THE CAMPUS.

"INTER SILVAS ACADEMI QUAERIMUS VERUM."

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CHRISTMAS.

BY BISHOP A. C. COXE, D. D.

NOW plant again the Christmas Tree,
And sing its olden history:
Of Jesse's home, the household feast,
That hailed the promised King and Priest
Of Jesse's stem,
Whose goings-forth were from of old:
Who should be born, as long foretold,
In Bethlehem.

There, Jesse's living shoots among,
Boughs of thick trees and branches hung,
For so with evergreen and palm
Israel adored the great I AM,
'Neath flag and vine;
Sent portions that the poor might eat,
Ate of the fat and drank the sweet,
'Mid box and pine.

So Christmas was ordained of yore
For Jesse's Branch the Root that bore;
And so began, in Jesse's home,
The world-wide feast of Christendom;
The feast that brings
Day-spring to every wintry door,
And sunshine to the rich and poor,
With healing wings.

Sing, then, of that blest House of Bread,
Where Christ was born, whence all are fed,
Where manna to mankind was given,
And angels' food from highest Heaven.
No more that sword
Defends the Tree of Life with flame;
We eat and live, since Jesus came,
The Living Word.

And sing of that sweet Well that sprung
By Bethlehem's gate, for old and young;
How David longed, in age, to drink
That well of home, whose mossy brink
Did Christ fortell.
As when, their desert march along,
The tribes of Israel sang the Song:
"Spring up, O Well!"

There too poor Rachel's tomb arose,
Who named her child the Son of Woes:
But not of Eve's sad legacy
Might Bethlehem the token be.
'Twas Faith's command;
And Jacob's pillar o'er her tomb
Proclaimed the child of Mary's womb,
And God's right hand.

Tree of our homes and hopes arise
Once more, amid the wintry skies,
To gladden age and youth, and give
New songs of joy for all that live,
The hearth to cheer:
While smiles the babe upon the breast,
And children shout: "Thy day is best
Of all the year."

O Feast of Joy, dear Christmas Feast
To rich and poor, from cares released,
Again thou bringest all good things,
Branches and Bread and water-springs
The soul to swell:
While all the World delights once more
To drink, as 'twere at Bethlehem's door,
Of David's Well.

A VISIT TO AN INDIAN PRINCE.

BY W. F. O.

A FEW years ago I was a surveyor in the service of the British Government in India, and as such, was often led into the remoter parts of India and saw things that those living in the towns where Englishmen are settled do not usually run across.

After the moonsoon wet months of 1873 I was sent to survey some territory in Kattywar, a province to the North of Bombay. The country in which my work lay was governed by a semi-independent Hindoo Prince, who was called the Jam of Nawanugger.

Before I got to Nawanugger, the chief town of the Jam, I was met by a fellow-surveyor, a Mr. C——, and together we rode into the Jam's Capital. As we were reaching our tents, which had been pitched just within sight of the palace, there drove up to us in great style a Parsee gentleman, wearing the peculiar stove-pipe hat that all Parsees wear, and by which they can so easily be distinguished. He made his salams and said the

Jam had sent him to inquire our names, to welcome us to his country, and to ask the pleasure of our company at his palace, to look over his grounds and to dine with him later in the evening.

Four o'clock found us in our best shirt fronts, riding over to the palace, accompanied by sowars (mounted horsemen), peons and all the other non-descripts that so swarm around an Indian Prince's court.

The palace was within the walls of the town, and though the building itself was of excellent material and construction, its surroundings were purely oriental, that is, they were picturesque and dirty. Queer crooked little streets ran from it through the town, lined on either side with well built brick houses and squalid ruined hovels, huddled together in a way that seemed to ridicule ordinary ideas of the fitness of things; while piles of ashes and filth in the streets, and dogs and cows straying about, feeding off the remains of food that had been thrown out of doors, the cries of men peddling sweetmeats, fruit, rice, etc., and dozens of happy naked children rolling freely in the mud, completed the picture of this pleasant spot, where, as yet, English ideas of neatness and sanitation had not reached.

When we arrived at the palace we were met at the gate by some of the Jam's personal attendants, and were ushered into his presence with great ceremony. As I happened to be first presented, I was graciously seated in a chair on his right, while Mr. C—— was motioned to one on his left.

The Prince himself was a little man of perhaps forty-five or fifty years of age, of the Bajpoot cast of features, with high nose and those large, dreamy, helpless looking black eyes, that so many Hindoo chieftains have.

He was dressed queerly enough, in a hybrid costume, in which his desire to imitate the English struggled with his unwillingness to part with the dress which his ancestors had worn for centuries before him.

