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LITERARY.

RHYME OF AN IDLE HOUR.

I sit among the falling leaves,
This golden autumn day;
And far away from present scenes
My idle fancies stray.

There's much, I know, to see and hear,
And much to do and learn
From out this wonder-working age,
Whichever way we turn.

It may be an ignoble thing
To sigh for quiet hours,
And seek to steep the tired sense
In balm of lotus flowers.

I must confess to idle words,
And spells of dreamy thought,
When all the wondrous goings on
Speak to my soul for naught.

And so this rich October day
Hath a resistless spell,
And drawn by yielding fancies back
Where olden memories dwell.

I see my native hill tops flaunt
Their banners bright and gay,
And through the valley's peaceful length
The river winds its way.

The village maples flame and burn,
Touched by the autumn fire,
And glitters in the mellow sun
The well-remembered spire.

Fair youthful faces come and go,
And voices greet my ear
Whose cherished tones I have not heard
For many a weary year.

How different is the world to-day
In which we strive and wait,
Whose feet have not already passed
The angel-guarded gate.

A glorious age, a wondrous time,
We breathless haste along,
With scarce an hour to sit and sing
A scrap of olden song.

No poet for these modern times,
I hear the critics say,
Is he who steepes his tervid thoughts
In poppies of Cathay.

Who to the music of the past
Will set his rhythmic song,
While in the present, unperceived,
High inspirations throng.

Yet sometimes, weary of the glare,
The noise, the rush, the strain,
'Tis sweet in thought to wander back
To calmer paths again.

The eagle well may seek the sun,
His strong wing cannot tire,
Nor can his clear, proud eye be dimmed
By the unclouded fire.

Yet in the meadows, still and low,
The small brown thrush may sing,
And hear unmoved the rushing sound
Of proudly soaring wings.

DISTANT VIEWS.

E. M. WOOD '79.

The sphere of man's existence is confined, at most, to a narrow world; while his vision takes in boundless realms of space. The limits of the other senses are indeed contracted compared with the vast domains of sight. The greater part of what we see is distant; but a small proportion, near. Not least, then, among the benefactions of a benign Creator, is the provision by which distant objects are compelled to contribute to our happiness. But the measure of our gratification is not limited to this fact; for separation lends *additional* charms to the scenes of nature, and they are most soul-thrilling which are seen from afar. There is a peculiar fascination in distant views. This is, perhaps, not explained by the principles of Esthetics, yet is conceded as an axiomatic truth by all who truly admire the scenic beauties of nature. We may stoop with exquisite enjoyment to examine a tiny flower or crystal; yet the spell which they cast over us is necessarily temporary, and we look for our prolonged draughts of pleasure to the extended landscape, the billowy ocean, or the fleecy clouds. From nearly every standpoint, the eye loves best to dwell on the distant. Away before us the hill-sides seem to slope in regular lines; the river meanders in graceful curves; the green forests assume a richer hue; and the autumnal woods are invested with a greater variety of tints. The purple mountains as they loom up to greet the sky, seem enveloped with a mystic beauty and grandeur. The distant landscape appears to be a perfect representation of harmony in variety.

A lover of nature never feels satisfied until he has explored those far-away scenes, and discov-

ered what it is that gives them their peculiar enchantment. He sets out with a vague feeling that there the earth must be more charming and romantic than where he stands. But as he journeys along, his path is still beset with weeds and dust and briers. The way even grows more rough and difficult as he clammers over jagged rocks and up steep inclines; but he never realizes the goal so full of wondrous beauty. Even should he mount some lofty peak and look back, he would perceive beauty enthroned in the distance whence he came, and not on the rugged mountain where he stands. He has learned the force of the truth "*Distance lends enchantment to the view.*"

Many of nature's works are beautiful *only* when seen from afar. The cerulean color and majestic grandeur of the ocean cannot be discerned from a short range of vision. Could we visit the planets we would probably find nothing of particular beauty; yet when the mighty universe, with its countless sparkling jewels, is spread out before us in a single view, every soul is inspired with awe and admiration at the sight. The rainbow, with all its marvelous beauty, is but falling rain. The light feathery clouds of a summer day, or the gorgeous masses at sunset, were we enveloped by them, would prove but a cold, damp mist. Sometimes, in a fanciful mood, we have longed to leave the disagreeable scenes of earth, and dwell in those mysterious realms of the sky. How great would be our disappointment, could we enter their strange domains!

And so it is with our views of the Future. The valley of youth is surrounded by the stately heights of manhood, the roseate garden of matrimony, the golden eminence of wealth, and the purple mountains of fame. They smile on us with a delusive charm; and lure us forward with a glance full of false promises. Not until we approach them, do we learn that they too are covered with dust and weeds and common herbage. We press forward so eagerly after wealth and fame, because the difficulties and many annoyances which throng those higher positions, are hidden from our eyes. Not before we have a closer view

can we see their defects or properly estimate their advantages.

The youth longs for the liberty and authority of manhood. He obtains it; but in its train follow heavy responsibilities, hard labor, and harassing vexations. With aching limbs and throbbing brow, he looks anxiously forward to old age for leisure and relief from these heavy burdens and tiresome duties. It comes at last; but not alone. With it are enfeebled sight, a tottering frame, and a failing mind. He soon realizes that the happiest portion of his life, was that farthest back in the past.

There is a similar delusion in the realm of philosophy and thought. Nothing is permanent, nothing is satisfactory. An idea may be grasped with eagerness to-day, but when closely examined, flaws are discovered, and it is abandoned tomorrow. Popular opinion swings back and forth like a pendulum--always seeking a change--ever grasping something new and distant. Monarchies and republics are alternately accepted. Infidelity is at one time in the ascendant; but soon yields to the returning wave of Christianity. Romanism and Protestantism seem to have their successive seasons of public favor. Luther from being a most rigid Catholic, renounces his old opinions and rushes to an opposite extreme. In his sudden and exalted appreciation of Faith, he almost denies the efficacy of good works. In our own country the principles of the two great political parties struggle with ever varying success. The cheers of the one have hardly died upon our ears, before the strong current of public opinion has completely changed, and victory is turned into defeat. What can better explain this vacillation of opinions, than that mystifying glamour which shrouds the new and distant?

The law of "like seeks like" performs an important office in binding the bonds of friendship; yet beyond and contrary to this also operates our principle of the "attractive distant." Through its agency, natures widely and essentially dissimilar are drawn together as by a mysterious influence. A fair proportion of the happiest unions, either of friendship or marriage, are formed from

elements almost opposite in their physical appearance, mental views, or moral characteristics.

Remote views of the past are especially fraught with a mystic fascination. This is illustrated by the frequent references we hear to "*the good old times*." It is only an illusion that can exalt the pleasures and privileges of the past over those of the present. The arts of civilization are advanced, opportunities are increased, and the world is better to-day than a hundred or a thousand years ago. But the lapse of time has hidden their disagreeable prosy phases, and we have an exaggerated idea of the advantages of those ages. By atmospheric refraction, the descending sun in the heavens appears more and more elevated above its true position, until it is entirely lost beyond the horizon. So the past is continually magnified in our estimation, until it completely disappears in the waves of Lethe.

