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"INTER SILVAS ACADEMI QUÆRIMUS VERUM."

Vol. I, No. 9.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE, MEADVILLE, PA., MAY 15, 1885.

NEW SERIES

LOVE AND FOLLY.

Cupid, we know, is painted blind;
The reason it were hard to find,
Unless, indeed, we may suppose
The fable of Lafontaine shows,
Beyond a reasonable doubt
How this misfortune came about.

'Tis said that on a certain day,
As Love and Folly were at play,
They fell into a warm debate
Upon a point of little weight,
Until, so high the quarrel rose,
From angry words they came to blows.

Love, little used to warlike arts
(Save with his famous bow and darts),
Although he fought with all his might,
Was quickly vanquished in the fight;
Miss Folly dealt him such a slap
Across the face, the little chap
Fell in a swoon, and woke to find
He could not see!—the boy was blind.

Now when the doting mother came
To know the case, the angry dame
Behaved as any mother might
Whose only son had lost his sight.
What e'er had caused the dreadful deed
Malicious aim, or want of heed,
Such wrath in Heaven was seldom seen,
As Venus showed in speech and mien.

She stunned Olympus with her cries,
For vengeance. "What! put out his eyes!
My precious Cupid! Let the jade
Straight down to *Orcus* be conveyed!
That Justice may be duly done
On her who maimed my darling son,
And left the lad, bereaved of sight
To grope in everlasting night!"

While Venus thus for vengeance prayed
On Folly,—thoughtless hapless maid,—
Great Jove convenes a special court
To hear the case and make report,

In solemn council long they sit
To Judge what penalty is fit
The crime to answer; and, beside
Some restitution to provide
(If aught, indeed, they can devise)
For Master Cupid's ruined eyes.
And thus, at last, it was decreed,
That Folly, for her wicked deed,
In part the damage should restore
By *leading* Cupid ever more!

L'ENVOI.

And so it comes that still we see
The maid where'er the boy may be;
Love still is blind; and Folly still
Directs the urchin where she will.

—Saxe.

NEBRASKA PRAIRIES.

I CAN NOT, as many of my friends do, write of tropical skies and fruits, flowers fresh and blooming while you are shivering in the cold blasts of Boreas. I can tell you of no mountains lifting their powdered crests above the clouds, of no quaint and curious customs of oriental races, not even of babbling brooks and shaded dells. There is very little food for romance out here on the plains. If you are in search of that article, pass on through to the Rockies. It would not pay to stop here. There is not a mountain in the State, and as far as my observation has gone, I have been unable to find any pure, clear streams either—streams of course there are—but they do not dash along dancing over pebbles and rocks, but wind in serpentine channels, over slimy oozy beds, looking more like the discharge of an immense sewer-pipe than pure, clear water. A Nebraska stream bears about the same resemblance to the poet's ideal as does "Lake George." When we consider what an important factor forests and lakes, and mountains and brooklets have always been in literature; the inspiration they have furnished to the poet, the painter and the lover, we used

to wonder whether Nebraska virtually destitute of all these would ever be prolific in the production of such individuals, poets we know there are. As spring came on and dormant genius began to stir from winter quarters such a howl went up from the press of the State, as showed the Editors were being inundated with spring poetry, and left no longer any doubt that Nebraska could produce poets as well as corn. The lover? Oh well, even if he has less inspiration than in Meadville he will still "win his way." But Nebraska is not without her beauties of natural scenery, and contains abundant supplies of food for man's æsthetic as well as his physical nature.

A few mornings ago I took a gallop over the prairies, arriving at the summit of a hill, I chanced to turn my eyes to the right. Away off yonder, a distance of ten miles, are the church spires of C—, the same distance to my left is the dome of the court house in the town of D—, and I realize that I am in the center of a circle twenty miles in diameter, commanding a view of the entire area. I bring my horse to a standstill. How can I pass carelessly by such a sight. The sun is just rising. All nature is rejoicing in a new birth. The old sere grass had been burned off, a fresh, new growth covers the prairie with a carpet of Nature's own weaving. Wheat, lately sown, clothes many a hillside in living green. About half the land is under cultivation. The country is dotted with farm houses. It is not one vast level expanse as I had supposed before I saw the prairies, but rises swell upon swell like the billows of the sea, valleys and hills succeeding each other for miles and miles.

There is inspiration in magnitude. It is the lofty mountain, the gigantic forest tree, the stupendous cataract, the boundless ocean that is awe-inspiring. By as much as you diminish the magnitude of any one of these by so much you diminish its superiority, and render it less potent to produce the sublime in thought or feelings when under contemplation.

Here spread out before me, and on every side is not only beauty, but beauty of almost immeasurable greatness, for I know that beyond

the limit of my poor, weak vision are green prairies and cultivated fields stretching away, away. The mind can scarcely grasp it; it amounts almost to infinity.

I shall never say again Nebraska has no food for poets, no models for painters, no inspiration for lofty sentiments. That morning on the prairie converted me. But besides this idea of grandeur arising from the magnitude of the scene, there is still another which less celebrated objects do not always possess to an equal degree. It is the idea of utility.

Above the cataract the water which forms one of Nature's grandest displays is only a river. It dashes over precipices, foams and frets and roars. It delights the eye, it speaks with an awe-inspiring voice to the soul for the moment and becomes just what it was before only a common river.