He wore a tight pair of English pants, which showed his little bow legs off to advantage, a long black coat, a compromise between a sacque and a Hindoo angrakai, and on his head a great towering turban, about a foot and a half high, in which were yards and yards of crimson and gold cloth, and which gave him the appearance of being much weighed down. Round his neck was a string of magnificent emeralds and in his turban a costly emerald aigrette. On either side, behind his chair, stood a Parsee and a Hindoo—both tutors—and both very anxious throughout the evening, when there was any lull, to suggest to His Highness several topics of conversation.

"Ap Ke' Uizaj Kaisa?" (how is your health?) I inquired in my blandest tones, remembering I was in the presence of royalty, if it was a little odd-looking king, but the Jam made no reply, and one of the tutors hurriedly bending over to me, whispered: "The Jam would prefer your speaking in English."

"How is your Highness' health?" I ventured.

"I speakee little Englis'," said he, looking up brightly, prolonging his final syllables as most Hindoos do when first learning English.

I said I was pleased to hear this.

"Yes, I reading *second* book."

And here the other tutor commenced a long story of how wonderfully the Jam was progressing, considering the cases of state that rested upon him, and so on. He spoke in Hindoostan, and as he proceeded the Prince vigorously nodded his head in approval, and then commenced some more English conversation, but as he tired of borrowing words from his tutors alternately, and thought he had sufficiently impressed us with his knowledge, he quietly slid into his native tongue, until the arrival of other guests, a Dr. L—— and his wife, made the prince go over his entire stock of English a second time, then for the remainder of the evening he stuck to Hindoostan.

After a little, two servants came in, bringing us a collection of presents, which were an odd combination—a bottle of cologne, two pounds of candles, a bottle of ottar of roses, some sugar candy, unroasted coffee berries, pistachio nuts and a photograph of the Jam and his only son.

These were chosen, he said, with a view to our probable wants as travellers.

He then ordered some of his favorite singers to be brought, and three or four richly dressed women came in, accompanied by some men playing violins, and one fellow with a horrid drum which he struck with his open hands and ran his thumbs along the parchment in a most irritating way. These arrayed themselves before us and the leading singer struck up a song in so piercing a voice as to fairly startle me, and poor Mr. C's ears were so offended that he revenged himself by scribbling on a card some lines that ran thus:

"Most singers, don't you see,
Can only sing to G,
But more His Highness doth require;
And *this* one I tell you
Can reach to W,
And sometimes, indeed, a little higher."

The Jam, however, threw his head on one side and enjoyed it immensely, looking at Mr. L—— every now and again, and saying inquiringly, "Goot lady, very goot." We then walked out into a veranda to look at the Prince's fighting buffalo and some sleepy, overfed elephants. The old buffalo had had one horn broken

off, but for all that I should not have cared to meet him in a narrow lane, for he was an immense beast and as wicked-looking as possible.

From the veranda the Jam, preceded by his court ushers, led the way to several suites of apartments.

We entered first, one set in which the glass was stained with shades of pink, then one all green, and so on. Each of these was very richly furnished, and about the rooms was scattered a profusion of musical boxes. As we entered, a dozen or more of these were wound up; the chairs even were musical and played tunes while we sat upon them, all of which greatly pleased the Jam and consequently his followers and guests. When we had remained long enough in each room to admire the medley of ornaments, the hundreds of porcelain dogs and cats, wax dolls and colored balls, that abounded on all sides, the Prince would say, "Goot lady, very goot," and off he'd start for the next suite, on through the whole palace, which looked for all the world like a sad confusion of upholstery and a China shop let loose.

Finally, we were led to dinner and there, as he was a Hindoo and could not eat with us, the Jam sat at a separate table, eating dishes of vegetables and milk, while we were served with what had been prepared by our own servants at the royal kitchen.

There was a good brass band in attendance, playing English tunes. The bandsmen, though Hindoos, were dressed in Highland kilts, their thin, dark legs looking in the moonlight like charred sticks.

Now and then the Jam would ask one of his tutors the name of the dish we were eating of and would cry out, "Lady carvy very goot?" "Pie very goot?' "Band very goot, Lady?" to all of which Mrs. L—— would smilingly answer, "Very good, your Highness." During the evening the Prince had been taking frequent small sips of what he called "rose wine," and when dinner was through, he had evidently had more than enough of it, and as it was getting on to 10 o'clock we ordered our horses and took our leave. The last glimpse I got of him he was preparing to lead Mrs. L—— to her carriage. In grotesque imitation of the English custom he had crooked his arm like the handle of a tea-pot and with his great turban slowly settling over his ears, was charging sideways at Mrs. L——, wishing to hand her to her carriage. Mr. C—— and I were so choked with laughter that we hurriedly escaped, and ever since, when looking at the bottle of ottar of roses, which I still preserve, I think of the interesting glimpse I had of a Hindoo Prince's court and the funny little Jam who so kindly entertained us.

Some one asks why the way of the transgressor is hard. We always supposed that it was because it was so much traveled.—*Colby Echo.*

SOME BENEFITS DERIVED FROM THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."

