

THE CAMPUS.

"INTER SILVAS ACADEMI QUAERIMUS VERUM."

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ALLEGHENY COLLEGE, MEADVILLE, PA., NOVEMBER, 1880.

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A LIGHT.

FROM a cottage window, at shut of day,
Streamed a light full, strong and cheery,
Out over the street and the river beyond
Deep into the night-shade dreary.
No beam quivered down the October sky
Soft tresses of moon or star;
All was leaden and sombre, a vapor rose up
On the chill meadows near and far.
But that cottage lamp! Now it gilded the street
And danced where the ripples shiver!
The late traveler lingered as on him it fell
And his shadow stretched out towards the river.
For there by the lamp was the group of a home
Where the cares of the day were all ended,
And the cheer and the smile and the restfulness
In such brightness and gentleness blended!
He passed on. It seemed darker. Again he turned
(For his own home his thought was entrancing.)
To look once again at the window pane
And the light that was gleaming and glancing.
And who has not felt an unwelcome night
Close chill on his home-way before him,
But has known how a glimpse, such as waited for him
A new-springing courage bore him?

A DAY ON A MOUNTAIN.

WHEN a diminutive maiden of four or five summers, I used to hear people talk about a wonderful mountain, remarkable for its unsurpassed grandeur and loveliness, to which hundreds of persons resorted every year, a few making its ascent. And hour after hour have I sat on my father's knee, or at his side, listening to the stories he told me about it, for he once had climbed clear to its very top; and how wide my eyes would open with amazement and delight as he related time and time again the beautiful things he saw, and his strange adventures. Those stories never grew old, and I remember how I longed to be a woman, for then were not all my childish dreams and aspirations to be realized? Yes, one of my many delightful journeys should be to that very place, and just think of climbing a real mountain! "Time's glory is to make the child a man, the man a child," and my child self had disappeared in the by-gone years, yet the mountain

still held forth the charms of storied associations, and at last my dream was to be realized, for I was to attempt its ascent the next day; and though it was a rough and defiant looking way to the summit, other girls had reached it, and could not I? Bright and early the next morning I was out, equipped and ready for my journey. It was a most beautiful morning; the birds were just beginning their matin lays to the round-faced sun, who, with a beaming countenance, was making obeisance to the fast retreating form of the man in the moon; the brooks and rivulets with a soft, murmuring laugh bounded down from the mountain side, while a misty stream of fog, bordered on either side with fringes of waving tree tops, rolled slowly down the valley, disclosing grassy fields and nestling homes; and as I breathed in the pure, fresh air, looking around me, nothing seemed impossible. Among those starting out I was delighted to find three girls, like myself, en route for the summit, and you may be sure we were not long in telling each other our names, and in forming each others acquaintance, which proved so happy that we immediately swore an eternal friendship, and made arrangements to travel together. We found that good, trusty guides were very necessary, and so after having secured these, with light hearts, and a gay farewell to those below, off we started. We were not a little surprised to see our companions taking some five or six different directions, hardly two choosing the same way, or travelling in the same manner; some were going toward that part of the mountain the least known, cutting away new paths for themselves that their observation and experience should have wider range; others were taking the old worn tracks, while others still were trotting along on ponies—little ragged, shaggy creatures, which from their very looks and actions betokened a Greek or Latin nature. The power of endurance of these ponies is wonderful; they will do good service for years, passed from one owner to another, ridden by every conceivable size of person, in almost any place, if only well cared for,—that is, kept well out of exposure when not in use, as well as when in use. Another characteristic is their names. I heard one man address his as *Cæsar*; said he, "Go on, *Cæsar*!" *Cæsar* had stopped suddenly, and left his rider in a tight place, but "*Cæsar*" would not go, and when last I saw him, was receiving lashes and blows from his exasperated owner with stolid indifference. Another tourist, who, I should judge, was some officer of the army, since his clothes were elaborately trimmed with

sparkling rows of brass buttons, bearing the strange device, "A. C.," was riding along at a brisk pace on a little brown Cicero, and it did look ridiculous enough to see a great, strong, healthy looking man astride one of those pigmy horses, riding it as hard as possible up the path, while nothing quite so amused me as when the vicious little beast would come to a sudden halt, sending his burden—uniform, buttons and all—some two or three yards ahead of him. Indeed, we had quite a distinguished assemblage of tourists; there were some who carried themselves with a learnedly learned air, and accosted each other with a "Monsieur" and "Mein Herr," and one repeatedly turned around to his comrade with "My lord!" These addresses caused my friends and self to entertain profound respect for the gentlemen, and we thought, how much they must know! The first part of the ascent was comparatively easy, as the paths were quite broad and worn, but we soon left these, and following our guides, began to experience the stern realities of mountain climbing. We met several parties, who, with clothes somewhat soiled, and hands a little scratched, had turned back, declaring the undertaking too hazardous, and telling us that we too would conclude the same thing when we had fairly gotten up the way, but we laughed at them, and bolder than ever went on making the place ring with our songs, the burden of which was, "Nulla Vestigia Retrorsum." That was our motto, and whenever an obstacle rose up before us, which was seemingly not to be overcome, it was "Nulla Vestigia Retrorsum," sent ringing from cliff to cliff that aroused our old ambitions and courage, and bade us "on." Things were beginning to look strange and wild, while every step revealed new beauties, raised us higher and higher, until suddenly we found ourselves by the shores of a miniature lake, set in its rocky basin, which our guide told us was the world-renowned Lake George, known far and wide for the depth and clearness of its waters. In its centre was an island, whereupon grew a lone and solitary tree, and as we listened the air seemed resonant with music sung by myriads of unseen voices, while ever and anon some mysterious creature from the lake would for a moment make its appearance, then uttering a bass, horrible tone, plunge to the depths below.

