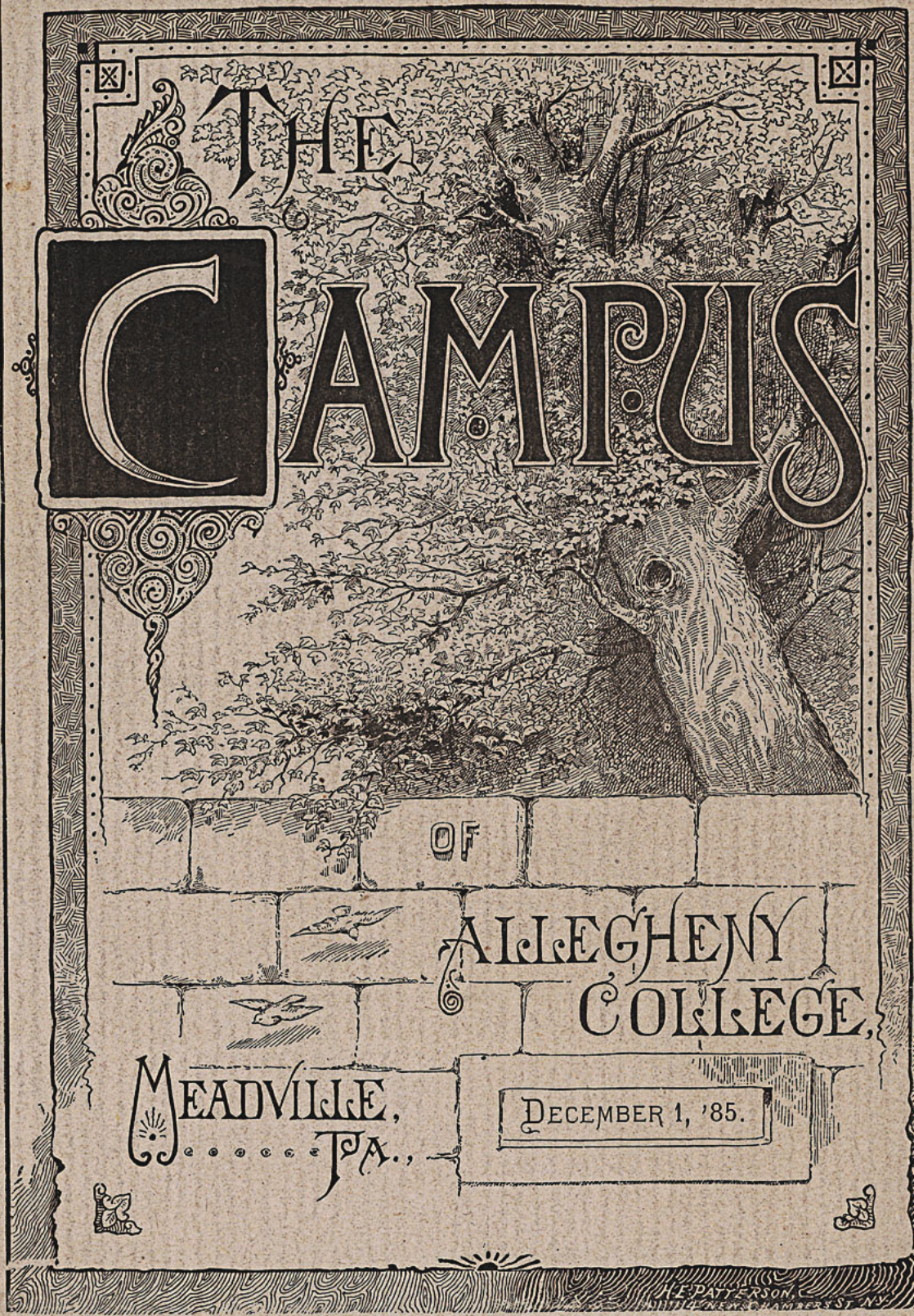
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THE CAMPUS.

"INTER SILVAS ACADEMI QUÆRIMUS VERUM."

VOL. II., No. 4. ALLEGHENY COLLEGE, MEADVILLE, PA., DECEMBER 1, 1885. NEW SERIES

Literary.

FOR ALL WHO DIE.

The following poem was regarded by Edgar A. Poe as the most beautiful and touching of its kind in the language.

IT hath been said for all who die
There is a tear,
Some paining, bleeding heart to sigh
O'er every bier;
But in that hour of pain and dread
Who will draw near
Around my humble couch and shed
One farewell tear.

Who'll watch the fast departing ray,
In deep despair,
And soothe the spirit on its way
With holy prayer?
What mourner round my couch will come
In words of woe
And follow me to my long home
Solemn and slow?

When lying on my earthly bed
In icy sleep
Who then by pure affection led
Will come and weep?
By the pale moon implant the rose
Upon my breast
And bid it cheer my dark repose.
My lonely rest?

Could I but know when I am sleeping
Low in the ground
One faithful heart would then be keeping
Watch all around,
As if some gem lay shrined beneath
That cold sod's gloom,
'Twould mitigate the pangs of death
And light the tomb.