Throughout all time artists have painted the ocean, poets have found in it an inspiration for some of their sweetest songs and loftiest sentiment. One never feels so much, never seems so lifted above the common routine of life into a higher, nobler realm of thoughts and feelings as when he looks out over waves of the ocean, or hears "the death and roar of the great waves climbing the rocky shore," but when we consider the ships its hungry waves have devoured, the millions who have found a grave in its cold unfriendly bosom, the dear friend, perhaps whose requiem it is continually singing; over the brightest picture artist ever painted of it, there hangs a cloud. In the sweetest song poet ever sung of it, there is a mournful strain. I gazed over the boundless prairie in the spring time—it was a grand picture—I never seemed more touched by the divine breathings of a higher life. In that picture, I saw no trace of waste, no cloud, no not even a shadow of death or destruction.

"TRIX."

MILTON.

JOHN MILTON was one of the greatest minds of which we have any record. The extent and variety of his learning were prodigious. His thorough acquaintance with the whole range of history, with heathen mythology, with the

valuable literature of all times, and even that of the Hebrews, both sacred and rabbinical, his familiarity with the philosophies and theologies which had vexed his own and many a preceding age, together with a vast body of miscellaneous learning, is ever a fresh surprise to us. On every re-reading of his pages we find allusions and suggestions we had not dreamed of before. His mental gleanings from so many fields would seem to betoken a burden of knowledge almost too vast for a single intellect. Yet this alone would not suffice to establish his title to greatness of mental stature. Others have made as wide incursions into the realms of knowledge as he, and have been only cumbered by their spoil.

It was a more decisive test of his greatness that he possessed the mental and imaginative energy required to arrange his multifarious learning in orderly system, and clothe all with life and beauty. He sees all in due perspective, and is not led out of his way by details. The learned allusions that under the hand of an inferior poet would become stilted, with him seem to happily illustrate the theme. Nothing is meaningless or irrelevant. Even his catalogues of bare names are striking and suggestive.

Finally, what could better prove his intellectual greatness than the grandeur of the ideas that habitually inspired him, the ideas of liberty, of God, and of man? The love of liberty with him was a passion. For the advancement of civil and religious liberty he withdrew from his beloved studies, devoted to it his undivided energies through the best years of his life, and sacrificed his eyesight in its defence. Then, who has had a deeper realization of the solemn significance of the life of man? He places man in the confluence of contending power, his every action the possible subject of hosannas in heaven or of jubilees in hell. He composes his great poem not to amuse or entertain, but to elevate humanity. But the idea of God is supreme in his mind. He lives as ever in his great taskmaster's eye. No calamity can bring him to argue against the will of heaven. We seem to hear the tone that thrilled in the psalms

of the old prophets, as he approaches the presence of Jehovah.

In powers of imagination Milton yielded to none. By one great conception he has acquired the title of the sublimest of poets. We see the fallen archangel, in hopeless defeat, in the extremity of anguish, in the midst of his companions in distress, rise from his couch of unimagined horrors, and, collecting his mighty energies, unmoved by aught that almighty vengeance can inflict, resolve to still wage war against the throne of the heaven he has lost. It is a situation unmatched for sublimity. There is but one other in the language worthy to be compared with it, and that is the picture of the Eden of his dreams, that home of delight which he brings before us in all its unearthly beauty, until we seem to see the beckoning groves, the banks of flowers, the sapphire brook, and the blossoming bower, where dwelt those two blest beings, in the bloom of their loveliness and innocence, "imparadised in one another's arms." The latter conception is no less wonderful than the former; the wonder of all is that the same artist should have created both.

Milton was no less a lover of the beautiful than of the sublime, but the grandeur of his genius has overshadowed its gentler qualities. He is attracted to the loftiest and most difficult themes. When he soars to his highest pitches of sublimity he seems to be only breathing his native air. Yet no poet has had a more just and unaffected appreciation of the simply and purely beautiful. The scent of flowers, the flavors of fruits, the songs of birds, are a genuine delight to him. Music has power to take his prisoned soul and lap it in Elysium.

Yet Milton, with his all but matchless powers, was the poet of Puritanism, and not of all mankind nor of all time. His gain in loftiness was at the expense of breadth. The same independence and exclusiveness that enabled him to endure without a murmur the caprice of fortune, the neglect and scorn of contemporaries, and in the face of all to still smile on at fate, cut him off also from that generous and comprehensive humanity without which he could

not become a universal poet. To this solitariness of nature may be attributed all his defects. Because of this he has not that minute and loving acquaintance with human nature that would enable him to make his characters appear as living realities, instead of vague abstractions. His good characters are beautiful, incomparably beautiful, but cold and statue-like. The evil ones are but the incarnations of vices. Satan is the most life-like creation of his genius; but it is because the poet has here, under a thin disguise, given us the workings of his own mind when left in poverty and blindness to mourn over a lost cause. But he had too little sympathy with his kind to be able to portray with truth any character but his own. And it is the intrinsic nobility of his character that gives to all his poetry its lasting charm. His own petty grievance is sublimed and glorified to ideal proportions.

Because of this natural reservedness he lacks the nervous and idomatic English that Shakespeare wielded. He has no acquaintance with the language of the streets, so thrilled with electric force and fire. The dignity of his theme did not compel him to use the strained and pompous expressions, the harsh inversions he so frequently employs. Often he seems to forget himself, his learning, and his theology, for a few lines, and to slip into a strain of the sweetest and purest poetry; but, all too often, some pedantic stiffness of diction contrives to break the charm.