The customs and opinions of ages long gone by possess a mysterious charm. Through the influence of intervening time, coarse ignorance often appears to be honest simplicity; barbarous pugnacity is changed to sturdy valor; and vague mysticism becomes sound philosophy. It is sometimes said that history or biography cannot be impartially narrated when the events occur during the lifetime of the writer. It may be true; but modern history with all its prejudice, is surely more reliable than ancient history with its delusions. Many of the usages of the Christian Church have no Divine authority; but are revered and rigidly maintained from the antiquity of their use. In the poetic words of Coleridge, "Time consecrates, and what is gray with age becomes religion."

Men, too, are most revered in their memories. It has been aptly said that if a man wishes his full meed of esteem and praise, he can only obtain it by death. Shakespeare puts a false sentiment into the mouth of Antony, in the expression, "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones." The contrary is more nearly true. A great gulf separates a man's history after his death. So his faults are lost in the distance; while his virtues shine forth with in-

creased brightness. It is from the exaltation of a man's character in posthumous fame that most of the world's mythology has sprung.

This principle also finds application in our personal recollections. Distance lends enchantment to the dullest and most painful happenings of life; and they possess a real interest when reviewed in after years. The adventures of travelers and sailors, which they so delight to recount, were not all agreeable when they happened. Most of them seemed unqualified trials, and were encountered with dread and reluctance; *now* their remembrance brings only a feeling of satisfaction and justifiable pride. The veteran of the battle-field, whom a cruel ball has seriously maimed for life, and thus foiled of his most cherished anticipations, does not regret the battle which has cost him these years of disability. No! he rather rejoices in the agreeable recollections which that once sore affliction now provides him.

Every one can see the same fact, to some degree in his own life. The circumstances which formerly gave rise to painful thoughts, after the lapse of time become imbued with interest and beauty. Forbidden to enjoy anticipated fishing excursions, obliged to perform onerous chores compelled to drudge tedious hours in a dreary schoolroom, and daily confronted by adventures difficulties, and accidents, our childhood was occupied with much that seemed irritating and arduous, if not grievous and oppressive. But now, as we look back to those experiences from a distance, they seem delightful incidents of life. *Then* they appeared *prosy, discouraging*, and utterly devoid of one redeeming feature. *Now* they are tinged with considerable poetic beauty. They give variety to our history, encouragement to our endeavors, and vivacity to our memories.

Among the teachings of "Distant Views" it is not difficult to perceive two important lessons—one of *Caution*, and one of *Contentment*. False views of life and untried systems of philosophy are being continually thrust into prominence. Hydra-headed skepticism is ever presenting some new phase of error, and luring us on with a fascination like that which envelopes the distant moun-

tains. Disowning extreme conservatism, let us nevertheless be careful how we accept opinions, which are untested by time and a close examination. We can find no sounder advice on this subject than the words of Paul, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

And, again, as we cast our eyes into the Future, it is well that we do not long too eagerly for the emoluments of wealth and fame; for there is surely deception in that enticing glance. The Past was not, nor will the Future be what they appear to us now. Let us rightly value the present, for it only is reliable. And then when troubles come; when difficulties and trials meet us; and when the responsibilities of life grow irksome, let us recall the familiar line of Virgil, "Perhaps even this may hereafter be remembered with pleasure." Though these burdens press heavily now, yet a day will come when we shall rejoice that necessity imposed them upon us—not only because they have proven a necessary experience, but also because their memories will afford us many a pleasant thought—many a beautiful view.

"THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT."

There is one place where travelers through Scotland always stop, and that is the Alloway Kirk, just outside the town of Ayr.

Alloway Kirk is in itself famous enough to call one to the neighborhood, but near by is a low thatched cottage built of straw and clay, and about this place still greater interest centres. It is a Cotter's home, and the Cotter who once lived there was the father of Scotia's famous poet, Robert Burns.

Let us sit here in the door-way and learn from Burns' own words something of those who lived in this low house, what they did, what they thought and felt.

"The Cotter's Saturday Night" tells the story of their life in a charming way, and to go over it here will, perhaps, add interest to it.

One has wonders as he surveys this humble dwelling if it could ever seem home-like; how anything but discomfort, discontent and unhappi-

ness could find a shelter here; but turning to our book we find that the most perfect picture of happiness and true religion that is found in all literature is drawn from a scene in this humble home.

The story opens at night-fall one Saturday in November.

"The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end;
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does homeward bend."

Hardly a pleasanter picture could be drawn than that which meets him at the door:

"His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile,
An' makes his him quite forget his labor an' his toil."

Would that those few lines might be studied in homes of high and low degree. The inmates might learn lessons worth more than wealth and position.

But by-and-by the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out amang the farmers roun';
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthful bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps to show a bran new gown,
Or deposit her sair-won penny fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be."

Burns' love for home and family is strongly shown in the picture that follows. The happy greetings of brothers and sisters, their kindly inquiries for one another's welfare, and the merry laugh and talk that follows are very touching and natural. Indeed, one of the most weird descriptions of the poem is that of the family seated about the room:

"The mother, wi' her needles and her shears,
Gars auld claes look amais as weel's the new,
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due."

This describing simple, common affairs in life is one of our poet's characteristics, and he says of himself that he strives to do nothing more than to sing the sentiment and manner he felt and saw in himself, and his rustic compeers.

Love songs seem to be spontaneous with Burns, and we find them as abundant as sonnets in Shakespeare. He would never have a home

without a pair of lovers in it, and so we are not astonished that

"A rap comes gently at the door,
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor,
To do some errands and convoy her hame."
* * * *

"Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben;
A strappin' youth, he takes the mother's e'e."

The cordial welcome this strange lad meets from all the family is sincere and expressive. The whole household unites story and laugh for his entertainment until the simple supper of "halesome parritch" is spread, when, in honor of the visitor, the mother brings out her well-saved cheese.

"The cheerful supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride;
He wales a portion with judicious care,
And 'let us worship God!' he says, with solemn air."

A friend of Burns says that he often remarked that he thought there was something particularly venerable in the phrase "Let us worship God," used by a decent, sober head of a family introducing family worship, and it is to this sentiment of the author that the world owes "The Cotter's Saturday Night." This part of the poem which, in the closing scene of the evening, is the gem of the piece.

There is a reverence about it which one rarely finds equalled in such description, and it seems very appropriate that after the worship is over, "Then homeward all take aff their sev'ral ways," and the cottagers retire to rest.

One of the characteristics of this poem, and one which is of great interest to us is the pleasant philosophy it breathes all the way through.

To a man feeling himself capable of great things, with mind and powers far above the majority of Princes and Nobles, it must have been, at the least, irritating to feel that all advantages of travel, culture and education were denied him; yet in his poverty he learned the lesson of taking what was provided, and being content. If sometime he rails at Princes and Nobles, and says they are but the breath of kings, and declares his

contempt for "lordling's pomp" and "luxury's contagion," we can forgive him freely, remembering how his bitterness never lasted long. He knew well how to check discontent by singing the happy phrases of his poverty and hiding the hard things.