AND history records the dramas played, delineates the characters, analyzes the motives of the actors, and exhibits the results of their actions.

It has often been said that the best, most thorough teacher is experience; and next to our own experience comes the experience of others. The longer a man lives the more varied, enlarged, and useful his experience is. But life is short. By the time we have learned how to play our parts with some degree of ease and satisfaction, we are taken off the stage, and others, inexperienced as ourselves at first, take our places. But though a man cannot live a thousand years and have the benefit of that thousand years' experience, it seems in some degree a compensation if he can read the history of that time and profit by the experience of those who lived in it. The value of history in this respect was recognized long ago, when it was defined as "Philosophy, teaching by example."

The study of history is a most efficient means of improving and maturing the judgment. While reading the history of a people, we see how one event affected and hastened another; how, in general, each event was a preparation for its successor, and how the successor was the legitimate offspring of the one preceeding it. We thus learn to trace effects to their causes, and to anticipate what effects will follow causes we see in operation.

Through a narration of facts, history quickens and cultivates the imagination. When we read the stirring events of some period, we naturally try to picture them in our "mind's eye." The vivid description of a battle brings before us the opposing armies and all the paraphernalia of war; we hear the battle cry; we see the combatants rush "On to glory or the grave;" the clash of arms, the shouts of the victors, the groans of the vanquished are for the time resurrected from the past and they become a reality to us.

"The proper study of mankind is man," and history gives wide scope for the study of human nature. The impartial historian lays before us the motives by which men were influenced when pursuing certain lines of conduct, the effect of these motives upon the men and their times, upon individuals and communities. History shows us that, in the main, men have ever been actuated by motives nearly the same, and that human life is indeed a "common lot:"

"Once in the flight of ages past
There lived a man, and who was he?
Mortal, where'er thy lot is cast
That man resembled thee.

"The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirit's rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all."

One of the most useful lessons history teaches is the duty of self-improvement, so that we may aid in the progress of the world. He does most for the welfare of his country who does most, unselfishly, of course, for his own improvement. How many instances of surprising results, arising from individual effort, does history show us? Think of the results of Bacon's principles, how fast and far-reaching the results of Wesley's life!

These are but a few of the valuable lessons that accrue from the study of history. Going from history in general, we might take up special departments of history and dilate upon the advantages of their study; but this essay is designed to exhaust neither the subject nor the patience of the reader. Moreover, the history of college journals teaches us that crude essays should be characterized by brevity, and we hasten to make the application of the lesson.

WONDERS.

HOW marvelous are the works of nature, and how interesting their study! Still we are apt to feel less interest in these from the fact that they are familiar to us. We have always seen them, they have been, as it were, our companions from the beginning of our lives, and we look upon them as things of course. Yet, if we stop and direct a solitary thought to some marvel of nature, though it may be familiar, it rises to the true position of dignity and grandeur in our minds.

When we permit our attention for a short time to center upon this vast earth of ours, which appeared in childhood to be a great plain spread out before us, and when, we remember, it occurred to us more than once, that on some bright and sunny afternoon we would take a tramp across the intervening fields, and see how it looked when the solid sky came down to meet the underlying earth, when we permit a solitary thought from the vast number that pass swiftly through our minds daily, to encompass this earth, passing from the frozen regions of the North to the heated climes of the South, from the snow-capped mountain to the verdant vale, from the smoking volcano to the rolling prairie and, then, to grapple with its vast computations of 200,000,000 square miles of surface, and 260,000,000,000 cubic miles of bulk; no longer does this globe on which we are passing our existence seem familiar to us, but rises in our minds almost to the limit of our conception.

But we find no limit to the wonders of this curious world. Our infant eyes opened and saw the light, and they saw it go away and come again, from day to day, and from night to night, and we grew up amid this constant alternative of day and night and thus became familiar with it. But have we ever thought how wonderful this arrangement is or appreciated its excellence? "The evening and the morning were the first day," and so it has gone on without a single interruption through thousands of years. Each day has been followed by its night, enshrouding the great landscape in every direction, affording to the weary a season for rest and at the same time revealing to us the luminaries of the firmament.

How welcome is this night with its cooling shades, as it succeeds the course of the parching sun. We sometimes sing of that "land of eternal day," but from our present standpoint with our human ideas, that characteristic would not be as enticing to us, as it might at first appear. We find in this wide world of ours, besides these attractions, another wonderful feature, we mean the waste of so much power, life and beauty.

Every thunder storm is a waste of electric power, resulting, as far as our senses teach, in nothing but destruction. All the rain that falls upon the ocean is thrown away; numerous seeds die without germinating, nor does one blossom in ten develop itself into fruit. Flowers bloom in the wilderness where no man passeth by and beneath the depths of the ocean, which the human eye never penetrated, large groves of corals grow, while pearls and precious gems are scattered there in wild profusion. And all these treasures of the deep are wasted as it seems to us.

