

*Return*

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## Literary and General.

### "GRANDMOTHER'S HOME."

The following beautiful selection from a recent number of the *Ladies' Repository*, will be of interest to all our readers; and especially to those who remember our Missionary to Japan, Rev. Harris, class of '73, and his accomplished wife, whose excellent contributions are welcomed by a large circle of friends as the voice of a dear one in a foreign land, as well as the means by which many cherished memories are revived. Those who have visited "Grandmother's Home," at Saegertown, where it stands facing the setting sun, and overlooking the quiet beautiful river and its fertile valley will perceive that the following description is "true to life:"

#### Grandmother's Home.

A blithe little bird floated over the sea,  
And varied the songs it sang unto me,  
While lo! it had caught on its snowy wings  
Twin, purple pansies—once radiant things,  
That garnered the glow of the sun in their hearts,  
And wooed the south zephyr with subtle arts;  
And yet in their royalty tarnished and pale  
They weave me a vision, they tell me a tale.

The sapphire above me is changing to gray,  
And afar on the waters I'm looking away,  
With a thought for the home-land over its waves,  
For loves still a-blossom, for low-lying graves,  
For loyal and living, for loyal and dead,  
The watchers below, and the watchers o'er head.

And down in my dreams of the distant and dear,  
My flowers are blooming tho' scentless and sere,  
A garden where violets laugh at the snow,  
Where daisies and daffodils lovingly grow,  
Smile up to my eyes and I catch the low words  
In the murmurous chirping of new mated birds.

There the larkspur is smiling—a knight in his  
pride—  
On the bright little pink, all a-blush at his side,  
And velvety marigolds stare in dismay  
At poor "ragged robin," who begs by the way;  
While the rose drops a blessing, dewy and sweet,  
On meek mignonnette, pouring balm at her feet.

The brightness and bloom stealing up to the wall  
Of the old-fashioned house—I can gaze on it all,  
For the vision of fancy is glowing and clear—  
Her eyes are undimmed by the mist of a tear.  
And again o'er the porch to the wide-open door,  
With its welcoming form, I hasten once more.

Now gray-coated Fido leaps up from his place,  
With a shaggy caress for my unwilling face,  
While cometh a greeting in breaths of perfume,  
From beauty and buds in the sunshining room;  
And Grandmother's eyes, as the smile glistens  
through,  
Are like her own violets starry with dew.

The years they will come, and the years they will  
go,  
Keeping their secrets of rapture and woe;  
The waves of the rivers will silvery run,  
Or sullenly frown on the face of the sun;  
The flowers will blossom, the flowers will die,  
When a snow-angel comes from the shadowy sky.

The years they will come, and the years they will  
go,  
And the violet eyes will be sheltered I know,  
Neath close-shutting lids; and the heart will not  
beat,  
Though lily-bells chime at her head and her feet  
And truant young robins sing soft as they tread  
The emerald fringes that curtain her bed.

The years they will come, and the years they will  
go,—  
They ebb as the tides of eternity flow.  
I list the loud music of surges that roar,  
And catch the white glitter of sands on the shore  
of a far-away land, blooming out of the sea,  
Where eyes full of welcome will smile unto me,  
Poor children, a-weary at last we shall come  
To a mansion eternal,—to "Grandmother's home."

FLORA BEST HARRIS  
In the "Ladies' Repository."

### The Macedonian Cry.

When slept of old the weary Paul,  
A vision rose upon his rest,  
A fellow-man stood up to call  
His aid upon a land oppressed;

Brightest of all the sunny lands  
With sparkling stream and grove and vine,  
Yet ancient error's rusting bands  
Her sad and struggling hearts confine.

He went. Like battle's trump he spoke.  
Swiftly the idol-tyrants flee,  
Sudden the cankering bonds are broke  
And hearts spring joyous up and free.

Again a cry from grove and stream!  
Wild furies rage! The fainting land  
And bleeding, stretches, not in dream.  
But waking, an imploring hand.

"Come, help! Where Lydia opened wide  
On Europe once the Gospel gate,  
See the fierce Moslem proudly ride  
O'er faith and freedom desolate."

Not vain the cry! See coming fast  
The Nations like the wakened Paul!  
Osman, thy crescent sinks at last!  
The fetters from the prisoners fall!

II.

### Choosing a Profession.

Once for every man or nation comes the moment  
to decide  
In the strife with truth or falsehood, for the good  
or evil side.

—Lowell.

To every person there comes a time when his usefulness for life may be said to rest on the decision, or indecision, as the case may be, of the question, "What shall I follow for a life work?" A large number leave the answer entirely to circumstances and surroundings and drift into a work or profession; they stumble through life grasping at anything that promises a support. Some follow the business ruts and grooves of their fathers, and the question of choice never occurs to them. A few are blessed with parents who study into their character and natural traits, and choose a work for them accordingly. But the great majority choose, or can choose, their own work.

A choice should be made early, but not before the mind is sufficiently matured to decide wisely and considerately. If a student has a fixed work in view, he will naturally, in his reading, study and observation, accumulate a great store of facts for his profession, which would otherwise be lost. He will have a line to work to, a nucleus around which to centre his discipline and knowledge.

Much time is necessarily lost if one waits until he is through his college course before choosing a profession; by working towards a specialty his general culture need not be contracted. Too much weight is usually given to fancied likes and pleasures in perspective employments, and to the amount of money they will yield for the least possible work. The real, serious consideration should be adaptation and qualification. It is no easy problem to judge correctly between one's ability and his ideal. He may desire to fly, but when he looks for his wings he finds feet instead, therefore he must give up flying and walk.

All labor may be divided into eight general professions, viz: Ministry, Teaching, Medicine, Law, Journalism, Literature, Practical Science and the Arts, and Business; and each have peculiar requisites. The ministry demands at least moderate intellect, communicative power, a genial disposition, and in our opinion an irresistible conviction of duty.

A successful teacher must have keen judgment, quick perception, aptness to

teach, and a genuine love for his work. A physician needs a steady nervous system, a liking for natural science, and a careful conscientious sort of patience.

"The Law demands three qualifications: a logical and judicial mind, forensic readiness and honesty. The first is evidently necessary from the nature of the subject with which the lawyer has to deal. The Lawyer should be a ready speaker in order to meet the exigencies which continually occur in legal practice. He is often called upon at a moment's notice to reply to the arguments of opposing counsel, and must consequently be a clear thinker and fluent speaker. Honesty, although so many lawyers seem to get along pretty well without it, is necessary to success. Not success in *making money*, for a knave may do that, but success in its truest sense."

The Journalist needs a good supply of tact and common sense to guide and control, and a quick intellectual organism to execute. Literature presents a wide and risky field, full of attractions to those who have the talent and means to enter it. It requires a broad education, an intimate knowledge of all classes of men, and a penetrating insight into human nature. Practical Science and the Arts assume an infinite variety of forms, and if one only has an inclination towards any one of them, study and practice will make him proficient; little else than taste is a primary-requisite. Business requires a planning, executing, systematic mind, and the more education a business man has so much the more will he be in demand.

Whatever profession one may choose it should be the result of prudent forethought and judgment, and should be final; it should not be a place for ease but for productive labor. Weaver has the whole subject in a nut shell, and his terse and beautiful words should be learned by every young man: "First, be sure your trade, your profession, your calling in life is a good one—one that God and goodness sanctions; then be true to it. Think for it, plan for it, work for it, live for it; throw your might, mind, strength, heart and soul into your actions for it, and success will crown you her favored child."

M.

### Some Thoughts on Elocution.

When a brilliant speaker abjures and ridicules the art in which he himself excels serious thoughts will arise in the minds of those who listen. And the thought will be pivoted on this question: "Is there an Art of Utterance?" So forcibly has the negative of this question of late and not for the first time, been presented in the Chapel, and so often confirmed by the award of prizes, that, in the tendency of minds that way, a few dissenting words may not easily come to a hearing. Yet dissent will exist and may at least beg to be heard.

The utterance of speech is given to men about as widely as the power to frame it. For practical purposes men speak as birds sing, from the fulness that is in them. But never has the song of a bird been improved through suggestion, rehearsal, or any device of instruction. There are unmistakable instances of such improvement in the utterance of men. One such instance suggests that there may be an Art of Utterance, if art be a "modification of things by human skill for a given object." The

example of orators, beginning with Demosthenes and not ending with Sumner, establishes the doctrine, if any doctrine be established, that "things" may have "modification by human skill" for the development of strength and beauty in utterance.