From our seat in the door-way we look into the living room, and the simple room, before so dull and cheerless, has become wonderfully changed. We almost imagine we can see the family about the old deal table and hear the cheerful laugh and talk.

This simple, natural study of real life has shown us what kindly feelings, sincere love and reverence, will do; and as we leave the home of the Cotter, we feel like saying with Burns,

"Long may these hardy sons of rustic toil,
Be blessed with health, and praise, and sweet content.
And, Oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile."

HARMONY.

W. BOWSER, '79.

A great many people seem unconscious of living in a world of exquisite beauty and harmony. They gaze into starry distance, but catch no glimpse of harmony there. They look out upon the broad panorama of nature, but fail to note the evidence of fitness and harmony that shine forth from its every nook and corner. Their eyes are closed to the scenes of beauty that reveal the unbounded skill of nature's artist. Their ears are closed to the symphonies of the world around them, whose silent melodies ever touch the tender emotions of the earnest student of nature. For them nature's floral beauties have no charm, nor does the music of the groves move them in the least. To them life is a mockery, and earth's splendors an aggravation. Is this human destiny? Must man be insensible of the true glory of his surroundings? Earnest inquirers, consider human susceptibilities, and you will find sufficient answer. The very fact that man is conscious of harmony, of melody and beauty, is convincing proof that he is susceptible of these.

If he is by nature capable of such high conceptions and pleasures, ought that endowment to be dormant? By the exercise of such powers, is there secured to man a loftier plane of existence, towering above that of the brute creation.

To deny the existence of harmony is inconsistent with the established grounds of faith. No theist, believing in the perfection of divine attributes, dare deny it. Boundless immensity revolves its countless worlds according to harmonized law, else divine perfection of designs is mere conception, without the reality. There is no jar among the innumerable suns that illumine the vast concave of the blue vault above us, no agency to cause confusion in their course, no discord in the silent motion of the heavenly bodies. The over-joyed astronomer fails to see settled confusion, off in the remotest regions of telescopic investigation. In ecstasy of soul he exclaims, there is harmony above us, harmony beneath us, and harmony all around us! If this be true of the heavens, so far as human investigation has discovered, is our earth a fated exception? Let us see.

Of all the splendid creations of this globe, man is the chief of heavenly interest. For his good all things else sweetly converge. He is the chief care and concern of Deity. As the divine character is known to mortals, as the tone of divine management is that of mercy and tender sympathies, God must provide for human happiness—the one great end of human desire. That he does is evident to all who sincerely trace out the numerous channels of helpful influences.

Man is not cruelly thrown out into existence, the simple toy of hostile forces, wants and influences, that encompass him on every hand. So soon as he breathes the genial air, instinctive nature comes to the rescue, fortified by the suggestions of reason. His wants, though unexpressed, are anticipated by matured minds. The weakness of youthful body and mind, apparently inconsistent with the rugged features of the external world, is fully harmonized by the ministration of helpful nature. In the strength of manhood the unfriendly hindrances to livelihood

are entirely overcome by unswerving will-power and trustworthy intelligence. So is it throughout life. There is sufficient supply for all urgent demands of man's physical nature. Is all this blank confusion, are there no soft, mellow tones of musical harmony in all this array of helpful influences?

If we turn to the moral and intellectual life of man, we also find that harmony permeates the entire plan of human experience. But is this true, cries the sceptical fault-finder of the cynic class? We do not always have the bright sunshine on the arduous path of life. Often times does darkness of the deepest shade settle down upon us. Business perplexities, intellectual griefs of most stifling character, beset us oftentimes in their greatest power. From the heights of greatest joy we fall to the depths of intensest sorrow. You ask, where is the harmony amid such a medley of doubts and fears, perplexities and disappointments, sorrows and griefs. I ask, is not the richest, the purest gold from the hottest, the most intense fire? Is not this purification a passport to the grandest harmony of the universe? Besides, as a general thing, life's crosses and unpleasantnesses are unduly magnified. We take a wrong, a partial view of life's joys and sorrows. Do we not, many times, fancy discord where harmony dwells? But, admit that the discordant in life does really exist, then harmony only bursts out in greater glory, as the perfect, full, rounded plan of redemption comes prominently into view. These temporal surges of direful adversity, only precede and prepare for the undisturbed calm of settled quiet and peace. Harmony of an all-wise purpose sealed the rescue of fallen innocence. It is all in harmony with an intelligence that is infallible. Need we, then, despair of this life, must we fancy it a pandemonium for the torture of harassed souls? Is it discord that conciliates the physical with the spiritual, that adapts the environments of man to his nature and constitution, that swings the seasons in their beautiful circle, that furnishes the delights of lovely scenery in manifold forms and shapes, that subjects the

mighty elements to human control, and furnishes all things essential to joy and happiness in life?

After all, is not life just what we make it? If we want we may transform the harmonies of our existence into hopeless confusion. We may fancy there is no sense of fitness in the refreshing dews of early morn, in the secret springs of vegetable life, in the genial sunshine, the mellow star-light, that gives a peculiar charm to the whole face of nature, in the social relation of man to man, in everything that builds up to a nobler sphere of being. Then look not to the dark side of life. Student, do not confine your vision to the narrow limit of the present, to the period of wearisome study. In storm, think of the coming calm. In adversity, look forward into the realms of soul-satisfying prosperity. By no means foster the idea that this is a world of confusion, jar and discord, but of pleasing harmony.

TASTE IN LITERARY WORKS.

It is not the purpose of this article to enter into a metaphysical discussion on the subject of Taste. It simply aims to present a few plain thoughts that may be suggestive to students. Taste is the quick perception of relations and ability to combine in harmonious proportions. This definition admits of a close test and will be found comprehensive in all cases. The lady who appears in a toilet that reminds one of Johnson's lines,

"Still to be neat, still to be drest
As you were going to a feast,"

has been able to present this appearance in no other way than by exercising good taste. If the same person were to arrange the contents of a room she never would allow any unpleasing combinations to be made. She quickly sees what will harmonize, and her deft fingers can work wonders with the material given her.

It is this same perception and ability that makes an artist. A picture has been defined as "harmony presented to the eye," and certainly nothing could be a better description of the creations of master artists.

Taste is an innate quality and is possessed by all persons in a greater or less degree. It may be cultivated, and it is wonderful how much it will change with cultivation. Exercising it on one class of subjects improves it as regards all. Taste in literary work is nothing different from taste in art. A quick perception of the relation of ideas, words and construction, and the ability to combine these so as to bring about the desired effect upon the minds to be reached, are the true elements of a fine writer. Genius may produce brilliant thoughts, but, after all, it is Taste that gives to the world works of a literary merit that are a source of unalloyed delight. The delicate taste of Addison awakens pleasure fully equal to that derived from the original genius of Shakespeare. No one but a person of cultured taste can tell how important a faculty it is to one who is to engage in literary work. No one but he can experience the pleasure derived from the true beauties of an author, or feel the pain at his defects.