Yes, in that hour if I could feel
From the halls or glee
And beauty's pressure one would steal
In secrecy
And come and sit or stand by me
In night's deep noon,
Oh, I would ask of memory
No other boon.

But ah, a lonelier fate is mine,
A deeper woe.
From all I've loved in youth's sweet time
I soon must go.
Draw round me my pale robes of white
In a dark spot
To sleep thro' death's long, dreamless night,
Lone and forgotten.

—*The Holcad.*

CIDER.

("FAITH.")

THIS subject is undoubtedly suggestive of pleasant memories to all. I suppose there are very few of us who cannot recall some nutting expedition, visit to a cider mill, or other youthful excursions in which cider did not play quite a conspicuous part in adding to the enjoyment of the occasion. We have been accustomed to seeing it freely used all our lives. In fact, 'tis an heirloom which our old Teutonic fathers have handed down thro' successive generations. Hence it seems strange that, after so long an acquaintance with it, the people are only now awaking to the fact that harm results from its use. Many may have serious doubts as to any injurious effects resulting from the use of what is generally termed "sweet cider," because they do not understand its true nature. "Why, it's only the juice pressed from apples," some one says. True and good as far as it goes; but does that definition tell all of the truth.

Let us take several bushels of apples and follow the process by which they are converted into cider. In the first place, the apples, good, bad and indifferent, wormy, muddy and half-decayed are thrown into the wagon in an unassorted heap and carted off to the cider press. Here, by means of very simple machinery, they are converted into pumace and juice. Now should any one drink of the latter before it is twenty-four hours old, they could truly say they were drinking "sweet cider;" and, if it would always remain of the same character

as when it leaves the press, we would never have occasion to raise our objection against it. But at the limit of twenty-four hours, and sometimes sooner if the temperature is high, the liquid begins to decay, and the sugar is decomposed into carbonic acid gas and alcohol. The former makes its presence known by rising in little bubbles, while the latter, less ostentatiously but not less actively, permeates every part of the mass. This is the fermenting process,—the effort of these two elements to get rid of all the filth and decayed material by pouring it out at the bung of the barrel. Soon the liquid becomes clear; the amount of alcohol steadily increases as long as there is any sugar present; then it becomes soured or hard; and finally, if left to itself and exposed to the air, turns into vinegar, which, if still unmolested, would at last be separated into sediment and water. But it is not this last change which gives us trouble; it is the transition period, dating from the time it is twenty-four hours old until it is changed into vinegar. For then it is that alcohol appears; and though cider when a few days old does not contain enough of it to intoxicate, yet it does efford enough to arouse the terrible appetite of one who at a former time had been a slave to drink. A very pathetic incident illustrating this truth has been told. By the custom of cider drinking a young gentleman was made a drunkard before he was twenty-one. Twice he tried to reform, twice fell because he could not refuse to drink sweet cider. The second time he had met a good deacon of the chureh, who carried a pail of cider and offered him a drink with the remark that "it is only sweet cider," "twouldn't hurt a babe." He was unable to refuse and describes the result thus: "Very likely there was no intoxication in that cider. But this I do know, the taste, the act,—the associations all combined to entrap me, and as I took my lips from the pail, the old devil was unchained as effectually as though I had drank brandy instead of sweet cider. It might not hurt a 'babe,' but it is a dangerous devil to those who have once trodden the quick-sands of appetite."

After knowing of this, which is but one of hundreds of such instances, cannot we who are christians deny ourselves this one pleasure for the sake of those to whom it may and does prove dangerous? Cannot we, who live moral lives, have enough interest in the moral character of those about us to banish from our own lips and never offer to others what we know few are able to refuse? Many of us are considered and consider ourselves active temperance workers; can we be such when we give our approval to the very root of the evil of intemperance?

One word in regard to "hard cider." Good authority says, "The man or boy who habitually becomes intoxicated thro' its use, fastens upon himself the most hopeless form of inebriety known to medical men." Its use naturally follows that of "sweet cider," so our plea is, let us do away with sweet cider. Tho' we cannot immediately and directly stop its manufacture yet we can use our influence against and can all refuse to drink it.

MYTHS.

BY S. A. C..

A LADY who justly esteems truth as a leading virtue, was heard to say, "I do not wish my children's heads to be filled with the fables of the old Greeks and Romans. There is no truth in them, at least not worth the sifting. The world is full of real wisdom, and why reach back to the past to catch and perpetuate the false and fanciful?" False it may not be called, and always fanciful when truth robes herself in the soft, enchanting drapery of the imagination. A thoughtful search will find a real significance in those fables in which the Greeks so much delighted.

To understand the genius of this ancient people, the activities of which lead to the fabrication of gods and goddesses, we must leave our own cities, where the air is often blackened with smoke and tortured with steam whistles; must leave our distant forests, where rocks are blown asunder with noises that bring echoes as from the infernal; and all other busy haunts of money-making, and place ourselves amid the surroundings of Greek scenery. Before us is the restless, throbbing sea, studded with islands far and near; ships go out, bearing heroes to battle, every one an embodiment of grace, every one moulded a "human form divine." The winds that hover about the shores give birth to ocean beauties. Neptune is an embodiment of the power, the vastness, the supremacy of the sea, and all of his wave-born companions are, as it were, words in an ocean poem. Their melodious movements repeat the harmony made when the morning stars sang together. Every object that meets the eye is glorified in the soft and life-giving sunshine.