It is this lack of broad and hearty sympathy with common humanity that constitutes his inferiority to Shakespeare. It is because of this lack that he has sketched so few of the master passions, and taken so little interest in mental phenomena. From this cause he appears to have caught no glimpse of that wanton stream of humor and extravagance that plays through the Elizabethan Age. He cannot soar with Shakespeare to the highest heaven of invention, or revel in the airy creations of fancy. His was a sterner task,—to justify the ways of God to men.

Had not the worship of Liberty lured Milton from the worship of Ideal Beauty, we may con-

jecture that he would have left to the world an epic of King Arthur, full of that sweet music of expression, and of that romantic spirit of chivalry, in which his mind delighted. But his muse would have been of a less noble and severe countenance, a less stately gait. It needed the bitter trial of disappointment in all that his heart held dear, the apparently irremediable overthrow of the cause for which he had fought, the desertion of allies, the contumely of enemies, and, bitterest of all, the blindness which shut him out from so many simple pleasures, to fit him to sing of the fall of man. Without the sharp ministry of suffering, he might have depicted, in lines no less immortal, the beauties and the joys of Paradise; but that other picture, of unconquerable pride and hate, of dauntless resolution in despair, would have been forever beyond his reach. Through experiences that almost passed the bitterness of death, he attained the crown and sceptre of a king of song, unequalled and unapproached in power and sublimity. It would be difficult to over-estimate his worth; his genius bequeathed to future ages a priceless inheritance.

—*The Northwestern.*

GRIF'S CANDIDATE.

[From the Beta Theta Pi.]

WHEN Grif Ormsby took the floor in chapter meeting, the presiding officer having announced that the next order of business was "proposals for membership," not one of the sixteen other Betas present could have guessed what he was going to say. The year was half gone; there hadn't been a new name proposed for more than half-a-dozen meetings; the boys had been rather more successful than usual in the fall campaign, and the chapter membership was already pretty large, according to the Beth-peor standard; above all, not one of them could call up a single name in college that he would care to have added to the list; they had certainly canvassed all the possibilities long ago. But it would be like Grif to propose Black George, the janitor of Terry Hall, or Joey Bates, the town fool, and follow up the proposal with a speech of recommendation that

would be fun alive. So the chairs began to tilt back against the wall, and their occupants to choose positions that would offer as little hindrance to mirthfulness as possible. For Grif never failed of a hearing in frat. meeting, though he was only a sophomore, and not at the head of his class, either.

This time, however, he disappointed the back-tilted chairs. It wasn't a funny speech at all. But it took the house by surprise more completely than the most unexpected joke could have done.

"Mr. President and brothers," he began, in the formal way the chapter always taught its members to address the meeting, "I rise to propose for membership in our beloved chapter and fraternity, Mr. Karl Welling, of the sophomore class."

Several of the chairs dropped upon their front legs again, especially such as had only got halfway back. Somebody emitted a plaintive though aspirated whistle, which was responded to from the opposite side of the room by a gasp that narrowly missed being a groan. Only two or three, and those of the older members, looked serious and held their peace. Meanwhile, Grif was going steadily on with his speech.

"I know that most of you have never even thought of Welling as a possible Beta; I never did myself until lately. But I have been studying the fellow a good deal and am convinced that he has in him the making of a first-class fraternity man. I have been with him in all his classes for a year and a half and know his style pretty well. He's an even, clear-headed fellow, who does about as well in all his studies as he does in any one, which is saying a good deal, and works one day as well as another. He is well-read too. He floored old Durham the other day on a point about Henry VI, or some other medieval monk, and did it easy. Of course you all think he's an unsocial kind of bird—"

"Why, Grif," broke in Roe Carter, "he's a wooden man! He's the worst mucker in all Beth-peor. I'd as soon fraternize with a fall rain as with Karl Welling!" And Roy's face expressed the disgust he left unspoken.

"No," said Grif; "he's nobody's wooden man, either. If I thought he were I'd keep still. I don't care to have the chapter go into the lumber business any more than you do, I suppose: I am not just that kind of folks myself. But you're wrong about Welling. It is true, of course, that he has made but very few friends in college, and that his own apparent lack of congeniality is the reason for it. Still, I stick to my first statement, that he has in him the making of an A 1 fraternity man. The whole trouble with him is just this—he's a fellow who has never learned the value of friendship. I don't know anything about his home life; he doesn't come from my part of the state. But I'll bet the oysters for the chapter to a package of cigarettes that he has never had an intimate friend in his life, and that personal confidences and displays of affection are not the rule in his father's family. I feel sure that Welling would like to be as social and companionable as other fellows, if he knew how; but that he *doesn't* know how, and is conscious of it, and chooses to exaggerate his natural offishness rather than display any clumsiness in accepting or responding to the advances that might otherwise be made to him. Once fairly broken in to live on intimate terms with other people, he would be one of the best fellows going. I don't often make a set speech in chapter meeting, boys, but I have taken a good deal of interest in studying Welling's case lately, and I believe I have got a right diagnosis of it. And it seems to me it would be a good thing if our chapter were to take hold of Welling and give him an education in the affections, so to speak; it would pay us, and be the making of him. Of course I know that no action on his name can or ought to be taken right away. But I wish the boys would take the trouble to study up the facts in the case in a quiet way, and see if I'm not right. We can afford to do that much, at least, and Welling need be little the wiser for our passing him in view before us." And Grif sat down, in a silence that was not altogether a protest. His little speech had clearly had its effect.