In the current literature of the times there are many examples both of correct and perverted taste. But what concerns us most is the kind that is exercised in college literature, and more particularly that employed in writing essays and orations. It is admitted by all that good taste is essential to a good production. Its violation in a few cases may destroy the effect of the best thoughts, just as improper arrangement of ornaments detracts from their natural value. Taste should be an element running all through an essay. In the very first, much depends on the choice of a suitable subject. It should be well adapted to the mind of the writer and to the audience, and well suited to the occasion. It is a mark of bad taste to attempt to treat a subject about which one knows very little, or one in which his hearers have little interest.

It is bad taste to try to write about anything when one really has nothing to say. This leads to lack of unity, which is among the chief charms of composition. Many a good essay is spoiled by being too long; the best of ideas will not endure too much extension. Another fault

in composition is too much ornament. This causes a feeling not unlike that experienced when one meets a very gaudily dressed person. Too much ornament is no ornament at all but a sad disfiguration.

There is a common exhibition of bad taste in a certain kind of writing called moral essays, and it consists in the fact that they contain matter fit only for a sermon. A sermon has its place and a moral essay has its place, but they should not be combined in one effort. It is bad taste to treat an ordinary subject as if it were of vital importance. In treating such a subject it is well to be comprehensive, but it is not good taste to feel obliged to begin with our first parents, or the creation of the world, and make application to all the illustrious characters or important events in ancient or modern times.

Every one can call to mind some common allusion to the Savior or Creator of the world that he has heard in these moral essays, and how distinctly he remembers the painful effect produced upon an audience. Sometimes the effect changes from the painful to the absurd. The sublime should not be mingled with the commonplace. It is a common thing to hear an essay of this kind close with an exhortation to be good and be happy, or, when one of these writers wishes to make an unusually fine conclusion to his ordinary essay, he will quote that beautiful but often inappropriately quoted passage of Scripture—"Well done, good and faithful servant," etc. The violation of good taste in these cases arises from having no perception of the relations between common affairs and the highest possible ideas that can be expressed, and when these are combined the result is far from harmonious. Another style of composition which suffers from a violation of good taste is that which aims to be humorous. Pure humor is one of the pleasantest elements that can be found in a production, but it is often spoiled or marred by introducing things which *border* upon the vulgar. If a person finds that he cannot be humorous without sacrificing his dignity, he would better drop his

humor entirely. A low order of wit in a literary production is utterly inexcusable.

It has been said that taste may be cultivated. If this is true, it is worth most strenuous efforts to attain this culture, for no one can successfully engage in literary work without a high development of this faculty. The best way to cultivate taste is to read carefully the authors who have excelled in this respect.

PROF. SHEPPARD is coming again, and will be under the auspices of the ladies. He comes with entirely new lectures; and having lectured in this city for the last three seasons with good success, he deserves to be well patronized. He is a good elocutionist, and always treats his hearers to a rich feast.

We have not been requested to say so, but it should be well understood that the ladies are not going to all the trouble and inconvenience which this course of lectures must necessarily entail upon them for the mere fun of it.

Money is needed to fix up their Society Hall in a suitable manner, and they have adopted this plan for raising it. Money is their object for taking hold of this course, therefore, whether student or citizen, patronize the ladies. Do not make your inability to attend an excuse not to buy a ticket. The ladies propose to give six entertainments for one dollar. No one can complain that it costs too much to attend lectures when they can be had for so small a sum.

Also, during his stay, the Professor will lecture on public speaking to all those desiring his instruction.

These lectures will be free to all, and, as he evidently "knows what he is about," no one can afford to miss them. A visit to any of the societies will convince anyone that such training is much needed. Now is the time for each to gain something in this line, and let none be so foolish as to neglect his opportunity. "If you would catch rain drops, you must do it when it rains."

A book is a man's best friend, and the only one he can shut up without giving offense.

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EDITORS:

H. L. CAMPBELL,

HATTIE A. LINN,

A. M. SHELLITO,

O. B. MOSS,

EMMERY M. WOOD.

JUDD. A. WANN, *Business Manager.*

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CULTURE and refinement distinguish the civilized and gentle from the semi-civilized and barbarous. These are attainments acquired by each for himself.

To supply the want of food was man's pristine employment. It occupied the thought and was the endeavor of all. Every grace and adornment, every æsthetic principle and taste, which has helped to turn the world into a vast picture gallery floored with a beautiful mosaic, has its origin and spring in a necessity of man, the necessity of food and raiment. To meet this want, when the only aim and object were utilitarian, was tiresome and arduous drudgery. But in toil the æsthetic nature found rich, opportune ground to assert itself, and by infusing itself into the drudgeries of tilling the soil, stripped them of very much of their distastefulness, and animated and guided the spirit to provide for the wants of social life, of diversion, of recreation, and others incident to the fullest and most ornate development of the perfectly cultured and refined. The development of the æsthetic nature is of great importance. For can anything be really true and good which is not at the same time beautiful? The true, the beautiful and the good form a trinity which the spirit discerns in unity. They

unite to form harmony. Take away the true, and the beautiful and the good, united with the false, would be incomprehensible. So is it to take away any of the others. When the imagination lies dormant and the soul is encrusted in a coating of natural or acquired ugliness, not the starry heaven, nor the grassy earth, nor the flowering hills, nor the babbling brooks, nor autumn's grandeur, not all nature and all art can stir the spirit to anything ennobling or sublime.

What is being done in the college to quicken and foster this faculty? Come, look at the Campus and form your own judgment. By nature beautiful, by keeping extremely ugly. A few much needed improvements would make it at least respectable. First, the wash of the road is turned into the northeast corner of the grounds and renders that section, otherwise attractive, not only unsightly but useless. If the trustees are to blame for this reckless destruction of the Campus surely they are deserving of severe censure. If the councilors of the city compel it to be so, it is shamefully disgraceful to the men and the city for which they act.

The Campus is the finest park about Meadville, and why greater interest is not manifested to render it more attractive is most singularly strange. If any trustee, councilman or citizen can give a good reason why all the filth and rubbish off the continuation of North Main street should be flooded into and over the college grounds we would like to have it to file away with the strange and interesting collections of the cabinets, to illustrate the wisdom, prudence and foresight of certain men who once lived, moved and had a being.

The lake is another object of disgust. It could be made by a little outlay very attractive and would set off the grounds to good effect. As it is, it is nothing but a filthy little pool. Why not let the water out of it and give it a thorough dredging before winter sets in? Certainly it would be the more sightly and enjoyable next summer. The southwest corner of the grounds has hitherto been unvisited by the student and unknown to the visitor. But since

Park Avenue has been completed it has become the most conspicuous section of the Campus. Coming up the avenue one can see only this section until opposite the buildings. What a sight! What briars! What brambles! What long dead grass! What consummate ugliness meets the eye! Is this the impression, which such grounds must reflect, that is desirable?

We have now mentioned those wastes more needy of correction and repairs, and shall, at present, pass over the others.

If education be not alone utilitarian but refined and spiritual, we demand that our surroundings be put in perfect order for effecting the end.

