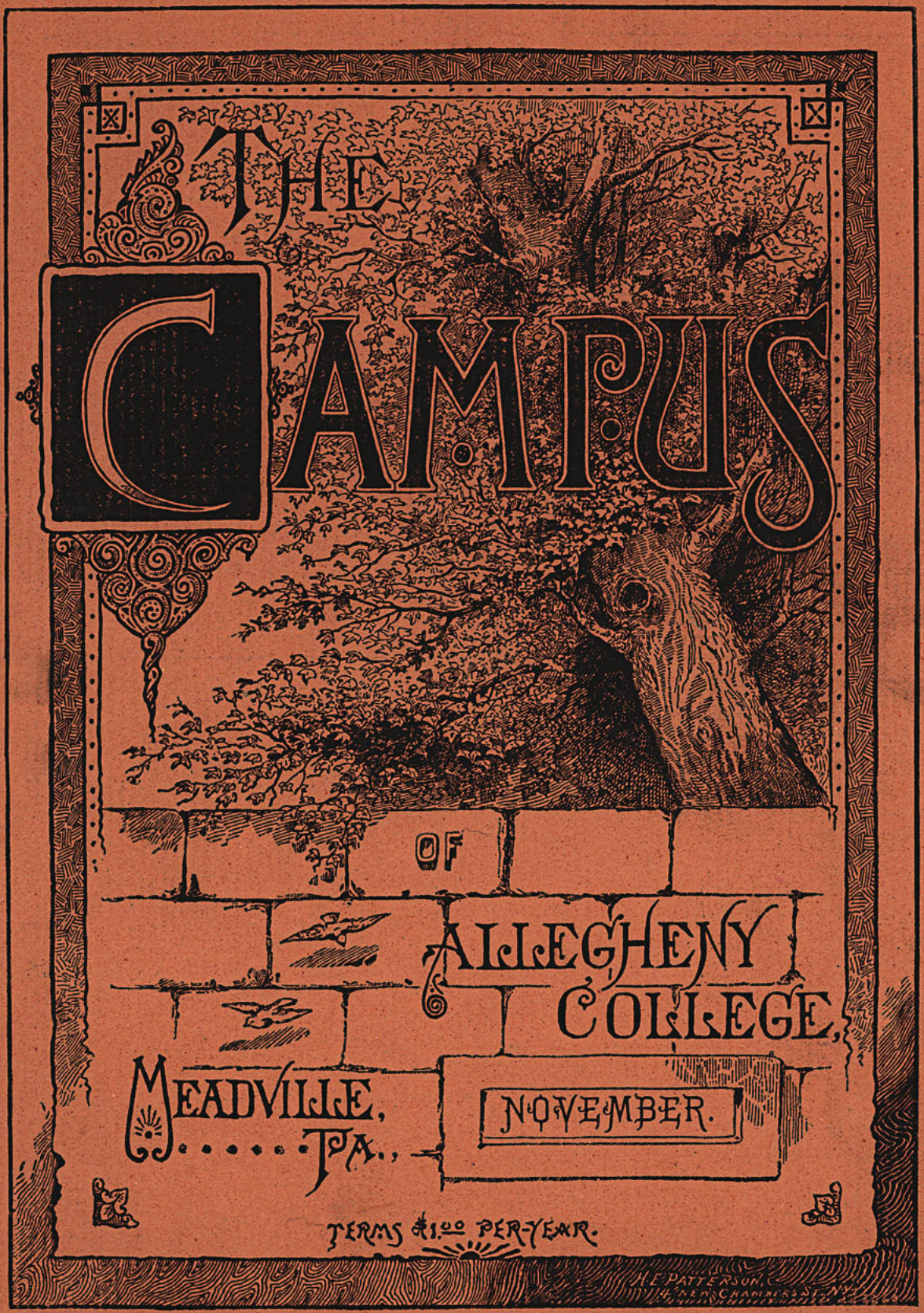

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"INTER SILVAS ACADEMI QUÆRIMUS VERUM."

VOL. VIII, No. 3 ALLEGHENY COLLEGE, MEADVILLE, PA., NOVEMBER, 1883. TERMS, $1.00 PER YEAR.

Literary Department.

THE COLLEGE ON THE SYLVAN HILL.

REV. J. V. YARNALL, A. M., '59.

The College on the sylvan hill,
Celestial dews is weeping still;
They fall on flowers of memory
Refreshing all the scenery.
Here Recollection often strays
Reluming all my college days,
Until all nature seems to stand
In bright transfiguration grand.

On this green mount, in youthful days,
My sparks first bounded into blaze;
Here all the Muses sweetly dwell,
In grove and grotto, dale and dell,
Embosomed in Castalian bowers,
Heart-winging all the golden hours;
Until each soul in ecstasy,
Poured out its precious poesy.

Here Cupid on the sunny hours
His golden arrows thickly showers;
They soon transpierce the throbbing heart
And Hymen kind must still the smart;
Here lovely Psyche lonely hies,
For love, though blending earth and skies;
Who could forget such Classic Arts,
Amid the rise and fall of hearts?

Here tall ambition soon will try
To ride Pegasus to the sky;
Or, as Icarus, soon will run
In flight too near the scorching sun;
Or, as Phaeton's grand desires,
Will wrap the heavens high with fires;
Or, like great Mars, of crimson toils,
With Venus will be held in coils.

The Campus Martius we see
Here graced with shining chivalry;
Bellona is the charioteer,
Forever crowned with fame and fear;
Here stands the Arsenal of fate,
The good Palladium of state;
On peace the sword has long reposed;
The door of Janus still is closed.

Here Mind and Heart must sail deep seas
Ulysses-like in tragedies;
Calypso's Isle of fearful name
Blooms near the path of honest Fame;
Here Syrens sing their fatal strains,
And Circe drugs the daring brains;
Yet still, the Heaven-guided Hope
May find his heart's own Penelope.

Here labyrinths of thought are found
In vast complexities profound,
Yet Faith may raise his joyful head
To find his Ariadnean thread;
And in that golden thread, a part
Of some demi-celestial heart;
Happy to whom this heart is given
And in this heart a living heaven.

The Mount of Science and of Song;
Where bright eyed bevies sweetly throng;
Where Platos well philosophize,
And Iris cleaves the balmy skies;
Where Orpheus sweeps his soothing lyre,
In touchings of ethereal fire;
Where Honor, in great majesty,
Crowns Life with fadeless dignity.

Here all divine Philosophy
Unveils the form of Harmony;
Here Science blooms with smiling face,
And golden Wisdom ripe with grace;
Where Thought discovers Nature's keys,
And opens deep her treasuries;
Where all the soul unfurls her sails
Before Truth's order-breathing gales.

Then hail immortal College Hill!
Thy triumphs all my being thrill.
Instruction, in ambrosial youth,
Pours out deep seas of living truth;
Here thirsting ages come and drink,
And radiant thought is taught to think;
Hill with celestial dews impearled—
The living Heart that warms the world.

CALIFORNIA, Pa., Oct. 17, '83.

GOING TO COLLEGE IN '51.

BY B.