Let us go a little farther in the aquatic wonder. Contrast the whale, a hundred feet long and weighing a hundred tons, with the animalcule, 30,000 of which may inhabit a single drop of water. Again, multitudes of insects are ushered into being, to be at once swept away by some other force or spend the short life of a day here, and thus to die of old age. As we can see no earthly use in many of these, they appear to us to be nothing more than a waste of life.

But science informs us that those things, which appear wasted to us, are nothing more than the workings of nature, that there is no absolute destruction, but only a change in the form of power and in the application of matter to new uses.

The Keystone Declamation Contest of the Allegheny Society took place in the Chapel on Tuesday evening, Dec. 21st. The following were the contestants: H. M. Hyde, D. W. Osburn, J. K. Cubbison, C. T. Fox, T. H. Taylor, J. D. Watson and W. J. Guthrie. After some discussion the judges decided in favor of Mr. Watson.

THE CAMPUS.

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AS THE printing bill for the CAMPUS is now due, we ask, therefore, all subscribers to send in their subscriptions immediately. These were properly due the first of the College year, but we have not called for them until actually needed and trust there will be a generous response.

BY the enterprise of the classes in the scientific department, arrangements are being made to furnish the students and citizens a short course of lectures upon scientific subjects. The object of these lectures is to raise funds to pay for some electrical instruments of which the college was in need. It has been thought best to ask the friends of the college to patronize a course of lecturers, get the worth of their money, and at the same time confer a permanent benefit upon the college. The lectures will be upon Electricity and kindred subjects, and will be illustrated by experiments calling into play a large part of the electrical apparatus of the college. We think we are justified in saying that those who miss them will lose an opportunity of gaining much information upon this most interesting branch of physics. The scientific department is one of the most instructive and interesting, and is presided over by a master in his line; but we think that it is not fully appreciated by the friends and authorities of the college. Upon Prof. Tingley and his associates devolve the work which in other institutions is performed by from three to eight, and this, it seems to us, without many needed conveniences.

We think that in the same time students here can obtain as thorough a knowledge of scientific subjects as anywhere, but at the same time we think that a greater advantage could be derived if a more liberal support was given to this department.

THE holiday vacation has come, and, before this issue of the *Campus* reaches our readers, will have gone. As we have not before had an opportunity of wishing our college friends "A Merry Christmas" and "A Happy New Year," we do so now, in the past tense, and hope it may be as efficacious as if it had been said at the proper time. One-third of the college year has gone. Most of the students pass their vacation at home or among friends, and the remaining few we doubt not find many pleasant ways for their time.

As we enter upon the remaining two-thirds of the year, we can only wish that in all its relations it may be as pleasant and free from jars and disagreeable features as was the fall term. During the last term we were called to mourn. Death claimed his victim earlier in the year than usual, and took from our midst a promising member of the preparatory department. It is a strange fact that for some years we have been called upon each year to mourn the loss of one of our number. We hope that the call may not be made again this year.

There is a fair prospect that during the remainder of the year the students will have no reason to complain of the lack of something to do. With lectures, and society selects and contests, and other entertainments which will be sure to follow, in addition to regular college work, the time will pass all too quickly for many.

We understand that the heaters in Hulings Hall are now in working order. The ladies are to be congratulated that at length those desiring to do so can resume their possession of this building. In short, everything seems to betoken a year happily completed, and we hope nothing may be done upon the part of either students or faculty to mar the prospects.

FOR sometime back the plan of issuing a weekly or bi-monthly paper has been under discussion, with the avowed purpose of giving more fully the college news. The Allegheny Society invited the Philo-Franklin to join in the project, and after due consideration they decided it not best to join in the enterprise. It now remains for the Alleghenians either to carry it out alone or let it drop. It was stated by the movers of this project that it was not intended to run in opposition to the *Campus*, but to supply a long-felt need of the students. In some respects this may be a good idea, and, even if it did run against the *Campus*, there would be the advantage that competition is the life of journalism as it is of all trade; but it may also be the death of one or both the papers. However, we will welcome the presence of our rival at any time if it will only take a true stand. If we may be permitted to suggest, we would say that it takes more than jokes and nonsense to make

a successful college paper. These in their places are all right and make a necessary component of a good journal, but there must be something back of this. A little pepper and spice is good as seasoning, but they are not healthy as a steady diet. We do not wish to carry the idea that all of those advocating the proposed paper are of the class that desire nothing but jokes; but it is a fact that some of the students judge a paper entirely by its nonsense and never care to look further than the humorous column. If college life is a jest and the object of our study a joke, they are right; but if not, humor must take its proper place by the side of other amusements.

