THE CAMPUS.

"*INTER SILVAS ACADEMI QUÆRIMUS VERUM.*"

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THE YEARS.

BY MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.

The years are all alike. With childlike laughter
They follow butterflies with endless wings;
They peep into the bird's nest; they look after
White lambs and other pretty little things.

Then, in the first flush of their youth, they bring us
Shy gifts of violets in a gallant way;
And ah! what charming low love-songs they sing us
From leaf-green shadows, where the wild doves stay!

But, somewhat later, they show bearded faces,
And sway the scythe and bear the shears about
In the hot fields, and quite forget the graces
They had of old—as others do, no doubt.

Still later, they go out for us and gather
The scarlet fruit in and the yellow corn,
Or walk about the withering woods, with rather
A faded look, and sigh and seem forlorn.

Then they sit very still and watch the embers
Behind the curtains in some pictured room,
While each one somewhere in his heart remembers
The dew, the summer moon-rise, and the bloom.

Then comes the last night-watch, the lonesome tapers,
The few tears of the many, prayers quick-said;
The black-lined columns in the morning papers,
And yes—the many virtues of the dead!

PROGRESS OF TRUTH.

J. T. EWING.

Oration.

THE progress of an age is marked by the intellectual development of that age. Marvelous indeed is the great drama of human life. The present is a time of bristling activity. "Improvement steps by seeming perfection." The machinery of to-day gives way to the more perfect of to-morrow. And we look at the wonderful changes which have taken place in so comparatively short periods of time, and conclude that men have labored under most favorable auspices; that those who now stand as the great lights in the history of the world, as the great benefactors of mankind, have been cheered on by the most encouraging surroundings. Not so; the view is a superficial one. We are looking only at results. Our imagination draws up before us a delusive picture which critical observation cannot endorse. Every advance has been made in the face of the most violent opposition. Almost insuperable obstacles have had to be surmounted, and the progress of truth and civilization which seems to us so rapid, has been made step by step. Chief among these obstacles has been man's disposition to reverence the old and to ignore and despise the new. Every invention, every reform, every improvement since the world began has had to meet and battle in direct antagonism to this spirit. Oftentimes has the onward march of intellect been impeded; oftentimes has the brilliant light of genius been almost extinguished. But the seekers for truth were not vanquished; they were repulsed, not conquered; put down, they rise again. As a summer's sun, obscured by the clouds and fogs of morning, drives them away as he advances in his glorious course, so intellect, with a firm hold of the diamond of truth, flashes forth its brilliant light and scatters the fogs of error and delusion.

In the 15th century the art of printing is invented; an art whose influence on mankind it would be impossible to exaggerate; an art which is at once the preserver of knowledge and a vehicle of thought destined to give an impetus to intellectual development; an art which made the Reformation a possibility; an art which, where cultivated, makes tyranny impossible, and which is the great safe-guard against oppression and corruption; an agent which as an auxiliary in the education, the civilization, the progress of the world is beyond all computation. And how is it received? Why, in the language of the people and in the spirit of the old, "We must put it down or it will put us down." Glorious reception of a truth for which genius had struggled so long!

The Reformation came. It came to free men from the shackles of papal authority. It bursts in on the intellectual night like a tropical July sun. Emblazoned on its banners was the grand idea, the eternal principle of the right of individual opinion. "It came compelling men to be more moral and permitting them to be more learned." It came because the world was ripe for it; it came because the great moral and intellectual pulse of the nations had begun to throb; it came to destroy hoary errors and to overthrow the traditions of superstition. What is its reception? Luther is ordered to recant; but he does not recant. He is anathametized and threatened with the inquisition; but still he does not recant, and in the great contest of truth against error, truth has won another victory.