It was a lonely, weird spot, and we soon left it. Up a little way above us, in a cosy nook, we spied a building which was pointed out as "The Athenian," a place supported by a society calling themselves Athenians, where travelers, taking that route, stopped for rest. Our attention was also directed to two similar buildings, quite distant from each other, called "The Philo-Franklia" and "The Allegheny," both of which the guides said were fitted up in elegant style, and offered every possible convenience to those visiting them.

We were pushing rapidly forward, when lo and behold, a huge boulder, sphinx-like, loomed up in our faces; this, upon examination, showed a surface covered with strange hieroglyphics, interpreted by the guide as "Spes Sibi Quisque," and while we again halted, he told us its story. About two years before some brothers by the name of Sophomore, with their two sisters, had rolled this immense stone down from the mountain, and placed it there as a kind of landmark, pointing out and calling to mind the "valorous deeds" of the "valorous band of '80." But it stood only one night on the new site, for when morning dawned it was nowhere to be seen. After search it was found cast to the very bottom of a deep gorge near by; the doers of the deed escaped and unknown. The chagrin and anger of those Sophomores knew no bounds, yet nothing daunted, they went to work and before another day had actually raised that mass of rock again to its former position, and thus in a single night won a world-wide reputation for their great physical strength. After leaving this boulder with its remarkable history, advance became more and more difficult; and slowly, wearily we were following our guides, when another turn brought us to a queerly constructed little house, perched on the very edge of an over-hanging cliff, which we almost shuddered to look at. This was another of those wayside inns, and here we were to make a short stay. Approaching, the first sound that saluted us was that of—an organ, though how or when it was ever conveyed to that spot were beyond the power of imagination, and I thought "verily it must be a gift from the gods." Entering, we found a small room, comfortably furnished with seats and conveniences for travelers, but everything was very worn, and of an antiquated style, excepting the carpet, which was, strange to say, beautiful in texture and design. Our guide told us that though this was in appearance the poorest of the four inns, he had chosen it because we could obtain the best entertainment for the night there of anywhere,—so we were registered as Ossolians. After having recruited somewhat from our day's tramp, we began an inspection of the surroundings, and our curiosity was quite excited by the discovery of a fountain of water bubbling up from a kind of little shrine in which were hewn the words, "*To the best thou knowest be always true.*" We immediately sought the proprietors of the establishment who told the following story: "About eight years ago, when the mountain paths and forest were deemed accessible only to the sterner sex, who laughed and almost sneered at the idea of a woman venturing into its narrow and dangerous passes, one courageous girl started out, and in spite of every opposition went clear to the very 'peak,' outstripping many of her strong and brave brethren. Her success so en-

couraged other ambitious girls, that in September of the following year, several of them undertook the same ascent, but met with many narrow escapes before they succeeded in making it. And it was through the influence of these girls and their friends that the Ossolian stands here to-day. They knew the great need of such a place from their own sad experience. Unused to the rigorous discipline of the ways, fatigued, and almost exhausted with thirst, they came to the Philo-Franklin where they knocked for admission; but—must I say it—were refused an entrance. From there they went to the Allegheny, where not even a cup of water was given them, and so they were toiling along, when, at their very feet, half concealed by grass and brake, they found a little mountain spring, from which, refreshed and strengthened, they were able to go on. Is it any wonder that they, out of love to their sisters, who should follow them, and respect for their rights, should consider it an imperative duty to do all in their power toward the provision of some place which would welcome within its walls all girls seeking protection and aid? To tell you with what perseverance they labored, what sacrifices were made, what discouragement and prejudices overcome, were impossible; but, at last, this building stood the pride and glory of these girls, who gave it for a name 'The Ossolian.' Though simple and unpretentious in its appearance, yet in time it won a reputation quite equal to that of the Allegheny or Philo, who once in a while threw open the doors of their richly furnished rooms, and seemed to say, 'Come in, ye poor, but honest Ossolians, and see what you still have to gain before you can equal us.' Yes, the Ossolians are 'poor but honest.' Patiently and untiringly have they worked; to the best they knew have they been always true, and now many hearts all over this land are beating in true sympathy with them in their noble endeavors and grand successes, and watching with eager interest their work as they are carrying it on." Such was the history of that little inn, and its recital made a never-to-be-forgotten impression on the minds of us all. That motto, "To the best thou knowest be always true," rang in my ears for days afterwards, and my dreams that night were strange and confused. I thought that I, too, had become an Ossolian; their cares were my cares, their burdens mine. And in concluding this account let me say that I have somewhat of confidence in dreams, for that dream came true, and now I am an Ossolian.