THAT was thirty-two years ago. In August the writer found himself in Pittsburgh seated in one of the old-fashioned "Good Intent" coaches, which daily pursued the not "even tenor of their way" from said city to the distant town of Erie as a vehicle for the delivery of passengers and mails not only at these but all intermediate points. As the great lumbering con-

veyance rolled over the cobble-stone streets of Pittsburgh and Allegheny, and their suburbs, its passengers soon made themselves "at home" with each other, and were not long in discovering that at least four of the company were destined for the at that time not far-famed but nevertheless quiet reputable seat of learning, Allegheny College. One who hailed from Virginia (the part now embraced in West Virginia) had spent a season in the institution, "knew the ropes," as he expressed it, and was quite willing to impart his knowledge *gratis* to the two novices from Frostburg, Md., and the "verdant" from the "Smoky City," who were now for the first time leaving home and friends and—others, to try the realities of college life among strangers. Young, joyous, and "smart," as college boys are apt to be, at least when away from home, joking each other, "chaffing" the passers-by, looking for the crows reputed to carry knapsacks when they journey across the county noted for its culture of buckwheat, inquiring for the dogs that were so thin as to fail in casting a shadow, and "keeping out an eagle-eye" for the oft-heard-of Soap Mines, the quartette had from nine in the morning till six in the evening, pleasantly passed the day, just as the ancient city of Butler came into view, and a long, loud blast from the coachman's trumpet announced to an expectant multitude that Uncle Sam's "Post" was descending into the beautiful valley of the Connoquenessing, and would soon add temporarily an unusually voracious increment to the reputedly not over-fed population.

Supper disposed of, and just as the sun is sinking behind the western hills the coach with its material and the boys with their mental burdens slowly climb the northerly ascent out of town, and strike into the great highway leading to the lakes. As twilight deepens and darkness begins to make itself felt, the driver dolefully whistles "The Last Rose of Summer," and the passengers thinking doubtless of home and friends and the social scenes from which they are separated, sink into an almost unbroken silence. The body is present, but the heart is miles away. Thoughts too tender and feelings too sacred to be uttered are in the ascendant. *Die Heimsucht regiert.*

The night passed wearily enough. Short, disturbed, restless snatches of sleep, startled wakenings, sudden grappling for hat, or for support for a falling body, with an occasional effort to free one's self from the weight of his *vis-a-vis*; and rosy dawn at last appears. He who is first awake cannot but be merry over the grotesque picture presented by his nodding companions and must assuredly laugh outright at the footstool-hats, the gaping mouths, disheveled hair, cork-screw neckties, and half-sitting, half-reclining, sprawling forms with which he is surrounded. But as one by one the "drowsy powers awake," and on their owner's mind begins to dawn the droll figures that have been unconsciously "cut" during the night, a broad grin spreads over each countenance, and all join in a loud hurrah that "wakes the echoes round," and brings to life the dead-asleep maiden "shipped" during the night at a way-side inn.

Breakfast of ham and eggs, bread and coffee was served at Georgetown, or Sheakleyville, with Meadville "only fifteen miles away" (although Sheridan and his charger were then unknown). Those who have ridden together in a coach for twenty-four hours often become acquainted as well as those who have spent their lives together; so that the "home-stretch" with its laughter and talk passed quickly enough. At ten, he of the South cried out, "There she is," while the boys fresh from school and stories of the whale take up the chorus, "Yes, there she blows! Where's my harpoon?" But there *she* was, sure enough. The little company had reached the highest point on one of the lovely hills to the south of the city, and from this eminence could clearly see some three miles distant the grand old structure that had borne the blasts of thirty winters, standing out in bold relief, scarcely shaded by a shrub, against the hill-side's velvet green; and nestled down in the valley below, the village of Meadville, in all its country beauty. That was our college,—this to be our home. As we descended into the valley, and building and town for a time was lost to view, mind and tongue were busy planning and uttering the deeds to be done in the years to come. Grand achievements were to be accomplished; proud feats performed. But now the hoofs are clattering through the old covered bridge at the lower end of town; and now the driver reins his fiery steeds and calls a halt at the door of the "National," and the "precious freight" is left "to fight its battles alone."

Dinner first of course. Then, "too late for college to-day." But something can be done. Armed with scholarships, a trio visit the treasurer and obtain the supposed *sine qua non*, the contingent-fee receipt, to be presented the following morning to his Grace, "Old Prex." The next care was to secure a place to live. "Hotels are under the ban." But there were rooms to let in the town and in the country; rooms "with board" and "without board" in private families; and room in "dormitories" scantily supplied; but room for all. The day passed rapidly away; the night never seemed so short; and early morn found us

COLLEGEWARD.

Already had many gathered about the door-way and in the hall, and were now watching with keen interest the "latest arrival," taking his measure, and wondering whether he was worth the effort usually made to secure material for "Society." Ushered into the main door of Bentley "we three" (for "Virginia" was "at home" and no longer needed our sympathy) made our way to the second story, and entered a large irregular shaped room called the chapel. Here we found upon the rostrum the worthy "Prex," surrounded with a Faculty that to our eyes, seemed austere enough, and yet kindly withal, to which we cannot even now look back with any but feelings of the highest respect. There they are: Rev. John Barker, D. D., not large in stature, but with head erect and dignified air, "every inch a man;" Rev. Calvin Kingsley, A. M., whose joyous soul made his eyes to speak; full of humor, but "still on business bent;" Rev. L. D. Williams, A. M., full of cheery thoughts, which often came to the weary student as messengers of encouragement, to help him on his weary way; and there were Rev.

Jonathan Hamnett, A. M., and Rev. George W. Clarke, A. M., not yet of "sainted memory," whose praises we would not fail to speak were this the time and place.

College was opened with reading of Scripture and prayer. Then, as now, we sang,

"Our *conflicts* here will soon be past."

And so they were; but only to be renewed each session. Our first day's exercises were brief. At ten we were "dismissed till to morrow morning at 8," at which time "it was hoped all classes would be arranged and all interferences adjusted."

An ascent to the belfry gave an extended and delightful view. Handsome places had been left behind, but none excelled in beauty the valley that lay southwardly before us, "the orchard, the meadow," the smoothly gliding stream, the clusters of cosy homes, all seemed to welcome the stranger and invite him to linger "in the shades of the Academy."

On our descent from the belfry, the library, which was entered from the chapel, exhibited to our astonished gaze, some 8,000 volumes, among them many ponderous tomes in various languages and tongues, which were almost an object of dismay to the pupil who anxiously inquired, if he had to read all those books to get through college. Just behind the library we found the laboratory, in which an air pump, a cylinder-electrical machine, some leyden jars, a few pieces of glass tubing, some old pipe, bowls, and a small Grove's battery, a stool with glass legs, and a small wooden head, with unconscionably long hair, if they did not wonderfully impress, certainly did excite unbounded curiosity. A compass with a Jacob's staff, and a theodolite used by Noah after the flood, together with a massive Gunter's chain, constituted the equipment of the Mathematical Department. But meagre as it was, in the hands of Prof. Kingsley, it had performed no mean service.

Descending to the first floor, the room on the left at the foot of the stairs was pointed out as that of "Old Prex," who gave instructions generally in "reading studies," but for amusement frequently heard a class in Astronomy or Mathematics, in which two branches he took great delight and was very successful as an instructor. To the rear of this room was that occupied by the Professor of Latin, our present Dr. Hamnett. Directly opposite the President's room was that of the Greek Professor, the present Rev. Dr. G. W. Clarke; and back of this the room occupied by the now sainted Bishop Kingsley. Natural Science had its abode in the chapel under the care of Prof. L. D. Williams, afterwards chaplain in the army during the late rebellion. The basement was unvisited, as it was sacred to the janitor, fuel and chip-munks. Some of the rooms in the eastern wing of Bentley was occupied by a few students who did their own housekeeping, while the western wing was open day and night for all who chose to make it a rendezvous, and was chiefly occupied by those who preferred to play marbles, toss coppers, or engage in athletic sports to preparing themselves for the duties of life.