About the same time another scene in the great drama is being enacted. The mind of one man has conceived the idea of the rotundity of the earth, and believes the seeming paradox that he may reach a point lying to the east by sailing to the west. Picture now to yourselves this sailor asking the authorities of his own native country for sufficient aid to test the truthfulness of his conception. See him as repulsed and ridiculed, he seeks the courts of foreign countries, unsuccessfully importuning them for the needed assistance. See him, as he thus for twenty years wanders over the continent of Europe, from country to country, from court to court, discouraged, derided and scorned. "How," said they, "can these things be? Has not the world existed for

six thousand years, and do not the Pillars of Hercules mark the end of it?" And had not Columbus possessed an almost unparalleled amount of energy and perseverance, our country with its immense resources and its magnificent civilization, might have lain for another century undiscovered. But the dawn of intelligence has begun to break; the leaven has begun to work. The onward march of intellectual activity now begun cannot be stayed. The most momentous and far-reaching thought of all the ages is at hand. The Ptolemaic theory of the universe is to be overthrown; that theory which for fourteen hundred years had taught that the earth is the centre of the universe with the sun, the moon and the planets revolving about it, is to be entirely superseded. Copernicus timidly suggests that the earth is only one of the sister planets, and that they all move majestically around the sun. The hand of authority is laid upon this absurd and heretical doctrine, and silence is enjoined upon those who would thus dare to question the time-honored notions of creation. But lo! the telescope is discovered, that instrument which is at once the wonder and the glory of modern astronomical science; that instrument which pointed towards the heavens reveals to us, and brings to us, untold millions of worlds. Galileo grasps it. He points it upward, and, behold, he catches a glimpse of what is now the sublimest thought of the human mind. Solar system after solar system, away out in the infinitude of space; the starry dome above us, composed of suns with their planets moving about them with the regularity and majesty of law! What joy, what rapture, what ecstasy fill the soul of that man as these great, these awful truths are revealed to him! But all this is at his peril. He is summoned before the inquisition charged with having taught that the world moves. Who dare thus to teach? Who dare thus to question the old? Who dare call the earth a point with its teeming millions of worlds about it? "On his knees, with his hand on the Bible, he is compelled to abjure and to curse the doctrine of the movement of the earth." What a spectacle! This venerable man, the hero of his century, compelled to swear as false what he knows to be true, imprisoned, tortured, disgraced. And yet he breathes, as he is ready to expire, "and still it moves." Yes, Galileo, it still moves, and succeeding generations have regarded you as a martyr to truth, a victim to superstition and intolerance.

But let us turn to our own country and to the domain of our own immediate history. The Pilgrim fathers ventured a perilous voyage upon a winter's ocean, and braved the rigors of a New England climate, and the dangers of an unsettled continent, that they might enjoy religious freedom. See how the spirit of the old clings to these good people. They begin their career with the same intolerance and persecution that they themselves had fled. Roger Williams and Ann Hutchinson are banished for asserting a full liberty of conscience. Every shade of popular opinion is most closely scrutinized. The quiet peace-loving Quakers are exiled by law, seized, unmercifully whipped, thrown into prison and executed. A few years later laws are enacted for the suppression of witchcraft, laws subjecting the possessors of this evil spirit to capital punishment. Witchcraft in itself is an absurdity; but men did not stop to reason. England contained witches and English laws called for their execution; this was enough. And numbers of innocent men, women and children died victims of a law whose only merit was the relics of antiquity that clustered about it. And the historian is here compelled to chronicle the most humiliating events in American history. Franklin, with his kite, proved that Jove's thunderbolt, hitherto supposed to be an exhibition of Divine wrath, is identical with electricity; the superstition of alchemy is developed into the most perfect science of chemistry; the truth contained in the magical loadstone, after sleeping for two thousand years, resulted in the science of electricity; Morse substituted the electric telegraph instead of the old beacon light, and succeeds in sending messages of joy or sadness from city to city, and from hamlet to hamlet, as with a "waft of the breath;" Field, after the most assiduous labor, surprises the civilized world by connecting two of its continents together; George Stephenson had long before shown that steam may be made to carry us over land and ocean with incredible rapidity; and labor-saving machinery of manifold varieties has been introduced —all this in the face of a skeptical world which was continually crying that these things cannot be. "If they can be done, why have they never been done before?" was the unanswerable inquiry.