The influence of a fact may be annulled by a specious and quotable fallacy. "Art" easily suggests "artificial," which easily suggests "fictitious." One may say "Elocution is an art," as if he meant, "Elocution is a fiction," and so, false and unnatural. There is a hunting scene by an Indian. The "native genius" lived among deer and trees in early Rhode Island, and knew what he wanted to paint. His deer, his trees and his hunters are of the same height! Did any one need to tell him: "Art of Painting," "Perspective," "Proportion?" "Bah! You know what you want. Go ahead." But Angelo and Reynolds toiled under teachers in studies and sketches. So the native genius produced the false, the artistic, the true. Not one young speaker in a thousand exhibits his real powers or his own ideal self. Said a horseman a week ago, "My colt does 2:52; will come to 2:40." The voice, the face, the hands, the feet, are talents to be improved. Elocution proposes to take this man with his rare endowments, and to develop from them a strength and beauty which shall represent their full value. A boy's man and woman on his slate are not his ideals. He would be scared at meeting them on the street. But in speaking gravity contents itself with its own ideal and even tends to bring actual forms to its own standard. In the English caricature, a squat butcher declines to purchase an Apollo: "It ain't my hideer hov a good figger." We are liable to endless blunder. We confound rhetoric, and even grammar, with utterance. We call our style natural to us when it is only habitual. We confuse high moral and intellectual character with style in speaking, as if a good man could not speak badly. We make our gravest error in supposing that only great orators can be successful teachers of the art, thus identifying the critic and the performer, an idea long ago stated and demolished in the line, "Who drives fat oxen, should himself be fat."

In truth a young speaker who accepts no training, is at the mercy of his own ideas, and forms himself blindly on his own model. He may do even worse. He may, like the fabled magpie, pick from others their fitting and peculiar marks, and stick them around himself, where they are unfit and ridiculous. Thus, indeed, "fit orator," a speaker can be made, and of such the supply is uncomfortably abundant.

This whole matter lies in the simple laws controlling human nature, and has not changed since the days of Demosthenes. He felt like speaking, and learned to speak as he felt, toiling to make voice, countenance and limbs clear avenues for the spirit within him. *Lex semper et ubique eadem.*

In this free land utterance is next to reason, and spoken thought is the supreme achievement. The art of speech, the development of the beautiful in it from "the modification of things by human skill," that is Elocution. If it deserves neglect, what is worthy of attention? If the masters of ancient and modern eloquence own their indebtedness to its faithful study, what can be said of those who despise it?

A. B. H.

### Influence of Association.

An author has said, "Thoughts, shut up, want air, and spoil like bales unopened to the sun."

There is more truth than poetry in these words, although from the pen of an eminent poet. It is a very pertinent manner of expressing the effect produced upon the mind by isolation and solitude. The mind was so constituted as to require exercise in order to healthy development; and how can it receive the necessary stimulus to exercise, as by coming in contact with a living organism like to itself? Contact of mind with mind is a most potent means of improvement and discipline, and one for which no other can be substituted. Nothing else so sharpens the mind, or gives such force and vigor to the intellect. Nothing else adds so great a lustre to minds of natural brilliancy. It is the one preeminent means ordained for the improvement and culture of man.

Association arouses the mind to activity. Faculties which have long been dormant are awakened from their lethargy and brought into active employment. Those which were in a state of only semi-activity are excited to energetic exercise, and indeed the powers of the whole mind are quickened and energized.

By social contact the veil of self-complacency and satisfaction as to our own abilities and attainments is thrown aside, and, measured by other standards, we are compelled to see ourselves as we are, and to estimate our abilities just as they deserve. We are compelled to recognize our defects, and they will never be corrected until they are recognized.

"Competition is the life of trade." Controversy is the life of thought; and it is this which more than any other one cause, has produced great minds in all ages. The mind is never increased to its full extent until obliged to do so in meeting the arguments of an opponent, and never so necessitated, it never knows its own power, and never attains the strength which such exercise would certainly bestow.

It has been observed that there is no mind so humble that it is not capable, by association, of imparting something of benefit to even the most exalted intellect.

The character of every man has something in it well worth the study of every other man. None are so perfect that they cannot, by comparison, discern some defect or weakness in their own character, and none are so impoverished that they cannot in some respect suggest improvements in others.

The most humble peasant whom you meet in your country ramble, will furnish some idea new to you, something which observation, amid his own particular surroundings, has taught him, which like circumstance has never revealed to you.

The lives of no two men are exactly similar, and each one gains something of real importance and worth from his own peculiar experiences, which others do not, and of which others can know only as they associate with him. Thus by association even with only ordinary companions our ideas must necessarily increase, and our spheres of mental activity continually enlarge.

Besides the natural tendency of the mind to activity, when shut up within itself, and excluded from the society of others, there is often danger of the mind becoming cramped from too excessive indulgence in mere professional studies. Thus, especially, is it often the case with the musician and the artist, who frequently become so passionately attached to their vocations as to develop their powers only in the one particular direction. The preventative and cure for this mental deformity is to open the windows of the soul and let in some of the wholesome atmosphere, which is

found only in the personal association with other minds, or in the study and contemplation of their remains of literature and art.

Man is a social being, and to deprive him of the society of his fellow, is to rob him of that food which alone was designed to nourish and expand his highest powers. If you would make man naught but an overgrown boy, wanting the independence and power of a man, deprive him of all the ordinary privileges of literature and society, and if you would make him an idiot add to this the total deprivation of the society of his kind, together with that of all his productions of literature and art.

A. E. C.

### Cardinal Antonelli.

Antonelli is dead. April 2, 1862, November 6, 1876, a Neapolitan hut and the eleven-thousand-chambered Vatican, are the times and the places limiting his career of seventy years. The traditions of his grandmother have a flavor of pistols and plunder. His father, condemned to death by the French for harboring brigands, escaped his prison, and banded with banditti in a roving, bastard service of the Papacy. Recently Gasparoni, a blood-cousin, and bloodiest of brigands, audaciously bequeathed to the Cardinal his heavy nail-bottomed shoes, as reminders of "the hole whence he was digged." In reward of his father's services, young Antonelli was early taken into the seminary at Rome. Here he acquired reputation and available friendships. Gregory XVI. prized him, marked him for the career of a statesman, and advanced him with unaccustomed rapidity. In 1841 he became sub-Secretary of the Interior; in 1844, second Treasurer, and in 1845, Minister of Finance.

Pius IX. created him Cardinal June 12, 1847, and his signal plausibility and cunning, complemented by great energy of character, soon gave him over the new Pope an influence which speedily rose to a real supremacy. After the political agitations of February, 1848, Antonelli became President of a liberal ministry, seconded the popular aspirations, probably sincerely shared the national enthusiasm, and aimed at the expulsion of Austrians from Italy. Soon finding impracticable the double role of Cardinal and popular minister, and alarmed at the strength and ultimate aims of the uprising, he abandoned his liberal positions and policy, and, resuming the traditional and logical attitude of a Cardinal, nerved himself to dominate the revolution, and to perpetuate the subjection of his country, and the supremacy of the Papacy. Before the popular indignation engendered by this betrayal, Antonelli and his colleagues resigned their offices to the Mamiani Ministry.

Soon after came popular commotions at Rome, the flight of the Pope, and the brief-lived Roman republic. Sharing the exile of Pius IX., at Gaeta, the Cardinal was there made Secretary of State, *in partibus*, and returning with the Pope to Rome, in April, 1850, after having sent forward a triumvirate of Cardinals, as he said, "to clean the Augean stables," to cleanse the Catholic capital of every vestige of liberalism. Reinstalled in the Vatican, he became Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, which office he only resigned with his life. By the laws of September 11, 1850, as Secretary of State he became supreme chief of the political administration, having also, as President of the Council of State, an extended influence over the administration of justice; wherefore Pius IX. more and more restricted himself to his spiritual functions, and consigned the government wholly to the Cardinal. Thus for thirty years Antonelli has been the operative hand, the devising

brain, the presiding genius of the Papacy. Pius IX. has worn the tiara and borne the responsibility, while behind the throne he has manipulated and directed all—too firm in the stirrups of power and the favor of his master for timidity, too versatile for competition, too strong for division, too formidable for opposition, and too magisterial and exacting for a lukewarm following.

He was no conservative, but a resolute reactionary, known to all the world as the representative statesman of reaction. His ministry was twenty-five years of protest against Providence—an obstinate game at variations on the letters of the inevitable "*non possumus*." For twenty-five years, like some dextrous Apollyon, he stood there, at the gates of the Vatican, and battled against the sea of modern civilization, rising round its Medieval walls and anachronistic system like another avenging deluge. His vigor and courage were of this century, but his feelings were of the remote past. The spirit of our age and the great influences from all high places bore down upon him as a common enemy. The stars in their courses fought against him. Despite his giant energies he fought a losing battle. His failure was complete, his overthrow absolute. Repelled from abroad, the temporal power wrung from his grasp, "St. Peter's patrimony" slipped from beneath his feet, he saw his dominion shrunk to "the Vatican and garden," by themselves yecept a "prison."