An invitation to visit the "Societies" required an ascent to the third story. To the right we enter the "Allegheny" a room in length extending across the entire building. The floor was covered with a fair-to-middling carpet. A book-case half-filled with somewhat carefully selected volumes stood against the western wall; and the north end of the hall was chiefly occupied with an elevated rostrum, surmounted with a high frame work and Doric columns, behind which the speaker and other officers had their positions; while at the south end was a foot-high rostrum on which were to be seated the "victims" who were drawn for each performance. Ranged round the room were settees to be used by members not on duty and visitors. A large lamp adorned with many prisms, used mainly for "Select Performance" occasions (the ordinary sessions being held on Saturday morning) swung complacently from the centre of the ceiling, and portraits of Drs. Ruter, Homer J. Clarke and John Barker ornamented the otherwise rather plain walls.

Passing from "Allegheny" across a narrow "lobby" we enter the "Philo," so much in appearance like its rival, that one description might serve for both, excepting that the massive adornments for speaker and officers were lacking, and that the "performers" were placed in the north end and the officers in the south end of the hall, and so far as appearances went, one thought he would as soon belong to one as the other (and he had only a choice of two).

Again outside of Bentley, we visited the "Dormitories," a row of one-story shanties together with an isolated two-story structure, located between Bentley and the "pike" (now North Main) and all painted *yellow*. There were probably in all ten or twelve separate rooms, in which the "worthy poor" "ate, drank and made merry,"—studied, cooked, washed and slept in the same room—and yet out of which came some of the best men that entered the recitation rooms in Allegheny College.

Another look over the "campus," another admiring glance at the beautiful French Creek Valley, and we move toward our *Speisehaus* satisfied that for one day at least we had done enough of "Going to College in '51."

A STUDENT'S ROMANCE.

SUCH a variety of names and characters enter into the history of Allegheny College, that many a readable romance might be gathered from the lives of those who once sat in the old chapel, if we but had a Hawthorne to weave the events into the finished fabric of a story.

Among the students of the college in 1860 was one whom we will call Will Porter. He had come from the farm-home with the determination to secure an education not only because he felt that it would give him a great advantage in the world, but because he enjoyed study for its own sake. He was quite a reader, somewhat sensitive and reserved and consequently had no taste for society such as town life usually affords. He boarded at a Mr. Noble's, and paid his board by caring for the horses and doing odd jobs about the house. He tried to do his work faithfully, though that human frailty called pride sometimes made him wish that Fortune had been a little more munificent when she decreed to him his place in life. During his third year at college the romance of his life began, had he lived in these days of coeducation he would have been fortunate had he finished unscathed the first year of his course. After he had been at Mr. Noble's some time he met one evening a young lady named Maggie Parks who had just returned from an eastern seminary. Very naturally the conversation turned to student life and to the literature of the time. Will Porter recognized the

fact that an acquaintance with standard literature should form an important part of every student's acquirements and had made himself familiar not only with works time honored but with the current literature. He was pleased to meet one who had read as widely and as intelligently. There was plenty to talk about. David Copperfield and Uncle Tom's Cabin were then comparatively new, and the romances of Hawthorne were still in the freshness of their beauty. The evening passed pleasantly and quickly, no more rapidly than other evenings, perhaps, but apparently so. From that time until the close of the college year they did not meet very often, yet in that time his regard deepened into a kind of worship. Though he had but little hope, he was unwilling to give up entirely the ray that he did possess. It did not seem to him possible that one whom he had begun to regard as so near perfection, could condescend to bestow her affection upon him. She always met him pleasantly, still there was something in her manner which told him that her feeling toward him was merely a regard for his ability and character, and that his case was a hopeless one. Just before the commencement of his senior year, Maggie left Meadville, her father having gone into the oil region, drawn thither by the stories of the immense wealth that was to be acquired so suddenly in the newly established oil business. Will was at home on a vacation when she left, so that he did not see her, but he determined after his return to write to her if he could find her address. He did so and her answer was a kind but nevertheless a decided refusal to correspond with him. The letter come just at a moment when the excitement over the war was most intense. Companies were being formed everywhere and many of the students were going to enlist. This was just what he wanted, for he felt half angry with himself for being so weak, and determined to prove that he had strength of brain and hand if he had lost heart in one battle. In his own secret thought he defied the rebels to capture him as completely as Miss Parks had done. He was too restless for college life, and besides the desire to drive his disappointment from his mind, there arose thoughts of his country in danger and his duty in this hour of peril.

He enlisted in the college company and went with the regiment to the camping ground above Pittsburgh. The change from college to camp was at first pleasing; but when the novelty wore off, the drill and routine work became monotonous and he longed for active work. To add to the discomfort the camp was unhealthy and many of the boys were attacked with malarial diseases. They were glad when at last orders came to proceed to the front. They did a good deal of traveling by rail, and on the march, a little skirmishing in northern Virginia, and were then ordered to reenforce McClellan in his peninsular campaign. Here the 10th Reserves did some good fighting. Before the close of 1862 our hero had seen one of the hardest campaigns of the war and was lying in the hospital disabled by a wound received at Antietam. The days spent in the hospital were weary ones, saddened by thoughts of comrades left upon the field, cheered by no hope of peace. It had been hard to lose the college boys, yet many of them lay where they had fallen or had been rolled into ditches and covered over with all their hopes, all their ambitions. The sacred bond of college association had been yet closer welded in the glowing forge of war, so that when it was torn asunder, it left wounded hearts behind.

Porter recovered just in time to join his regiment before the battle of Gettysburg. Somehow as he crossed the Pennsylvania line, he thought of his now distant and half forgotten romance, and all through the fierce fight that followed, he could see a face very much like that of the idol of his college days,—not an altogether unpleasant vision—so he thought. At last victory came and the tide of war flowed back southward.

The following year commenced the march toward Richmond. There was to be no retreating this time, only fighting, flanking, advancing. Some of the boys reached the destination in advance of the army escorted by a Confederate guard,—Porter was one of them. In other words he was taken prisoner at the Wilderness and was hurried with many others as unfortunate as himself, first to Richmond and then to Andersonville to enjoy Southern hospitality for a while.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEW works of fiction, biography and history are constantly appearing and we want to know about them. For the benefit of those who do not have the time to read the works or even extended reviews of them, we give the titles of a few of the most recent, together with brief and disconnected extracts from a leading literary review. *The Sombre Rivals* is the name of E. P. Roe's new novel. It is the least poor of any that he has written. He makes use of his experience as chaplain in the army by describing some events in the late war. Indeed the center piece of the book is a description of the battle of Bull Run. In general he is less unnatural and conventional in this, than in any book he has written.

Fortune's Fool, by Julian Hawthorne is a work characterized by a strong nervous style. It is rough like a granite ledge; it is uneven like the sea in a storm. Its scenes are from all parts of the world, and its characters from all works in life. Its facination is powerful even when it is not pleasant.

In the Carquinez Woods, is a dramatic story of rough, profane, degraded, striking characters in the west. Bret Harte is the author.

A life of Margaret Fuller is given to the world by Julian Ward Howe. A life as romantic as any in fiction. The biography of a woman who studied latin at six, read Milton and Shakespeare at eight, was an educated woman at eighteen and a finished scholar at twenty-three. She taught the modern languages in New England for some time and then commenced her literary career. She wrote for the leading periodicals of the country and assisted the recognition of some of our most eminent writers. She traveled extensively and had met the most noted of the literary personages of Europe as well as of America. She witnessed, while at Rome, the capture of that city by the French, and there also she was secretly married to an Italian nobleman of no great talent and with but little property. On her return voyage the vessel was shipwrecked and a romantic career was ended while yet in the richness of its promise.