Thus we see that all along down the ages the contest has been an opposition of the old against the new, because it was new. In the main, it has been a contest of light against darkness, of reason against ignorance and superstition. But let the contest never be reversed on the same ground; the new should never manifest weakness by throwing aside the old because it is old. I take no morose view of the present. I believe it to be the most glorious time it has ever been man's lot to live. I listen not to the idle talk of those who long for the "good old time," and who say that the more we progress the worse it is for us. But I see danger ahead. Action is being followed by reaction; the tendency is to rush to the other extreme—to hail everything new with delight, to regard everything old as "fogyism." In our insatiate thirst for change, in our desire for something novel, something new, we do not hesitate to enter the fields of philosophy and ethics. No such advance as is claimed has ever been made here. The magnificent progress of the century has been in a different direction. The history of speculative thought is a history of failure. The great philosophic questions that have always engaged the attention of men, are as unsettled now as they were two thousand years ago. We may be nearer the truth and we may not be; no man knows. Some things from their nature can never be known. We know the phenomena of matter, but who can tell us what matter is? We know the phenomena of life, but who can tell what life is? Who can tell what mind is? Who can tell what force is? Who can tell what anything absolutely is? Who can solve the great problems of being? Before these problems the human mind shrinks back on itself as it has always done with the sad thought that it has no answer. All science, all philosophy, all reason unite in one common dictum, mournful though it may seem to us, that the essential nature of things is unknown. Does not moderation become us then in our consideration of the great moral principles that influence human life and affect human destiny? The spirit of the times says no! The most sacred things are glibly spoken of as belonging to an ancient superstition. Men have come to question the reality of everything that cannot be resolved into its elements by a chemical analysis. We call for a halt here. We are on the wrong road. The pro-

gress of truth has not been in this direction, nor can it be. The great fundamental truths of virtue, morality and religion exist to-day as they have always existed and as they always must exist. They have indeed been greatly modified as to their application, but the truths themselves stand, now as ever, immutable, eternal. These cannot be changed.

When men commence to question the absolute character of virtue; when men come to doubt the reality of any distinction between virtue and vice; when vice and virtue become convertible terms; when men come to regard conscience as a delusion or at best a mere matter of education; when the essential and eternal distinction of right and wrong is discarded and expediency substituted, then indeed is the way clear. The same way leads right along down to the question of God or no God—right along down to atheism with its inevitable and frightful consequences. France, at a time of her highest culture, followed in this way and went to ruin; Germany and Russia partially tested it with proportional results. O humanity, what wilt thou do? America, which course wilt thou follow? Here lies the real danger of the hour—the real danger of the times. It is not some momentary political question magnified by party interest or factional jealousy. No, no! it is a matter that lies deeper down in the minds and hearts of the people—a matter that affects vitally every individual in the great surging mass of humanity. We stand upon a momentous threshhold; the present is one of the most critical periods of human thought. Dare we waver? Posterity will be affected by the result. I see before me two pictures, the one dark, the other bright. I see our own beloved country lay aside the old and sacred ideas of conscience ef morality, of virtue and God, yet with her untold resources and magnificent opportunities following in the course of other nations to dissolution and to ruin. I turn to the other hand and the Golden Age is spread out before me. I see our country clinging tenaciously to the old notions of conscience and of God, with abundant facilities for the education of all her youth; accepting everything in science and philosophy calculated to better the condition of men; with her rich stores of minerals and of ores; with her beautiful meadows, pleasant pastures and magnificent forests; with her valleys and hillsides dotted with churches, schools and homes; with a generous, a happy and contented people, offering a welcome to the poor of every clime—this is the golden new to which our faces are hopefully turned.