* * *

No lie you can speak or act but it will come, after longer or shorter circulation, like a bill drawn on nature's reality, and be presented there for payment with the answer, No effects!—*Carlyle*.

A STUDENT'S SOLILOQUY.

CONFOUND the luck! Those boys have staid and talked and smoked and rolled on my bed, until it is now nearly midnight, and I have all my lessons to get out for to-morrow. Confound them and me and the whole business! Let us see: My programme is not right somehow; at least it don't work worth a cent. Where is it? I'll have to hunt it up and read it over to see if it can be amended in any way. Yes, here it is under all my waste paper and books. I must make a change in some way in order to get my lessons. Guess I have not lived up to it to-day. Now for a change.

RULE 1. Rise at five o'clock, a. m.

Now how was I to get up this morning at five, after sitting up till twelve last night, to get my Algebra lesson of day before yesterday? I tried to keep within my rules yesterday and spoiled to-day's work. I'll just change that clause for I haven't been up at that heathenish hour except once since college began, and that was the first morning. We'll say,

RULE 1. Rise at—say—seven.

Now I will be like other boys.

RULE 2. Dress and study till breakfast.

No use for No. 2 now, because we have breakfast at seven; so I'll strike that out entirely.

Two hours; perfect quiet; fresh and vigorous mind; a good chance to review all my studies and learn another; all lost by this change. Well it will be made up in some other part of the day.

RULE 3. After breakfast, put your room in order and get ready for chapel. Now here is a real reform. When I got up at five I never could get ready for chapel, because I always had a lesson or two to get on account of not getting time to study the day before, but now I can sleep until seven and sit up late at night to study. My room will also get some attention. Too bad to live in such a tossed up place as this. Well, now, just think of it; there is my new chair with its back broken by Jack who was trying to lean backward and touch his head on the floor. I must get some spikes and fix it. How did that hole get in my carpet? I declare, I believe it was torn when John and Bill were scuffling. I'll just put in a rule about scuffling. My books are all in an awful plight, and all my pictures are crooked on the wall, everything topsy-turvy, feathers all over the room from that last pillow fight. (We gave that new fellow a big scare when we got his head in a pillow slip and began to talk about blankets.) How everything smells of smoke! I would not have believed I could stand so much tobacco. I must have a rule about tobacco. I must fix up my room to-night; but I'll finish my rules first.

COLLEGE ORATORY.

RULE 4. Recite in four classes and get out German before dinner.

That can't be done. I always find some of the downtown boys who want to talk with me during my vacant bell. A fellow must have a little time for society, and I do not need the latter part of this rule. I'll just learn the first part and use the vacant bell for whatever I choose. Maybe I'll study.

RULE 5. Rest half an hour after dinner, after which exercise for an hour. This is all right, but I believe that Physiology says I must have two hours for exercise. I'll put that much time in and spend it at the P. O.

RULE 6. Study from 2:30 till 4 p. m. on drill days, and till 5:30 on all other college days. This will be my No. 5, but I must change it a little on account of No. 4. I will read by the new edict. Study from 3:30 till 4 p. m. on college days. Let me see, I must have made some change somewhere. Oh, yes! I left out drill days. Well, it must go now in that way, and I will study on other days without a rule.

RULE 7. Get ready for tea and read papers till the bell rings. I'll just change the word papers and put in the Bohn library, and make this my No. 6.

How nicely I have been getting along with my new plan and how cleverly it works; but I must run over to No. —, and have a talk with the boys for five or ten minutes just for a rest.

There, I have been fooling away half an hour, and my programme is not yet done. I must finish it if it takes all night, for everything depends on my new determination.

RULE 8. Study till 9 p. m., read a chapter in the Bible and go to bed. I don't know what father wanted to put such a ridiculous rule as that in my programme for. One would think I am about eight years old. I'll fix that.

My No. 7 shall read,—after beginning, study till twelve o'clock, and read two hours in the Bible on Sunday instead of reading before bed-time.

I must go down street after supper, write some letters, call on the other boys, and I expect I will not get at my studies until ten o'clock. Well, two hours is a long time to study, and I can easily finish them in that time.

RULE 8. Do not allow any boy not belonging to Allegheny College to smoke or wrestle in your room.

Well, I will write a letter home and go to bed. My programme is now complete, and I can get my lesson for day after to-morrow (Saturday.)

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE, Oct. 28th. 1880.

DEAR PATER:—Ego sum well. And have just facit some new rules. Ego sum getting along nicely. Please send me (\$40) forty dollars to buy a new suit of clothes. I belong to the exercitus.

I will scribere tibi a long letter soon. My studies keep me so busy that tu will pardon any seeming neglect of meus.

Tuus, filium.

THIS subject deserves consideration. What ought to be said in a volume of more than common size must here be spoiled by condensation within the narrow confines of a single column. Every college student and graduate will most certainly unite with me in saying that no criticism could be made upon the present style of college oratory which could reasonably be regarded as entirely too severe. There is a sameness in it—a want of true, honest eloquence, and a deplorable lack of independent thought. Originality gives way to imitation. High sounding words, "ranting" and senseless acting, "far-fetched" metaphors and poverty stricken similes have long since crowded out sound reasoning. Common sense has lost her power over effervescent poetry.