The Auto-biography of Anthony Trollope is published so soon after his death by his own request. He introduces in it a humour and a way of telling stories which he did not have in his novels. He is very frank in his criticism of his own writings, often praising those least esteemed by the public, and criticising severely the most popular. His early work was not the most satisfactory in results. He wrote for several years before he received any remuneration for his toil, but ere he died he became comparatively wealthy. He was a diligent worker and has written as much as any modern author.

Mr. Ruskin has published another work on the social problems of English life.

THE CAMPUS.

PUBLISHED THE 1st OF EACH MONTH, AUG. AND SEPT. EXCEPTED.

ENTIRELY CONTROLLED BY STUDENTS.

MEADVILLE, PA., NOVEMBER, 1883.

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"How does the college prosper?" is a question asked of some of us almost every day: and it receives as many different answers as there are students to answer. Some are disposed to see and publish all the faults, others to portray the good points only; some look for the superficial signs of prosperity and are disappointed in the lack of display and show; others look farther and deeper to discover the hidden elements of prosperity and growth, and are satisfied. "How does the college prosper? An intelligent answer to this question can be made only by noticing some of the real marks of prosperity. Wealth is a superficial sign of prosperity; but it is of use only so far as it provides the facilities for instruction. Good facilities for instruction become then the real mark of prosperity. The college that has not these cannot prosper in college work, however wealthy; while with them a college may prosper even in the midst of poverty. Our college has not the superficial mark; but she possesses the real mark as fully as any of our western institutions. I doubt if one would be able to find a more earnest and efficient faculty. The student, who enters Allegheny College is not placed under half efficient tutors, but comes in direct contact with instructors, who are known masters in the branches they pretend to teach. She has extensive cabinets and abundant apparatus for aiding research in the different sciences. The literary societies and several associations of the students offer facilities for developing those powers and principles which conserve to the true end of education.

A large attendance may be considered a superficial mark of prosperity; but students further the good work of the college only as they manifest earnestness and zeal in their work. Earnestness on the part of the student is then the real mark of prosperity. Without this college work would not prosper, however abundant the students; while on the other hand, a college with a hundred students, who show themselves to be earnestly and zealously striving for their highest good, may be regarded prosperous. Has Allegheny this mark? True she has not the superficial mark in numbers; but for students with earnest and true purposes, what college can out-rank her? Her body of students consists mostly of those who must rely upon their own resources, and they rightly appreciate and profitably use the offered facilities.

"How does the college prosper?" We answer, well; in the possession of her excellent facilities for instruction and her earnest and zealous body of students. And as the coming years increase her superficial marks of prosperity, may the real marks never be wanting.

A REQUIREMENT always carries with it a certain measure of irksomeness; and we hear quite a little talk among the preparatory classes over the recent requirement of the faculty regarding literary work. But the wisdom of the measure is very evident to every candid and careful observer. One who has had an acquaintance of two or three years with the public exercises of the college must notice the deficiency in this respect shown by some of the Senior Classes; not a general deficiency; for most of the students of the college classes take an active part in the work of the literary societies and come to their commencement day with well wrought literary productions. But in almost every class there are a few who have slighted this work throughout their college course, and their commencement oration, although produced by their utmost effort, is devoid of all the niceties of good composition. The societies are unable to effect the desired result. They furnish splendid opportunities for practicing the art, but offer no advantages for laying correct foundations. Each member is obliged to rely wholly upon himself in the preparation of his work, and upon its presentation receives a cursory criticism from those who are but little more proficient than himself.

Then the society cannot make absolute requirement. It can impose a fine upon a member for non-performance; but while he is paying his fines, he passes along in college from one class to another without this needed practice in literary work, until he is obliged to resort to plagiarism for the production of the required compositions of his senior year.

The plan introduced by the faculty overcomes in a great measure both of these deficiencies in society work. By absolute requirement they insure so much of ability in their students as can be acquired during the preparatory years; and under the supervision of one of so acknowledged skill in literary work as our Dr. Hyde, we must count it no slight acquisition. Then the foundation so well laid cannot but inspire a love for the work and a confidence that will lead one to dilligently pursue it throughout his college course.

"JINGLE, jingle, jingle! plump, plump, plump! bang!!" comes from the third story of Bentley Hall. What is the matter? Has sturdy old Philo, who has never been guilty of a prank

in all her life, suddenly let loose her latent deviltry? 'Tis the new piano of the Alleghenians. It causes much comment. Perhaps the Philos are a trifle jealous; doubtless the reverend Dr. who is obliged to mount those stairs so often at the request of his brother to enter protest in behalf of the college, would unanimously, and unhesitatingly pronounce it a nuisance; and very likely the "janitor" and "assistant janitor," who had so much trouble on account of it Hallowe'en, would heartily concur in his verdict; yet we wish in behalf of the many students of the college to congratulate the society upon the obtaining of so fine an instrument. And may they be able to grace their programs henceforth with the fine music of which it is capable.

USUALLY nothing will excite more interest and inquiry than a meeting of the Sophomore Class. What are they going to do? Take the chairs from the chapel? Drain Lake George? Steal the bell? Or are they simply preparing to give the Seniors Hail Columbia in the spring? Everybody expects soon to find something upside down. But somehow the impression has gone abroad that the present Sophomore Classes is lifeless and will not do anything; and even while they are holding meeting after meeting, the students go about mourning over the departed glory of the college, when under the leadership of brave chiefs the Sophomores instituted hat-rushes, cane-steals and Sophomore performances.

The Sophomore Class has always stood in the same relation to the college that the small boy does to the family; a party to all deviltry. But now it is rumored that, if a calf should be found in the belfry, a Freshman or Senior would have to bear the blame.

For shame, Sophomores! remember the noble examples that have been left for your emulation, and redeem yourselves from these severe imputations by the master performance in the history of the college.

THE plan, adopted by Amherst and Bowdoin, of referring all questions of discipline to a senate of students, seems at first thought a good solution to the very perplexing problem of college discipline. But we wish briefly to present a few reasons why this power should not be transferred from the faculty to the students. The aim of all penal discipline should be to deal severely enough with the perpetrators of mischief to ensure society against a repetition of their acts, and not so severely as to overstep the bounds of justice toward the offender. Many acts are punished by college authorities which would more properly come under the jurisdiction of the courts; while those which properly come under the jurisdiction of the college are most often the little pleasantries, which although the best students would not approve, they would never take measures to punish. The spirit of students everywhere is to avoid the least tendencies toward information against their fellows; and their sentiments must pass through a very great change to cause them to prescribe punishments for the misdemeanors of their fellow-students.

The faculty views every student with reference to his college work and can have no motive for undeserved severity or leniency; while students may view each other in many relations, giving rise to close companionships, cliques, factions, and all the political machinery that we find in most of our colleges. These from their very nature would tend to thwart the ends of justice in many cases.

Offences in college life are directly against the best interests of the college, and should be controlled by those who have most regard for her success. A student may have a very high regard for his college; but he cannot feel so deep an interest in her welfare as he whose own success is immediately and intimately connected with hers; and this not only for the brief period of a college course, but perhaps for a lifetime. The faculty could have no other motive than her highest good in the discipline of any case; for her highest good is their highest good. This is not less true of the student; but he is not made so directly sensible of the fact.

Doubtless some telling reasons may be given for adopting the plan, and Amherst deserves great credit for so bold a step in experiment. The result is awaited with deep interest by the college world, and a signal success would herald a very great revolution in college government.