THE way in which the Library is at present managed is very unsatisfactory. The convenience of the students does not seem to be consulted; and the result is that the large collection of books which the college possesses plays a very insignificant part in her educational work. We do not condemn the librarian for lack of interest in the library or for disregarding the students' wishes and rights; on the contrary we think that he is deeply in earnest about the whole matter; but it seems that certain changes could be easily made that would lead to most beneficial results. The flattering promises which were held out to the students when the project of purchasing a library was on foot are not yet forgotten. There were those who feared, at the time when the removal of the Society Libraries was advised, that the then interest would prove ephemeral.

If the Library is for the use of the students it should be put on such a basis as that they may derive the largest benefit from it. It should, then, be open when the student is on the grounds.

We fail to see why it cannot be at least managed this year as it was last year.

The necessity of having some one to oversee it, and the absence of a fund to provide for this expense may be urged as a reason why it is not so. But such a reason would be very weak and insufficient.

The institution claims to have no tuition fee,

but in reality takes the same thing under another name.

Now, these misnomers, which are required at the first of every term, amount to thirty dollars a year, or upwards of eight thousand dollars, in the aggregate. They are collected for incidental expenses. The employment of an assistant librarian would be an incidental expense and one incident to the advantage of every student. When this matriculation fee was four dollars a term the students who desired it possessed themselves of a good Reading Room for the small sum of three dollars a year. This privilege was taken away, the fee increased, and constant reports of more desirable library facilities and advantages sounded in our ears. Our Reading Room to-day is nothing compared with what it was then, and our library advantages are but little improved. We understand that a very small part of these fees was voted to the Library last year and never paid. Let us have straight out and out action in these matters.

Messrs. Trustees, would it not be a good plan to set apart five dollars out of every thirty for these matters?

THE deportment of the students has been in the main, so far, very commendable. A few of the boys seem to think, however, that it is characteristic of the truly refined gentleman to resist authority, act boorishly toward classmates, and indulge in frequent, nasty improprieties.

The educated man should always be a good law-abiding citizen; and such he can be only by habituating himself to submit to authority in cheerful, willing obedience. To pursue an opposite course of action will involve him in all the turmoils and perplexities which surely find the offender out. Hence the need of cultivating strict obedience while in the formative period of life.

To act the gentleman toward everybody is a quality of power not to be underestimated. No one can be successful who uses his friends and associates and those with whom he deals in a

careless, haughty or indifferent manner. Franklin and Marshall College suffers at present on account of the bad conduct of her Freshman and Sophomore classes. The Freshmen considered it amusement to haze the Sophomores and the sequel is a Freshman very badly hurt, probably injured for life.

We do not anticipate that anything of this kind will happen among us, but call attention to it to show the necessity of being gentlemen. Again, if those young men—who, by the way, are not even several—do not abandon the practice of placing the foul imagination of a filthy heart upon whatever knife or crayon will effect, they need not feel any undue surprise at finding their names in the public print.

Do not deceive yourselves in hoping that the editors will not find you out. Skillful statesmen have come to grief by trusting in such confidence.

“What’s a fine person, or a beauteous face,
Unless *deportment* gives them decent grace?”

It is quietly rumored that one of our professors has fully embraced the aboriginal doctrine of the “happy hunting ground” with dogs, gun and abundance of game. It is said that he derives much comfort from the thought that several of his well-trained dogs have already passed over the river and are awaiting their old master on the other side. O, ye inquisition! ye doctors, ye orthodox, what shall be done with the heretic?

SCIENTIFIC.

SOME OF THE CARNIVORA OF CRAWFORD CO.

FROM THE SCIENTIFIC CLUB.

The geographical position of Crawford Co. makes it the natural home for many wild animals, most of which, however, are among the things forever past, and, as far as can be ascertained, there is no record of them except that found in the memories of old hunters who are fast approaching the same oblivious state.

The great timber belt of Eastern America gives special advantages to the Carnivora, and it is of this order that this paper will treat entirely, endeavoring to call attention to some of the animals now extinct in this district, without pretending to enumerate every species that is indigenous to this county.

Crawford County is situated in the timber belt, and contains large forests at this day, though many acres have been cleared and placed under cultivation.

The streams are numerous and flow toward almost all points of the compass, some swiftly, some slowly. The water is pure and clear, affording homes for many orders of fish. Several lakes are within the boundaries of this county, among which is Conneaut, the largest lake in the State. The county has for the most part a hilly surface, giving secure retreats to animals of all kinds. Large swamps, too, are distributed over the county.

All these natural advantages lend to make it the very best place for all kinds of game.

The family Felidæ was represented by the genus *Felis* and *Lyncus*. Of the first the only type was the panther. This animal has a roving disposition and travels from place to place, always keeping in mountainous districts.

Its habits are truly cat like, keeping in the shelter of some friendly log or ledge during the day and prowling about at night.

Its food consists of the smaller animals ranging from the deer to porcupine, which it is said to kill and eat when hungry. The panther has the reputation of being a very formidable enemy, and so blood-thirsty that he will attack man seemingly for no other purpose than to kill him. This is a mistake, no matter how many terrified hunters affirm it to be true. The fact is the panther is a coward and will only fight when driven to it in self defense; then, it is true, he shows his might and makes a hard fight for life. It can be tamed if taken when young and makes a very affectionate pet. Its cry is a shrill scream, compared by those who have heard it, to the human voice; but many hunters say that the cry attribu-

ted to the panther is made by a kind of owl, and that the panther utters no call.

For many years none have been found in this county, and it is barely possible that one could wander from the mountains to these parts.

The next genus has two types, the *Northern Lynx* and the *Wild Cat*. The Lynx has a trait peculiar to itself when compared with the rest of the family—it is not afraid of water and swims gracefully. Perhaps its fondness for fish caused it to overcome natural scruples and develop into a semi-aquatic animal. It, too, is a coward and is easily killed. It catches small animals and robs traps for its food. There are none in this county at this date. The wild cat is by no means a rare animal and has been found and killed within the last five years in Crawford. Its habits are similar to those of the lynx, and it is an excellent climber. It is very cowardly and will only fight when driven to it by dog or hunter.

The existence of the wolverine is somewhat mythical, but tradition says that they were occasionally found three fourths of a century ago.

The family Canidae has been well represented and still has some species among the animals found in this locality. The gray wolf was at one time the terror of the sheepfold and a rich prize for the trapper. A bounty paid for their scalps very soon reduced their numbers and at the present day there are none in the bounds of the county. The black wolf has been caught in Crawford, but was never very plentiful. The genus *vulpes* finishes the family.

The red and grey fox are so common that every one, almost, has seen either one or both of them. They are sly and crafty, and can only be taken in traps or by the use of dogs.

Once there were found in the streams of Crawford, long-bodied, sleek, dark furred animals, with short legs and a strong passion for sliding down the steep banks into the river. These animals were otters. They were once quite numerous, but are only occasionally found now.