Yet, like a bison at bay, he obstinately confronted an advancing world. He forged the bolts the Vatican Jupiter fulminated on the ranks of progress in every nation. He lit the curse that fell in terrifying excommunications on all Catholics faltering at blind submission to the infallible Pontiff. But whoever exalts himself against God must go down before his "marching on." Mark a noteworthy coincidence. November 5, by the suffrages of the people, long weary of temporizing with the Papacy, and wrongs of its planting, a mighty, unprecedented liberal flood swept over Italy; the next morning Antonelli expired; he went out with the tide. The heaviest hand fallen from the brake, the wheels of Italian progress, bounding more freely forward, now whirl along a less encumbered way.

In person Antonelli was slender, tall, courtly, and imposing. His forehead was lofty, mouth large with flaring lips, nose passionate, general features rough and strong, and his deep-set, jet-black eyes orbed a fire which at will beamed in rare fascination or shot with terror. At seventy his look was still fiery and commanding, but, as ever, usually the look of the basilisk rather than that of the lion. His was manifestly a very superior personality; he had a profound consciousness of his own power, and knew how to command; he was a union of strength and suppleness: not "a reed painted like a bar of iron," but a bar of iron painted like a graceful, pliant reed. Unbending in purpose and policy, he was gracious in manner. None other could have so long maintained his position, unshaken amid the surging rivalries, animosities, and cross-currents of the Vatican and the papal hierarchy.

To the Cardinal's extraordinary talents Providence added unexampled opportunities. With office came under his care the decrepit Roman States—"Patrimony of St. Peter"—with their dilapidated finances and neglected agriculture, without commerce, railroads, or international industries, and void of public instruction. The wide Roman Campagna lay fruitless, yet fertile, beneath a most helpful heaven—prolific mother of fever-sowing malaria, yet easily transformable, by plow and irrigation, into a Canaan of corn and wine.

The yellow Tiber rolled on through the Eternal City as untamed as twenty-five centuries ago, ever and anon inundating Rome with destruction, disease, and death. All the public objects lay obtrusively, invitingly, in his way; occasions for his career, scope for his powers, range for his activities, all appealed to his philanthropy, his patriotism, his ambition. And the result? These great opportunities unheeded; the calls of duty and Providence unheard.

This Arch-Cardinal, armed with regal power, consecrated his mighty energies almost undividedly to enriching himself. His life became a perpetual fencing to make money, to which end he sacrificed the world. Beginning his politico-ecclesiastical life with but the cassock upon his back, this prince and protagonist of a Church embracing proportionately fewer gain-yielding institutions and industries, but more mendicant and illiterate poor, than any other in Christendom, dies possessor of ten million dollars and a collection of precious stones worth other millions. Was ever heavier harvest garnered from such sterile fields, or more florid fortune fleeced from leaner lambs? Behold a successor *par excellence* of the Galilean fisherman, "a fisher of men," with ten millions amassed in preaching to the poor? Says a Roman daily:

Did not these riches represent the tears of the Roman people? A follower of the Gospel which preaches poverty, charity, and the non-laying-up of treasure on earth, where moth and rust corrupt, the Secretary of the Pope, how could he ever amass such millions, while in Rome thousands of families are dying of hunger? What will become of the Catholic religion, if, in the Vatican beside the Pope, in the loftiest place of the sacerdotal hierarchy, the Gospel is trodden under foot in this fashion? What will not simple priests think themselves authorized to do?

An Italian, Antonelli betrayed his country to foreigners, and divided the spoils with strangers. Executor of laws, and guardian of the administration of justice, he scrupled not on occasion to make brigandage an instrument of his policy. Supremely obligated to equity by civil trusts, to the ministries of mercy and forgiveness by solemn ordination, he arbitrarily used official powers to wreak undeserved vengeance on personal foes.

An ordained apostle of the charity that "seeketh not her own," and premier of a "kingdom not of this world," he assiduously sought others' goods *per fas et nefas*, and made himself a temporal prince. Held by human and divine law to impartiality, to be "no respecter of persons," his shameless nepotism grossly enriched his kindred, and transformed his family into a nest of counts—in their turn his willing instruments in enterprises of every hue.

Vowed to celibacy and chastity, contemporary chronicles explicitly detail his unbridled gallantries, and more than one riven and ruined family debits him with their dishonor and desolation. Professedly invested with eucharistic power to recreate and re-sacrifice the Son of God for the eternal weal of living and dead, he openly and flagrantly crucified Christ and his people to his temporal ends. Was ever genius so perverted, power so prostituted, or office and its fulfilment ever in such a glaring contrast? Such an indictment of the dead is, indeed, dreary and dreadful, but, sustained by facts too abundant and abhorrent for recital, it is an opportune admonition to the living. For in Romanism alone is such a career possible, and though dead the man and the Cardinal, the system lives.

His remains were quietly borne, unattended, to a stately unfinished monumental tomb in construction by the Antonelli family—he being its first instigator and occupant.

The next day, from etiquette, by regulation, through curiosity or other motives,

the embassies to the Holy See, the Pontifical court, the relatives of the Cardinal, and a goodly number of the old Roman nobility, attended a "funeral mass in benefit of his soul," the "celebration of the expiatory sacrifice" being accompanied with faultless music, while round a splendid but vacant *catfalco* flamed a forest of waxen candles. Without all was unmoved—apparently oblivious to the event. Warm-hearted young Rome paused not in her new career to lend a look at the bier of the dead; had she, it had been a glance of indifference or of pity. Bless, she could not; curse, she would not.

ROME, November 15, 1876.  
LEROY M. VERNON, D.D., in *The Christian Advocate*.

**Personal.**

- '77. W. T. Waters is running a store in Tennessee on his own responsibility.
- '76. W. P. Eckles and C. M. Cobern were in the city during the holidays.
- '75. Rev. W. G. Williams made two visits to Meadville since the last issue of the CAMPUS.
- '76. Miss Austa Densmore is teaching school at Babylon, Long Island.
- '76. Miss Alma E. Alberton has accepted a position as a teacher in an academy at Hartford, Ohio.
- '74. Married, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. N. G. Miller, of Pittsburgh, assisted by Rev. N. Norton, Rev. Joseph W. Miles, of Liberty street, Pittsburgh, and Miss Emilie S. Best, of Meadville.
- James Beacom enters Washington College this term, his parents having recently removed to Washington, Pa. Beacom was a good student, and won golden opinions during his short stay at Allegheny College.
- '77. W. H. Swartz carried off the prize at the recent Philo-Franklin declamation contest.
- '76. L. H. Lauderbaugh is boarding at the hall, and studying law in the office of J. J. Henderson, Esq.
- '78. J. P. Strayer, who has been absent from the college during last term, strayed back again last week. Ditto E. M. Wood and Samuel Mackey.
- '78. James Dougherty is teaching school at Little's Corners, and Wellington Bower, ('79), is pursuing the same laudable vocation at Centreville.
- '74. B. L. Milliken is attending medicine lectures in Philadelphia.

**The Educational World.**

The Oberlin Review says, "The new book of Rules and regulations of the Ladies' Department contains one-half the number of pages of the old one, but the 'intention increases as the extension decreases.' Many rules are now condensed into one, and the intention of the faculty to have them obeyed is probably stronger in proportion. The mooted question as to whether young ladies may visit gentlemen's societies is forever set at rest. Witness seventh, page sixth:

'Young women are not permitted to attend young men's literary societies, or receive visits from them at their own.'

This is hardly in keeping with Oberlin's reputation for co-education.

Andover Seminary Library receives \$10,000 by bequest from the late John Dover, a resident of this place. He had formerly given \$25,000 to the same object.

The John Hopkins University has received 59 from 154 applications for admission.

Williams College has graduated thirty members of Congress, five United States Senators, eight Governors, sixteen Judges of the Supreme Court, thirty-two presidents of colleges, and eight hundred and ninety-four clergymen. Who will make up Allegheny's record!

Oxford has declined the challenge of Cornell to a row on the Thames next August.

The south sends more college graduates to Congress, proportionately, than the North.

Dartmouth College admits candidates on certificate, and at the end of three months' probation they are accepted or rejected, according as their qualifications have proven sufficient or insufficient. The system is said to work well.

The *N. E. Journal of Education* has a department edited by the Metric Association of Boston. This system of weights and measures is gaining many advocates and will finally prevail.

In looking over reports from a number of counties in California we notice that most of the teachers in the common schools receive from \$88 to \$125 a month, in gold. Term, eight months.

Dr. Henri Schliemann has discovered, at Mycene, the tomb of Agemenon, the hero of the Illiad. This is considered the most important discovery yet made in archeological research. It goes back to the Cyclopean era in architecture, and to the time of the destruction of Troy, or to the Greece of almost 3,000 years ago.

Last year Boston furnished free to 44,000 pupils, \$104,252 for books, stationery, etc.

The alumni of the Wesleyan University have subscribed over \$34,000 toward the Centennial fund of \$100,000, which the alumni propose to raise.