FROM the *Badger*, University of Wisconsin:

"Concerning what a college paper should be there now exist a great many ideas; perhaps almost as many as there are college papers published. For by looking over the representative papers from our different colleges we find them to be conducted in many instances upon entirely different plans, and in their exchange columns are able to find many different suggestions as to how other papers should be carried on. We find that the tendency in our opinion, especially among our Western college papers, is too much towards literary effort; that is too much space is frequently given for essays, orations, and such productions as we listen to every week in our differentclass rhetorical exercises. In too many instances these labored productions prove tiresome and entirely without interest. Subjects are frequently chosen which, from time immemorial, have been the favorite themes for our college literary stars. These furnish us no information, nor do they offer sufficient instruction in the methods of composition to repay the reader for his time; and they are certainly in no sense amusing. The number of general magazines now published in this country is sufficient to serve the purposes sought by converting college papers into literary productions merely. These general magazines furnish us better articles, written by far better authors, and with subjects more interesting and much more instructive. What we demand then in our college journals is that which pertains particularly to college life. It should represent all the institutions of a college, and represent them faithfully. It should be to the students as near as possible, the same as newspapers are to the general public. In order to accomplish this students must interest themselves in their papers, must support them, not only financially, but by contributing whatever is of interest. By bringing up for discussion all subjects of importance, and seeing that whatever needs attention is noticed. We have noticed a department in some of our eastern college papers that is almost entirely overlooked by western journals, and that is some light humorous article, in the nature of a take-off on some story, play or poem. Such articles, if not too numerous and frequent, add much to the attractiveness of a paper, and give much more satisfaction to a reader than to plod through a tedious essay on "Melancholy," "Imagination," or "George Washington." At the same time it cultivates ability in that line of writing, which fact, though not of any great importance, ought not to be entirely overlooked. There is no reason why some in our own college should not turn their attention to this line of writing, and produce interesting, readable articles, such as will improve the tone of our papers and make them more entertaining than at present. If those not on the editorial boards would only turn their attention to doing something to aid the exertions of the editors, there would be less necessity for filling up vacant columns with what to the majority seems mere trash, be it essays, orations or local items of blind import and little interest, though to editors, hard pressed for time and copy, it may seem acceptable reading matter."

Among the Colleges.

"In various talk the instructive hours they passed."—Pope.

EXCHANGE CHAT.

No college papers are published by students in England.—*Badger.*

The highest classical honors of Oxford have been taken by a a son of Prof. Huxley.

John G. Whittier, a trustee of Brown University is in favor of making that institution co educational.

Cornell is advocating the study of science, exclusively, and the overthrow of Latin and Greek.—*Ex.*

In consideration of $150,000 donated by the citizens of Ordway, Dakota, the Methodist University of that State has been located there.

The Indiana State College has abolished the study of Greek and Latin, in order that more attention may be paid to Agriculture and Horticulture.

A student from Indian Territory delivered his graduating oration in the Choctaw tongue. Even the faculty did not know when to applaud.—*Coup d'Etat.*

Mr. Ruskin has been recently elected president of a new society formed in England for the purpose of educating school children in art.—*University Press.*

Seventeen naval cadets of the third class are to be court-martialed for compelling members of the fourth class to sing, dance, turn somersaults, eat soap, &c.—*Monmouth Collegian.*

The first prize in the oratorical contest at the Kansas State University, was recently awarded to Mr. B. K. Bruce, a colored man, and nephew of ex-Senator Bruce of Mississippi.—*Badger.*

The post-graduate department, at Yale, will take up this year a novel course of study namely, that of railroads and their growth, shipping and international trade, stocks, and the effect of speculation on the money market.—*News.*

The Harvard *Herald*, the best college daily ever published never cleared expenses. It has now consolidated with the weekly *Crimson* to form the *Herald-Crimson*. The new paper is a daily, conducted by a board of eighteen editors.

Mrs. J. R. Green, the widow of the historian, has herself been completely revising her husband's "Conquest of England" according to his last instructions. The book carries on the story of England up to the period of the Roman Conquest.

The University of Texas is the latest sensation in the educational world. Its endowment is magnificent. The co-educational system has been adopted and there will be no military. The buildings are nearly completed, and the University will open next month.—*Ex.*

An event of no small interest in the college world was the Illinois inter-collegiate Oration contest held at Rockford, Oct. 6th. Nine colleges were represented. The first prize, $75, was awarded to Chas. S. Wyckoff of Knox College. The second prize, $50, was won by the only lady contestant, Miss Anna A. Baume of Rockford Seminary.

President Seely, of Amherst College, says that after an experience of ten years it has been found that the best scientific students of every year, without a single exception, have been those who have followed the classical course, and on the strength of this the scientific department, as a separate department, has been abolished.—*College Cabinet.*

By the action of the recent Methodist Conference, Albert University at Belleville will ultimately become amalgamated with Victoria University, at Cobourg. It was very wisely considered best to concentrate power and resources on one University, rather than maintain two Universities that must, under the new state of affairs, appeal largely to the same constituency. However, we are not yet to say adieu to Albert, which, it is announced "shall be continued for all time to come in Belleville, as an institution of high grade."—*Varsity.*

There is a row in Cornell University. It will be remembered that Mrs. Fiske, *nee* Miss McGraw, endowed Cornell with 1,500,000, to be used exclusively for library purposes. A few months before her death, while on a tour for her health, Miss McGraw, married Prof. Fiske, then a member of the Faculty of Cornell. In making her will she gave her husband an elegant mansion, worth $150,000, together with $300,000, and the above mentioned amount she gave to Cornell. Now Prof. Fiske is trying to break the will, on the ground, that according to the charter of the University, it cannot hold more than $3,000,000 worth of property. Therefore the University cannot receive the library, for it already owns more than the charter allows. The Professor has secured Lieutenant-Governor Hall, of New York, for his counsel. The contest now promises years of litigation. What the result will be, we know not, but our interest in the common cause of education prompts us to hope that the attempts of this avaricious Professor may be futile.—*Lantern.*

The following item, clipped from the *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate*, will be of peculiar interest to our readers:

"Some time since there appeared in 'Funk & Wagnalls' Standard Library' (No. 95), a book entitled '*Historical and Other Sketches*,' by James Anthony Froude, edited, with an introduction, by David H. Wheeler, D. D., President of Allegheny College. Since its publication Dr. Wheeler has received a letter from Mr. Froude, commending his workmanship. The letter is given below:

THE HOLT, SALCOMBE;
KINGSBRIDGE, DEVONSHIRE,
August 22, 1883.

Rev. DAVID H. WHEELER, D. D., Allegeny College, Meadville, Pa.

DEAR SIR: Your volume has reached me. For your kind and charitable account of my individual self, I can only thank you. You pass over my innumerable faults, and you graciously make the most of such merits as you suppose yourself to find. I thank you particularly for what you say of the publication of Carlyle's memoirs. When I complete my account of him I can look confidently to a verdict in my favor; but, meanwhile, I have a bad time of it. But I will not enter further on a subject which you show you fully understand.

And now accept my assurance of the gratification with which your mirror reflects, and believe me,

Yours faithfully, J. A. FROUDE.

The *Princetonian* devotes most of its columns to college news and advice to the hazing Soph, assuring him that hazing like murder is "sure to out" and that punishment will swiftly follow detection. It prints the first few pages of a Freshman's diary written in September ninety years ago. We copy the following.

SEPTEMBER, Ye 7th, A. D., 1793.

Laft night juft as I was going to my bedde, I hearde a knocke. Opening ye door, a troope of perfons entered with masks on their faces; but I knew Tom Page's yellow ftockynges and also ye green silk fmall cloathes of a tall Sophomore I have seen with him. They feized me tyed my fheets together as a rope and hung me out of ye window. They made me fing and read Greeke, stabbing me with their canes when I read wronge, they tossed me in a blanket, they fhaved off most of my haire. * * * * I am forry I ever came to college.