Long prior to the disappearance of the otters a very strange animal became extinct in this county. He was commonly known as the Black

Fox, but this was a misnomer and only a local term. The proper name is Fisher. It is still found in the forests of New York, toward the northern part of the State. It had a good quality of fur, lived in trees, and would spring from one tree to another with the agility of a squirrel. It was not quite so large as an otter and resembled the mink strongly in shape and habit. Hunters dreaded it for the reason that it robbed traps, stealing the bait and destroying the skins of captured animals.

We have enumerated but a few of the carnivora, but it is not possible even to mention all of this one order in so short an article.

Crawford county is rich in its resources and well deserves the study of those who love science.

EDUCATIONAL.

This is Princeton's 133d year.

Trinity College has moved into its new buildings.

The gymnasium now being erected at Harvard is estimated to cost \$100,000.

B. F. Butler is a graduate of Colby University Class of '38. Who claims Dennis Kearney?

France appropriated 100,000 francs to enable her school teachers to attend the Exposition.

Miss Shige Nagai and Miss Stematz Yamagaver, Japanese girls, are attending Vassar College.

Phonetic spelling is to be introduced into the Philadelphia public schools.—*N. E. Journal of Ed.*

All the members of the class of '78 (Kansas University) will teach school this winter.—*Kan. Collegiate.*

At the University of Rochester, the Seniors are required to deliver orations in chapel, one each morning.

The Freshman class of the University of Pennsylvania exceeds 100 in number. This is the largest it has ever been.

Five thousand dollars from the Moody and Sankey Hymn-book fund, go to establish a scholarship at Wellesley.—*Ex.*

The Faculty of Oberlin College have made half an hour's gymnasium exercise compulsory upon the students for four days in the week.—*Ex.*

The circulation of Johnson's "Rambler" barely ever exceeded five hundred, which would hardly satisfy a publisher in our day.—*Ch. Union.*

The recent election in New Haven on the "Bible-in-school question" resulted in favor of "devotional exercises" by a vote of 4,800 to 1,900.

For peculiar punctuation and construction, the curiosity-seeking reader is referred to Butler's Analogy, and Haven's Mental Philosophy. In the latter see the sentence commencing in the middle of page 65.

Miss Alcott, the authoress, is regarded as rather stiff and unapproachable in society. In Concord, it is said that she "snubs" right and left, in return for the "snubs" she received when a poor working-girl.—*Ex.*

Dr. McCosh recently said that during the last nine years Princeton College had received gifts to the amount of \$2,500,000, and the number of students had increased from 250 to 500, the number of professors from 12 or 15 to 27.—*Ex.*

The Omega chapter of the Zeta Psi Fraternity, at Chicago University, suspended on account of the great fire, *which has been re-established.*—*Chronicle.* Poor Chicago! Whose cow kicked the lantern this time?

Prof. J. Lawrence Smith, of Louisville, has announced the discovery of a new metallic element which he proposes to call *Mosandrum*. It is found in North Carolina. He has the honor of being the first American who ever discovered an element.

At Dennison University the College numbers about 40 students and the Preparatory 75. The two departments are entirely separate and distinct, the former occupying the "New Brick" and the latter the "Old Brick." They have different literary societies, and are seated in opposite parts of the chapel.

An injunction has been asked for in St. Louis, restraining the Board of Directors of the public schools from having any language but English taught in the schools, and also requiring the Board to abolish all branches of study outside of the common English course.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Rev. Dr. George Loomis, formerly President of Allegheny College, now President of the Foster School for Young Ladies, Clifton Springs, N. Y., reports the experiment of establishing the school for the physical as well as mental and moral training of girls as having proved successful, and that, after its two years' history, the institution now enjoys a patronage from several of the States and Canada.—*N. Y. Observer.*

At Williams College alumni dinner in Boston, President Chadburne said he had more trouble managing the faculty than the students. "For," said he, "You can always tell where the students are coming out; but with the Professors it is entirely different; they are so awfully good. Each Professor spends his life studying one branch of knowledge, and expects each student to learn it all in four years, in connection with every other branch complete; so that the principal duty of the President is to stand between the Professors and the poor student."—*Ex.*

PERSONAL.

[The value of this department depends, to a great extent, on the help we get from others. We earnestly request our readers to send us any items of interest you may know concerning former students of Allegheny. We are always glad to hear from you.]

'59. Rev. D. W. Wampler is preaching at Evansburg, Pa.

'78. W. J. McClintock is principal of the Clintonville, (Pa.,) school.

'77. Wayne Whipple has "sold out" his interest in the *Kan. City Mail*.

'76. Rev. P. A. Reno is pastor of the M. E. Church at Fairview, Erie Co., Pa.

'76. We are gratified to learn that Rev. C. M. Cobern has received the Spartansburg appointment.

'80. Miss Anna Carter, after an extended visit east, returned to College about Oct. 15.

'71. Rev. R. B. Mansell, of Pitts. Conference, (M. E. C.,) is located at Brownsville, Pa.

'58. Rev. W. C. Birchard, of Allegheny City, attended the Pres. Synod lately held in Meadville.

'57. A. J. Merchant was in town Oct. 2, on business concerning the minutes of Erie Conference.

'76. C. T. Newlon was lately in town on a visit. He is studying medicine with his brother-in-law, Dr. Wallace, at East Brady, Pa.

'77. G. H. Huffman, having finished a successful year as pastor of the M. E. Church at Bennett, Pa., has entered Boston Theol. Seminary.

E. B. Wilson, a student of Allegheny in '74, who intended to return and graduate with the present Senior class, has entered the Junior class at Brown University.

Rev. J. H. McCarty, D. D., pastor of Ames Chapel, (M. E.,) New Orleans, lately visited chapel and favored us with a most wholesome speech. It was to his influence that Allegheny is indebted for her Prescott cabinet.

At the Crawford Co. Teachers' Institute, held at Cochranon, Oct. 21-25, the Address of Welcome was delivered by T. A. Sensor, (class of '77) the Response by A. J. Maxwell ('79), and an essay was read by F. M. Bullock ('74) on "Tact in Teaching."

Senator Wm. B. Allison, of Iowa, a former student of Allegheny, lately visited the College and gave the students an opportunity which they did not neglect to improve, to show their regard for one of the most able and honorable of the U. S. Senators. We always delight to honor such men; and especially does it give us pleasure when we learn that they have been "one of us." By reference to the records, we see that Senator Allison united with Allegheny Literary Society in 1849, the same year with Dr. Marvin, of Kansas University.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

'76. We are happy to chronicle the marriage

of our hearty friend L. H. Lauderbaugh to Mrs. Taylor, which occurred Aug. 8, 1878. As we designed mentioning only students who were here last year, in the last CAMPUS, we have not noticed this happy event before.

'76. J. C. Marcy, Jr., who has been practicing law in Jacksonville, Fla., lately came to Meadville on a very pleasant errand. Oct. 10 was the date of his marriage to Miss Anna D. Warnock, one of Meadville's fair daughters. We heartily wish the happy couple unalloyed happiness and abundant prosperity.