The labor of issuing a first-class college weekly, we think, will require much more labor than its advocates imagine. In a monthly there is time,—any editor will tell you how much,—to review and correct, and to bring to a greater perfection whatever may find a place in its columns. In a weekly, this, to a great extent, must be sacrificed for the sake of the more frequent issues. We admit that in some respects the *Campus* is not what it ought to be. We do not make the least pretence to perfection; but we do think that if the editors had the hearty support of the students, it might supply their needs much more fully. A college journal should be an index of the college life. Around it should crystallize the college thought, the earnest work and noble purpose of the students, with pleasantry scattered here and there as are the moss-like sprigs in agate.

The remark is sometimes made that we should use only words of Anglo-Saxon origin in writing and conversation, and this declaration is backed by many forcible arguments. We do not propose to enter into a discussion of this question, but wish to say a few words in reference to our use of language in college.

It is generally supposed by the uninitiated, that college circles are models in the use of good English; and that, when a man graduates, he has at his command the richest and most extensive supply of choice language. It must be admitted that this very often is not the case. In every college circle there are two dialects,—the one used in conversation, and the other a sort of Sunday-go-to-meeting outfit, which is to be donned only upon special occasions. As we listen to the orator in the literary society or in the public contest, we might expect in his conversation to find, to some degree, the same refinement and nice discrimination in phraseology and the choice of words. But, if we cherish any such notions, we shall learn our mistake when we hear him give utterance to such expressions as "That takes the bun," "Sling up the dope," "Take this," etc., etc. It is a fact that college language is filled with such expressions, and one finds himself almost unconsciously joining in this current. Even the professors sometimes forget themselves and use some expression which can be called nothing but college slang, so strong is the influence of association and imitation.

A young man coming to college must learn a new language before he can carry on an intelligible (?) conversation with his associates. This must be continually supplemented by new acquisitions picked up and carefully labelled each term. If he should have the misfortune to be absent a couple of terms, he will find himself under the pleasing necessity of learning anew his college slang, so rapidly does it change. There are many reasons why we should be opposed to, and the influence of all should be exerted against, this evil.

The prevailing idea that we can put our language off and on, as we do a suit of clothes, is false in the extreme, and must necessarily result in the destruction of real culture,—not that culture consists in speaking properly,—but that speaking properly promotes and is a sign of culture.

Our language, like our manners, shows our refinement. Good language is as necessary as an every day article as good manners. We should hardly expect a physician or lawyer to succeed in his profession, if he never tried to perfect himself, and never studied and practiced except when he had an important case. A musician, who never practiced save when called upon to perform in public, would hardly be called for the second time. How, then, would the lawyer succeed who purposely or carelessly lost all of his small cases? Who would employ a physician who should knowingly let his patients die, unless they had the small-pox or yellow-fever? What melody would attend the musician who intentionally practices incorrectly, except when called upon to play in public? Will not the same reasoning apply to the person who expects to write and speak good English upon important occasions, but is willing to speak improperly at all other times? The sources from which many of these slang phrases are derived, and the meaning which they once bore, should cause us to look upon them with suspicion. Many of them, when not absolutely obscene, bear the marks of vulgarity and low breeding. We think we are safe in saying that one-half of these expressions are obtained directly or indirectly from the lowest class of traveling shows. Yet, it is but just to say, that many who use them are innocent of any knowledge of their origin, or evil intent in their use, and that they use them from force of habit, and from hearing them constantly repeated. But, there are those who use them knowingly and intentionally. We believe that there is nothing that will give a student a better recommend than the command and use of good, pure English. Nothing more truly marks the refined gentlemen, among men of thought, than language free from slang. Will it not pay each of us to avoid this tendency, and to cultivate a pure chaste style in our discourses with each other?

Locals.

What did you get Christmas?

Quite a number of new faces this term.

The home of Dr. Bugbee has been much improved.

The drum corps has been "Pickled." We hope it will keep.

The youngest son of Mr. W—— took first prize at the Baby Show.

The inexplicable mysterious mysteries of "thunder and lightning" and magnetism at Library Hall by Prof. Tingley.

The College Cadets, under the command of Captains Decker and Tarbell, illustrated the tactics at Valley Forge and of the present time.

Married Dec. 31st, 1880, by Rev. G. W. Clarke, D. D., of Meadville, at the home of the bride's mother, in North East, Mr. L. L. Davis, '78, of Pittsburgh, and Miss Anna B. Carter, '80.

With what delight the inmates of Hulings Hall return to warm rooms and the beneficent rule of "half-past six," etc.; and how uncharitable voluntarily (?) to circumscribe the exercise of so many refining influences within such narrow limits of time.

It is a noticeable fact that elocution is rapidly increasing in general favor, good reading being nearly as much demanded and as well appreciated at socials and parties as music. The return of Miss Boice affords an opportunity for all to improve their natural talents in this direction.

The Fisk Declamation Contest of the Athenian Society came off on the evening of Dec. 14. It was an excellent contest, reflecting much credit upon the Society. The contestants were C. R. Henderson, M. C. Cameron, A. L. Smith, E. S. Blair, C. M. Throckmorton and C. W. Proctor. The prize was awarded to Mr. E. S. Blair.