BEACONSFIELD.

W. W. T.

BEACONSFIELD is dead, and with his death was extinguished the brightest and most versatile genius that England has for years produced. His life was one long series of changes, more strange than the strangest and more varied than the most versatile; one brilliant line of successes, bold, audacious and brave, until his last great fall which bore him struggling from the height of power and life to the depths of adversity and death. We see Disraeli at first the unknown son of an unknown Jew, a weak and unpromising boy. But weak as he was, from a race despised as it is and in a country where the social circle is as impassable as barriers of gold, titles and blood can make it; he dared to look at honor as given for all. He made one bold dash for fame and won. From the time that "Vivian Grey" burst upon the English people with all its quick and social satire, its author became the pet and fop of London's best society—praised and envied, courted and hated. We cannot but think that fortune chooses strange beings for her whims. This time we find indeed a strange being, but it is he who has seized fortune and apparently with grasp little expected from so fragile an arm. His plebeian audacity confronts and conquers scores of high-born men, wins the hearts of England's duchesses, nor doubts to one day rule her queen. With the same indomitable aim that bore him through the thrice-barred gates of society he plants his next step towards power upon the rock foundation of Parliament. Men laughed at his wild endeavors for a name and place but they laughed in vain, for before their contemptuous smile had died away Benjamin Disraeli was a member of Parliament, and one whom either party might well fear. He met with many failures and discouragements, but he arose from them refreshed, and smiling at those who sought to overthrow what he seemed to think unconquerable, for such faith had he in his future that it seemed as clear before him as though written with the finger of prophecy—and it was written with the prophetic finger of courage and perseverance which writes with a plainness sure as fate. Disraeli found his party on the verge of chaos, split and powerless, but he led it, a minority as it was, so as to control a kingdom and keep at bay successfully, a powerful majority. Rarely in the history of the world have we seen such a display of statesmanship. A Jew, poor and despised, taking the sceptre from dukes and earls, bending their proud wills in subjection to his own and leading them as their king could never do. He stepped from the lowest man among them to his place as Lord High Chancellor of England as conscious of his power as though born in the lap of royalty, nor did anyone resent it for all saw in him the one being who could guide their breaking ship past the rocks and shoals of a channel well guarded by the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. They saw in him a high genius and an unconquerable purpose, a purpose perhaps for itself alone, and which might sacrifice them, if need be, for its object, but a purpose to which they must bend; and they yielded, as lesser men though titled and sceptered must ever yield to greater. It must indeed have been a proud day for him when covered with the coronet of an earl, he sat an equal beside men who had scorned him, and rose before them the principal in the haughtiest assembly of the world, until armed with the mighty sword of premier, decked as an earl and as Knight of the Garter, with the queen completely at his will, a house of parliament in entire grasp, and with one mighty foot upon the English people he stood ready with the other to crush beneath it any power which dared oppose or resist him. The fop had indeed become a god, for when he moved a muscle all England trembled with fear, each people dreading lest his bold audacious avarice would next sacrifice them in its wild struggle for applause and fame. But Disraeli's mighty spirit at last out-reached itself. His great covetous grasp sought too much. He sacrificed England's interest to his own. He took the millions from his country's coffers and poured them into foreign lands. He drew the blood from his loyal subjects and spilt it in foreign armies. He trampled upon Ireland because he could not use her, and in his wild ambition would have done

the same with England. But England's long duped sons awoke to the fact that Disraeli's master-statesmanship was for Disraeli's and not for England's good. They felt themselves weak from the loss of their blood. They saw themselves in poverty from the loss of their wealth. They rebelled. And when too late Beaconsfield found that he had outstepped himself and was standing on the verge of an abyss into who-e dark depths his own supporters threatened to hurl him—he fell, and as he left the dizzy heights of brilliant power—he died—his genius remained, his principles suspected.