[Continued on page 105.]

THE CAMPUS

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Papers will be sent to all who were subscribers to the CAMPUS
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TERMS:

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Single Copy,	10 "

THE stockholders decided at the last meeting to allow the shares to be increased to the limit of fifty. The election of the new board will take place on the first Tuesday in June.

OUR college team has been chosen, and placed, and there is talk of a game with Geneva college. It has been decided that we shall have field day; indeed, it looks very much as if athletics was gaining the attention which it receives in other colleges. All we lack now of being a first class college is a boat-club and a foot-ball or lacrosse team. We are progressing.

THE number of runs made by each side in the two last games of ball does not look very creditable for the playing ability of our students. Outsiders get a wrong impression, for they do not know the condition of the ground. The many obstructions in the shape of trees, fences, etc., which players have to encounter are responsible for the seeming deficiency. When the new grounds are prepared, and the field laid out in the proper manner, a better looking score may be expected.

SEVERAL Sophomores of Allegheny College, have made their "Junior Classification." This is not an unusual occurrence in that College. They claim to have a good four years course, but any person with ordinary ability can, with a little showing, get through in three years.—*Holcad.* Evidently the *Holcad* Ed. either don't know what he is talking about, or willfully misrepresents, when he attempts to throw a slur on the course at Allegheny. We are willing to compare courses as well as work done with West Minster at any time, with little fear of suffering from the comparison.

THE interior of the old stone church has undergone quite a transformation, the ceiling and walls have been frescoed, the organ repaired, and the seats have been treated to a hard finish. The work will soon be complete, and the church ready for occupation early in June. The alumni will be interested in knowing this, for many of their pleasantest associations are connected with this somewhat ancient looking stone structure; the students because it is their church home and from its walls they expect to go forth with the token of their four long years of work. We understand that Dr. T. L. Flood gave very liberally toward it, and as it has been so short a time since he established a prize in one of the societies of the college, he certainly deserves the gratitude of the students and their friends. His liberality as shown in so many ways, should make the city proud to own him as a citizen, and the college not less so to recognize him as a friend.

THE extra work which the class in surveying is accomplishing is worthy of the highest commendation. More field work is being done than by any previous class, and Prof. Montgomery deserves more than credit for his willingness to devote so much time to the work.

The Civil Engineering department has been organized and officers elected, and it now begins to assume a practical as well as theoretical aspect. It has been the earnest desire of

all interested in the college, to see it broaden its field of usefulness, and by so doing to aid a larger class of students. The time is soon coming when a thorough Civil Engineering department will be numbered among the advantages of this institution, and an observatory will be added to increase the efficiency of its instruction. This and much more is possible, for if but the growth of the past be continued the changes must be even greater than those proposed; while every year the number of alumni is being increased from whom aid should be expected.

THERE is nothing like *requiring* work from students. The professor is more sincerely respected who *compels* students to work hard in order to pass, than the one, who allows them credit upon more superficial requirements. It is the same in the battalion. If strict discipline in the matter of attendance and dress is required, it not only increases the efficiency of drill and adds to the appearance of the battalion, but engenders a feeling of respect for the thoroughness of the commanding officer. The teacher has a difficult task; he wishes to gratify the desires of the students as far as is consistent with their good, but can not conscientiously go beyond that point. A boy is sometimes the most unreasonable being in existence, and he is loth to accept any discipline that does not harmonize with his own sweet will. We are required to attend drill in *full* uniform, but not less than eight mixed suits were worn at a recent drill; on the same day there were at least twenty absentees. The fact that the battalion service is not compulsory, renders it difficult to discipline offenders, and the boys should be doubly careful to observe the rules strictly.

In a gazetteer published in 1818, is the following sketch of Meadville and Allegheny College. "The village is very pleasantly situated, regularly laid out, and contains a court house, a bank, an arsenal, a printing office, from which is issued a weekly news paper, a social library, an academy, a college, and about 450 inhabitants. It is a flourishing village and has some trade and manufactures.

Allegheny College was founded at Meadville, in 1815, and incorporated in 1817. No buildings have yet been erected. The funds amount to about \$10,000 dollars. The library contains about 1,000 volumes. The number of trustees is 52. The executive government is entrusted to the president, who is also professor of oriental languages, ecclesiastical history, and theology, and a professor of the German language. The number of students has not yet exceeded eight.

The studies of which a knowledge is necessary in order to admission into this college are Virgil's *Aeneid*, Cicero's select orations, the Greek Testament, and the fundamental rules of arithmetic.

The paper published in Meadville was probably the *Western Standard*, a four page paper, about the size of the present *Bulletin*.

THE plan of a separation of the college and preparatory departments has been proposed, and has elicited some discussion; but there seems to be no prospect of such a consummation at present, either from lack of funds to maintain them separately, or from a belief that it would not be desirable.