With each generation of students that same old worn-out list of "subjects" comes to torture listeners who only listen because they have nothing else to do. A freshman awkwardly stands before the assembled throng, and while he nervously clutches his coats tail or fumbles his watch guard—as he has seen some professor do,—he frightens the hearers by the startling declaration that "Time flies," or, that "Night reveals the stars." And how a sophomore follows close upon the heels of this presumptuous freshman "with a harangue, spoken in high sounding words upon that quiet, or, if he says so, troubled stream of life." A junior has taken a declamation prize, and forever after he declaims his productions after the latest method of elocution, and spoils his piece by giving it too much of acting, false feeling and expression, out of place, and by too little care in writing and in thought. Alongside of this practice we can forgive the sophomoric attempt to tell to you pathetic stories of a "Hidden Battle Field" somewhere known to him. The senior has learned it all, and to him the lower class men appear as mere nothing in the literary world when he compares them to himself. The senior loves to mystify his hearers by learned talks on "Human Identity," or "The Idea." Why, he dotes on that and then he writes and speaks upon it just as others have done before him. It is next thing to an impossibility for one to write on something new; but this much we can do. Let us try to be original. Originality is the backbone of oratory, and plain and simple speech the secret of success,—it is easiest understood. Your hearers must feel your words else you are a failure as a speaker. Do not imitate, but be natural, and then your manner will be easy and your words will give that satisfaction which you wish for them.

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A BRIEF word of explanation is due our readers. With this number of the CAMPUS, we appear for the first time as chairman of the editorial board, and find that each of our predecessors has stated his position and made his promises for the future. As far as we are concerned we have no promises to make, and our position can, we hope, be easily determined by a careful perusal of the paper. We intend to meet all in a friendly, gentlemanly manner, and hope to receive from all a kind, courteous consideration. We do not expect to suit all in every particular, but shall do the best we can to make the CAMPUS a welcome visitor. If any are tempted to become chronic fault-finders, we hope that they will call upon us. We assure them that they will find us at home. We shall be glad to receive at any time the opinions and friendly suggestions of our readers, reserving, however, our right to act thereon or not as we may see fit.

THE CHAIRMAN.

It is to be hoped that the armory now proposed will amount to something more than talk. Maj. Webster has a plan which will be convenient, and which, we think, will form as neat a structure of its kind as can be found. It will not cost over \$2,500, and will be a permanent addition to the college. The only thing that seems to hinder is the lack of money. The students have raised about \$100, and some more can probably be raised in the college. We understand that some pledges have been made in the city; still, there is not enough to justify the authorities in proceeding. Why cannot the alumni help along the work? One argument which we hear among the students against

joining the battalion is, that there is no armory, and drilling in the fall is often cold and disagreeable. It is, to a great measure, in the power of the friends of the college to remove this excuse and so advance the interest in the military department.

THE term is now well under way, and each one has established his course of study. One thing we think might with propriety be considered this early: Can we not have a course of lectures? True, it may not be in the power of the College or of the students to carry forward any extended course of lectures by foreign talent; but it is in the power of the College to furnish a course of interesting and profitable entertainments. It is not necessary to send off for noted D. D.'s and L. L. D.'s. Our professors are thoroughly capable of preparing discourses upon the various topics which interest us as students and citizens. There are several gentlemen in the city, each of whom, we think, would be willing to prepare and deliver a lecture to the students. Why not then take advantage of our situation and have a course of lectures by home talent? Will not the faculty look at this matter and give us something in the line of entertainment and instruction at the same time? We believe this plan has been proposed before in our columns, but so far no action has been taken. If the faculty are diffident about undertaking the matter, let the literary societies of the College carry it forward. What say you, fellow-students?

THERE seems to be considerable stock taken by the students in the present political canvass. This is patent from the interest shown by all in the College Guards. Those whose sympathies are with the republican candidates, manifest it by their enthusiasm in coming out for drill, even when overcoats and mittens are necessary; those of opposite tendencies by their willingness, even in the face of a large majority, to support what they believe to be the proper policy of government. The fact that there is no club in college favoring Hancock and English, is to a great measure due to the fact that there are but comparatively few of democratic proclivities in attendance. We think it is generally admitted that the boys make a fine appearance when out in uniform, and they most certainly do very creditable marching; a large number have never drilled in the battalion, many being new students. They have been able to drill but three or four times, and many of their movements have necessarily been arranged and improvised by the officer in command and his assistants. We do not think it can be thought unprofitable for the students to pay even much more attention to the political questions which agitate the country. We doubt very much whether History of Philosophy, Art of Discourse or any other of our text

books can take the place of an independent, intelligent perusal of the papers which contain the discussions of these issues. That there is a too general neglect of these questions by many is most emphatically true; however, it can be said that, besides the reading room which furnishes much political reading, a large number of students take semi-weekly and daily papers.