'75. We also have occasion to congratulate Rev. M. C. Bailey on a late felicitous occasion in which he participated as bridegroom. The bride's name was Miss Bertha Murdock, and the wedding took place at the home of her parents in Newtonia, Allegheny Co., Pa. Rev. Bailey made his friends at Meadville a short visit during the session of the Pres. Synod. He is pastor of the Pres. Church at Middletown, Dauphin Co., Pa.

OBITUARY.

We sadly turn from the record of marriages to pay our tribute of respect to the memory of Prof. L. D. Williams, whose earthly career closed on the 14th of Oct., 1878. He was born in Cazenovia, N. Y., March 7, 1813. In 1846 he came to Meadville to occupy the chair of Natural Sciences in Allegheny College, which position he filled with ability and fidelity 16 years, six of which he was Vice President of the College. The war brought to his patriotic mind new lines of duty, and he resigned his professorship to heed his country's call. He acted as chaplain of the 111th Penn'a Volunteers until ill health compelled him to leave the service. After his return from the army, he was engaged in different pursuits—being in his latest active life P. M. at Meadville. Tritely, yet none the less truly, we may say his death is mourned by all who knew him. He was at different times a farmer, minister, educator, soldier and officer in civil government; but chiefly, and all the time, a Christian of firm faith, unfaltering trust, active benevolence and

irreproachable character. He was a man of resolute will and remarkable industry. While connected with Allegheny College, he was known for his faithful labor and indefatigable zeal in behalf of the interests placed in his care.

It is said that troubles never come singly; and so it must have seemed to the distressed children of Prof. Williams, as on Thursday morning a new affliction was added to their cup of sorrow. While the hearse was waiting to convey the deceased to the church, Mrs. Williams, for forty years the faithful and esteemed wife of the respected Professor, suddenly attacked with rheumatism of the heart, fell dead beside the body of her husband. We forbear to dwell on such a scene, knowing that our words could but faintly portray the grief of that stricken household. The double funeral took place at 3 p. m., Oct. 18, in the Stone Church, which was well filled with sympathetic friends. The cadet corps of the College marched in a body to the church, and thence to the cemetery. Nearly all the Faculty and students were present. After an earnest and touching address by Rev. Flood, Dr. Hamnett pathetically recounted the public life and character of the deceased, and Pres. Bugbee read the resolutions of the faculty. The manifestations of respect shown by the faculty and students at the funeral of Prof. Williams, were but fitting tributes to the memory of him who has lived such an exemplary life, and who has done so much for Allegheny College.

TABLE.

A philosophical Senior describes a Soph's mustache as "not a tangible entity, but a mental concept."—*Oberlin Review*.

A Junior moved that they adjourn *sine die* to meet on next Saturday, which is surely a *sign* he'll *die* early.—*Transcript*.

A man in western Iowa, who is a candidate for three offices, has invented a method of shaking hands by postal card.—*Hawk-Eye*.

Schoolmaster—"What is the meaning of equinox?" Pupil (who knows something of Latin

derivations)—"Please, sir, it's Latin for night-mare."

First Prep. (angrily): "If you attempt to pull my ears you'll have your hands full." Second Prep. (looking at the ears): "Well, yes; I rather think I shall."—*Ex*.

Instructor, (examining geometrical figures on the board)—"I don't understand these constructions." Student—"Very well, I'll see you after recitation and explain them to you."

In our bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail, but if that letter from home don't arrive, we will have to declare ourselves embarrassed, and compromise at 20 cents on the dollar.

Yes, replied a Freshman to the interrogation of a brother classmate, its a nice boarding house, but there is one objection, they won't shingle the cow—water will persist in getting into the milk.—*Transcript*.

The Chinese Encyclopedia meets a long-felt want, and no family should be without it. It is published at Peking in 5,020 volumes, and at the price of \$7,500 is the same as given away. "Get the best."—*Lowell Courier*.

Prof.—"What was the state of French affairs at this time?" X.—(rapidly,) "The majority ruled the minority, and consequently the minority was ruled by the majority." Prof.—(sternly,) "Sit down, sir!"—*Yale Record*.

After the Excursion to Quebec:—

Dear Father:—

Have been obliged to purchase several new books of reference recommended by Prof. —. Please forward fifteen dollars by next mail.

Your loving son,

The Dartmouth.

Oh, the Freshman comes to college

Like a chicken from the nest,

With his head brimful of knowledge

And a medal on his vest.

Thinks the world is all comprised within

His seminary shell,

Snubs the profs, and shows the upper classmen

How to cut a swell.

—*N. Y. World*.

After-dinner orator: "It's in the wonderful insight inter 'uman nature that Dickens gets the pull over Thackeray; but on tother hand, it's in the brilliant shafts of satire, t'gether with a keen sense o' humor that Thackens gets the pull on Dickery. It's just this: Thickery is the humorist, and Dackens is the satirist. But, after all, it's 'bsurd to instoot any comparison between Dackery and Thickens."

Perhaps the meanest thing, speaking artistically, is the way they run the gum department at Vassar College. Gum, for reasons best known to the faculty, is left off the catalogue, and so the girls have to chew it all over the twenty-four hours. In the history class, for instance, along comes the question, "What year was America discovered?" And then comes the distressing answer from the whole class, "Ajum, whajum, eigh, ech wah." This is gum for 1492.—*N. Y. Herald.*

First scientific party (of the name of Richard A. Proctor, with his telescope)—There is a steeple five miles off; I can see a fly walking on it. Scientific gentleman (called Prof. Hughes, with his microphone)—I can't see him, but I can hear him walk. Third scientific gentleman (named Edison, with his carbon thermopile)—I can measure the amount of heat produced by the friction of his movement. And (producing a phonograph from his pocket) by attaching this machine to your microphone, I can preserve and reproduce the noise of his walking, so that people can hear him walk 1,000 years hence.—*Unknown Enthusiast.*

ALL AROUND THE CAMPUS.

Prof. H—— says:

"These youth who puffeth a cigar
Exceedeth Sampson's strength by far."

The Seniors have adopted, as a class motto, "Energia fatum parit."

Some of the Professors are at a loss to know why it is that so many of the "boys" carry dice in their pockets.

Upwards of seventy students attended the opera of "As You Like It."

A Senior reciting history of philosophy quotes Cicero as a pupil of Anaxagoras.

A Senior's text:—And now abideth Bulter, Physics and Philosophy, these three; but the worst of these is Butler.

A Junior recently called at the Ladies' Home and inquired for his *Physic*, of the young lady who answered the door bell.

Mr. P. did nobly in stopping that runaway horse, but alas! that he should become frightened at the old lady to whom it belonged.

One of the newly appointed officers of the battalion, a lieutenant, gives the command "mark time," "mock time." This is certainly a mockery.

The college girls all attended prayer meeting on a Wednesday evening, after which they meandered down street to witness the parade of the Dick Guards.

It is amusing for an outsider to observe the contortions, grimaces, and expressions of dread and disgust on a senior's face as it comes his turn to recite Butler.

A Junior declares vengeance on the persons who caused his trunk to be placed on the doorsteps while he was within entertaining the object of his affections.

The students have been seated in the Chapel according to classification, and the roll call occupies but a few minutes each morning, as a monitor answers for each class.