W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, has given the University of Virginia \$50,000, and an unknown benefactor, of Rochester, N. Y., \$75,000.

Fielding Bradford Meek, Professor of Paleontology in the Smithsonian Institution, died on the 12th ultimo. He is said to have but two or three living peers in his profession in the world. For eighteen years he has been deaf, and, shunning society, has devoted himself entirely to his books and fossils.

**The College Press.**

The *Penn Monthly* continues to hold a deservedly high place in the literary world. It is midway between the magazines and reviews. The articles are few, but exhaustive and scholarly. The month under which political issues are discussed is ably conducted, and with impartial candor. *J. H. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.*

The *Besom*, University of California, an eight-page paper, semi-monthly, is a wide-awake exponent of the far, far west. The matter of the number before us is nearly all of a local character, and well written. We know very little of the University of California, or why it should have two college papers, but with our present knowledge, we cannot see why it would not be wise economy for the *Besom* and the *Berkeleyan* to consolidate. But perhaps competition is better.

The *Earlhamite* is a tastily gotten up magazine of forty pages. The mechanical execution of it is excellent, and the matter shows much care in preparation.

The *American Journal of Education* (St. Louis), is a welcome visitor to our table. Its pages sparkle with live discussions on the practical educational questions of the day. The general tenor of the paper is commendable to the cause it represents. A series of articles on "School Management" are of permanent value.

The *Bowdoin Orient* for December 16, has a well-written article on college secret societies. The *Orient* has an intelligent air about it.

**Declamation Contest.**

The annual contest for the Keystone Declamative prize of Allegheny Literary Society will take place on Thursday evening, January 18, and promises to be one of the most animated and interesting performances of the season. The following is a programme of the evening's exercises:

1. "Lafayette's Visit to America." F. C. PIFER.
2. "Speech of Patrick Henry." S. M. DECKER.
3. "Centennial Oration." JAS. M. THOBURN, JR.
4. "Extract from Ingersoll." C. M. SNYDER.
5. "The Sword of Bolivar." F. F. LIPPITT.
6. "Extract from Lippard." W. M. BEYER.
7. "Shamus O'Brien." W. C. WILSON.
8. "Speech on the American War." L. L. DAVIS.
9. "Extract from Hiawatha." O. F. NODINE.
10. "Why shall we destroy this Government?" P. A. DIX.

**The Galaxy.**

With the January number "The Galaxy" enters on its twenty-third volume, and the twelfth year of its existence.

"The Galaxy," from the first has occupied a position in our periodical literature to itself, and most successfully has it filled its special field.

It has attracted to itself our most brilliant writers in all departments. The leading statesmen and greatest generals of our time have gladly used its pages to express their views. The brightest novelists and most brilliant essayists have contributed to its pages.

Its marked success proves clearly that a high-toned literary magazine will be generously supported.

The public and press have fully appreciated "The Galaxy." The "Press" of Philadelphia calls it "A model periodical, a credit to American periodical literature." The "Journal" of Boston says that "it quite eclipses the more conservative periodicals of the day." The New York "Times" says that "there is not a dull page between its covers." The Chicago "Times" says that "it crowds more downright good literature between its covers than any other American magazine." The Buffalo "Express" says that "it is certainly the best of the American magazines." The New Haven "Register" pronounces it "about as near perfection as anything can be." The "Standard" of Chicago says: "First of all in attractions we place 'The Galaxy.'" The New York "Tribune" says that "it well sustains its reputation for vigorous and racy writing." The Sunday School "Times" says "it is the richest of the many monthlies which have given such an enviable name to American magazine literature."

The publishers announce a "galaxy" of distinguished writers for the year, which cannot but continue the success it has so deservedly attained in the past.

EDITOR OF THE CAMPUS,—

I address this to you as I feel that you are capable of sympathizing with me, more than of giving me any information upon this subject; and besides, I would send this to the "Arcadian," a monthly periodical, issued under the management of the lodge of Patrons of Husbandry at Coon Gulch, but I know that it will be filled up with an accurate report of the proceedings of the Third Annual Convention of the Dairymen's Association and there will not be space enough for my communication until the February number; but I am confident that your columns are ever open to literary discussion and things of a like sort. The topic which has occupied my

mind for some time back is the weather, and this is all that the farmers have to talk about, now that the roads are so drifted and blocked up that the stage has been stopped and we can get no more election news from the South.

But, to explain, the snow is too deep to skid logs, and, as I could find nothing better to do, I have been reading a little book that cousin Celia sent me last Christmas from Erie, entitled "Snow Bound." It is a real pretty little gilt-edged thing, and Celia wrote that the poem was so nice and "such a lovely description of Winter in the rural districts" that she knew I would like it. Well, the poetry is good enough I have no doubt, but I don't like the "rural descriptions" so very much. I wonder if Whittier really lived on a farm when he wrote that poetry? If he did, I wonder if his father let him spend all his time digging tunnels and caves and such things when he ought to be foddering the stock? It is all very nice to talk about feeding cattle which patiently wait and look a "mild reproach of hunger" and each shaking "his sage head with gesture mute;" but if I know the brutes they don't stand off, each waiting considerably until its turn to be served, nor stand quietly round until you are done making "a tunnel, walled and overlaid with dazzling crystal" in the snow, but each comes rearing and charging as if to swallow you before you get the stalks ready to feed out. Did Whittier ever wake before daylight and see his father standing in the door with a piece of barrel hoop in his hand? By the way, I never could understand what father meant to do with that hoop,—besides Drs. Hall and Dio Lewis both say that waking suddenly is injurious to the nervous system,—("all which I steadfastly believe"); and I have tried to observe this and other hygienic prescriptions, but father says it is all "bosh" and persists in coming up with that hoop. Was Whittier ever awakened early with such words as these, "Oh Greenleaf Whittier, if you don't roust out there and shin round lively, them hogs won't get a moult to-day?" Did he ever flounder through snow drifts holding two big overflowing swill-pails higher than his head? Did he ever plunge frantically about in the snow searching in vain for the hog-trough, expecting all the while that the hungry brutes would make mince-meat of him before he found it? If he did he didn't put it in his poem. There may be poetry in feeding cows, sheep and chickens, but for my part I can't see it when it comes to hogs, and Whittier did well to leave that out. I think that if he had wrenched his spine making paths through bottomless and endless snow drifts, with the wind blowing his breath away, and then had to dig his way back just as laboriously, he would not have written the lines,

"What matter how the night behaved?  
What matter oow the north winds raved?"  
If I may be allowed to express my humble opinion, I think that what he would really say in such an event as this might be very differently construed.

Now, you need not answer this at all if you have to moralize and preach about "looking on the bright side" of everything, for mother gives me enough of that. I merely want to say to Celia through your columns, for I know she takes your paper, and I thank her very much for the little book, that winter life in the "rural districts" isn't all patient cows, sleepy sheep fairy tales, dazzling grottos, nor even watching

"the great logs crumbling low  
Send out a dull and duller glow."

But I have not meant to bore you as much as I have, and lest I weary you I will make a "short stop."

Yours, Truly,  
BEN Z. NAPTHA.  
POVERTY FLATS, PA., }  
December 30, '76. }

## THE CAMPUS.

Published the first of each Month, Aug. and Sept. Excepted.

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Wayne Whipple, A. C. Ellis,  
A. J. Maxwell.

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CONCERNING COLLEGE EX-  
PENSES.

The number of students "dead broke" at the close of last term is another reminder that among the first lessons a new student has to learn, is that he has miscalculated his necessary expense, to an extent that often places him in much embarrassment. This is hardly chargeable to the misrepresentation of colleges in their published lists of expenses, but rather to the student's ignorance concerning the expense incidental to college life.

We well remember when we were anticipating entering college, how we studied catalogues to find the cost. Believing that we were of the "economical young men" we naturally calculated our expenses among the lowest estimates, which in our college are substantially as follows:

Board, (38 weeks at \$2.75),	\$104.50
Incidental fee,	30.00
Books, probably,	10.00
Total,	\$144.50

And with the economy we intended to practice we thought fifty or twenty dollars would cover our personal expense.

Partly from eagerness to prove our scanty prudence, and partly from ignorance of details, it did not occur to us that before a year was up our wardrobe would need replenishing from boots to hat, or that there was such a thing as wash-bills, or that several trips home would be no small item. We did not reckon the cost of joining a literary society or fraternity, (or the Y. M. C. A.); neither did we anticipate the attending church suppers, lectures, the operas of the Philharmonic Society, nor that we should see a "missionary hat" every Sunday, and contribute to several subscription enterprises, nor that we should throw in towards buying foot balls, base balls, boxing gloves, and indian clubs. It did not occur to us that our room would need several extras to make it home-like and convenient or that we should need stationery and postage, buy a college cap, pay three dollars for the privileges of the reading club, and be assessed for commencement music, *et cetera*.