THE sentiments uttered by the Rev. A. E. Lawrence when addressing a graduating class are worth repeating. "I hope," he said, "none of you belong to that most unfortunate class who imagine themselves lifted above the necessity of effort; who think that their family position, or their father's wealth, or a little money of their own, is going to bring the world to them, and that the oyster is quietly coming to open itself for them when they are ready to eat it. The oyster is a great deal more likely to swallow them." A class-mate said to me when we were leaving college together, "Well, goodbye, now goodbye; we will meet again on the floor of the Senate Chamber at Washington." We have never met there yet, and the chances are growing small that we ever shall."

"In this struggling life there is no place for 'lucky' men. The prizes are for the workers. 'Why are you in such haste?' said one the other day to a man who has made his mark in the world. 'Why not wait and see what will turn up?'"

"Turn up!" he replied, "I never knew anything to turn up for me in this world unless I turned it up!"

Many come to college, and perhaps some leave with the idea that attending college comprises the whole of life's preparation; they forget that education means work now while in college, and continued work during life. A teacher once said to his class, "I study this lesson more hours than any of you." So must it be with any man who will keep abreast of the times.

THE attention of the new students should be called to the importance of actively identifying themselves with one of the literary societies of the College. It is extremely doubtful if there is a more practical field of learning than these schools of composition and oratory furnish. In them, whatever the student may learn from various authors and the passing events of the day, can be brought forward and put into practice. His own ideas can be advanced and he may endeavor to convince his associates of their truth. While he is not embarrassed by the presence of those whose quick eye and keen judgment the unskilled speaker fears, these societies do not lack those who are capable and willing to make friendly criticism.

A person may become a scholar and be versed in all the lore of the ages, but if he cannot properly impart his knowledge, he fails to

reach the grand aim of all learning, *i. e.* that of imparting to others. By the duties performed in these societies, the mind is made active and becomes alert to discover and overthrow any fallacy, either in the productions brought forward or in various authors. The rough edges of self-conceit and the like are, or ought to be, knocked off. Students become more thoroughly acquainted with each other, and so an additional charm is given to college life. We say this believing that all have come here for the purpose of fitting themselves for life and wish to do that which shall be of the most profit to themselves in every way. If any have come with a different aim, we fear that it will be but a waste of time and money. College, or college societies, are no places for a determined idler and drone.

OUR attention has lately been called to the too prevalent habit of consulting the text-book in the classroom, and strange as it may seem, many who would scorn deception in any other form, will repeatedly indulge in this class of dishonesty. Postponing to get or having forgotten a part of their lesson, they watch for an opportunity of refreshing their memories by the aid of the text-book, and then, with the air of one who has thoroughly prepared his lesson, are ready to answer any disputed or difficult question. Is this gentlemanly? Is it scholarly? Is it honest? True, the main loss falls upon the deceiver, but it vitally affects others, both in standing and in morals. The student who scorns to practice such petty trickery finds his honest work discounted and often surpassed. In this way lessons too long or difficult may be forced upon him, and he halts between two opinions, either to cheat himself as the others do and so lose his self-respect, or to find himself steadily falling below the apparent standard of his class. The evil, without doubt, has arisen among and perhaps is mostly confined to a few who are too lazy to study, and whose only object is to pass the time in some respectable (?) pursuit, and finally rank as college graduates; but their example is apt to spread, and soon others find themselves engaged in that which they truly loathe.

Fellow students, let us beware of a very such insidious habit or example. If we have been tempted to do the same, thinking that our teachers would not know it, let us remember that we are but robbing ourselves, and that, however much we may cheat our teachers, we cannot deceive our classmates; so he who yields, suffers a double and often triple loss, losing his scholarship and self-respect, the good opinion of his classmates and running a risk of being detected and so losing the confidence of his professors.

We think that the majority of the students will agree with us in this matter and hope that those who may still persist in their method of passing (?) may be led to see that their course is disapproved by all; and that the way to get an education and at the same time acquire friends is to be strictly, severely honest in the class-room.

Locals.

A RESPONSE.

We wish—that is, we ladies here
 Our sentiments now to express ;
 But words may fail, and so we fear
 Our efforts will be uselessness.

Dear friend—yes, dear ! we're glad to say,
 That, although now we're in distress,
 The heaters are all on the way
 And soon all will be happiness.

The little hour, of course, is short ;
 But short, if sweet, is not so bad.
 Just wait till spring, then come and court,
 This bad's the best that's to be had.

There's just one fault we have to find
 In the condolence that you sent ;
 You thought our matron was unkind—
 She winks at all our merriment.

We cannot kick, as you suggest,
 'Twould be somewhat undignified ;
 And then, perhaps, 'twould not be best
 Until some other plan is tried.

Just wait and see what you shall see,
 We'll set the ball a rolling soon,
 And then the flound'ring Faculty
 Will tumble from their air balloon.

Kind friend or friends, how this may be,
 We do not know and much less care,
 We're thankful for your sympathy,
 And here's a kiss for you—so there !

The "Convent" is what they call it now.

An extensive addition to Dr. Bugbee's house is building.

Several patriotic students residing in Ohio went home to the October election.

He wanted to know to what school of philosophers Metempsychosis belonged.