WISDOM.

"Fools push in where Angles fear to tread."

We are shaped and fashioned by what we love.—*Goethe.*

The word "impossible" is the mother tongue of little souls.

To be angry is to revenge the faults of others upon ourselves. —*Pope.*

The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness. —*Montaigue.*

You will find poetry nowhere unless you bring some with you.—*Joubert.*

After all, the joy of success does not equal that of patient working.—*Miss Evans.*

In conversation humor is more than wit, easiness more than knowledge.—*Sir W. Temple.*

Character is higher than intellect. A great soul will be strong to live as well as strong to think.—*Emerson.*

The good are better made by ill,
As oders crushed are sweeter still.

The least error should humble, but we should never permit even the greatest to discourage us.—*Bishop Potter.*

Books are the true levelers. They give to all who faithfully use them the society, the spiritual presence, of the greatest and best of our race.—*Channing.*

Bacon says. "Reading makes the full man, writing the exact man, and speaking the ready man." But thinking makes the perfect man,—perfect in development.

I have read the Bible through many times. It is a book of all others for lawyers, as well as divines, and I pity the man who connot find in it a rich supply of thought and rule of conduct. —*Webster.*

I've seen some old broken bowls planted out with the boniest flowers and mosses, and I've thought if it had not been for their misfortune, they would never have come to such honor and beauty.

"Dreams, books, are each a world; and books we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good."
—*Wordsworth Personal talk.*

"The aroma of poetry is all lost in translation."—*Irving.*

It is a mistake to imagine that only the violent passions, such as ambition and love, can triumph over the rest. Idleness languid as she is, often masters them all; she, indeed, influences all our designs and actions, and insensibly consumes and destroys both passions and virtues.

Every limit is a beginning as well as an ending. Who can quit young lives after being long in company with them, and not desire to know what befel them in after years? For the fragment of a life, however typical, is not the sample of an even web; promises may not be kept, and an ardent outset may be followed by declension; latent powers may find their long waited for opportunities; a past error may urge a grand retrieval.—*George Eliot.*

Amongst the poems of Mrs. Barbauld, is a stanza on "Life," written in extreme old age. Madam D'Arbly told the poet Rogers that she repeated it every night. Wordsworth once said to a visitor, "Repeat that stanza by Mrs. Barbauld." His friend did so. Wordsworth made him repeat it again and again. And so he learned it by heart. He was at one time walking in his sitting room at Rydal, with his hands behind him, and was heard to mutter to himself, "I am not in the habit of grudging people their good things, but I wish I had written these lines."

Life we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not good night but in some brighter clime
Bid me good morning.—*College Index.*

WIT.

Positive, ape; comparative, baboon; superfluous, dude.—*Ex.*

France is the paradise of lawyers. It ought to be; it is the land of Gaul.—*Ex.*

House says the way to make a rest in music is to throw a bucket of water on the musician.

"It is a rare thing to know how to do the right thing at the right time. If a lady faints, give her air at once, if she coughs, give her Ayer's Cherry Pectoral."

A Freshman wrote home to his father: "Dear Pa—I want a little change." The paternal parent replied: "Dear Charlie—Just wait for it. Time brings change to everybody."—*Ex.*

"It was pitched without," said a clergyman, having Noah's ark for his theme, and an old base-ball player, who had been calmly slumbering, awoke with a start and yelled, "Foul!" The first bass came down from the choir and put him out.

Enthusiastic Prof. in Physics, discussing the organic and inorganic Kingdoms: "Now, if I should shut my eyes—so—and drop my head—so—and should not move, you would say I was a clod! But I move—I leap—I run—then what would you call me?" Voice in the rear: "A clod-hopper." "Dismissed!" —*Ex.*

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "I've flunked again!"
But 'tis well for us all that some deep thoughts lie
Safely buried from the tutor's eye;
And in examination ponies may
Roll the stone from their graves away.—*Ex.*

Puck is a philosopher. He prays for reform in old customs and calling things by their proper names. He wishes the months named as follows: January should be Slushuary; February, Slopuary; March, Winduary: April, Rainuary; May, Buduary; June, Warmuary; July, Roastuary; August, Boiluary; September, Chilluary; October, Colduary; November, Frostuary; December, Snowuary. Children then could learn the months on the Kindergarten plan.

Circum Collegium.

Drill hour has been fixed at 4 p. m.

A crib in the hand is worth two in the nursery.

Gallop prefers the old theory to that of evolution.

Dr. Bugbee's old home is now occupied by the Rev. Mr. Merchant.

"And still the irrepressible conflict goes on."—Extract from Plummet's oration.

'86. Lynn, who has been teaching at North Shenango, entered his class lately.

Since the night of October 31, Thoburn and Fuller are known as officers of the college.

A Sophomore concluded his demonstration in Calculus by, dx-dy which was to be Q. E. D.

The price og poultry is high, at least Billy Hope obtained a good price for the fowls stolen Hallowe'en.

Of '87 class, Gibson is President; Mis Miller, Vice President; Lynch, Secretary; Dunn, Sergeant-at-Arms.

It is now "Epelio Don Sancho 'd *Irish* Martino. Mem.—Avoid the confidence men—"Canoe" and "Epelio."

Two lady students might explain the meaning of a "strayed, lost or stolen" card, which appeared in a morning paper.

Again the Philo-Franklin bulletin board appears in the main hall. Another opportunity for you, Day or — Thoburn.

Since the departure of the "Tiger" from the Beach house "Molly" and this man "Friday" are the drawing attractions.

The election of the Junior class resulted in the choice of Long for President; Gallup, Vice President; Miss Snyder, Secretary.

Instead of the drill last Wednesday, Major Pullman read an interesting paper to the battalion on the "Organization of the Army."

In the Sophomore class Wells is President; Miss Frisbee, Vice President; Beck, Secretary; McClurg, Treasurer; Miss Ray, historian.

The Delta Tau Delta fraternity was recently the recipient of an elegant engraving with this card: "To Delta Tau Delta, with best wishes of Phi Alpha Psi."

Harry C. Flood will assume the management of the *Evening Republican* on the beginning of the year, his father, Dr. T. L. Flood, having recently purchased that journal.

It is said that a correspodence has been going on between a firm manufacturing beard elixir and a very blonde 3rd Prep. This story could be given more credence if it were told of some of the beardless Seniors.

What were the two boys doing in the basement of Hulings Hall, hallow e'en? Waiting. How long died they wait? About two hours. For what did they wait? To illustrate the laws of reflection. Did they illustrate? Ask Cub.

The vigilance of two police on the campus Hallow e'en put a check on the customary funny doings of certain funny persons. However, four young men were captured, two of whom belong to Hulings hall and the others may be found at Douglass.

Merrick justly prides himself on his cuck oo song. Ask him to render it.

Why did Day and Remer consult an attorney the morning after Hallow e'en.

President Weeeler will soon deliver an address before Allegheny Society, on some literary subject.

Misses Woods, '83, and Burnham, formerly of '85, visited the college last week, the guests of their friends at Hulings Hall.

The Philo-Franklin Society with the aid of the Ossoli are contemplating the production of a comedy in the former's hall.

Deane, sometimes indulges in practical jokes. His latest, however, was a case of the "biter bitten." Just mention "sandpaper" to him.

'84. Case went home on election day and cast his first ballot. In consequence of which and the result in the State, Walter feels his importance.

A course of rhetoricals has been established in the preparatory school and all are required to perform a quota of literary work under the direction of Dr. Hyde, who is eminently fitted for this.