When the day dawns, Aurora, rosy fingered, clad in velvet mists, sailing on golden clouds, goes to unlock the gates of day. She scatters roses, and their perfume fills the earth. Following her are the fiery steeds of Apollo, frantic to begin their daily journey. On either hand are the swiftly circling Hours: they tread the rainbow clouds, while on their heads beams the Morning star. It takes the form of a cherub with a torch, and bears the name of Lucifer. These are not mere beings of the brain. There are vivid expressions of something within the soul, a purity of thought that would perpetuate itself, and become immortal. So of the people whose shapes grew from the mountain mists, who rise from sparkling springs, who glide from the silver sheets of a woodland waterfall, who spring upon the hunter's track, whoes foot-paths are the moonbeams, whose music is the melody of nature.

These visions have found their way to the soul of the poets of all time. They have interpreted what no bald and barren language could. What description could convey an idea of the desolation, the wretchedness of Ireland as a country, like that the poet pictures when he calls her the "Niobe of Nations?" Poets themselves have been called the children of Apollo, whose symbol in his character of song was the Lyre.

If we were to eradicate from our language all fable, and supplant facts alone, poetry would cease to exist. Indeed, a large part of our prose would suffer irreparable loss. Images requiring pages of description must be destroyed. For instance, Minerva was the goddess of wisdom, her symbol the owl, whose vision pierces the darkness, and sees where the human eye cannot penetrate. Pallas was another name for Minerva, and when the poet, with unutterable longing, would follow his beloved beyond the shadows of death, he watches the dusky bird that has entered his room, repeating the solemn "Nevermore." He asks again the eternal question, "Where?" a question that has buried itself into the soul of every bereaved one since the world began. He sees the bird "perched above the bust of Pallas." "Now," he thinks, "with such a resting place, I shall surely hear something of my lost Lenore. Something beside the mournful 'Nevermore'" Again, what visions rise from the banks of the far off Nile, when, speaking of its water, the poet tells us that "Ganymede dipped it for Jupiter Ammon." Let us have truth always and everywhere, and may Minerva help us to recognize her when she wears the garb of fable.

SHEOL.

[CONTRIBUTED.]

THE appearance of the Revised Version of the old Testament has given birth to a brood of coarse jokes which would never have appeared had their authors taken pains to make themselves a little better acquainted with the book on which they base their jests, and the terms employed by it in its presentation of the future life.

Sheol is the Hebrew equivalent of the Greek Hades, and they both mean simply the unseen state, the abode of departed spirits. When Jacob said, "I will go down into Sheol to my son," he did not mean that he should go down into hell or any place of torture; nor did he mean the grave, for he supposed that his son had not found a grave but had been devoured by wild beasts. He meant simply that he would go, as he supposed Joseph had gone, into the world of the dead. This is also the

Hades in the later Greek authors, and in the new testament. Thus the Savior is represented as saying, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in Hades." Certainly, hell is not meant, as it is absurd to suppose that the soul of the Redeemer was there; neither is the grave meant for that was the receptacle of his body, not of his soul.

Sheol then is not the equivalent of hell. For hell the word used is Gehenna, and this is by our Revisers invariably translated hell, while Sheol and Hades are always transferred. Gehenna, meaning the final abode of the lost after the great judgment, occurs twelve times in the new Testament, eleven times in the discourses of our Lord himself, and once in the epistle of St. James. It is the "everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels," and the doctrine of eternal punishment suffers nothing at the hands of the revisers of the Bible.

Alumni Notes.

NEW YORK TO LONDON.

[The following very interesting letter from Mrs. C. M. Miller, *nee* Miss Belva Burnam, will be read with interest. We hope to be able to publish more of them when Mr. and Mrs. Miller get permanently located in their far away India home.—EDS.]

OCT. 22d.—I hardly know where to begin my description of what has happened us for the last thirty hours. But as this evening has been very pleasantly spent, I will begin with it, and then go back to our other experiences which have not *all* been so pleasant.

After our six o'clock dinner, we went on deck, and after several brisk turns about the ship, our party arranged our sea chairs on the sheltered side, and with our rugs well tucked over our laps, prepared to be comfortable. We were scarcely seated, when some one called us to the stern to see the sunset. I was much surprised to see it disappear so rapidly. It seemed scarcely two minutes in going down. Then returning to our chairs, we spent half an hour singing. Soon we were all brought to our feet by the cry, "A ship in sight." It was an immense sailing vessel, and passed our stern at about half a mile's distance.

And now to go back to 3 p. m. yesterday, when we sailed from New York. The dear old American skies wept very bitterly at our departure, but we, not from any want of gratitude or patriotism, I hope, allowed but one or two tears from our eyes, to swell the flood tide in New York bay. Well the sails were brought into position, the little tug drew us away from the wharf, and with a mighty throb our immense engine began its work. I wish you might have seen the prolonged Chautauqua salute given from the wharf and returned from the decks of the "City of Rome." Out we sailed past Governor's Island, the Battery and Bedloe's Island, where the pedestal of the Statue of Liberty is being erected.