The senior class boasts of eleven mustaches,—all perceptible to the naked eye.

Did anybody get ducked at Bemustown dam on the day of the zoological excursion ?

Citizens having choice feline specimens should watch carefully these days lest the wily zoologist make them subjects of vivisection.

History of Philosophy class :—Prof. "Give an example of a Platonic Idea," Student, "A sophomore's moustache." Prof. turns pale.

At a meeting of the Junior Class, held in the Chapel, Thursday evening, Oct. 28th, the following officers

were elected: President, T. H. Taylor; Secretary, Cassia Patton; Treasurer, Mary Darrow.

Mt. Union College boys don't take kindly to morning chapel lectures. Nearly the entire body of students bolted recently on account of objectionable remarks used by the worthy president.

It is estimated that there are 225 students attending college the present term. We should be pleased to publish the exact figures if more important business did not preclude our access to the secretary's book.

The late election of officers in the Allegheny Literary Society resulted as follows: Speaker, A. D. Colegrove; Clerk, W. V. N. Yates; Treasurer, J. W. Kinnear; Attorney, C. E. Richmond; Critics, C. Everett, J. D. Watson.

The "College Guards" received many deserved compliments for their conduct in the parade at Cochran on the evening of Oct. 27th. Probably no better drilled marching club than this has participated in the present campaign.

"Will you meet me in the wild wood, Essie dear?" "No, I can't," she replied, as a briny tear elbowed its way through the powder on her immaculate cheek, "The preceptress would regard it as an act of unpardonable indiscretion."

The Allegheny Orchestra has formed a combination and having added several new stars to its already superfluous constellation, will soon appear with an exceedingly interesting repertoire. A full cast of characters will appear in our next issue.

We cheerfully give space to the above "response" which has been called forth by the beautiful and touching little poem, entitled "Half-past Six to Half-past Seven," that appeared in our last issue. Nothing gives the local editor more supreme satisfaction than to know that his condolence was appreciated.

A metaphysical junior, whose brain had become so permeated with abstract universal notions and modern theistic conceptions, that it is difficult to determine whether he was drunk or laboring under a temporary aberration of mind, claims to have dreamed a few nights since that the editor of this department died suddenly and went straight to hell.

In the good old days of yore the seniors had a day set apart when they were expected to paralyze the unsophisticated freshmen by the charm of their extemporaneous oratory. For two or three years insuperable difficulties of a subjective character have rendered it expedient to abandon the custom; but we see no reason why it should not be successfully resumed with the present class.

"College Guards" is the name of a Garfield and Arthur marching club, organized among the students of Allegheny College several weeks ago. The Guards number about one hundred members and have taken part in numerous parades during the campaign. The appearance of our students participating in torchlight processions reminds us of the old times we used to have in '76.

By the way of warning, so that nervous people may be on their guard, we wish to call attention to the fact that the "Glee Club" has been resuscitated and will inflict periodical torture during the season, with the following organization: Leader, Emma Frances Merchant; President, James Matthew Thoburn; Secretary, Helen M. Hays; Treasurer, Ida Josephine Henderson; Pianist, Minnie L. Saeger.

Notwithstanding all we have said touching the pernicious practice of "bouncing," we are pained to note that the habit is still persisted in by a few. There seems to be no difference of opinion but that it is a plain case of "hazing," to haul a youth from his virtuous couch at midnight, and without allowing him time to arrange his toilet, compel him to stand on a table and deliver a declamation; but to toss him twenty feet in the air from a blanket, in broad daylight, is regarded by some as a perfectly innocent and healthful pastime. We hope the faculty will co-operate with us in suppressing this evil.

Personal.

Leroy Porter is teaching at Cross Cut, Lawrence Co., Penn'a.

S. P. Douglas has become the pastor of a little flock at Laona, N. Y.

R. D. Culver is filling a responsible position in his father's bank at Logan, Ohio.

H. L. Campbell, '79, addressed a large Republican mass meeting at Sægertown, Oct. 16th.

Miss Minnie M. Daniels, of Reno, Pa., has been visiting her friends at the college.

Miss Edith Rich, of Oil City, has been spending a few days with her friends at Hulings Hall.

T. D. Sensor, '77, principal of the Conneautville schools, was secretary of the County Institute.

Miss M. E. Broas, who is teaching in Titusville, was one of the many visitors during Institute week.

W. P. Eckles, '76, principal of the schools at Guy's Mills, Pa., took an active part in the recent Institute.

Miss Jennie C. Haven is teaching language and elocution in Washington Female Seminary, Washington, Pa.

Frederick Shellito, '80, principal of the Cochranon schools, attended the Institute recently held in this city.

James George, Esq., '76, of Bradford, gladdened his Meadville friends a few days ago by his genial presence.

A. S. Morrison, '77, has been visiting his parents in this city. Mr. Morrison is pastor of a charge at Minerva, Ohio.

Prof. Haskins delivered the address of welcome at the late session of the Crawford County Teachers' Institute.

R. D. Hoskins, of Tionesta, incidentally visited Meadville a few weeks ago, and shook hands with his numerous friends at the college.