The first of a series of weekly lectures to the logic class was delivered last week by President Wheeler. The subject was "The origin of language" to be followed by the "Development of Language.

Already the Sophs have begun to hold frequent meetings and the usual amount of mysterious rumors as to their intentions are in circulation. Let us have smething new or nothing. The average Soph. performance has become decidedly stale.

We make another appeal for personals and college news. Let no considerations of modesty or fear of the waste basket deter any one from sending us information concerning the doings or whereabouts of any of the students or graduates.

Prof. Montgomery, although returning unexpectedly, was none the less heartily welcomed by the students. In an address in the chapel he amended Horace Greeley's well known precept by "stop this side of Omaha, or go beyond the Rockies."

D. O. Osborne, ex-'84 spent a few days in the city with Baldwin. He has been obliged to resign his position in the leading bank of Franklin, on account of ill-health, and returns to his home at Canton, O. All Dave's old friends join in wishing him a speedy recovery.

Charlie Miller don't know what he owes to the janitor's little yellow dog. It seems that the ghosts which inhabit the campus are much averse to the company of curs. This timidity and the direction in which the apparitions fled, might lead one to believe that these particular specters were five young ladies from the hall.

An attempt is being made by Maj. Pullman to have new swords purchased for the officers. That the ones now in use are a disgrace to the battalion is very evident, but the college, not the officers should get the new ones. However, as this extravagance (?) is not to be expected, we suggest that some plan be devised by which the cadets can raise sufficent money to buy the swords and let them be the property of the battalion. A few years ago for the students to contribute the amount neeeded for this purpose was but a small matter.

A Freshman thinks that now since the time has been changed he can sleep a half hour longer of a morning.

The alteration in the uniform is a decided improvement. Commissioned officers now wear a light blue stripe, an inch and a half in width, on the pants instead of the gold cord; sergeants and corporals, inch and half inch respectively, of the same material, and the drummers a half inch white stripe.

Allegheny Society celebrated the placing of its new piano in the hall by a special meeting on the evening of October 26th, at which the Ossoli Society and a large number of Alumni and friends of the society were present. The following was the evening's program: Prayer, Rev. Mr. Merchant; Piano solo, Wade; Declamation—*Infulicissime*, Huffman; Essay—*Evils in Government*, Case; Oration—*Russia*, Day; Piano duet—Misses Welsh and Goff; Declamation—*Surrender of Spain*, Guthrie; Poem—*Allegheny*, Thoburn; Oration—*Growth of Nationality*, Plummer; Piano solo, Miss Hyde; Debate, affirm, Long; deny, Hotchkiss. Question—Has England the ideal form of government?

The fraternities are slow in taking action on the *Alleghanian*, but one having elected its editors. It has been suggested that the publication be transferred to the Junior class and this seems to be the preferable plan and customary in other colleges. For some reason the annual is not what it should be, either in contents, arrangement or appearance. Unless there are satisfactory proofs that an improvement in these particulars will be made, it is not advisable to issue another number of the annual. It met with much disapproval last year and there will be many prejudices to overcome in the successful issue of the coming one. Now let '85 under a capable managing editor take hold of the *Alleghenian* and thoroughly revising the tenor of the journal, and its future prosperity is assured, we should, by all means, have the *Alleghenian* continued, but in a style worthy of the college and the advantages offered.

Extract from the *College Annals:* And it came to pass in the sixty and sixth year of the history of the college, that the young men and maidens were gathered at the middle hour of the day into the Hall which is called Hulings. And they said one to another, go to. Is this not the time that we shall assimilate nutriment, and they assimilated. And the noise of the laughter rose as the sound of a mighty wind, and the butter alone was able to stand alone in the presence of the destroyers. And they waxed strong in spirit, and the mighty example of monumental god said unto the other persons at his table "give ear, unto me, and I will charm your ears with a story." And they gave ear and listened, and as the tones of the astonisher floated upward, a mighty silence fell upon the people.

And the E. of M. G. was rejoiced in his heart, and he said unto himself, "The charms of my fancy has captured them," but he knew not that they were stupefied with wonder at his cheek, and in vain attempts to find out what he was talking about.

And when he had finished, the deep silence reigned supreme until at last a mighty scornful laugh arose from the people, for they saw the point that it was not. But the example thought that they applauded his wit and his heart was filled with pride, so that he condescended to smile upon the children, and he seeth not his mistake even unto this day.

The usually exciting feature of the fall term—the Senior election, passed off disgustingly tame and with a lack of wire-pulling disheartening to the ambitious college politician. The election was held in Allegheny Society hall and the *music* of the new piano, interspersed with the proceedings—much to the annoyance, unintentionally, of certain professors—went far to calm the turbulent spirits of some of the class. The result was, Case, president; Miss Heath, treasurer; Blair, valedictorian; Mead, orator; Wolf, historian; Smythe, poet; Miss Welsh, essayist.

Advice to Freshmen: Black your boots Sundays only. A shining boot on a week day "gives away your freshness."

Knock down and drag out every Soph. that addresses you. By reason of the peculiarities of college life, every student, no matter how gentle and kind he may have been before, becomes an example of exasperating meanness when he enters the Sophomore class.

Repose extreme confidence in the Juniors. They will guide and direct you carefully and solicitously. 'Tis true they have in the past borne the titles "Sluggers," "Sand-baggers," etc., but never mind that. They have probably recovered from the evil effects of their sophomoric days. If they send you on long errands or ask you to bring up coal and water, or to black their boots, do it cheerfully and willingly. It is the right of their position, and they will undoubtedly favor you in return with a bottle of their choice perfume, H_2S.

With Seniors you will have no intercourse whatever. The dignity of their position demands entire freedom from contact with "Freshies." But the rules of the institution demand a salute from you when you meet a Senior. The distinctive salute for that class from you is to place your open hands immediately back of your ears, palms to the front, and then wave them vigorously.

The following is the new plan of discipline being adopted in some of the eastern colleges: "A jury, composed of one representative from each class, one from each inter-collegiate society, and one from non-society students, is to be the tribunal that offenders will face. The president of the college is to bear to the jury substantially the relation of a judge in court, ruling upon questions of jurisdiction and the validity of decisions. Penalties are to be awarded by the president. A verdict of fact and a verdict of opinion are to be rendered. The former verdict must be unanimous, while the latter is to be decided by a majority vote. Four grades of offenses are to be regarded in affixing penalties, deliberate falsehood being properly set down as an offense of the first magnitude. The jury is to give its judgment, based upon the verdict of fact, as to the grade of law breaking, it such an act has been committed. The president can in no case impose a heavier penalty than that assigned to the grade fixed by the jury. The two parties to the contract are the faculty and the undergraduates, and a three-fourths vote is required for withdrawing consent to the agreement. The details of the plan have been elaborated with admirable clearness, and the experiment will begin under the most favorable conditions. A conservative college like Bowdoin in trying such an experiment contributes importantly to a solution of the difficult problem of college discipline, a government which ought to have in it a "sweet reasonableness."

Now that Christmas is drawing near and all are puzzling their brains over the choice of suitable remembrances for their friends we suggest that some of Sam Long's numerous admirers come forward with a copy book or Gaskell's compendium as a suitable gift for him. It will be quite appropriate and the good results will be appreciated by a certain divine of the city at least. So endeth the first lesson.