Oct. 24.—If I could describe to you the peculiar sense of laziness and luxurious ease that seems to take posession of one on ship board, especially after being a little sea sick, you would understand why I did not write yesterday. We have had rainy weather nearly all the time thus far, but the up and down motion of the boat was not at all agreeable on account of the light headed feeling that it gives one. And now for something of a description of the "City of Rome" and the life aboard her. She is 506 feet long and 58 feet wide. Has three immense red stacks, and four masts, the fore, main, mizzen and jigger. These are made of steel. The sails are raised by machinery, the immense ropes attached to them being coiled upon great iron reels turned by steam. It is a lovely sight to see the sails all unfurled, but of course if the gale is favoring no use is made of them. There are three decks. The upper one is not open to passengers. The watch is constantly pacing back and forth there. Leading down from both the upper and middle decks, at the ends of the ship, are immense funnel shaped tubes for ventilation. The funnel is not directly on the top, and the tube can be turned to catch the breeze from whatever direction it is coming. Opening in from the middle deck, which is occupied by first cabin passengers, is the Library, which is handsomely furnished with settees, chairs, reading and writing tables. There are about 500 books, most of them by the best English authors, though a few American authors are represented. Forward from this room is the stairway going below to the ladies' boudoir, elegantly furnished with settees and hangings of olive green plush. On the next floor is the saloon or parlor, a very long room, with lovely settees all about it. Through the centre extending for a length of about 30 feet, and a width of eight, is a space railed about, devoted to tropical plants. The rest of the floor is devoted to cook rooms, engine rooms, etc. Just below the parlor is the dining saloon. The sides are lined with mirrors and frames for holding glass ware. The three long tables through the center, and the small ones at the sides, are covered with green felt and are very handsome under the electric lights, which by the way light the whole vessel. There are 260 revolving chairs, (we have about 110 first cabin passengers), covered with green velvet. On the same floor with the dining saloon are our state rooms, very comfortable ones too. Each has an electric light and are left burning until 12 o'clock, but we can draw a cap of heavy dark cloth over it and shut out the light. Yesterday Charley and I and one of the young ladies of our party, went down to the very bottom of the ship, where, as the engineer reminded us, there was "but a plank between us and death," but instead of a plank it was a heavy iron plating. The engine is the most wonderful thing in the line of machinery that I ever saw I can't attempt to describe it. We descended along down beside the great shafts of steel, which were working up and down, by means of a winding stair of fluted iron, hanging to the railing for dear life. Out from the engine to the propellor is a shaft which runs throush a tunnel. We were determined to see all there was to be seen and so got a torch and explored this tunnel. I do not know enough about machinery to make it plain to you, but it is magnificent, and such a feeling of safety as one has, with such ponderous wheels and shafts working so easily and steadily. So far I feel exactly as safe as if I were on land.

Oct. 25.—1,100 miles out. We have been steamiug along near Newfoundland to-day. We had hoped to see land, for we were very near it, but it was very foggy and we could not see six rods distant from the vessel. The fog horn has kept up a tremendous racket, the rain poured, but still we have managed to be on deck most of the time. Two of our party, Crawford Thoburn and Miss Lanck, have been sick nearly all the time. My! but Crawford is a disgusted boy. He threatens to write to all his enemies in America and tell them an ocean voyage is the most delightful thing in the world. He thinks he can have better revenge. He is intending also to cable President Cleveland to at once take steps to construct a tunnel under the Atlantic, as he can never return by ship. What do you think! we have four meals a day. Breakfast at 8 o'clock, luncheon at 1 p. m., dinner at 6, and supper at 9, and my! how we do sleep, so soundly. Good night. How I wish you knew how safe and happy we are.

Oct. 28.—Such a lovely morning! On these sunshiny days the sea looks a deep indigo blue. But how we did toss all night. Indeed the motion of the vessel is much greater than at first, as several tons of coal have been consumed since we started, and consequently we have less ballast to hold the ship steady. 1.000 tons of coal is consumed on each trip.

We are at Queenstown, shall probably land at Liverpool in less than 24 hours.

LONDON, Oct. 31st, 5:30 p. m.—Have just arrived in the largest and busiest city in the world. Our hotel is at Queen's Square. We go to-morrow morning to hear Spurgeon, in the afternoon to Westminster Abbey and in the evening to Parker. We remain in London eleven days, return to Liverpool and sail from thence to India November 14th.

PRESIEENT ELLIOTT, of Harvard, will read a paper on "Religion in Colleges" before the Nineteenth Century Club, in January.

THE CAMPUS.

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ENTIRELY CONTROLLED BY STUDENTS.

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THE lack of American Reviews in our library, occasioned as we have learned by want of funds, may easily be remedied if each will do his part. The Allegheny Society will subscribe for the *North American Review*, beginning with the January number, and donate this to the library. Probably this will be continued indefinitely. If the other societies would do as well, we might see the *Princeton Review*, the *Century*, and some other popular magazines take their places with the ones already on the table. There is a mine of information in these periodicals, and comparatively few seem to realize it.

