhaps never reached the depths of passion which to some minds constitute the true realm of a poet; and yet there are passages in his writings—hints thrown out, as it were—which indicate that it was not natural inaptitude in that department, but studied self-restraint which determined his province in poetry. He seemed to reprove in himself those very traits which in other poets have been the parents of passion. He was a poet of the study. The solitary walk in the forest calls forth a passionate exclamation:

"Visions of childhood! Stay, O stay!
Ye were so sweet and wild,"

which is immediately curbed, and in a calmer tone he says:

"Other themes demand thy lay;
Thou art no more a child."

In another passage in the same poem—the "Prelude" to "Voices of the Night"—when the poet's instinct of seclusion asserts itself, he tells, as if explaining a dereliction, how the green trees

"Ever whispered mild and low,
Come, be a child once more!
And waved their long arms to and fro,
And beckoned solemnly and slow;
Oh! I could not choose but go,
Into the woodland's bower."

And soon after, his muse having been recalled from its temporary excursion, he says in a self-reproving tone:

"Learn that henceforth thy song shall be,
Not mountains capped with snow,
Nor forest sounding like the sea,
Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly,
Where the woodlands bend to see
The bending heavens below."

"Look, then, into thine heart and write,
Yes, into life's deep stream!
All forms of sorrow and delight,
All solemn "Voices of the Night,"
That can soothe thee or affright,—
Be these henceforth thy theme."

Especially from the last verse is it evident that Longfellow set out, thus early in life, for a definite mission field, so to speak; and that it was not entirely chance, or the mere following a natural inclination that made him "the poet of the feelings."

This apparent self-restraint, which at times makes his writings really answerable to the charge of "tameness," may be referred to his markedly conservative and practical nature, which prompted him, in culling the products of his fanny, to adopt not so much sentiments that would startle, and ideas that would create commotion, as the lofty and elevating principles of Christian Ethics. Among the many interpretations of that mystical poem, "Excelsior," I would venture the suggestion that it is the poet's protest against that ineffectual spirit of speculation which manifests itself in the works of many of the great masters. And may not this conservative spirit be considered an important characteristic of true culture? By virtue of this trait, I believe Longfellow may be placed in the front rank of poets.
Pope leads us through a maze of philosophical speculation, in the course of which he neglects his own injunction—"Presume Not God to Scan;" Byron's powerful genius is tempered by a wantonness which confines our appreciation of him to mere admiration of his capabilities; Gray's sublime stanzas breathe an atmosphere resembling the mild but melancholy atmosphere of Indian summer: Bryant's precocious genius gave us, in "Thanatopsis," a sombre and austere philosophy which is consoling to stoical minds but is entirely inadequate to satisfy the cravings of most natures; Burns sings to us when we have sunk into the mire of despair, but does not seek to lift us out; Goldsmith arouses our sympathy and excites our pity, but Longfellow, instilling into his lines his own simple, strong faith, stimulates our better purposes and sets before us a high ideal.

W. C. PICKETT.

The Essential Uses of the Moods in Greek and Latin Set Forth in Parallel Arrangement.

The foundation of thorough knowledge and appreciation of the classics is laid in drudgery. The drudgery starts with learning paradigms and acquiring a vocabulary, and is continued in mastering the rules of syntax, which, with their subtle distinctions, seem endless to the bewildered student. As an aid to reduce part of this drudgery to the minimum, the revised edition of the above mentioned work is unrivaled. In these sixty pages are found clear statements of all the ordinary uses of the moods in Greek and Latin arranged on opposite pages. There is nothing that every student should not know, and the essential principles are here set forth in terms so clear that the dullest can comprehend. To the Latin student the pamphlet is worth many times its cost; to the Greek student its value is trebled by its treatment of the Greek and the comparison made between the two languages.

The examples under each rule exemplify—not true of all books of rules—and their value is enhanced by the fact that those under corresponding rules are generally translations of the same English sentence, showing very vividly the use of each language.