There are certainly strong reasons why they should not be so closely united as they are at present. Eight years intervene between the first Preparatory and Senior year, and surely the same regulations which govern one are not suited to the control of the other. It is in the preparatory department that almost all cases which require discipline occur. It is the preparatory student, as a rule, who spends his evenings in the city, and gives the college its reputation there. There are at present almost as many preparatory as college students—their cards of standing are sent home signed Allegheny College; they represent themselves as students of the College; and they are the persons by whom many judge the thoroughness and capacity of the institution. Admitting that the members of this department are in natural ability and character equal to any other, they have not the maturity by which a college course should be represented. Besides, they are not always old enough to be removed from home restraint, and placed where there is very little limitation. And lastly, the work which they do, should be preparation, and they should not be permitted to take Senior studies before they enter the Freshman year. Of course there are exceptional students in every school, who can master work in advance, but it is rarely advisable.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

"Literary culture is mental horticulture, it joins beauty to utility, and gives fertility, harmony, and completeness to the mind of its possessor."

NOTES.

Columbia graduates sixty men this year from the School of Arts.

The Faculty of Cornell find it difficult to enforce their fifteen hour rule.

The catalogue for the winter semester gave the University of Berlin 5,006 students

According to the recent catalogue, the University of Pennsylvania has 147 instructors and 1,022 students.

Princeton, with the team of '84 almost intact, is expected to take the inter-collegiate Lacrosse Championship.—*Ex.*

There is nothing slow about the Freshmen at Brown. They recently voted a tax of \$3.00 per capita for the support of their B. B. team.

The Legislature of Ohio appropriated \$25,000 to its State University, this year, that of Wisconsin \$231,000. Verily, for progression, go west.

Starving price board of students in Boston is about eight dollars per week. Better come to Allegheny where an economical student's entire expense is only \$50 per term.

Of the students who graduate at the German gymnasia and enter the universities, only two-thirds of one per cent. are under seventeen; five and a half per cent. only are as young as seventeen; nineteen per cent. are eighteen; nearly twenty-eight per cent. are nineteen; nearly twenty-five per cent. are twenty, and twenty-three per cent. are over twenty.—*Ex.*

The students of Princeton are allowed twenty cuts each term, but they are not allowed to hold a class meeting without making known to the President the business to be transacted, and obtaining his permission, nor can they enter college without a certificate of good moral character and a pledge not to join or attend the meetings of any secret society.—*Ex.*

Dickinson college has grown in the number of its buildings. A large scientific building adorns the campus. A spacious gymnasium affords a magnificent opportunity for healthful exercise and a memorial hall, of sandstone, is being rapidly erected. The students are keeping pace with the college authorities. The sleepy town is awakened to a slight degree of merriment by the appearance of the Sophomore class in Oxford caps. Co-education is becoming more popular.—*Ex.*

Some of the laws in force at Union, ninety years ago: All the students are strictly forbidden to play at cards, or any unlawful game; to use profane or obscene language; to strike or insult any person; to associate with persons of known bad character; to attend at places of vain and idle sports; to visit taverns without liberty; to appear in indecent dress, or in woman's apparel; to lie, steal, get drunk, or be guilty of other gross immoralities. If any student shall transgress in any of these respects, he shall be punished by fine not less than fifty cents, nor more than three dollars; or by admonition, rustication, or expulsion. If any student shall smoke a pipe or cigar in any part of the college, except in his own room, he shall for every offense be fined twelve cents.—*Ex.*

EXCHANGES.

We congratulate the *Lantern* on its characteristic energy in reproducing, for the benefit of its readers, all of the orations delivered at the recent Inter-state contest.

The readers of the *Lafayette* must certainly have been highly pleased with the excellent taste shown in the May number, by enclosing with the poem a specimen of the rarest and sweetest of wild spring flowers, Epigea.

A very practical article on "class spirit," as the following extracts will show, appeared in the last *College Student*. "Among all bodies of men there is a feeling which binds them together. They all, in a certain sense, partake of the nature of one another. When this feeling of spirit is wanting there is a dormant and indifferent movement throughout the body, and little advance. The *esprit de corps* is that which holds it up, animates it and gives it impetus in all undertakings."

* * * * *
College students have a sphere of their own,

GRIF'S CANDIDATE.

[Continued from page 101.]

Pretty soon Walter Bennett, one of the seniors, arose and said, cordially: "I think this is about the best speech Grif has made us. I confess Welling has never seemed to me a very attractive fellow, but I am not at all sure the account we have just heard of his case is not the true one, and that we could not make out of him a Beta of the real Beth-peor stamp. At any rate, I suggest that we give Grif's candidate a chance, and that each of us make it his business to arrive at a more definite and careful judgment in the matter, with the purpose of reporting upon the same at a future meeting."

And they did. And it is surprising how swiftly and accurately a group of fraternity men can take the measure of a fellow when once they set about it; surprising, also, how many new traits in a man's character seem to be developed by the simple operation of holding him steadily in view for a while.

However, the boys took their time to the Welling investigation; and the new light they obtained did not come all at once. Starting, as we have seen, with the almost universal feeling that the man was a stick, and quite lacking in the first and most indispensable requisite of a fraternity man, it was some time before they began rightly to appreciate the justice of Grif Ormsby's shrewd bit of philosophy, and to see in "Grif's Candidate" the qualities his sponsor had discerned before them. Meanwhile, Grif had foreseen, Welling himself was quite ignorant of the inspection he was undergoing. The boys were expert in the art of reconnoissance, and though the object of their fixed regard must have been dimly conscious that rather more wearers of a certain fraternity badge crossed his path, in a casual manner, than he had been used to meet with, the circumstance did not draw a theory in its train.