AT last the ladies are happy. For years they have viewed with feelings of envy, the evolutions of the Battalion, and sighed for the privilege of shouldering a gun and drilling "like the boys." In vain they pleaded "lack of exercise," and ability to "march as well as anybody;" fate was inexorable until a few days since when, after much whispering among themselves, and much hinting to their masculine friends, the news became public that a Broom Battalion had been formed, with "Major" Greer as commandant. The fourth floor of Hulings is their training ground. We heartily congratulate the ladies on the happy conception, and wish them the best of success in their effort to obtain the much needed exercise. While in general warfare the broom may not be quite so effective as a gun, in the lesser domestic "affairs" it is conceded to be a weapon of great execution when wielded with the "bald headed" end advanced. But, seriously, it is certainly a good thing for the ladies, and we hope will not get to be an old story.

IN the library, on a lower shelf in the corner devoted to books of reference, may be found a number of volumes whose presence is probably entirely unknown to the majority of those who frequent the library. Yet these books contain more information concerning our own country than any like number on the shelves. We refer to the census of 1880. Many get the idea that this consists of a simple enumeration of the inhabitants, their occupations, and property; but this is only a small part of the extended work performed. In these volumes is given in full a description of the development and present status of every considerable industry in the United States, such as manufactures, agriculture, transportation, cotton culture, newspapers and periodicals; in short, a complete history and description of almost everything of interest which pertains to the general good and advancement of our nation. And in addition, what cannot be found elsewhere, a complete enumeration of the resources and possibilities of Alaska and its inhabitants. There is not another such source of full and accurate information in the library. Students would do well to make use of it.

WITH musical talent going to waste, Allegheny has no glee club. Sopranos, altos, tenors and bassos abound in profusion, and yet we have no glee club. There are several persons capable, and two or three peculiarly fitted to direct it, and still we have no glee club. Each one has his peculiar gifts and talents. Some can talk well, some can preach, some can write, and some sing. The first three classes seem to be fulfilling their missions quite creditably. But aside from chapel exercises we hear little from the last class. There has been some talk of a glee club. In fact, it was at one time said to be a certainty. Evidently certainties are not always certain, for the glee club is still in the prospective. College songs are perhaps the most delightful reminiscences of our college life; but we unmusical beings are unable to learn them, unless led by those who have this faculty. Waken up, ye musicians, and give us some music.

ONE of the most profitable methods of instructing students in college—one of the most successful means of firing their souls with worthy ambitions, is to give them the opportunity of listening to the popular lectures of the day. These may be read, but, in nine cases out of ten, will never come to the student unless from the lips of the speaker himself; and only in the latter case is the full benefit derived. It will be the province of the majority of college students to become leaders in thought, and as such will appear more or less in public as speakers. What can be more beneficial than to give them the direct, practical instruction in how to do it, which is derived from listening to a good orator? In nearly every college paper that comes to our notice—and we see not a few—there is mention of a lecture course. Colleges with half the facilities of our own for such things, have courses fully established and prosperous. It is urged that Meadville is a poor lecture town. So is any town that has no one with sufficient energy to organize a *course* of lectures. We are confident that a canvass of the students and citizens of this city would reveal the fact that there are enough people here who wish to listen to lectures, to support an excellent course. We speak of want of resources for the college. This is something that is within our reach and requires no "endowment." Why, then, can we not have it? Why do we not already have it? and echo answers "Why?" for no one can give a sufficient reason. Let some young men, whose time hangs heavy on their hands, undertake to see how many season tickets could be sold at a reasonable price. Or, better, let the faculty appoint some young men to attempt the scheme. With the influence of the former, and the energy of the latter, we would see, even at this late day, a lecture course established that would be the envy of our sister colleges.

THERE is one thing that no person, especially a student, should neglect. That thing is sleep. This does not apply to the fellow who lies in bed long past breakfast time, simply because he was out the night before; nor to the one who was not out, but is too lazy to get up. It does refer to the hard student, who thinks that he must study far into the night, and then rise before daylight in the morning. To such we say, be careful. Your good health is a precious boon and no success will repay the loss of it. Eight hours of sleep are few enough for one engaged in severe mental labor; and the harder the study the more the sleep required. Edward Everett Hale sleeps nine hours each day. Other literary men and women take a similiar amount. We should profit by the experience of our elders.

A CHAIR of journalism has been established at Harvard, and is to be filled by J. B. McCullough, editor of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat;* the duties of the professor require his attendance at Cambridge two weeks every fall and spring, and for delivering two lectures he will receieve $4,000.

The College World.

OUR EXCHANGES.

THE Town Topics Publishing Company, 23 Park Row, New York city, publishers of *Town Topics* (formerly the *American Queen*), one of the most entertaining weekly journals in the country, have hit upon a novel and what promises to be a very interesting plan of increasing their already large circulation. They offer prizes of $100 cash, as follows: The name "*Town Topics*" contains ten letters, each of which may be taken as the initial of the last name of a writer famous in the literature of the world. The publishers have deposited with Mr. Henry Clews, the banker, of New York, a sealed envelope, containing a list of ten names familiar to all. This envelope is to be opened on January 15th next, and its list reported on by the custodian. Any person subscribing for *Town Topics* one year and enclosing the price (3.00) therefore, has the privilege of also enclosing a list of ten names of famous writers, either ancient or modern, which list will be carefully filed, with the name of the sender attached. On opening the sealed envelope, January 15th next, the sender of every list which may be found to correspond with the one in the sealed envelope will at once be paid $100 in cash. Here is a chance for all to engage in an entertaining pastime, amusement and study. Full particulars may be learned from circulars, which may be sent from the New York office on receipt of a one-cent stamp.