The avidity with which some of the new students absorb the college slang is simply terrific. But a short time ago we heard a precocious Prep of five hours standing, calling for the "dope" and "larrup," and speaking of the Professors with a nickname familiarity that would make even a hardened Senior tremble.

One evening of the Loan Exhibition was occupied with select readings by Mr. C. W. Miner, in his own inimitable manner; another evening with readings by L. O. Mead, while on the evening of Dec. 16th, Misses Merchant, Saeger and Woods furnished excellent music upon the piano, and Miss Ida J. Henderson recited several difficult pieces to the satisfaction of all.

In Memoriam.—The Doctor's pachyderm departed this life Dec. 21st, 1880.

Untouched his oats, unmunched his hay,
No more he'll walk and frolic. (?)
He quietly slept his life away—
He died of a cute colic.

When a student gets off the train with an unconscious expression of shame playing around his mouth, you may be sure that he has been devoting the holidays to mustache producing. No matter whether you see it or not, it is there. Five Seniors have returned with well regulated two week growths, while *report* says that a score of Sophs and Preps have taken advantage of their absence to get a good "ready."

We are sorry to be obliged to chronicle the shortcomings of our worthy President—only our reverence for truth compels us to do so. To publicly promise and fail to perform is, to say the least, highly reprehensible. Many simple minded students hearing the promise he made in Chapel to fill the stockings of all who should remain during the holidays, with commendable faith, nailed their capacious foot-warmers to the President's front door at a late hour Christmas eve. But alas, for human hopes! Christmas dawn brought nothing but grief and disappointment to the credulous hearts. How he can repossess himself of these, more than twenty believing souls, is more than we can make out.

In Memoriam.—On the 5th of December, Mr. Alonzo Whitfield Carr departed this life at the home of his parents near Union City, Erie county, Pa. Mr. Carr went home a short time before Thanksgiving, complaining of a bad cold, which developed into lung fever and proved fatal. Mr. Carr first came among us last Spring term, was a most faithful student and sincere Christian. While all must mourn the loss of one who gave so much promise of success, we at the same time feel that his life, so far, was complete and rounded.

We are sorry to announce the death of Ralph Lindsay Maxwell, infant son of A. J. Maxwell, '79, who is pursuing his theological studies at Boston University.

A student returning from Christmas cheer,
Stepped from the train, as it landed here,
With a look divided twixt hope and fear,
As he asked this question so very queer—
Does the furnace burn?

Just the term before it didn't work,
And the one hour rule he then could shirk;
But now it came like a stabbing dirk
To this student suffering with—well a quirk.
The furnace burns.

He thought of his visits, eight nights a week,
Of the "wee sma' hours" he used to seek,
Of the days enlivened with many a freak
And from his eyes the brine did leak—
For the furnace burns.

He saw on the hill, from chimneys tall,
The smoke roll forth from Hulings Hall,
And deep in his soul this thought did gall.
"No more you'll see the mercury fall
While the furnace burns."

Personal.

Welcome back J——

L. L. Doane visited friends in town during vacation.

'82. Harry N. Hyde, spent vacation at Greenville with W. W. Case.

'82. J. H. Miller, held during vacation a successful series of meetings at Reno, Pa.

'80. A. E. Colegrove paid his Meadville friends a short visit during the holidays.

Dr. Hamnett passed a very pleasant vacation with friends and relatives in Pittsburgh.

C. W. Hollister, a former student, has returned to College, after an absence of three years.

W. F. Oldham is to lecture in Tidioute, on Friday, Feb. 11th, before the alumni of the Union Schools.

'82. Jas. Ballantyne has been very successful in the conduct of a protracted meeting at Wheatland, Pa.

Misses Hattie Woods and Mattie Shaver have been spending part of the vacation visiting Miss Mina Wood at Pittsburgh.

'79. Chas. A. Boush has been appointed Commercial Agent for the United States at Collingwood, Ontario, Canada, and will soon depart.

'81. Miss Ida J. Henderson spent the vacation in Bradford, and from the account we hear, her stay must have been a pleasant one.

W. F. Oldham, the Indiaman, has given at different points, during vacation, his popular and instructive lecture, "India and her Inhabitants."

'81. J. M. Thoburn is conducting with great success a series of revival meetings in the M. E. Church at Warren, Pa., of which he is the pastor.

Miss Emma F. Bates, of Carrier Seminary, Clarion, Pa., who has been visiting friends at Cochranton during the holidays, looked in upon the College last Friday.

S. Macauley, etc., was presented with a magnificent repeater on Christmas. Now you can either ask him what time it is or how far it will shoot, which ever you choose.

Mr. I. M. Chesbrough, of Cleveland, who has been in town enjoying the pleasing thoughts and fancies incident to a short illness, has so far recovered as to be able to return to his work.