OUR LIFE.

W. O M. A.

MATTER mirrors mind. We live in a double world; a world of matter and a world of mind; a world of reality and a world of fancy; a world where all is apparent and tangible and a world where much is invisible and unknown to man. Like the eagle that builds his nest on some high, overhanging rock, and for a while contents himself amid the sights and sound of earth, then soars away on lofty wings, exulting in etherial flight, so human life, though chained awhile to growl 'mid the scenes of earth, oft breaks its chains and soars aloft into the realms of boundless thought.

One hour we spend in toil and care in company with our fellow-men, the next finds us retired from all the bustle and the din of earth, engaged in the enjoyment of an altogether different world—a world that lies within Thus we live two lives in one—lives which, although different in many respects, have many features in common. Indeed, so close is the resemblance that the one seems but the image of the other.

Every man regards the world. and more particularly his own personal surroundings, from a far different standpoint than that of his neighbor, and is influenced in his judgments concerning them by different disposition and temperament.

The world is the common heritage of mortals and the differences of opinion in regard to it alone determine whether it shall be to each several individual a world of happiness or misery.

The accidents of birth and childhood surroundings determine, indeed, the peculiar position from which each individual shall take his earliest observations, but the further training may be able to counteract advantages or disadvantages of circumstances.

He who is born to rank and wealth may, through lack of proper training, use his wealth to disgrace his rank and destroy his happiness; while he who is born in poverty and disgrace, by right training may be able to overcome these disadvantages and make his life happy and honored.

We not only occupy different points of observation in life, but we also receive our knowledge of the world through different media. It is as if each were looking through a glass more or less stained and the color of each glass lent its peculiar tint to everything we see. These glasses are our minds w th all their different modes of reasoning, subject to different tastes and desires, so that not one of them is able to transmit the image of the outside world without imparting its own peculiar tinge and disturbing their real relations by its own peculiar reflection. Thus the same world which to one seems robed in beauty and full of pleasure, to another appears full of ugly and distorted shapes of disappointment and misery.

Fully one-half of all the faults we ascribe to others are projected from our own minds and arise from our inability to understand or judge our fellows.

"Unto the pure all things are pure; but unto the defiled is nothing pure, even their own hearts and consciences are defiled."

BISHOP WARREN'S ADDRESS.

BISHOP HENRY W. WARREN, of Atlanta, Georgia, gave us an address full of good thoughts on the occasion of his last brief visit here. We regret that we cannot find space for the whole address. What we give below is the concluding part of it:

"There is a great want of heroes in this world; though there has always been a great many, quite a number. But the way they have been received tells what appreciation there is for heroism, and the world is calling for that kind of men all the time. Presiding Elders can scarcely let a student alone long enough to finish his academic much less his college course, before they call him out into the world. Those who see the world as I see it, and see the need of the best men in responsible places, know that one Henry of Navarre can take into the field a thousand men after him. We are willing that they should lay a broad and scholarly foundation, and then, I am free to say, we are willing to give them a broader training.

"I know that youth is airy. I don't want to see any bowed shoulders on boys. I want them to be cheery, going forth with shouts and in great physical vigor. But nevertheless life is serious, life is earnest, and we must face its conditions. Among its conditions I accept the exceeding, leaping, exultant life and buoyancy there is in youth. But there are other conditions than that, and one is sterling fidelity to the great principles that rule the world. When you are studying your lessons of astronomy, close your eyes and do not be a part of the world any more. Stand up in the very heavens and see worlds go past swift as rifle balls, and watch them wheeling all in perfect time and harmony, and think that the great principles of creation, the laws that hold things together with a force you cannot measure and which man cannot grasp; and then remember there are mental principles that hold the world together a great deal stronger than these, and to dash against these is to hurl as from a precipice, knowing that gravitation will crush you into a jelly.