HERE is Bishop Hurst's experience with Modern Greek, recorded in the *Chautauquan*, for december. "For one, I have become bewildered. The language is existing. I stopped my munching, and read the whole bill of fare in a Greek restaurant. You can find the Iliad and the Phædo beneath the names and the prices for fried eggs, veal-cutlets, and potatoes swimming in olive oil. The fact is, the language is the most enduring thing here. There is less of waste and wear in this very Greek speech, with all its impalpability, than there has been in the spotless marble of the Parthenon, or the firm hillsides at the stadium. Happy the Greeks, that they have lost so little of their old Attic tongue."

THREE DECADES.

HON. S. S. COX, of New York, has bustled around the world a good deal in his day and generation, and during a considerable portion of his life has been more or less mixed up in literary and political affairs. He is the author of such well known and widely read books as "Buckeye Abroad," "Why We Laugh," "Winter Sunbeams," "Artic Sunbeams," and "Orient Sunbeams." His political experience includes all that a wide awake man can pick up from a membership of twenty-four years in Congress. His latest production is a historical sunbeam, which will shed light upon American history, entitled, "Union—Disunion—Reunion —Three Decades of Federal Legislation." The first decade begins with the organization of the Republican party in 1855, and ends with the inauguration of Democracy and Cleveland in 1885. Considering the vastness of the subject, the author must be congratulated upon the concise method of treatment—a method which enables him to give as impartial an account of this most wonderful epoch in our history as any man can give who has been an actor in the scenes he describes. He is a keen observer, a sharp thinker, and an excellent student. His style is strong and graceful and comprehensive. It is safe to say that there is no better history of our own American times to be had than just this last and greatest work of the Hon. S. S. Cox. "Three Decades" is published by J. A. & R. A. Reid, of Providence, R. I., and will be sold only by subscription.

NOTES.

A CHECK for $30,306.75 has been received by the treasurer of Washington and Jefferson College, from the estate of Charles C. Beatty, late of Steubenville, Ohio. This money is a bequest with which to establish the memorial chair of Latin. Including this amount Dr. Beatty has given to the college at different times $105,306.75. Dr. Lemoyne, late of cremation fame, was also a free giver to the institution, having endowed two chairs with $20,000 each.

SENATOR LELAND STANFORD has formally presented to the trustees, as a gift, the deed of the property with which it is intended to found and endow the Leland Stanford, Jr., University, on the Palo Alto farm. The gift consists of the Gridley Vina, and Palo Alto farms, which comprise 87,000 acres, the present value of which is about $4 000,000. These famous estates are situated about forty miles from San Francisco. The endowment is to be $20,000,000. The wealth of this institution will be equal to one-fourth the productive funds of all the universities and colleges in the United States. The funds of Harvard College amount to $4,803,938, the income from which is $241,825. Yale is not so rich; the real estate and productive funds of John Hopkins University are reported at $3,437,000; Amherst's assets at $1,000,000; Columbia's property is valued at $5,866,090, and Cornell's at $2,267,561. The University of California has $805,000 in buildings and grounds, and $1,600,000 in productive funds. It is to be hoped that the millions given by Senator Stanford may be wisely expended. The money alone cannot establish a great university, but with able management an institution may be reared which will hold a commanding position for centuries.

THE much talked of Yale-Princeton football game was played at Yale grounds on the afternoon of November 21st, and proved to be one of the most hotly contested and exciting games ever played by any of the teams representing these two colleges. It was expected that Yale's eleven would be an easy victim to Princeton's veterans. Before the game even money had been bet that Princeton would win by ten points. The New Jersey team's work was considered perfect by Yale men. Yale's eleven had been styled "Green Horns and Freshmen," by the critics, but they had trained faithfully and came very near winning. In the first inning Yale's eleven showed very strong, heavy play and came out successful. In the second inning Princeton played much stronger game, while Yale seemed to be partly used up. Princeton gradually forced the ball to Yale's twenty-five cord line, where after a number of exciting scrimmages, Yale finally got the ball and by a series of brilliant short rushes carried it back to the centre field. Here came Princeton's opportunity. Watkinson made a pretty kick over the heads of the Princton rushers, but, unfortunately for Yale, the ball bounded just right for Larmer, Princeton's famous half-back. He made an excellent start, grabbed the ball at full speed, was through the Yale rush line before they could touch him, dodged the half-backs and then the full back and had a clear field for Yale's goal. Yale's eleven men made desperate attempts to head him off, but to no avail, and he scored a touch-down, from which the winning goal was kicked. Score: First inning—Yale, 1 goal from the field, 5 points; Princeton, nothing. Second inning—Princeton, 1 goal from a touch-down, 6 points; Yale, nothing. Totals—Princeton, 6; Yale, 5.

Local.

Instead of ice cream, the oyster gives greeting.