It was customary in the Beth-peor chapter never to take a formal ballot on a candidate until every member of the chapter had expressed his readiness to vote; for it was a chapter by-law that no name, once black-balled,

as it were, in which they roam, and members of the different classes have ties which bind them, or at least should bind them together closer than, with four classes, a mere promiscuous whole. We do not advocate the fierce spirit of rivalry existing in our Eastern colleges, where blows are often exchanged, but that rivalry which gives vigor and vitality to the class. Neither do we hold that a person should not offer his objections, but after he has given his views he should not stand aloof from the class, but do as the majority wills.

GLEANINGS.

ROLLER SKATING.

This craze may be called "The Comedy of Errors," but hardly "Love's Labour Lost." It has deprived the coachman of his most cherished prerogative. The millionaire's daughter, instead of confining herself to his longing arms as before; now elopes with the champion roller skater, and leaves the aristocratic driver of Fifth Avenue swells cursing that French inventor, the author of his misfortunes. Even the darkey has no longer charms to captivate the female fancy. Such is the degeneracy of the times that a respectable, warranted-true-black negro can not draw even a \$50,000 prize in the marriage lottery. To cap the grievance, the number of champion skaters seems unlimited. Every place which aspires to the dignity of a name has one or more of such objects.

* * * * *
These lions of the rink are very attenuated specimens of humanity. The poet might call their legs materialized moonbeams, and then not do justice to their spider-like proportions. Besides, these beloved professors, (so called, perhaps, because they do profess "hers," as the newspapers daily show,) wear knickerbockers and use no padding. Who knows but that they are Darwin's long lost "connecting link?" But to see roller skating in all its glory, recommend me to the newly opened rink in some country town. There we find indescribable beauty in the spectacle of plain, striped, and variegated hosiery, with its richness of coloring and variety of tints, flashing with meteoric brilliancy on its trip heavenward. There we find even a touch of pathos in the futile attempt of the modest maiden to sit down gracefully and at the same time prevent her skirts from making a balloon ascension. There we find spiritual edification at the sight of even the "Lord's anointed" making intimate acquaintance with a fine board.—*Lafayette.*

could be proposed again during the same college year; and the desire to give all nominations a fair chance prompted to deliberation in recording the final verdict. Accordingly some weeks passed before the name of Karl Welling came up for action. One by one the boys had been coming around to Grif's way of thinking, and making up their minds, with more or less of curious expectancy in the made-up product, that the experiment he had proposed was worth trying. And when at last the decisive vote was taken, and the sergeant-at-arms drew the slide in the ballot-box to show the result to the presiding officer, there were only white balls in the box. The election was formally declared, and Grif Ormsby appointed as a committee of one to notify the candidate. Grif protested with a vigor that was half comic and half desperate his unfitness for the task. But the chapter would not have it otherwise, and he had to accept the commission, though he felt sure, so he said, that he would prove just clumsy enough to flush the bird instead of bagging it.

In sober truth, Grif's reluctance was by no means all assumed. Though still convinced that he had been right in proposing Welling's election, and thoroughly glad the chapter had come at last to his position, it now appeared to him, upon closer view, that the task of fairly presenting the case to Welling himself was likely to be one of uncommon difficulty—an "awkward business," to use his own inward description of its aspect. But Grif never put off a duty very long because of its difficulty; and the evening of the day following his appointment found him standing in the hall outside the door of Karl Welling's room, in Frankenburg street, wondering whimsically, as he tapped on it, whether it was likely he should ever become a familiar visitor there.

"Come," and he opened the door and went in. Karl was at his study-table, in dressing gown and reading visor, but rose at once when his visitor entered.

"Oh, is it you, Ormsby? Come in: I'm glad to see you!" It was not quite the first time

Grif had been in his room, and he had a real admiration for his bright-faced quick witted classmate—as, indeed, all had who knew him: for Grif was undeniably popular.

"You were at Plautus, weren't you?" said Grif, after they had talked a minute, and glancing at the book on the table. "Well, I shouldn't mind trying a whirl at that gifted heathen, myself. Suppose we go on together."

So they sat down side by side, and spent a quarter of an hour over "The Captives," getting more and more friendly as they read, and laughing together every now and then at Grif's running commentary on the play. Grif felt that there was a slight thaw in the weather; and determined not to lose time in taking advantage of it.

"Welling," he said, as they closed the book and pushed back their chairs, and the final laugh subsided, "I've something rather particular to say to you to-night, and I may as well say it while it is fresh in my mind. You were last evening elected, by a unanimous vote, to membership in our fraternity, and I was appointed to notify you of the fact. I hope, with all my heart, that you will accept the election, and make one of our number." And he spoke with a hearty frankness that warmed his words as they went.

To say that Karl was astonished, both by the words and manner of this brief speech, would be to use a very simple term to describe a very complex sensation. In after days, he himself always laughed and abandoned the attempt when he tried to explain his feelings at this sudden and bewildering turn of affairs. He sits, now, quite still, his face slowly changing color, his hands fumbling for something on the table, and his voice quite failing to do its duty.

"Why, Ormsby," he said at last, "I—I you astonish me; I hardly understand—that is—I don't know what to say," as he clearly didn't—nor had he a very good tongue to say it with just then, if he had known.