"I have been seeing, since I have been with you, so many fields where men are needed, and where, I am free to say, they are found. The Lord sometimes has a scarcity of great men, but He never runs out of them. This universe has never been constructed so as not to develop the right kind of men when they are needed. But then there is still a great call for men. Away yonder, the great prairies, rich in everything earth can give, are waiting for men that can give them the bread that comes down from heaven. Away down in the South are multitudes that have had every disability that neglect and hate could give them. They are waiting to be helped; Ethiopia stretches out her hands to God, and God says, 'I will send you somebody as soon as I can find him; as soon as I can find anybody that is not waiting to be called by a thousand dollar salary; as soon as I can find anybody great enough to be like Christ.' There is as great work to be done in this world as when Martin Luther defied all the devils of the world; as great as when Hurst knelt down and commended his spirit into God's hands; as great as when men lifted up their fingers in the fire and still testified for God; and that grand work waits for your doing. And it is not only grand work here; but, oh! the infinite outcome when the Lord shall say, 'Be thou ruler over ten cities; for a little fidelity and for being faithful over the least have thou rulership over that which is most.'"

THE CAMPUS.

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No anonymous communications will be noticed.

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WE understand that arrangements are now perfected for the battalion to go into camp for one week sometime in June. If this proves a successful undertaking it will give the boys a good drill, and familiarize them with some of the duties and pleasures of camp life, without its usual terrible accompaniment. Our hearty wish is that success may attend every effort to make the battalion more beneficial; and may the time never come when it shall be necessary to use the skill and knowledge for the destruction of their fellow men.

WE publish this month a communication from the Secretary of the Executive Committee of the Ohio Alumni Association. We hope our Ohio readers will send forward any information they may have. We also publish a bit of information in reference to the *Alleghenian*. Our readers can rest assured that the journal will be full of life and fun, and in every way first class. We clip the following from the Youngstown *News*:

Mr. Tom. J. Nicholl is making many of the illustrations for the *Alleghenian*, a journal published annually at Meadville College, Pa. The drawings have special reference to the college jokes and customs and are very laughable. Tom spent several weeks in Meadville, last summer, and the reputation which he left behind him as a first-class artist led to his services being secured at this time.

WE see the faces of quite a number of new students this term, and gladly welcome them to the opportunities here afforded for sound mental culture. We hope their stay may be both pleasant and profitable. The new student needs to be especially careful in the habit he forms during his first term, for as that is passed so to a great extent will be his whole course. If he is careless in study and neglects his duties, he will, in all probability, do so during his whole stay. If on the other hand he is prompt in performing every duty and pursues all of his work conscientiously, he will have accomplished what will aid him all during life Here, as in every position in life, great opportunities are attended with great dangers. Our advise then is, work hard and conscientiously, and don't by any means forget to subscribe for the CAMPUS.

ONE of the most interesting events so far in the year happened Thursday, April 21st. The occasion was the presentation of a very handsome stand of colors by the ladies of the college to the battalion. The battalion, headed by the Northwestern Band, started from the armory building at about half-past two, and marched to the campus in front of Bentley Hall. Here they halted and Miss Henderson presented the colors in a few most appropriate remarks. Capt. Decker responded in behalf of the battalion, accepting the gift, and thanking the ladies for their kindness. In this way the ladies have left a lasting memorial of their loyalty to the country and their honor and respect for the battalion. Success and happiness attend the ladies is the earnest wish of those who witnessed the scene. The battalion to-day is in the best condition. There has never been so lively an interest taken in it since its organization. Major Webster has infused it with his own life and spirit, and proven himself a thoroughly live man and worthy successor to Major Hess. May nothing occur to injure the present prospect.