Thanksgiving of '85 is now a thing of the past.

Will college close on Wednesday instead of Friday?

W. P. Murray and E. B. Heckel have resigned from Philo society.

Total eclipse in literature at the end of this term—Freshman paper.

Truly we welcome those back who have been away for Thanksgiving.

Since when did Xantippe become the wife of Demosthenes?

Conundrum.—What portly Senior is it who has lost his hair-brush?

Our worthy janitor ought to be discharged and hired again and his wages raised, for ring-

ing the 7:30 bell ten minutes late every morning.

"There's no place like home," and no turkey so good as that which mother cooks.

The reminiscences in the Philosophy class last Saturday were extremely interesting.

Prof. Luckock gave old Allegheny a "big boom" during his recent trip to Wheeling.

Query.—Who has the best record in Zoology for telling big snake stories? Do ask the man of Gaul.

$50 reward for the detection of the man who always leaves the door open which leads into the dining room of H. H.

The philosophy of turkey on last Thursday was exceedingly interesting, and doubtless many literally devoured it.

The Allegheny and the Philo societies have deferred their Declamation contests until first of next term. Bad precedent.

"Make haste slowly" is good advice, and to all appearance is closely heeded in the case of a certain young man's mustache.

It is said that the "show" on last Wednesday night at the rink was nothing "extra." For further information address Jim & Co.

What Senior was it who took fourteen ladies to see the match game of base ball played on roller skates and brought home only one of them?

Please do not read this line as it is only intended for boys. At last a sure and painless cure for corns has been discovered. Smoking is the remedy.

A just criticism on the library: It should be open more than three and a nalf hours per day. Those who have a desire and taste for reading do not have a fair chance under the present plan.

The religious meetings of the college carried on under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. have been attended with good results. A number have signified their intention to lead a better life. All the christian students who have attended these meetings have been greatly strengthened and encouraged. An earnest and cordial invitation is extended to all to attend these means of grace.

A mutual discussion on Idealism and Perfection by l. and g. in H. H.

(l.) You are my ideal of a young man.

(g.) You are just my ideal of perfection.

The informal, or as it was generally called, infernal reception given by Miss Jessie Smith to the students on Thanksgiving evening was lively. Many thanks are due Miss Smith for affording such a pleasant evening's entertainment.

A general rule for Seniors as laid down by the librarian: "No one but Seniors are allowed to whisper in the library, and then, only those who have a good deal of gall." The rule is simple. It goes into effect December 1st, 1885.

The game of base ball played on roller skates at the Casino rink between the Allegheny society and the non-society men was exciting and interesting. The score stood 15 to 3 in favor of the latter. The "little man" of college acquitted himself admirably.

"Please withdraw my name from the CAMPUS subscription list. I can take but one church paper, and in choosing between the *Christian Advocate* and the CAMPUS, I prefer the former, as it has notes on the S. S. lesson." Signed W. M. Yard. The gentleman is to be commended for his wise decision.

Steps have been taken to form an organization devoted to the interests of those who expect to preach. Such an association cannot but prove helpful in a thousand ways to all young men contemplating the ministry as their life work. May this movement live long and flourish, and accomplish that for which it is designed.

The Missionary Institute has been resurrected this year by Prof. A. W. Newlin. It was carried on very successfully for a number of years by Dr. A. B. Hyde. The Doctor was the life and inspiration of the meetings, and always had something good to offer on each occasion. Mrs. Hyde acted her part equally well, and will ever be remembered with feelings of kindness. This Institute is worthy and should ever have its place at Allegheny.

A sumptuous table on last Friday night greeted the eyes of seven robust boys with normal appetites. The scene was on Baldwin street, and it would have done your heart good to have seen the liberty manifested by each one around that festive board. Legions of thanks we would express to the one who so kindly and so bountifully furnished the viands.

PERSONAL.

Wm. Corrin probably went home last week. Who knows?

Miss Stella Frisbee, '86, was at home for Thanksgiving.

W. W. Case, of Greenville, and class of '84, was in the city last week.

Wm. Corrin, ex-'88, had his brother as a guest for a couple of days.

Miss Nannie Jones, '86, spent Thanksgiving at her home in Greenville, Pa.

Miss Fannie Lockard eat her piece of turkey at home on Thursday, Nov. 26th.

Edwin Hersperger spent several days recently at his home in Mayville, N. Y.

Dr. D. H. Wheeler, our worthy president, was at Chicago last week on business.

Mr. Lockard, brother of Miss Fannie, visited Meadville for the first time not long since.

Miss Ruth Laubender, '86, of Union City, Pa., has just returned from her visit home.

Miss Florence A. Sullivan, ex-'88, went home on the 25th and returned on the 30th.

Miss May Clark, '86, went home on Wednesday, Nov. 25th, and returned the next Monday.

Park Hall, ex-'88, has gone to Texas. He expects to go into business with his brother there.

W. P. Arbuckle was in Meadville not long ago. He preaches on Centreville charge. He has just closed a meeting which resulted in sixteen accessions to the church.

M. E. Blystone, ex-'87, made a visit recently to his home. Purpose was possibly to carve a turkey.

Messrs. Johnson and Newkirk of West Middlesex, Pa., were both at home for the national holiday.