In the margin are references to the three Latin and two Greek grammars in common use. No more profitable exercise could be taken by the classical student than to study this book, carefully looking up the references to all the grammars named, thus getting several ways of stating the same truth, always an aid to understanding a subject.

Not professing to be a substitute for the grammar, it is a most valuable help to a clear comprehension of some fundamental rules of syntax, and will remove many a stone of stumbling from the path of the beginner, while it will be found suggestive even to the maturer student. It is one of those books that bear the earmarks of having been made in the class room for every-day students. This is the secret of its merits.

The December issue of the College Student contains several very creditable literary productions, among which we find a very convincing argument in favor of keeping the reading room open on Sunday. He quotes from several leading educators of some of our largest colleges, where the Sunday reading room has been given a fair trial. At Yale it has been permitted for twenty years with no evil results. Everybody reads more or less on the day of rest, and this is a means of making more accessible the good things to be found in the library.

The Sequoia has arrived from the Leland Stanford University, and is welcomed as a distinguished guest. It is a bi-weekly published by the students of the university, and abounds in literary and scientific articles. It also has
several pages devoted to local news and athletics. Everything seems to bespeak for the mammoth institution of the West a brilliant future.

"The Supernatural Element in Shakespeare," is the subject of an excellent article in a recent number of the Niagara Index which we cannot refrain from mentioning. It portrays in beautiful language the perfect pictures of human nature, and the delicate religious thoughts embodied in all of the Shakesperian plays.

A recent number of the Oberlin Review contains an editorial commenting on the work of the Senior class. The faculty there seem to have laid aside the text-book to some extent, and require more extensive research and outside reading. This is a plan well worth imitation in other colleges. Far too many college men spend their time almost entirely in vainly endeavoring to digest the contents of numerous text-books. Thus they go through their college course with little general knowledge, and almost totally devoid of the literary polish that results from extensive acquaintance with standard authors.

Mount Union College has been admitted to the Ohio State Oratorical League. The interest in oratory, judging from the number who entered the preliminary contest, seems to be at its height.

We clip the following from the Haverfordian:

"Resolved, That we consider the united action of classes in dealing with objectionable individual members is often justifiable and beneficial."

"That such action should be undertaken after careful consideration by the entire class, and with the purpose of benefiting the individual."

"That we strongly condemn the continued annoyance of a single person by a few men, whether with a spirit of malice or a desire for fun."

"That we equally condemn tale-bearing under any conditions."

The new library which Henry W. Sage gave to Cornell University is practically finished, and the removal of books thereto from the old library was begun a short time ago. This edifice has a capacity for the accommodation of 470,000 volumes. The building is so constructed that addition can be made to the west and south wing of the building. The Andrew D. White library of 30,000 volumes will occupy a separate room. The building will cost when completed $300,000, and the university will have besides the interest of $300,000 to invest in more books.—Ex.

"The Kansas City Society of University Extension has completed a permanent organization, and enters upon an immediate prosecution of its work. It offers its members eighteen courses, consisting of twelve lectures each. The officers of the society have received the following offer from the University of Kansas: (1) 'Persons holding the degree of Bachelor of Arts from institutions of equal rank with the University of Kansas, will receive the degree of Master of Arts upon the satisfactory completion of nine University Extension courses of twelve lectures each. These courses shall be accompanied by such study, reading and examinations as shall be prescribed by the professors in charge.' (2) 'Persons not holding the Bachelor's degree, upon satisfactory completion of nine courses of twelve lectures each shall receive a University Extension diploma.' (3) 'Work done under instruction from other institutions than the University of Kansas will be accepted on examination, for not more than four of the nine courses necessary for a degree or diploma.' "—Ex.