"Well," said Grif, quietly, "there isn't any great hurry, you know; you have all the evening before you, and my time is cheap. I'll wait."

[To be Continued.]

LOCAL.

Only two weeks until Senior vacation.

The amendment to take away the optional attendance of Seniors didn't seem to pass in Allegheny Society.

The small-pox scare is all over now, and not even that eloquent petition was successful in securing even a day's holiday. Such is life.

Dr. — in "Law of Love, etc." "Yes Mr. T—r, you show by your talk that you are eminently capable of sustaining all the responsibilities of a large family"—Class explodes.

The work of clearing the old East Hall ruins is being pushed vigorously. Nearly all the stone from the foundation and cellar has been removed, and soon the unsightly hole will be filled up and no sign of the old Hall be left.

A club for the study of New-Testament Greek has been formed and meets at the residence of Rev. A. J. Merchant at 7 o'clock Monday evening of each week. At present the club is studying Galatians, and about fifty verses constitute an evening's work.

WANTED.—Frogs, tadpoles, rats, cats and a few choice specimens of dogs for dissection. Persons supplying dogs please bring them in the night for fear the owner might be around. Leave all specimens at my recitation room. tf4ec. D. L. THOBURN, D. C.

The Juniors are very much disturbed over a rumor that after this year the Senior vacation will be dispensed with, and thus all the classes keep grinding on as usual up to the eve of Commencement. If this is true they ought, as a recompense, to be released from speaking on Commencement Day.

The disagreement in the Senior class over the commencement invitations will result in some of the finest and most elegant gotten up invitations that have been sent out from the College for years. Both sides are enthusiastic over their respective designs, and determined to have the best in the market or none.

Again Allegheny College has seen a good game of base ball between her two leading societies, and again Philo-Franklin has come

out victorious. The challenge was issued by Philo about a week ago, and being promptly accepted by Allegheny, and Thursday, May 14th, selected as the date—Culver Hall Campus as the place. Just at the last moment it was discovered that the Philos had a committee appointed to purchase tin horns for the use of members of the society, who could not yell loud enough, and as a counter demonstration, the Alleghenians procured badges of neat blue ribbon, with which they decorated themselves and their lady friends, of whom there were many present. The game was called at 2:30 p. m., and then for three hours there was a scene of excitement such as has not been witnessed at Allegheny College for a long time. The Philos went to the bat first, and were retired without a score, and the Alleghenies closed the inning with one score. The second inning the Philos were more fortunate, and secured a good lead, which they kept to the end of the game. Our space does not permit a detailed description of the many good plays and other features of the game, but we append the official score which speaks for itself:

ALLEGHENY.	R.	P.	E.	A.	B.
Zhaniser, 3.,	1	0	4	0	0
Remer, 1.,	1	10	2	0	1
Fuller, p.,	5	0	0	19	3
Orr, m.,	1	0	0	0	1
H. S. Bodley, 2.,	1	2	2	0	1
McLaughlin, l.,	0	1	0	1	1
Dougall, c.,	0	14	4	3	1
C. B. Bodley, s.,	0	0	4	1	0
Mason, r.,	1	0	1	0	2
	10	27	17	24	10
PHILO-FRANKLIN.	R.	P.	E.	A.	B.
Croasmun, 1st.,	2	2	2	1	3
Murray, p.,	2	2	0	17	1
Kerr, c.,	4	14	3	2	3
Miller, 3.,	0	5	2	0	0
Lamb, r.,	2	0	1	0	2
Pruner, s.,	3	1	4	0	0
Fulton, m.,	2	2	1	0	2
B. O. Adams, 2.,	0	1	3	0	1
F. C. Adams, 1.	1	0	0	0	0
	16	27	16	20	12

Home Run—Kerr.
2 base hits—Fuller, Remer, Bodley, Mason, Croasmun.

Left on bases—A, 6.; P. F. 2.

Balk—Fuller.

Pass balls—Dougall 4.

Struck out by Fuller 14, Murry 13.

Umpires—C. Alsop, Roschie.

Time of game 3 hours.

NOTES ON THE GAME.

The tin horns were excruciating.

There was a large attendance of ladies.

Allegheny has challenged Philos for a return game to be played as soon as possible.

The modern Damon and Pythias—Jim Wood and Schofield.

Quite a number of people from town drove up in carriages to see the game.

Fuller played the best game, having a record of five runs.

The next game will be anxiously awaited, and promises to be very exciting.

PERSONAL.

Geo. Lamb '85 has been tendered the principalship of McElwain Institute for the coming year, but has not yet decided to accept.

Guarde Duncan spent last Sunday at his home in Oil City.

C. W. Proctor '85 is engineering the project for a summer school of science this year under the supervision of Prof. Tingley, and reports a fair show of success.

G. W. Coup '88 is again confined to his room by sickness.

A. J. Mitchell '85 will have control of the Eastern part of this State for the sale of *Royal Path of Life* during the coming summer.

Rev. Palmer, of New York, will deliver the annual sermon before the Y. M. C. A. this year.

Clara B. Snyder '85 has returned to College and entered College for the remainder of the term.

M. R. Stevenson ex-'85 spent a couple of days among his old college friends since our last issue. Reid looks natural and is as jolly as ever.

Harry Stowe '89 is visiting at his home in Garrettsville, Ohio.