'81. W. W. Tarbell arrived in the city Wednesday last, and after remaining long enough to don some clean linen, left to pay a short visit to his sister, who is preceptress in one of Ohio's Female Seminaries.

Mr. A. Fleming, the short-hand reporter for the *Assembly Herald* at Chautauqua, and teacher of stenography in College, passed a very pleasant vacation with friends at Rimersburg and Clarion, Clarion county, Pa.

'81. Wilbur Thoburn exhibited at Reno, during the holidays, the college magic lantern. Each view was accompanied with a short description, given by the handsome exhibitor, and when the performance was ended, an extensive sigh exhaled from all parts of the house.

Harry P——, who did not go home, was notified that his Uncle Billy would call to see him. Accordingly preparations were made to receive him. The testament was sooted from the stove pipe until it had a well-thumbed appearance and then placed in a striking position. He borrowed Aesthetics and Political Economy from Frisbee, who was away, by climbing over the transom, and then tossed his hair in a manner unparalled. This will fix him, thought Harry. Enter Uncle Billy. "Harry come here; look there." "Where?" "Why in my eye. Do you see anything green in it? Harry it won't work. Go wash your face and comb your hair. You don't study so hard as all that in vacation."

Juddie D., upon arriving home last week, was met at the station by a bevy of his fair admirers and packed into a large sleigh, along with a dozen (other girls) and driven within a square of his house. The loveliest, a brunette, said: "Juddie, do you value your happiness?" "Ye—yes mam," said he. "Well, then, if you wish to see your parents, recite to us 'Young Lochinvar.'" "What! you won't? here, girls, let's make the bird sing," and with that they pummelled him until he cried "enough." "I can't speak Lochinvar, but I know 'Mary had a little lamb.' How will that do?" That would do, they said, and after he had finished his performance they deposited him safely on the paternal door step. "Ta-ta, Juddie, wish you Merry Christmas and all that—;" then they drove off.

Miscellaneous.

"Thanksgiving is good; thanks living is better.

Yale has lately adopted the Roman pronunciation.

Bowdoin has a new curriculum which makes Wednesday and Saturday afternoons half holidays.

Rutgers College has succeeded in getting Greek text books of which no printed translation exists.

A new college has just sprung into existence at Atlanta for the benefit of colored students. It is rapidly filling up.

When Ole Bull was dying, he requested that Mozart's *Requiem* be played, and its grand strains were the last he heard on earth.

The highest salaries paid in any college are those of the professors of Columbia, who receive amounts varying from $7,500 to $3,385.

Judge Tourgee, author of "A Fool's Errand" and "Bricks without Straw," was graduated at Rochester University in the class of '62.

The leader of the classes at Vassar is a Japanese girl. She is from the elite of Japanese society, and is both stylish and popular.—*Harvard Echo.*

Miss Helen Gladstone, the daughter of the Premier, is one of the successful candidates in this year's class list of Cambridge University examinations.

At Northwestern University, Ill., the students have established a senate, consisting of thirty-six members. The object of this body is to discuss the live political issues of the day.

Edwin Booth cablegrams from London: "I have written a protest against the Passion Play, and hope it will not be produced. The subject is not a proper one for the playhouse."

The five hundredth anniversary of the birth of Thomas a'Kempis, the author of the "Invitation of Christ," is soon to be celebrated at Kempen, near Erefield, in the Rhineland.

It is estimated that there are more than 7,000 American students in German institutions of learning. The aggregate of their expenses are reported by the American Consul at Wurtemburg to be $4,500,000 annually.

No one ought to remind another of misfortunes of which the sufferer does not complain, and which there are no means of alleviating. We have have no right to excite thoughts which necessarily give pain.—*Johnson.*

University College, London, had in attendance two thousand students, including two hundred and eleven ladies, during the past year. The percentage of failure among the women was 19, and among the men 44.5.—*Ex.*

Martin Luther's own copy of the Vulgate, from which he translated the Bible into German, in 1521-22, has been discovered. It is in the possession of Dr. Schlechta, the director of a little watering-place in Bohemia.

The new order of college government at Amherst provides for regular reviews, which are to take the place of the usual examinations, each student being ranked according to his standing in these, rather than from the examination at the end of the term.

Syracuse University, the class of '81 have unanimously signed and presented a petition for the selection of speakers from the class for the next commencement exercises. For the past two years, instead of selecting speakers from the class, some orator from abroad has been invited to deliver an oration.

"But one door stands ajar—
The New Year's; while a golden chain of days
Holds it half shut. The eager foot delays
That presses to its threshold's mighty bar;
And fears that shrink, and hopes that shout aloud,
Around it wait and crowd."—*Ex.*

Harvard Freshmen, must now, by the rules of the faculty, get 40 per cent. in every course, or be conditioned. Only 34½ per cent. has been required of them heretofore. One-hour examinations have been limited to three in any course during the year and no one hour examination can be made up. Irregularity of attendance will not be permitted hereafter.—*Ex.*

Table.