Considerable interest is being shown in the proposed debate between representatives of Harvard and Yale. It is an innovation in the inter-collegiate contests, but will undoubtedly lead to the permanent establishment of the custom. The challenge came from the Yale union and was immediately accepted by Harvard. As decided at the meeting of the representatives there are to be two debates, the first to be held at Sander's Theater, Thursday,
January 14, with Governor Russell as the presiding officer, and the second meeting at New Haven some time in April. The subject for the first debate is, "Resolved, That a young man casting his first vote in 1892 should vote the Republican ticket. Harvard being the affirmative and Yale the negative. No decision will be rendered.—Ex.

A new institution, to be known as the School of American History and Institution is about to be established in the University of Pennsylvania. Its object is to make a distinctive American school, and to teach everything that pertains to America in the way of history, literature, law and lore, of any kind. It offers eight separate courses, including those for lawyers, teachers, and journalists.—Ex.

There was a young man from Lenore,
Who wished that his sad life were o'er;
So he joined an eleven
And went straight to heaven;
And backed through Saint P. at the door.

—Muse.

There was a young student of Psych,
Who went out to ride on his " bike;"
But he ran on a fence
And stuck there, and hence
Obtained the concept of a spike.

—Muse.

We sat compactly 'neath one robe
That starlit winter night,
The talk and laughter lulled a bit,
The darkness screened from sight.
I slipped my arm around her waist,
Somehow, I thought I might,
I passed a breathless second, would
She kick or let it stay.
A half responsive yielding
I hardly thought meant " nay."
And then the chaperon remarked
Come, children, break away!"
'Tis not the laugh that followed that
Emitters now my pen,
Nor knowledge that the chaperon
Was on to me just then;
But when I had another chance
I wish I'd tried again.

Loval.

Glad to see you back.

Welcome, all new students.

How did you spend your vacation?

The attendance this term is not quite so large as it was last.

Have you taken your best girl sleighriding yet? If not, why not?

Chesbro and Stillson have been out of college on account of sickness.

Miss Ella Emery, of Milboro, Pa., is visiting friends in the college and city.

V. L. Johnson represented Pa. Omega at the national convention of S. A. E.

L. W. Eighmy and F. H. Murphy are recovering from an attack of the grip.

Mr. Alex. Harrington, ex-'93, of Johnsonburg, Pa., spent Sunday in town.

Quite a number of students are indisposed by the prevalent distemper, la-grippe.

Miss Gertrude Mills is not in college this term. Sickness prevented her return.

Arthur Staples, who was kept from college last term by an attack of typhoid fever, is back.

The declamation contest of Philo society has finally been set for Wednesday evening, February 3d.

Miss Mayhem, representing the student volunteer movement of the missionary work of this country and Canada, spent Sunday at Allegheny, and several students expressed their intention of becoming foreign missionaries.
Chauncey Bell has left college on account of failing health. He is now with his brother in Nebraska.

During the recent cold weather, and while the walks were so slippery, the chapel exercises were dispensed with.

Miss Jennie Mitchell, of Beaver Falls, Pa., a student of Beaver College, is visiting her cousin, Miss Maude Johnson.

The Y. M. C. A. recently gave a sleighride party to Conneaut Lake. All voted it a success. Ask Peffer and Howe.

Miss Lucy Pickett, ’91, who has been in Paris continuing her studies, was obliged, by poor health, to return home this winter.

Prof. Trueman has been suffering for the last week with an acute attack of bronchitis, being unable to hear his classes. We hope for his speedy recovery.

Paul Reisinger, ex-'92, who is now a cadet at West Point, was obliged to take a few days rest, owing to some slight trouble with his eyes. He is at his home in this city.

Dr. Wheeler has been secured by the ladies of the Episcopal church to give his series of lectures on English Literature. The lectures will be open to all for a reasonable sum, and all who have heard them know what a treat is in store for his audience.

A census was recently taken to ascertain how many of the students are members of evangelical churches, with the following result: Methodist 95, Presb. 26, U. P. 8, Cong. 7. Ten different denomination are represented. 74 per cent. are members of some church.

We are obliged to cut out part of our local column and some of our fraternity and alumni notes this issue.
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