You know we were to be "economical" hence we have not mentioned cigars, livery rigs, theaters, ice cream and oyster suppers, and a multitude of luxuries that sometimes get into student's incidentals.

Now, tabling the latter list, all these other extras must be met by a student who wishes to make the most of his advantages and not be called stingy or penurious. And they are all legitimate outlays, but were not counted on, and of course our allowance had to have several extensions until the original \$160.00 had grown to \$225.00 or \$250.00, and we kept our place all the while among the "economical students."

If we add 50 or 100 per cent. to our allowance for books our first calculations were correct as far as they went, but we had provided only for the bread and meat of a meal, which would be little relished

without several minor dishes and delicacies, all of which cost, and are necessary. The schedule of charges sent out by institutions is nearly always correct as far as relates to college expenses, proper; but that supplemental clause, "other expenses vary according to the habits and economy of the student" is the one that misleads new students, and involves them in disappointment. If to the itemized expenses of a catalogue one-half be added, there will still be an ample opportunity for the discipline of economy. While we would advise every young man and woman to enter college even though their allowance be small, yet we would not have them ignorant of the actual cost. Many and varied are the advantages of a student, but in college, as elsewhere, what is valuable has a corresponding cost; and while coöperation and numbers naturally lessen the pro rata expense, the universal law of "so much for so much" holds true, and should be kept in mind when calculating the cost of a college course.

CHEWING AND DIGESTING vs.  
TASTING AND SWALLOWING.

The wisdom of Lord Bacon was beautifully apparent when he wrote, "Some books are to be tasted; others to be chewed and digested."

That the books in a college course should be of the last named class is too manifest to call for argument. But as a rule instead of being "chewed and digested" they are only "tasted," at most "swallowed." They are set before a student like a dinner, in courses, in our college four; and in order to go through the bill of fare daily, we can only taste each, when each one ought to make a square meal thoroughly "chewed and digested." But no, a little of every thing must be taken, and between meals innumerable lunches must be sandwiched in. E. g., take the bill presented to a freshman these winter days: Trigonometry, Zoology, Horace and Memorabilia.

Now, to thoroughly chew and digest this daily allowance eight solid hours of study, exclusive of recitation, are required, which are at least two hours more than the average student can apply his mind to study, even if he had time. The natural result is that a student is always in a hurry, and instead of having time to assimilate a lesson, to think over it, to read up on it, he must be content with a taste, and hurry on to the next. With this amount of regular work imposed upon students, after making allowance for other duties, it becomes next to impossible to be thorough and accurate.

The general complaint of poor memories is largely owing to the fact that we have to study to recite instead of to know. We load up for recitation as we would load a gun, and when the charge is shot off, and recitation done, to the majority the end is gained. Instead of the lesson being assimilated, it is forced out to make room for a new supply. Hurrying and scrambling over a lesson is sure to paralyze one's retentive powers, for the memory is responsible only for what the attention commits to its keeping. This evil is by no means peculiar to our own college, but is general in all American colleges. In their laudable desire to make broad, liberal scholars, they crowd in so many studies, that instead of producing thinkers, investigators, students, —broadcloth-bound encyclopedias are too often the result. One has but to compare the course of study pursued in colleges fifty years ago, to convince himself that the additions made in that time have not been commensurate with the average student's capacity, or the improved text-books or methods of instruction.

The mind should be measured not by what it contains, but by what it can do.

Great men talk of persons, small men of things. What do you talk about?

## GOOD MANNERS.

Good manners are made up of little, timely sacrifices, which in themselves may not be positively necessary, but indicate that the doer is careful and attentive for the comfort and convenience of others. We speak not of the cold, formal manners of the ball-room or parlor, but of the impromptu, unpretentious etiquette of everyday life. Good manners come from an obliging, self-sacrificing disposition, and are the natural manifestations of an unselfish heart. Any knave may assume a polite bearing on certain occasions, and to certain persons, for politeness in company is a large part of his stock in trade; but genuine good manners are exercised on all occasions, and to all classes. The servant, as well as the guest, will have occasion to feel their influence, for they are always on duty.

It is as unnatural for a selfish man to have good manners as it is for a miser to sing, and when he does presume to be polite, the attempt savors so much of policy and effort, that the effect is lost from want of confidence. This policy kind of manners is usually put on with a dress suit, and with it taken off; they smile in company and frown at home; but the disguise is too transparent to deceive any one except the perpetrator. One's true manners are not to be tested in society, but in business, in the every-day affairs of life, where disguise and restraint are thrown off; and he who is not willing to practice little self-denials, in the way of preferences and conveniences, will study books of etiquette in vain, for as long as he waits on his own comfort first, whatever attentions he may practice afterwards will not be counted to him for good manners.

Student life, especially when the sexes are separated, is directly antagonistic to polite manners. The intimacies and common interests breed a sort of familiarity that is apt to rise above the ordinary demands of etiquette, and assert its independence, almost without realizing it. We would not condemn this with unqualified terms, because a certain amount of freedom adds a charm to student life, but the danger to carry this too far must be apparent to all. The effects of it are not so easily thrown off at will, as most students have found out on going from the society of school to the society of home. The laid-by manners are then too often realized by an embarrassing experience. Nowhere are more opportunities given for "little timely sacrifices" than among students, and no one can afford, even for four years, to lose the discipline their observance gives. College life is but a plank in the great stage of life, and the rules and practices of the former should harmonize with those of the latter.

Only the society of the good is naturally well-mannered, and these are they who are "educated to know, and trained to practice, the rules of good morals and gentle manners;" such are gentlemen and ladies,—proud titles, which properly belong to those who are "first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy."

## HOW TO USE THE HOLIDAYS.

There is an inclination manifested by our students generally, to make the best of their time during the Holidays, but the views which are entertained as to the best methods of doing this are diverse and often antagonistic.

The method chosen by one student is that of studying some, to keep himself in readiness for study when next term begins; of reading, not as recreation, but because he considers it his duty to improve his time and mind by this means he studies awhile, reads awhile, and lounges about his room,

and through his aim is praiseworthy, we think this policy very questionable.

The student of the other extreme endeavors to banish all thought of text books from his mind. This seems to be the proper course to pursue.

For what purpose are the Holidays given? Who can appreciate them more fully than the student? After a confinement of many weeks to text-books, a confinement so long and close that his face evinces about as much color and expression as the sheep skin binding of the book he studies, after he has studied mathematics until the faces of his companions resolve themselves into absolute, and acute triangles, trapezoid or some other geometrical figure—after he has studied the languages until the jolting of every passing dray, or the merry jingle of sleigh bells seems to him, but keeping time to some declension or the scanning of Homeric lines.

Does his mind not need relaxation? The Holidays are designed for this very purpose, and the student ought by all means to improve every opportunity afforded.

But what about those who are so unfortunate as to be so far from home that the time will not allow a visit? Though they have not the privilege of sleighriding with friends and joining in sports of this kind, a few young men with a reasonable amount of capacity, can provide themselves with healthful amusements, and enjoy them to. Indeed, it is better to turn "street Arab" and steal rides on passing "bobs" or run races with the vigilant policemen, than to lounge in a warm close room lazily reading and writing because it is a duty.

It is unreasonable to spend the Holidays in study as to spend the time for daily recreation in the same pursuit.

"Do with all thy might" is a precept to be observed during vacation as well as while college is in session. He improves his Holidays best who enters upon the duties of a new term with the greatest clearness of mind and memory, the strongest zeal and a lasting disposition to persevere in his work.

## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

We copy the following beautiful thoughts from a tract issued by the State Normal School. They are selections read and discussed in chapel in the fall term of 1874, and a regular feature of their morning exercises:

Begin the term by promising yourself all you can perform; and show your sincerity by performing all you promise.

Attend strictly to your own business and let the business of every one else alone. If you find your studies more difficult than you expected, study so much the harder. If you work up your ability to-day, you will have greater ability to-morrow. Ability depends largely upon the will; no will, no capacity. He who will prosper must make himself capable of being prosperous.

All habits gather by unseen degrees. By others' errors wise men mend their own. Time wasted is existence; used is life.

Life means something. It is big with sublime realities. It is a problem and we solve it on the blackboard of the world. Every step is a word, every day is sentence, every year a book, full of meaning as the sun of light. Life is a book; and in it we write something, be it much or little, sense or nonsense. Our pen is time, our ink is indelible.

Life is an art, and as such is very little understood. What it may be seen in the lives of the honored few whom we learn to distinguish from the rest of mankind. To all it may be freedom, progress, success. To most it is failure, bondage, defeat. The world is truer to us than we are to ourselves. The men who fail are baffled by their own unstable will. Most things men want can be had for a price. Many men aim at nothing and hit it. "I honor the

man," says Goethe, "who knows distinctly what he wishes."