The young man who filled his overcoat pockets with grapes, cake and candies the evening of the Senior reception, is certainly lacking in those elements that distinguish a gentleman in society.

It affords us much pleasure to be able to announce to the readers of the CAMPUS that the present Senior class has inaugurated a *Class Day* in connection with the usual commencement exercises. This will undoubtedly be one of the most attractive features of our commencement week.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Attend the lectures.

The college reading room is *non est*.

The Ossolians are to have an elegant new Brussels carpet in their Hall.

Bad colds have been quite prevalent among the students for a week or two past.

The boys at "The Hall" will all be sorry to learn that the taxidermist has killed the owl.

Prof. in Philosophy Class—What is the ultimate end of love? Senior (blushing)—I do not know, sir.

On the morning of October 28, Governor Hart-
ranft, Senator Allison, and General Beaver visited Allegheny College.

Was it that their society might receive more funds that the ladies purchased single tickets on Saturday evening?

The reception given by the Senior class on the evening of October 3d, was a grand success in every particular.

It is predicted by the Butler Class that the millennial reign will begin long before the election of a Greenback President.

Dr. Bugbee remarked in Chapel that he placed but little confidence in a student who was addicted to the use of tobacco.

This is the season for the moneyed Preps. to frequent restaurants and feast themselves on the unostentatious *lamellibranchs*.

Subscribers of THE CAMPUS, when they change their place of residence, would confer a great favor on us by sending in their new address.

As a small, Democratic delegation was passing the college the day of their mass meeting, the college boys gave three rousing cheers for "Dick."

After thoroughly discussing the question of admitting preparatory students into the societies, the Allegheny society voted to receive only members of the four college classes, while the Philo-Franklin decided to admit students attending both the college and preparatory school.

In Zoology recitation—Prof:—Do fowls have teeth? Mr. P.—Yes, sir. Prof—Name one that has. Mr. P.—Goose. Prof—Yes, I know *some* that have.

LOST.—A cloak—by one of the ladies of the Home. Any information regarding the same will be most thankfully received. Address Miss M——, Ladies' Home, Meadville, Pa.

No student is now allowed to pursue more than four studies per term, in consequence of which a number of persons will be obliged to remain a year longer than they had intended, to graduate.

"That shows who eats the most," was an expression heard after the public statement in regard to the cost of board at the two halls. But not so fast. Included in the \$2.39 the gentlemen pay only 35 cents for room rent, while in the \$2.68 the ladies pay 65 cents for rent. One cent in favor of the ladies.

One of the *sweetest* scenes upon which we have been able to gaze for some time, recently presented itself through an open window at the Ladies' Home. Within, half a dozen joyous maidens, with bare arms and radiant countenances, were assiduously pulling the romantic commodity known in vulgar parlance by the irreverent cognomen of *taffy*.

One morning, recently, a great commotion pervaded the usual quiet of the Ladies' Home. Members of the Faculty were summoned for consultation, and the most intense excitement prevailed. Little groups of anxious individuals were to be seen in low and earnest conversation about the college grounds. It was evident that something unusual had occurred. The local editor with scratch book and pencil in hand, interviewed the President and ascertained the startling intelligence that two of the fairest ladies of the "Home" had departed the previous evening, and nothing was known concerning their whereabouts. In the midst of all this tumult the missing ladies appeared upon the scene prepared for a hard day's work, after having spent the night pleasantly at the home of a friend.

The following are the officers of the various classes:

Senior—President, H. L. Campbell; Secretary, E. M. Wood; Treasurer, W. M. Beyer.

Junior—Pres. W. C. Wilson; Secretary, Miss I. M. Tarbell; Treas., Miss H. A. Linn.

Sophomore—Pres., W. J. Armstrong; Sec'y., Miss Anna Carter; Treas., Miss Emma Merchant.

Freshmen—Pres., W. G. Warner; Sec'y., Miss C. Calvin; Treas., W. W. Tarbell.

The chairs in one of our recitation rooms having become somewhat disarranged, the Professor remarked that "it would be well for the persons in the front row to dress up the chairs a little; will the right officer give the proper command?" No sooner said than a Prep., bearing on his arm the insignia of "one born to rule a squad," arose and commanded, "Squad, right, dress!" after which the command "front!" was given, and the Prep. took his seat amid the applause of the entire class.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather, the attendance at Dr. Vincent's lecture, on Saturday evening, was not so large as had been anticipated; however, a fair audience listened with much interest to the Dr.'s most interesting, instructive and amusing lecture. The four lectures of the course following will be delivered by Prof. Shepard, on the evenings of November 7, 12, 14 and 19, in the College Chapel. All persons wishing to hear four most instructive lectures, and to assist the ladies in a most worthy cause, should be present.

One of the first inquiries of persons contemplating a college course is as to the expense of the institution, and this (other things being equal) is a very important question. Perhaps nowhere will there be found a college with the reputation of "Old Allegheny," where one can obtain an education with less outlay than here. The coöperative plan of boarding has been reduced to a science, and other expenses correspond. For the month just ending, the entire cost of board, room rent and fuel, has been but \$2.39. Great praise is due the present commissary, Mr. Newell, for his business-like manner of performing the onerous duties devolving upon him, and to his exertions is it largely due that so good board can be had at so extremely low rates.

REVIEWS.

The *New York World* deserves commendation for the interest it shows in colleges, in a general way, and especially for the Monday edition, which contains the College Chronicle and Book Reviews. This paper is always interesting to students.

In this age of extravagant ideas and vacillating theories, we need more strong, conservative papers. Such an one is the *New York Observer*. Its opinions are usually safe and reliable, and its columns are a fruitful source of religious intelligence and general information. We find them very convenient for educational clipping.

The value of the *Phrenological Journal* is by no means limited to those who accept the theories of Phrenology. It is interesting and instructive to every student, to say the least. The October number opens with a fine portrait and sketch of Edward Kimball, the celebrated "Church Debt Raiser." This is followed by Conceptions of the Soul and Future Life; Brain and Mind; Experiments in Nervous Function; Faces we Meet Often; Mental and Moral Effects of Food; What is Phrenology? Blood and Phrenology; A Tobacco Heart; Portrait and sketch of H. M. Stanley, the Explorer; Books for Boys; The Glory and Decline of Venice; Coffee as a Beverage; Genius, etc. The price of the *Journal* is only \$2.00 a year, and according to the publishers' announcement, this number and the next two are offered "on trial" for only 25 cents. Published by S. R. Wells & Co., 737 Broadway, N. Y.

Lippincott's Magazine for November is noticeable for the diversity of its articles, as seen in the following contents: Seawanhaka; "For Percival;" The Harvesting Ants of Florida; Docteur Alphege; Symphonic Studies; Unwritten Literature of the Caucasian Mountaineers (concluding paper); The Gift; Through Winding Ways; To The Rainbow; Fine Arts in the Paris Exposition of 1878; Deserted; Rambling Talk About the Negro; The After-Dinner Speech of the Baroness Contaletto; Music in America. These are followed by the usual interesting departments of *Our Monthly Gossip*, and *Literature of the Day*.

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