Miss Lillian Fradenburgh, '88, went to her home in Oil City, Pa., on the 21st and returned on the 23rd.

Mr. A. E. Babcock, of Rochester, N. Y., an old Allegheny College boy, has been visiting friends in the city.

H. L. Knapp, formerly a student of college, was at chapel one morning. His appetite still continues good as ever.

Frank Fenno, ex-'87, concluded that, as so many were going home for Thanksgiving, he would go and do likewise.

Garde Duncan visited Park Hall, his old friend and room mate, a few days before the latter left for the "Sunny South."

L. E. Haybarger being missed in the front row of the Senior class, it is conjectured that he, too, went home for a mess af turkey.

Miss Virginia Miller, '86, had the pleasure of visiting her intimate friend, Miss Edith Rich, of Oil City, Pa. Time A. D. Thanksgiving.

W. H. Gallup, '85, was in town visiting his many friends last week. He did not forget to visit college. He enjoys teaching very much.

C. T. Scofield, '86, has been sick for three weeks. One of the city physicians is attending him. We hope he may soon recover his usual good health.

Miss Blanche McGough, '84, was the guest of the Misses Goff from the 21st to the 25th. Her many friends here are always glad to see her come on a visit, for it means a good time to them.

Professors W. G. Williams and N. Luckock, occupied the pulpit in the First M. E. church

for Rev. Ellis last Sunday morning and evening respectively. The sermons were full of the Gospel.

Misses Ella and Mae Goff went on a visit to Franklin, Pa., the day before Thanksgiving, and came back on the following Monday. They were the happy guests of Misses McGough and Welsh.

Fraternity.

A DREAM.

I had been clasped in the arms of Morpheus but a short time, when the whole room was flooded with a beautiful light, dazzling my eyes with its glory. As I raised up on my elbow to ascertain the cause, I seemed to be borne up, up, up, by invisible wings until, upon looking down, the earth had disappeared from my view, and instead I was surrounded by myriads of lights like stars. Finally I passed through a cloud, tinted with radiant hues, illuminating all objects. As I emerged from the cloud, strains of the most exquisite and divine music were wafted to my enraptured ear. At the same time I saw thousands of persons, clothed in brilliant raiments, going the same direction as myself. Beyond us, in all their beauty, stood the walls and gates of jasper, with golden-paved streets, and millions of beautiful beings floating on invisible wings. These beings,—Angels, I presume they were, —were clad, not in the regulation white, but in the beautiful combination, pink and white; and they seemed to beckon us on. As we neared the gate I noticed, with some curiosity, that the thousands of persons before me passed on in single file as they neared the gates. I, after a long time of waiting, finally approached near enough the gatekeeper, who was also clad in a shimmering robe of pink and white, to observe that here the constantly approaching stream of humanity was divided. One part—the many who were arrayed in pink and white—passed with a song of triumph into the gate held open to receive them, while the other part—these whom I noticed were clad in robes of pink and scarlet, blue and garnet, &c., &c., passed into a path which led into one of the darkest of abysses, where the clanking of chains, and groaning and gnashing of teeth were heard. What was going on in this abyss I cannot say, for I did not get that far. At last it was the turn of the person before me to approach the gatekeeper. As he saw his robe of pink and scarlet, with a Psi Psi pin shining upon his bosom, he frowned and spoke in tones that nearly froze the blood in my veins. "And who, pray, are you, and what do you want," demanded the keeper of the gate. And the Psi Psi replied, "May it please your most gracious Majesty, I am a delegate to this convention from the Psi Psi fraternity at D——, O——, U. S. A." "Get thee hence into outer darkness," thundered the keeper, "none but those of the pink and white are permitted to enter here. Go to," and the Psi Psi got.

During the conversation I began to grow nervous as to my chances, so I glanced down at my robe, when behold! I had on a robe, the cloth of which resembled a printer's towel, with paper in one hand, pencil, scissors and knife in the other, while the words "Printer's Devil" gleamed from the pin I wore.

It was now my turn. As the keeper's gaze fell upon me, with a throbbing heart I saw his stern countenance relax, and a smile as beautiful as it was kind, lit up his pure face, and patting my low-bowed head, he said, in tones of benediction, "Go thou within," so I passed on, wondering. As the gate swung open to receive me, I saw in letters of diamonds the symbol "Alpha Theta Omega" engraved upon the gate. Here my dream ended. G.

NOTES.

The Delta Tau Deltas on Saturday evening last, gave the first of a series of receptions in their hall. They are to be given once in two weeks, their time of meeting having been changed to Monday night.

Phi Gamma Delta's new initiates are Messrs. McNair, Knowles and Gray.

Phi Kappa Psi's, Mr. Brown.

Delta Tau Delta's, Messrs. Armstrong and Kreek.

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It will be especially strong in fiction. A new novel, entitled "Hope," by W. E. Norris, author of "Matrimony," "No New Thing," etc., who is perhaps the cleverest of the rising authors of England, will run through the year, accompanied by a brilliant serial, dealing with the literary and dramatic life of New York City, fram the pen of a writer who prefers to keep his name a secret, but whose every touch reveals an intimate acquaintance with the scenes which he describes.

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