"The better I know men, the more I admire dogs," is the remark of a French cynic.

"There is no place like home," repeated Mr. Henpeck, looking at a motto, and he heartily added, "I'm glad there isn't."

The latest addition to the Latin language as rendered by the grand tutor combination: *Flung-o flung-ere flunx —I flunctum.—Record.*

During a late conference at Worcester, the following conversation was heard between two boys: I say, Tim, what's the meaning of so many ministers being here altogether?" "Why," answered Tim, scornfully, "they always meet once a year to swap sermons."—*Ex.*

Prof. B.—Mr. A., what is the etymology of the word *conjugal?*

Mr. A.—*Con,* together, *gelo,* to freeze, *al,* pertaining to: pertaining to freezing together.

Prof. B.—Rather a cold operation.

Mr. A. is supposed to be inclined toward celibacy.

"I say, ma'am," said a man on a country road, "did you see a bicycle pass here just now?" "No, I didn't

see any kind of a sickle, mister; but just now I seed a wagon wheel runnin' away with a pair of legs and a linen collar. You can believe it or not. I wouldn't if I hadn't seed it myself."—*Ex.*

A blunt old Scotch minister once took for his text that rather rash remark of the wise King Solomon, "And I said in mine haste that all men are liars." After a brief pause, the dominie shook his head gravely and added, "Ah, Solomon, had you only been here ye might have said it at your leisure."

French Politeness.—Mlle. X. waits one morning in vain for the arrival of her old music-teacher. At last, his little daughter makes her appearance in his stead, and says, "Mamma sends me to say she hopes you will excuse papa from coming to give his lesson this morning, because he is dead."—*French Paper.*

"Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief,
Doctor, lawyer, Indian chief,"—
Murmuring this childish formula, I lay
Amid the daisies, on a summer day,
And plucked the snowy petals in despair,
To see if I could read my fortune there.
Then turning to the daisy at my side:
They cannot tell, I said, do you decide?
So softly came her whisper, that I fear
No other daisy could the answer hear.
—*Yale Record.*

Mr. Tennyson once found himself surrounded by a throng of more than usually gushing young ladies. He availed himself of the opportune pause to remark that he looked upon women as the flowers of the human race. "What a sweetly pretty idea! how poetical!" exclaimed a chorus of silvery voices. "Yes, ladies," continued the Laureate, "and the reason why I think so is because they never shut up except when they sleep." Poets are now at a discount in that circle of culture.—*Ex.*

The Vienna correspondent of the London *Globe* tells a story about Miss Kellogg, which was probably evolved from his inner consciousness, but is, nevertheless, very pretty. "Miss Kellogg," he says, "was singing the part of Filina in *Mignon*, where in the second act she has to open several billets. One of these missives proved to be an eloquent letter of eight pages from a marquis who has long been in love with her, in which he once more pressed his suit in burning accents. This pretty ruse was crowned with success, and now it is an open secret that the great American artist has given her hand and heart to the lover who has wooed her ever since the early spring."

Exchanges.

The *Euphilolian* is especially good in the exchange and local department. The literary department is not ably edited; the subjects written upon are not fresh, and the amount of ingenuity required to make articles acceptable which are written upon trite subjects is lacking.

The first paper we take up is one coming from Adrian College. The editorial, "Why We Come," was peculiarly appropriate. It solved the question that had arisen in our minds, which, without that editorial, would forever have remained a puzzle to us—unless there should be a decided change in the paper. This number contains no college news. The personal columns are well filled.

Lee & Walker's monthly *Musical Bulletin* has just reached us. An eight page sheet, four pages of which are devoted to articles of new music and books and the other four giving titles, authors, and the melodies of their most popular melodies. The *Bulletin* is very useful to musical folks, and will be mailed free to any address by Lee & Walker, Philadelphia.

Our opinion upon the proposed change in the exchange department:—We have not, as some of our exchanges seem to have, received any unjust criticisms, and we are not at all inclined to look upon the exchange editors as "exchange friends." Quite a number of our exchanges now devote a column or more to general college news, and the proposed improvement would give us no more college news than we have at present. If the exchange columns were dropped from all the papers we would never see ourselves as others see us, and many a fault would go unobserved if it were not for the eagle eye of some exchange editor. A change in this department, from our view of it seems, not at all desirable.

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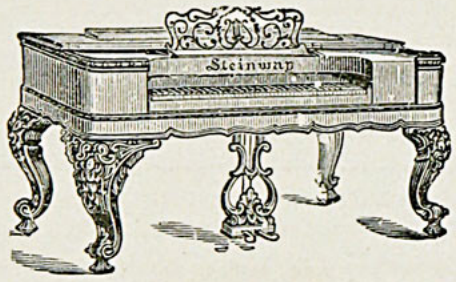

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