Miss Smith, a student of Allegheny College, is developing considerable talent as a crayon artist. One of her latest productions is a portrait now on exhibition at Raymond's on Water street. The subject is a Buffalo gentleman, an uncle of the artist. The excellence of the portrait elicits many admiring remarks from those who have seen it.—*Meadville Bulletin*.

BATTALION NOTES.

No one has yet received the \$50 reward offered for the conviction of the persons who took the guns from the armory on the night before the drama.

A challenge to shoot a return match with the rifle team of Union College has been received and accepted. It is to be governed by the same regulations as last year, except that it may be postponed from the given date by either party.

The battalion accepted the invitation of Dr. Sprague to attend in a body special services at his church, Sunday evening, May 17th.

The battalion has accepted the invitation of Peiffer Post, G. A. R., to participate in the exercises of Decoration Day.

It is rumored that the boys will go to Greenville to render *Allatoona*, the Military Drama that was so very successful here. Greenville is to be congratulated on the rich treat in store for her if this be true.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Mr. J. M. Thoburn, Sr., who graduated in 1857 and has since been engaged in the missionary work in India, is now stationed at Simla, a beautiful summer resort situated among the Mountains.

Miss Heath, of '84, paid us a flying visit a few weeks ago. She has been teaching in Trenton, Mo., and is now at Rochester, N. Y. She expects to return to Oregon in the fall.

C. E. Richmond, of '82, will deliver the Decoration oration at Cochranon.

Sallie Welsh, of '74, is at home in Franklin, devoting her time to music and painting.

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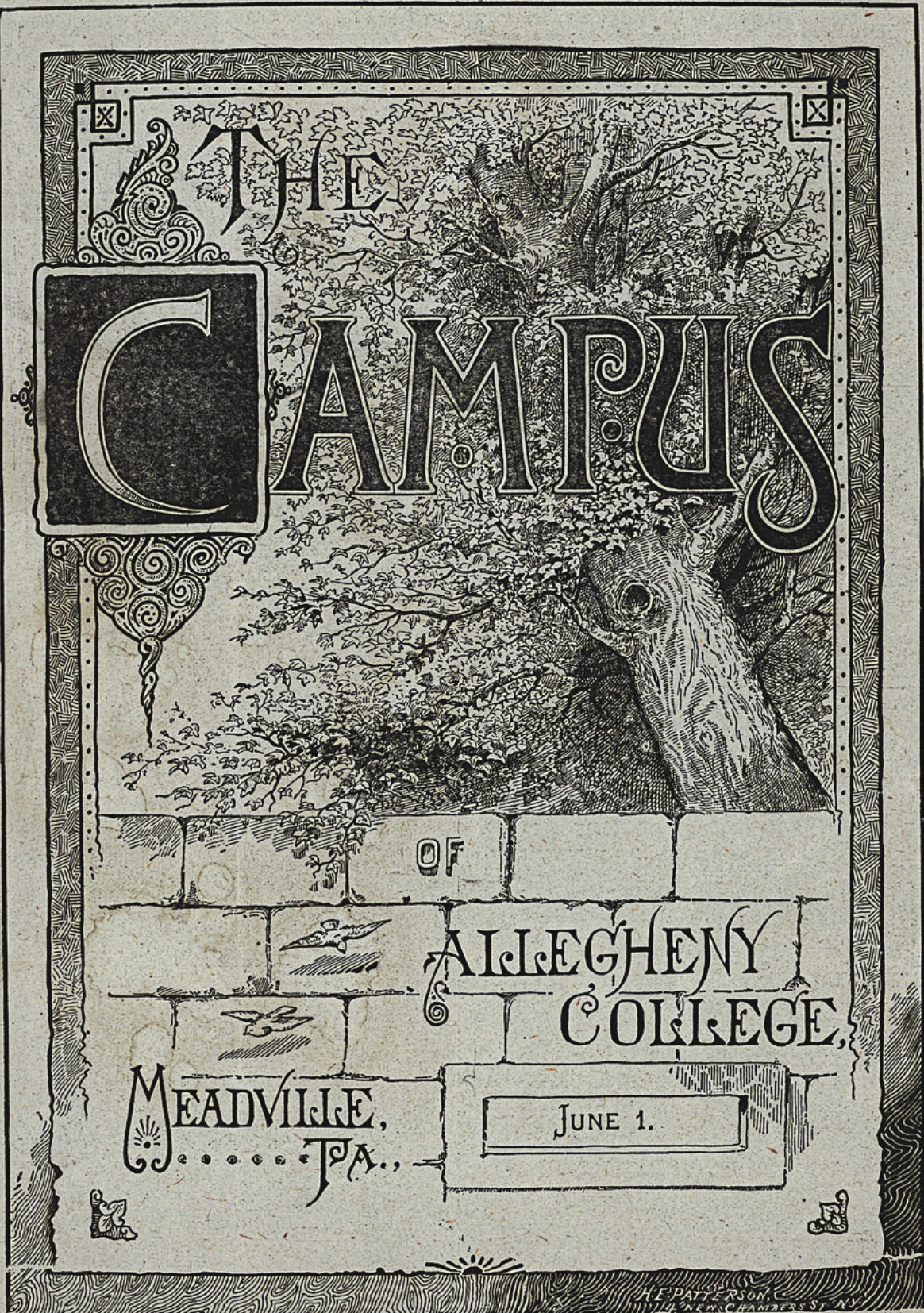
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