At a meeting of all the students a few mornings ago, called for the purpose of choosing a fitting memorial of our late President, Dr. Bugbee, it was decided that a portraitf to be placed in the chapel with those of the other presidents, be procured as most appropriate. A committee to make necessary arrangements was selected and on its report at a subsequent meeting, the money was immediately subscribed. A crayon has already been ordered of Ryder, of Cleveland, and will be placed in the chapel at the beginning of the year. "This action of the students speaks for the tender feeling of the deceased president, a man universally popular among the undergraduates, for whom he always had a pleasant smile and kind word. Soon his face will be looking down from the walls of the institutition for whose glory and prosperity he sacrificed the best years of his life. Truly he has erected a monument more lasting than brass."

A MIDNIGHT TALE.

In the night of the 26th of October, 1883, near the hour of midnight, seven persons could have been seen slowly and cautiously wending their way through our principal avenues. Only the sound of their footsteps was heard in the now deserted streets. But see! They stop before a well known restaurant and try the door. It was locked. After a short consultation one person slipped around to the back door. Great heavens! Did they contemplate robbery? What new crime would soon startle the world? The door opened and the six entered. A sharp cry was heard, the door quickly closed and all was silence. In two hours these persons took their departure as stealthily as they had come. Would they escape? Time, the great discoverer of all things will tell. * * * * * It is now time. The seven persons were the editors of last year's *Alleghenian*. The cry was made by Blystone when he saw tables heavily laden with all the delicacies of the season. Space forbids mention of the elegant *menu* of this sumptuous repast. After spending an hour or two of solid work at the festal board, they adjourned to the richly furnished parlors where the following toasts were responded to;

"The pen is safer than the sword" by the editor-in chief.

"The influence of the *Alleghenian* on the literature of the 19th century," ably responded to by Huffman, who told them what great men they now were and advised them to drink two toasts, which was immediately done.

"The ladies." Bole being greatly overcome by coffee, made an excruciatingly witty speech.

"The Press." Currie having made a mash on the waiter-girl described "The Press" and its benefits, in glowing terms.

"By-ways at Allegheny." Day read a chapter from his diary recounting the trials and tribulations of a good boy at college.

"The Fraternities" by Merrick. He became so enthusiastic over his subject that he drank five toasts before he could be stopped.

Bros. Pond and Silver, although far distant, were not forgotten. Day and Merrick ate their share.

On account of the lateness of the hour, Blystone having fallen asleep and the "toast" money all blown in, the last great act in the history of the *Alleghenian* '82–'83 was completed.

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Dear Sir;—You ask my opinion of Compound Oxygen, in regard to its efficiency as a healing remedy, and I am glad to be able to reply that I have the greatest faith in it. Several years ago, when laboring under very serious trouble with my throat and lungs, at the instance of a friend in Boston who had been similarily affected, I began the use of the Oxygen—began without much faith, but the result was such that I am prepared to recommend its use to all persons similarily affected. At the end of five months I found myself a well man, and ever since I have enjoyed better health and been more robust than ever before. It seemed in my case to strike at the root of the disease and reform the whole system. I will recommend no patent nostrum of any kind, but I deem it a duty to the many afflicted with lung trouble in this country to recommend to them the Oxygen. Perseveringly and continuously used it will work wonders.

Yours truly,

WM. PENN NIXON.

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THE CENTURY.

PROGRAMME FOR 1883-'84.

THE programme for the fourteenth year of this magazine, and the third under the new name, is if anything more interest- and popular than ever. With every season, THE CENTURY shows a decided gain in circulation. The new volume begins with November, and, when possible, subscriptions should begin with that issue. The following are some of the features of the coming year :

A new novel by George W. Cable, author of "Old Creole Days," etc., entitled "Dr. Sevier," a story of New Orleans life, the time being the eve of the late Civil War.

"Life in the Thirteen Colonies," by Edward Eggleston, separate illustrated papers on subjects connected with the early history of this country.

Three Stories by Henry James, of varying lengths, to appear through the year.

The New Astronomy, untechnical articles, by Prof. S. P. Langley, describing the most interesting of recent discoveries in the sun and stars.

A Novelette by H. H. Boyesen, author of "Gunnar," etc. A vivid and sparkling story.

The New Era in American Architecture, a series of papers descriptive of the best work of American architects in Public Buildings, City and Country House, etc. To be profusely illustrated.

A Novelette by Robert Grant, author of "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," etc., entitled "An Average Man,"—a story of New York.

The Bread-winners, one of the most remarkable novels of the day, to be completed in January.

Christianity and Wealth, with other essays, by the author of "The Christian League of Connecticut," etc., on the application of Christian morals to the present phases of modern life.

Coasting About the Gulf of St. Lawrence, a series of entertaining articles, profusely illustrated.

Scenes from the Novelists, HAWTHORNE, GEORGE ELIOT, and CABLE, with authentic drawings.

On the Track of Ulysses, the record of a yatch-cruise in the Mediterranean, identifying the route of Ulysses on his return from the Trojan war.

"Garfield in England," extracts from his private journal kept during a trip to Europe in 1867.

"The Silverado Squatters," by ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, author of "New Arabian Nights."

There will be papers on outdoor England by JOHN BURROUGHS and others, a beautifully illustrated series on Dante, a number of papers by the eminent French novelist ALPHONSE DAUDET, articles on art and archæology by CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER and others, illustrated papers on sport and adventure, short stories by the leading writers, essays on timely subjects, etc., etc.

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PERSONAL.

'83. C. P. Robinson has entered the Harvard law school.

'80. E. A. Colegrove is principal of the Emlenton, Pa., schools.

'49. Rev. D. A. McCready died in Pittsburgh, Sunday, October 21.

The latest in the Terpsichorean art in the "still waltz," vid. "Beethoven."

Dr. Hamnett will probaly be absent from college the latter part of the term.

'81. A. D. Colegrove has lately been made superintendent of the Corry schools.

'85. Wade is obliged to remain out of college this term on account of his health.

'82. Rev. T. H. Taylor of Bellaire, O. made the college a short visit last week.

'82. Rev. J. A. Ballantyne made his college friends a short visit a few days since.

J. B. Stewart, ex'-85, has cemmenced the study of Medicine at his home in Pleasantville.

Loveland, of last year's freshman class is engaged in teaching at his home, Lamar, Pa.

'82. Miss Marry E. Darrow is teaching in the State Agrecultural University, Champaigne, Ill.

President Wheeler was elected honorary member of Allegheny Literary Society at its last session.

'82. Glenroie McQueen is superintendent of the Lebanon, Mo., schools, with 600 pupils in his charge.

Lamb, of the present Sophomore class, will soon leave college to accept a position in the school of Petersburg, O.

'61. Rev. S. M. Davis, of Chicago, Ill., revisited his *Alma Mater* and delivered a short address to the students in chapel.

R. C. NcNeish, at present in the employ of the Pulaski Paint Company, was married recently to Miss Reno, at the bride's home in Pulaski.

'85. Long, in company with J. L. Gordon, secretary of the Erie Y. M. C. A., visited Franklin last week for the purpose of establishing a branch of the association at that place.

Deane '84 and Everett '85 have commenced the study of law in addition to their college duties. The former in the office of Brawley & McClintock and the later with J. J. Henderson.

The senior class numbers 24: Baldwin, Blair, Case, Currie, Day, Deane, Dice, Doane, Fenno, Miss Guignon, Guthrie, Hotchkiss, Miss Heath, Huffman, Miss Jordan, Long, Martin, Mead, Newlin, Plummer, Smythe, Stull, Miss Welsh, Wolf.

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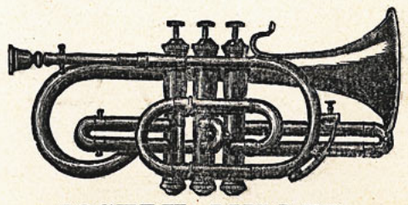
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