Culture is the result of a process of discipline, both mental and moral. It cannot be picked up, or got by doing what one likes. It comes of the protracted exercise of the faculties, for giving ends, under restraint. It is the breaking in of the powers to the service of the will. The man who has it is the man who has formed his ideals through labor and self-denial, and who is capable of using his powers to the best advantage. It ought to affect a man's whole character. It is the acquisition of vigor and skill for future use. It gives precision of thought. It cannot be got by reading or travel, from lectures or oral instruction; because these do not exercise the faculties under restraint. It doubles the mind's capacity.

There is a bad philosophy in the world. Our boys are full of it; our girls are full of it; young men are its victims; old men cannot make others believe them concerning it. It is the idea that the good which men need comes or may come some other way than by wise application and hard industry. It is the idea that "luck," "blind chance," brings wealth and honor to some, poverty and shame to others. To think, to reflect, to act judiciously, prudence, forethought and diligence bring success. Idleness, carelessness, extravagance cause defeat.

Burnt Eagle, a poor cripple, lived in the north of Ireland. He knew the value of money and that which makes money—time. His principal rule was *never to think it time enough to do anything which it was time to do.* "I have," said he, "a great respect for time. It is God's natural riches to the world; it is the only true teacher of wisdom; it is the miracle of life; it is flying in God's face to ill use it, or to abuse it; it is too precious to waste, too dear to buy; it can make a poor man rich, and a rich one richer."

Character is what a man is. It is what gives a man value in his own eyes. Every man makes his own. God makes the soul, man makes the character. The new born soul is naked. Character is the garment it puts on. Fortunes are hewn out, not made to order. Characters are forged on the anvil of industry, by strokes of the head and hand. When a child becomes a youth he assumes the formation of his own character. He moulds it as he will. Character is catching. The good make their associates better; the bad, theirs worse.

Success can be reduced to mathematical principles. Pay the price and you can have what you want. Make yourself necessary and your success is certain. Diligence is the mother of good luck. Good conduct and good character are the sure foundations of success. The men who succeed live longer than others. Time used is life. They use more time daily than others use. Good conduct, good habits and iron industry are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill luck that fools ever dreamed of.

#### CHRISTMAS EVE SERVICES.

The services at the First M. E. Church on Christmas Eve were manifestly of great interest to the community at large. The audience room was crowded, though the exercises were the first of the kind that have been held for a number of years. The programme for the evening was made up of addresses, recitations, singing, and responsive readings; the whole was under the direction and management of Prof. Reid.

The principal address was delivered by Mr. J. M. Thoburn, and the principal recitation by Miss Clemma Calvin, both of whom are attending our college. Both the performances were excellent in every respect.

The little addresses should not be omitted, and, as the performers made their first

appearance in public on this occasion it may be well to mention them individually: Master Albert McClintock appeared in behalf of the little men of the school. He appeared, but expressed his sentiments by means of that medium which speaks "louder than words." Though the audience soon decided that no "address" was forthcoming, as he said nothing, he seemed to say by his actions:

"You'd scarce expect one of my age  
To appear in public on the stage,"

and, since the public here assembled seem disposed

To "view me with a critic's eye,"  
"I'm overcome with trepidation  
And can't surpass your expectation."

The little woman's address, by Miss Minnie Williams, was a verbal one and well executed. She was a diminutive specimen of "Plucky Women."

It is a fact worth mentioning, that though the exercises took place during the Holidays nearly all were carried on with the assistance of our students. This reflects credit upon the zeal and faithfulness of many of our pupils, and the church in consequence becomes more closely and deeply interested in the welfare of the college.

#### THE CO-OPERATIVE BOARDING.

The grangers were especially pleased with the co-operative boarding now in successful operation in Allegheny College, so much so, that the secretary declared to the president that if the facts were known generally, of the permanent establishment of the system, according to the genuine principle of co-operation, that the college would not be able to accommodate the young people who would repair here for a thorough and liberal education. One hundred students will avail themselves of this system during the current term, opening Jan. 4th, and it is safe to say that the total cost of board, room furnished—except light, bedding, care of room, washing of bed linen, fuel and lights, will not exceed \$2.75 per week. This plan is not transient like the club, which has no coherence except the convenience of the few who temporarily make it up. It is a permanent system whose practicability has been demonstrated and is carried forward under the jurisdiction of the college authorities. The students in the co-operative plan appoint their commissary from their own number and then each pays into his hands in advance, one month's probable expense, with which the purchases are made at first hands; at the end of the month this official makes his financial statement; the students then appoint an auditing committee, who audit the accounts of the commissary and report to the whole body. The board is pro rata, including all the help, no person makes any money. Every transaction is for the benefit of the whole number. It is confidently expected that increased accommodations will be ready by the opening of the next academic year, so that at least one hundred and fifty young men can be boarded by this plan at a cost of not more than \$2.50 per week, including all the items mentioned above.

This system is educative, it drills the students to economic system, they give attention to the details of the plan, each student is a sovereign, and acts for himself. The drill in this direction may be highly important, indeed cannot but be so, to every young man becoming a party to it.

Chemistry Recitation.—"Mr. R.—d, describe beeswax." Mr. R.: "It is a thick resinous substance, obtained from the bark of a certain tree. It is much used in the arts." The class buzzes.

Zoology Recitation.—Prof.: "Mr. P.—n, in what state was Zoology in the sixteenth century?" Mr. P., answering gravely: "I think it was in France, sir."

#### THE STATE GRANGE—VISIT TO ALLEGHENY COLLEGE.

The annual convention of the Pennsylvania State Grange convened in Meadville, Dec. 12th-15th. There were delegates from nearly every county, and from one-half of all the organized granges of the State. The sessions were held in the beautiful and spacious Court Room of our city. The hotels were well filled, and were highly successful in the entertainment of their stranger guests. Altogether the grangers were well pleased with Meadville, and the cordial welcome extended to them.

On Wednesday evening, Dec. 13th, President Bugbee, upon introduction by the chairman, invited the members to visit Allegheny College, inspect its apparatus, cabinets, libraries, laboratories, society rooms, chapel, &c. A resolution was offered by Mr. Thomas, the secretary, acknowledging the courtesy of the invitation, accepting it, and proposing a visit to the college the following day. A large delegation came up on Thursday morning, headed by Dr. Allison as chairman. They were received in the office of the President, and after a neat address from Dr. Allison and a response by the President, they were conducted to the different points of interest. On Friday morning a still larger delegation came, and gave considerable time to the attractions of the college. Among the number was a gentleman who with thirteen others, then students, planted the beautiful row of elms lining Main st., in college campus, north of college chapel. The grangers expressed themselves highly pleased with the college and its many facilities for educational purposes.

#### A LADIES' HALL.

A Ladies' Hall, the cost not to exceed \$10,000, must be erected, in some way, during the next summer vacation, on the college campus, where the purely co-operative system of boarding can be introduced in behalf of young women who are coming—and who would come in large numbers—to Allegheny College. This Hall may be erected as a part of a larger plan. It should make provision for at least fifty boarders exclusive of help, matron and governess.

Our young women must have equal advantages with the young men, in the matter of expenses.

That woman who has the means will do a grand work for her sex by signifying to the President of the College her willingness to inaugurate such an enterprise? Who shall have the honor of naming this new college? What man, in honor of, or memory of his wife or daughter, will give this enterprise a beginning, and a history for all time to come? Allegheny College is the college of the oil region and coal region of Western Pennsylvania, and the wealth of this region should supply it abundantly with every essential educational appliance. Its properties, cabinets, libraries, apparatus, and endowment funds are worth now a half million. It should speedily have a half million more. The alumni ought to give \$100,000 to the college—they are able to do it. Why not devise liberal things for this Christian college?

#### PUBLIC SPEECH DAY.

The Senior Class interested a large audience Tuesday evening, Dec. 19th, in the College Chapel, with practical extemporaneous speeches. The topics were given to them several days before, by the President, and the speeches were made in the following order: W. H. Swartz, "The Defects in the American Government;" W. E. McDowell, "How shall the ballot be guarded?" A. S. Morrison, "Martin Luther: what he wrought;" G. H. Huffman, "Integrity in character;" P. A. Reno, "What is Education?" T. D. Sensor, "What should be included in Civil Serv-

ice?" Wayne Whipple, "The province of Journalists;" Lewis Walker, "General Grant's Administration;" J. H. Montgomery, "The Tariff in Government." Misses McClintock and Wythe, the ladies of the Senior Class, were charged with the musical part of the programme. Four pieces of music gave variety and zest to the occasion, a Trio, "The Old College Bell," by Messrs. Bear, White and Miller. Solo, "Brown Eyes," by Miss Louise McClintock. Solo, "What'er Betide," by Miss Dora Klock. Duet, "Hope Beyond," Messrs. White and Miller. Every body voted this first *public speech occasion* a success. The Seniors certainly acquitted themselves admirably and their next speech day will be looked for with increased interest. Such an exercise gives independence and assurance before an audience, puts the powers of reason, memory and imagination to the list, at the instant of need; and develops all the powers of the mind for use when an occasion demands the man.