S. E. Ryan, who is preaching at Salem, Clarion Co., has been recently visiting the college, and of course did not escape the eagle eye of ye observing Local.

C. H. Bruce, '79, called on his friends a short time ago. Mr. Bruce is attending the Western Theological Seminary at Allegheny, where he will graduate next spring.

Col. J. M. Williams, '73, of Ohio, brother of our esteemed expositor of modern languages, recently appeared in our midst to the delight and admiration of all collegians.

Prof. Tingley delivered a lecture before the Teachers' Institute on the "Recent Discoveries in Heat, Sound and Electricity," which was illustrated by many beautiful experiments.

W. C. Wilson, '80, (Josiah Allen,) spent a few days in Meadville, en route for Willoughby, O., his future home. Mr. W. expects to pursue his legal studies in Cleveland, this winter.

Our old friend W. J. McClintock, '78, who at one time held the distinguished and responsible position of local editor of the CAMPUS, is now a mere pedagogue at Clintonville, Pa. Such is life. *Ostra homines regunt!*

Samuel Jules Fleming, '90, we are credibly informed, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony,—made fast in the conjugal yoke,—in other words was married on the 26th of December, 1879, to an estimable young lady of West Farmington, O. Who'd 'a thunk it?

C. E. Richmond has laid down the classical literary quill of the CAMPUS to assume the fraternal lead pencil of the CRESCENT, the organ of the Delta Tau Delta Fraternity. While we deeply regret Mr. Richmond's retirement from our editorial committee, we wish him all manner of success in the new and responsible position to which he has been called, and congratulate the CRESCENT on its acquisition.

It was a western Sunday School boy, who on being asked what made the tower of Pisa lean, replied, "Because of the famine in the land."—*Ex.*

Miscellaneous.

Cornell has about 700 men and women in attendance this term.

The *World*, in a late number of its college chronicles, accords to Harvard the first rank in college journalism.

Princeton is to have a chapel to cost \$150,000. It is to be called Merquand, in honor of the donor of the funds for its erection.

The Yale students have been forbidden by express order of the faculty from parading in any political procession for the present, at least.

Feelings come and go like light troops following the victory of the present; but principles, like the troops of the line, are undisturbed and stand firm.—*Richter*.

Madison University, of Hamilton, N. Y., has received a donation of \$50,000, from James B. Colgate, Esq., "as a thanksgiving for his escape from the sea, at the collision of the steamer Arizona with an iceberg, last winter."

James Russell Lowell, says the London *Fair*, is a learned, kindly, strong, pleasant, honest man. He writes with great quickness and facility, and always with great correctness, that English language of which he is so proud and so fond; and he is personally altogether one of the most delightful of men.

Henry W. Longfellow has recently sketched, with his own hand, the "Village Smithy" and "Spreading Chestnut Tree," immortalized in his poem of the "Village Blacksmith." The sketch is to adorn a Christmas card, and the poet has selected, as an appropriate accompaniment, the first two lines of the poem—

"Under the spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands."

—*Earlhamite*.

The trustees of the University of Wooster, Ohio, have selected a woman as lecturer in modern literature. She is Miss Irish, the translator of several volumes of German literature. It is stated that Miss Irish has had entire charge of the foreign correspondence of Secretary Carl Schurz during Pres't Hayes' administration.

The Table.

Atmospherical knowledge is not thoroughly distributed to our schools. A boy, being asked "What is mist?" vaguely responded, "An umbrella."—*Ex.*

A certain Junior has at last discovered one advantage in the faculty. He says they write to his parents so often that it saves him the trouble.—*Ex.*

The class in German grammar was on the subject of gender, "Miss J——, why is "moon" masculine in German?" "So she can go out alone nights, I suppose."

Junior to Senior: "What do you recite to the President?" Senior. "Butler's Analogy." Junior. "Go way now; you can't make me believe Ben. Butler ever wrote a text book."—*Ex.*

A bald-headed professor, reproving a youth for the exercise of his fists, said: "We fight with our heads at this college." The youth hesitated, and replied: "Ah I see, and you have butted all your hair off."—*Ex.*

Two boys were going through the Ithaca cemetery the other day, when one of them saw on a tombstone the old epitaph, "I would not live alway." Turning to his companion he remarked, "That's what I call sour grapes."—*Ex.*

They were in the wood. Said he, looking unutterable, "I wish I were a fern, Gustie." "Why?" she asked. "Why—p'raps—you—would press me too. She evidently hated to do it, but it is best to nip such things in the bud, so she replied: "I'm afraid you're too green, Charley." The poor boy almost blubbered.—*Boston Transcript*.

Scene in a Geometry examination—Stern tutor: "The gentleman who is cribbing will leave the room." (Eighteen men rise suddenly from their seats with a sheepish expression of countenance.) Stern tutor: "Perhaps I should have said *the* gentleman who is *not* cribbing."—*Student*.

"One Who Has Been There" asks which is the more wicked, to skip or to flunk? Both are extremely diabolical, Mr. One Who Has Been There, and only to be used in cases of great necessity. As between the two, we would advise you to skip, by all means. It saves one considerable mortification, and don't cost much.—*Aerial*.

This is the way a Vassar girl tells a joke: "Oh, girls! I heard just the best thing to-day. It was just too funny! I can't remember how it came about, but one of the girls said to Prof. Mitchell—oh, dear, I can't remember just *what* she said, but Prof. Mitchell's answer was just too funny for any use. I forgot just exactly what he said, but it was too good for anything."—*Amherst*.

Scene: Four examiners sitting on the body of one more unfortunate at the divinity school. Innocent of anything Scriptural was he: "Is there no text in the whole Bible," said one in grim despair, "that you can tell us?" A light beamed in the young man's eye. "Yes," said he, with a steady gaze, "I do remember one, 'And I looked up and saw four great beasts.'" The young man was plowed.—*Ex.*

To wear a "cigarette" hat or not, that's the question:—Whether 'tis better 'neath the flimsy thing to bear
The ceaseless jibes and taunts of rampant boys,

Or by setting fire to the accursed thing,
 And by destroying, end it?—to burn, to destroy
 The headaches and thousand and one yells
 The thing necessitates. 'Tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To burn, to destroy,
 And not again to see it—aye, there's the rub;
 For no perturbation of mortal mind,
 When we have shuffled off that cussed hat,
 Can bring repentance. There's the reward
 That we receive for this one single act;
 For who would bear the jeers of mocking boys,
 The slurs of maidens, the mockery of business men,
 The endless torments of a brimless crown;
 And flimsy feel, and tight across the skull,
 With ever throbbing brow, and misery
 Of wearing such a hat—the rage, the shame,
 The turmoils and the sad disquietude—
 When he might end it all by one fell stroke—
 By lighting but one match? Who would dare
 To swear and fume under such a hat,
 But that the fear of ruing after sending
 To that undiscovered state from whose bourn
 No "cigarette" comes back, restrains the hand,
 And makes us rather wear the hat we have
 Than try another that we needs must buy?

—Washington Jeffersonian.

Reviews.

Harper's for November opens with a beautiful paper on "St. Cecilia," whose history, real and legendary, is given with a description of her church at Rome, and a reproduction of the poems relating to St. Cecilia, by Dryden, Addison and Pope. One of the most popular attractions of the number will be Gaston Fay's "Saline Types," full of humorous stories concerning the "Old Salts" of Long Island, with characteristic illustrations by the author and A. B. Frost. In the "Easy Chair" are some interesting reminiscences of Hawthorne, a discussion of the distinction made between Puritans and Pilgrims, and some entertaining gossip about the Newport of to-day. The other editorial departments are well sustained, and the Drawer is unusually good.

The November number of *Scribner* is full of interesting matter. It opens with a fine article by Eugene Schuyler, upon "Peter the Great as Ruler and Reformer." The subject is well illustrated by Hawley, Davidson and others. Mrs. Piatt contributes a pathetic little poem entitled "The Thoughts of Astyanax beside Iulus." This number continues the interesting biography of Jean Francois Millet, and the frontispiece is an engraving of Millet's famous picture, "The Sower." Under "Topics of the Times" is first "Our Decennial," which gives a very pleasant talk about the beginning and success of this magazine, which, with this number, has reached its tenth year; also in this department is a discussion of "Pictures" and "Nihilists."

Exchanges.

The *Earlhamite*, judging from its extensive personal department, is especially interesting to students and alumni of the college. The article upon Longfellow brings out in a charming manner the beauties of the life and songs of this poet.

The *Chronicle* is especially commendable for the interest it takes in its college affairs. We find here and there, all through the paper, hints for improvements and admirable suggestions. We infer from this that the college contains wide-awake students.

The *Aerial* is one of the best, as well as one of the largest, of our college papers. It opens with a very readable poem "When my ship comes in," in which the author, in a very pleasant manner, describes the feelings of a watcher waiting for that ship which never sails. We like the stand this paper takes when it says: "The *Aerial* belongs exclusively to the editors, not to students, not to faculty; but it will be the endeavor to make it the independent, out-spoken exponent of the interests of our university."

The Richmond College *Messenger* contains quite a variety within its most fashionable colored covers. The subjects written upon in this paper are not so weighty as some of those of our exchanges, and it forms a pleasant contrast to those that are filled with dry essays; yet it does not reach our standard of a college paper. Such a story as the one entitled "Aunt Minnie," we would not be surprised to find the author of it in a girl's high school; but we were somewhat surprised when such a story comes from a literary society in a gentlemen's college. We are sure that "A trip down the James," is from a boys' college, for such expressions as "diluted ice water," "had to be rubbed down with a brick," decides the authorship. Perhaps to the few enjoying the trip the description might be interesting and instructive, but for an ordinary reader it is entirely too extravagant.

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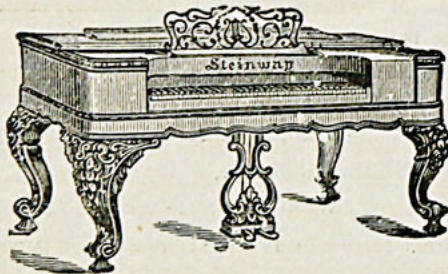
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