A pleasant social occasion of an hour followed the completion of the programme.

#### THE STUDENT'S MANUAL.

Rev. JOHN TODD, D. D., Bridgeman & Childs, Northampton, Mass., pp. 402, price \$1.75.

This is a remarkable book. It was written not by a teacher, but by a preacher, yet no teacher ever more clearly and accurately described the trials, the difficulties and the rewards of student life. No teacher ever more completely and systematically detailed the objects, the means and the methods of successful study. Its author was a busy pastor, and wrote this book, during moments snatched from pressing pastoral duties, under the stimulus of still more pressing pecuniary wants. He struck out the work at a single heat as it were—spending but a few weeks upon it. But he omitted no important topic connected with the subject.

The author knew the trials of the student, for with but two cents in his pocket and no friends to aid him he entered Yale College. While there he supported himself; and graduated the first man in his class. He knew the joy of successful study.

It is a readable book. Instead of the dry and didactic style one might at first suspect, it is full of illustrative anecdotes and narrative. Each point is briefly stated and fully illustrated. Its history is as remarkable as its origination and its author. Many hundred thousand copies have been sold and hundreds more will be sold. It has been translated in foreign languages and published in an unknown number of editions, (one hundred thousand copies have been sold in London alone), and in every form it has been a power for good. Students of every clime wrote the author during his life, thanking him for the good it had been to them, and multitudes profited by its lessons without writing him. One such case we have in mind. A young man, a clerk in a busy city, found this book in a public library. Its lessons and counsels led him to desire a student's life; desire led to decision and decision to action. Without mentioning his desire to his friends, without advice or promise of aid from any source he started for school, passed through college, studied a profession, and now takes a high rank in the same. But for this book he would, in all probability, to-day stand behind a merchant's desk or serve as a merchant's clerk.

A wise teacher put this book into the writer's hands, when first commencing his preparatory studies, some five years ago; and as poorly as its precepts have been followed it has been of incalculable value in forming habits of study and life. It is written in so close sympathy with a student's wants that some way he feels inclined to accept it as the advice of one who has been carefully over the road in advance.

No earnest student who possesses the *Manual* will willingly part with it.

## LOCAL

Returns show an increase from "Butler County."

One of our seniors has been made the subject of many congratulations. He can't see why(?)

A few former students and a number of new faces have made their appearance in college this term, with several counties to hear from.

One of our worthy professors reminds us of Rip Van Winkle when he quietly rises up every now and then to remark, "I would like to see Snyder."

Sleighting has been good in this vicinity since the heavy snow which fell on Thanksgiving. With snow a yard deep the prospect of sleighing all winter is unusually good.

A well-known student, returning from a preaching expedition recently, mysteriously fell through a large window at Union City, which cost him nearly all his spare change. Let us pray.

The Oxford cap, as worn by nearly all the students of the college, is the subject of many criticisms, some funny, some witty, and some extremely flat. But the cap is worn and grows in favor daily.

Philo-Franklin Hall is undergoing extensive improvements. The entrance door has been enlarged, the library refitted, one of the rostrums removed, and other changes are being made which, when completed, will add much to the comfort and beauty of the hall.

A well-known Prep surprised his friends lately by rising before breakfast and studying for nearly two hours. He admitted that he had never studied so long before in his life, with one exception, and that was when his father locked him up in an attic and he studied eight hours how he might get out.

With the new students who have come in this term, the chapel, commodious as it is, is nearly filled, and the increased attendance and new enthusiasm infused into the students, and the general satisfaction with which the educational machinery works this year, reflects great credit upon President Bugbee's brief but successful administration.

Some of the Preps opposed the introduction of the new mortar-bed caps, and squealed vociferously when it was suggested that "the Preps wear a red tassel to distinguish them from the college classes." The caps will be worn however, by nearly all the students, and perhaps by some of the professors, and will be of a uniform color.

The Allegheny pantomime, "Bangs the Soph, or Pea Green's Revenge," given at the Opera House, December 14, was a success. A large and appreciative audience was in attendance, and a handsome margin remains for the society after all the expenses are paid. Should the society offer another entertainment it would doubtless be even more liberally patronized, as every body seemed to be disappointed in finding the performance much better than they had anticipated.

Fully a quarter of an acre of buckwheat cakes are masticated or crammed down whole every morning to satisfy the insatiate cravings of the hungry students at Culver Hall. A wagon load of potatoes hardly lasts over Sunday, a calf would hardly go round, and almost a whole cow is essential to a good square meal. If gastronomy were only reckoned a study and assigned to the professor of fine arts, his chagrin at being unable to "mark off" even the smallest Prep would be pitiful to behold.

One of the seniors has his favorite motto up.

Black patches and college caps will go well together.

Sleighriding is good to Saegertown. So one of the Sophs thinks.

The only things students fear are small pox and railroad accidents.

When one of the Prof's uses "Holy Moses" for a by-word, a Prep. should be excused for saying "dog-gone."

The rooms of Culver Hall are fast filling up. The arrangements are admirable for the accommodation of all. Young man try them.

Allegheny College now stands at the head for offering superior facilities to students wishing to pursue the study of natural history.

It is under serious contemplation whether "Snow-drift" would not be more appropriate than "Snow-flake," for the terminal of the narrow and forbidden way.

"Our Table," "The College Press," and "Educational World" departments in this paper, are not as complete as usual, owing to the absence of one of the editors, mentioned elsewhere.

The prayer-meetings established in the boarding-hall last term are still kept up, and are largely attended by the students. They are held on Monday and Friday evenings, for an hour before supper.

During the recent visit of the Grangers to the College, some of them were looking at the minerals in the museum, when one of the Grangers, picking up a piece of coral, wisely said to a companion: "Each one of those little cavities once contained an amicule?"

The young man who wanted to buy one of the "new-fangled" hats from Bard, couldn't understand why he must ask the permission of the students to wear one. His desire not being granted, his language is inadequate to express the opinion in which he holds both caps and students.

The Preps howled long and loud when Beacon absconded at the close of last term, taking with him the only recognized mustache to which the Preparatory Department could lay any claim. Their anguish was assuaged not a little by the discovery of a red and tan mustache and two pair of side-whiskers, which had hitherto remained unnoticed.

A. J. Maxwell, one of the editors of the CAMPUS, was called home last week to attend the death-bed of his mother, who died, after a lingering and painful illness, last Monday evening. An announcement of her death was made in chapel Wednesday morning, and an expression of the sympathy of the faculty and students tendered to Mr. Maxwell in his affliction.

Many of the rooms in the hall have been renovated and refurnished, and the scraping of the hoe and shovel, the fitful strokes of the tack-hammer, and the numerous mottoes, pictures and bolts of wall paper that find their way to the students' rooms, indicate an advance toward a decent civilization and high-toned respectability, hitherto unknown in the history of Culver Hall.

The horny and diminutive tuft on the tip of the grave and reverend senior's chin, which is to him, "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," did not spring up, like Jonah's gourd, in a single night, but has been evolved through long and weary hours of patient watching and unremitting care. There is a pleasing variety in the hue and texture of these new-born "chinnners," and several of the seniors have thus come out, or rather their beards have, but any attempt to make a unanimous movement along the whole line of the senior class must certainly, for the present at least, prove abortive.

A well-known young minister of the Erie Conference, who frequently visits Meadville, has recently received nineteen pair of slippers from the young ladies of his congregation. He keeps them safely stowed away, and hesitates to soil the tiny works of art, the explanation and the joke of which is that they evidently had in view the size of his salary and not the size of his feet. The joke was too good to keep, and the young parson still wears his old slippers.

The Philo-Franklin declamation contest occurred Friday evening, December 15. The following contestants entered the strife: John E. Adams, "The Patriot's Sword;" T. B. Mackey, "Despair;" W. H. Swartz, "Eulogy on Lafayette;" Charles Bonner, "Maclaine's Child;" T. D. Sensor, "Emmet's Vindication;" C. E. Swartz, "Extract from Ingersoll;" W. E. McDowell, "The Curse of Regulus;" A. E. Husted, "Rum's Maniac." The different performers acquitted themselves with credit. The prize was awarded to W. H. Swartz.

The annual supper to the Sabbath-school of the First M. E. Church, which was postponed until the return of the students, came off last Tuesday evening, and was remarkably well attended. The students had everything their own way, and when we associate this social and festive time with the anniversary entertainment given on Christmas eve, and note the prominent part the students took in both, we cannot help asking, Where are the young men of Meadville! And the question, often asked, will doubtless remain unanswered.

Bouncing, or "the up and down process," as President Bugbee terms it, is a favorite pastime among the students at present. If a student takes a prize he has to be bounced, and if he fails to take a prize for which he competes he is bounced all the same. On the evening of the declamation contest every student who was so unfortunate as to accompany a lady home was bounced on his arrival at the hall, and as they kept coming in until near morning the hall resounded almost continually with the shouts of the merciless nocturnal bouncers. On the way to Pittsburg at the close of the term every student on arriving at his point of destination was led out of the car and hoisted up on high, the conductor delaying the train until the process was over. But bouncing has had its day, and some other diabolical pastime will doubtless spring up to take its place.

## The Particulars.

Thanksgiving feasts had scarcely flown,  
Best of all things to students known,  
When on one clear November night  
Professor Hyde proposed some light  
On the Turkish Question.

Lessons were short and sweet that day,  
And student hearts beat light and gay,  
Each one, in mind, resolved to go  
And see how plain the facts would grow  
'Neath the Doctor's carving.

At eight o'clock, so it was said,  
He would commence upon the head;  
But, sad indeed, for want of gas,  
Oblivious to student mass,  
The Turk will now repose.

Thrown there in space, some fun to find,  
It entered one precocious mind  
To give the girls a serenade,  
So into rank themselves they made,  
Some forty as it were.

Up to the "Ladies' Home" they go,  
While from the captain's lips there flow  
Words like these: "Be careful boys,  
Sing chorus twice; don't make a noise,  
But take them by surprise."

On the air, like the screech owl's moan,  
Float tenor, bass and barytone,  
Smiling, the matron asks them in,  
Some one thinks it a little thin  
The ladies don't appear.

Some look around with sickly smile,  
Others sing in their grandest style.  
'Tis a pretty good joke all agree.  
This is the point we'd have you see:  
The girls were not at home.

## In Memoriam.

The following preamble and resolutions were handed to us for publication by a committee from the Junior class:

WHEREAS, It is an indisputable fact that our beloved classmate, T. B. Mackey, has been removed from our blessed state by the ruthless and unrelenting hand of Cupid, be it

Resolved, 1st, That we extend him our hearty congratulations with our best wishes for his success throughout life.

Resolved, 2d, That we endeavor to dodge a similar fate.

Resolved, 3d, That we take warning by this dispensation of Cupid, and while we feel thankful that we are thus far spared, try to live such lives that Cupid may have no chance to hurl a dart at us.

Resolved, 4th, That we allow nothing to induce us to change our present state, because "Matrimony is one of the doubtful states."

Resolved, 5th, That we use all means within our power to prevent any more of our class from entering that doubtful state till after we graduate.

Resolved, 6th, That we, in this our affliction, endeavor to become reconciled to our fate, believing that "our loss is his gain."

Resolved, 7th, That as two of our class have thus passed away, we try to remain contented until the age of fifty, knowing that "seventy years is allotted to man."

Since it is recorded in history that three great reformers, viz: St. Paul, James Buchanan and Samuel J. Tilden never married, be it

Resolved, 8th, That those of us who remain do likewise.

Since St. Paul has said, "he who giveth in marriage doeth well, but he who giveth not in marriage doeth better," be it

Resolved, 9th, That we do better.

Resolved, 10th, That the ladies of our class be exempt from the above resolutions.

Resolved, 11th, That these resolutions be printed in the January number of THE CAMPUS.

Resolved, 12th, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the wife of our departed classmate.

Life seems a hollow mockery.

Behold what things transpire!

To-day our fellow classmate sits with us in recreation; to-morrow, we are startled with the sad intelligence of his marriage.

We lament the fate of our class.

We ask, which are we, a class of business, a class of education, or a class of families? and echo answers which?

Committee, { W. J. McCLINTOCK,  
E. S. WHITE,  
F. C. PIPER.

A verb, a noun and a preposition  
Went angling in a bad condition,  
The verb caught a rat, the noun a trout,  
The preposition fell in and couldn't get out.  
Following their steps came three hard cases  
Who swiftly sped with giant paces,  
Each vieing with the other in the race  
Of the nominative, possessive and obj. case.  
At last the goal drew near to sight,  
Then strained they each with doubled  
might,  
When nominative drew herself to brace  
And struck objective in the face,  
The third, afraid of like transgression,  
Ran to the goal and gained possession.  
SNYDER.

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We respectfully announce to Students and  
readers of this paper generally, that we con-  
stantly keep on hand the finest of

IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC

**WOOLENS**

That the market can afford, of which we make up

**Suits to Order,**

In our well-known style,

**EXCELLED BY NONE**

We have one of the

**BEST CUTTERS**

In the country, and can therefore readily guar-  
antee a good fit, and our prices you  
will always find a

**LITTLE LOWER**

Than anywhere else.

**HATS, CAPS,**

AND

**Gents' Furnishing Goods.**

We keep decidedly the largest stock in the city,  
and you will always find it kept up  
to the standard of excellence.

Most anything wanted to complete a gentle-  
man's wardrobe, can

**ALWAYS BE FOUND**

In our store, and can be depended  
upon as

**FIRST CLASS**

In quality and price.

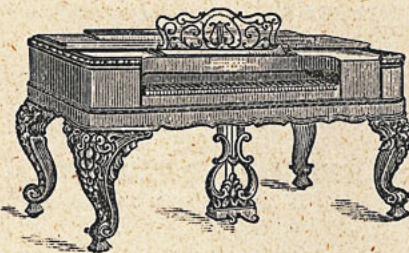
Thanking you for past patronage, we most re-  
spectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

Yours truly,

**OHLMAN & KINGSBACHER,**

DELAMATER BLOCK,

913 Water St., and Market Square.



**J. C. HULL,**

MEADVILLE, PA.

General Agent for the following celebrated in-  
struments in Crawford, Venango,  
and Mercer counties.

**PIANO FORTES:**

Chickering & Sons,  
Steinway & Sons,  
Mathushek,  
C. D. Pease & Co

**CABINET ORGANS:**

Mason & Hamlin's,  
United States,  
Taylor & Farley.

Don't fail to give me a call before purchasing,  
as you can save money.

**BOOK STORE!**

The finest Wholesale and Retail Book Store in  
Western Pennsylvania is

**INGHAM & CO.'S,**

Post-office Building,

**Meadville, Penna.**

They keep Books of all kinds, including  
Miscellaneous Books,  
Toy and Juvenile Books,  
College and School Books,  
Albums, Gold Pens,  
Family and Pocket Bibles,  
Prayer and Hymn Books,  
Pocket Books, Stationery,  
Wall Paper, Curtains, etc.

In fact, every article usually kept in a first-  
class store.

We keep the

**ONLY COMPLETE STOCK**

Of College Text Books used in Allegheny College,  
and supply the students

**At 15 per cent. Discount.**

Any book not in stock will be ordered by giving  
a few days' notice.

JOHN J. SHRYOCK.

T. A. DELAMATER.

**CARPET HOUSE.**

**Shryock & Delamater,**

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

**FOREIGN AND AMERICAN**

**CARPETS,**

**OIL CLOTHS,**

**MATTINGS, WINDOW SHADES, ETC.,**

915 Water St., 207 Chestnut St.,  
915 Market Square,

Delamater Block, Meadville, Pa

**CALLENDER & CO.,**

**DRUGGISTS,**

939 Water Street,

Keep on hand, constantly, the largest and best  
choicer stock of fine Imported and  
Domestic

**TOILET GOODS**

To be found in the city. They make prescrip-  
tions a specialty—at any hour of  
day or night.

**E. W. TANNER,**

**MERCHANT TAILOR**

AND

**CLOTHIER.**

Our Immense Stock of Goods

For the

**FALL TRADE, IS NOW OPEN.**

Our Stock of

**CLOTHS, CASSIMERES**

Suitings and Over-Coatings

**CANNOT BE BEAT.**

Also, a

**LARGE STOCK OF**

**READY-MADE CLOTHING,**

FOR MEN AND BOYS.

Over Coats in Every Grade and  
Quality.

Gent's Furnishing Goods and Underwear

**A SPECIALTY.**

**WE SELL GOODS AT BOTTOM PRICES.**

**E. W. TANNER,**

220 Chestnut St., Meadville.

**ESTABLISHED IN 1867.**

**R. BARD,**

THE

**FASHIONABLE HATTER,**

Would respectfully say, that having spent nine  
years in catering to the wants and tastes of the  
Hat-Wearing portion of this city and Northwes-  
tern Pennsylvania, desires to call attention to his  
stock of

**HATS, CAPS, FURS,**

AND

**Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,**

And to the fact, that he aims to

Keep the Best Assortment,

THE BEST

**STYLES and QUALITIES**

And to Sell at the

**LOWEST CASH PRICES.**

**FALL STYLES NOW READY**

AT

**R. BARD'S,**

215 Chestnut St., Meadville.