WE have had little or no occasion to refer to the behavior and conduct of the students so far during the year, but some things have occurred of late, probably through thoughtlessness, which are worthy of attention. The manly conduct of most of the students is worthy of remark. Nothing can speak in more favorable terms of the college and its prospects than the conduct of the most of the students. There are some however who, through exuberance of spirits, have a constant desire to do some trick or perpetrate some joke, and proceed to do so in ungentlemanly and unworthy ways. Practical jokes are never things to be praised; but when in the midst of a public performance the gas is turned off for the sake of gratifying this tendency, it becomes a positive insult to the audience and those under whose auspices the performance is given. This and things of like nature are unworthy the efforts of gentlemen. To be especially and most positively opposed is the tendency of some to publicly caricature and ridicule each other or their teachers. If respect for our friends or superiors does not deter us, surely our own self-respect ought to cause us to desist from such practices. As we respect and honor the college and its authorities so does it honor us, and as we honor each other, others will honor us.

SOME months ago we noticed in one of our exchanges an article upon "What Constitutes a Master of Arts?" This inquiry

gains force and practicability as we draw near to the season of commencements, when together with the great army of young men and ladies who have earned and will receive their A. B.'s, will appear another host to receive their further degree of A. M. What have many of them done to merit this additional honor? Many no doubt have made themselves worthy by diligent study since graduation; but we think that very many, if not the greater part, have made but very little advancement in literary pursuits. But what we especially condemn is the promiscuous and indiscriminate conferring of this degree as practiced by many of our colleges. The degree of A. B. is won after a course of four years, and why should not its compliment in like manner be given after a course of study and research properly pursued? What is the significance of this degree under the present system? Practically nothing, but that it has been three years since they finished their college course. In respect to real honor the Bachelor's degree is much preferable to the Master's. Many of our older institutions have adopted, and have now in successful operation, the plan of requiring further study before receiving this degree. Why should not the rest follow their example? It might lessen the number who would each year send in the required fee, but those receiving it would have the satisfaction of having earned the honor and having a right not given, but earned by diligent study, to take their places in the ranks of Masters, and at the same time would reflect much more honor upon the college.

By request we publish the following, which we think will be of interest to our readers. Prospective editors and those who are inclined to make literature their specialty, as well as all others, are offered an opportunity of testing their skill. No harm in trying:

A test of the capacity and inclination of American College Students and Graduates, for Practical Journalism, is about to be made by *The American*. That paper offers $1500 in prizes for the best editorials, the best special essays, and the best poems, written by College Students or College Graduates.

There are two sets of prizes—21 in all—offered by *The American*. One set is for College Students only; the second set of prizes is for those who have been graduated from American Colleges. The topics are not limited; and all articles unsuccessful in the competition, but which reach the standard adopted by *The American*, will be accepted by the editor for publication in *The American*, and be paid for at the regular rates; thus, each competitor, if he can do anything at all with his pen, will not lose his labor.

The judges of the editorials and essays will be active journalists of national reputation—Mr. Noah Brooks, of the *New York Times;* Mr. Walter Allen, of the *Boston Advertiser*, and Mr. M. P. Handy, of the *Philadelphia Press*. The judges of the poems will be gentlemen competent for that duty. Their names will be hereafter announced.

Every American College Student or Graduate should compete for these prizes. To obtain full particulars, write (with stamp), to W. R. Balch, Managing Editor *The American*, Philadelphia, Pa. Box 1690.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Editor Campus:—It is desirous in order to complete the organization of the Ohio Alumni Association of Allegheny College to obtain the names and correct addresses of the graduates residing in the State. We therefore request all such to communicate at their earliest convenience with the undersigned so that the list may be completed as soon as possible.

The committee also desires the names of all former students who attended the college for a year or more, and are at present residing in this State.

W. C. Wilson, Secretary Ex. Com.,
236 Superior St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Editor Campus:—The much talked of *Alleghenian* will be ready for sale about the first of June. The comic annual met with so great a success last year that it was determined to repeat the experiment. Accordingly representatives were appointed from the Φ K Ψ, Δ T Δ and Φ Δ Θ to take charge of the publication. The editors have been working faithfully for some time past getting ready for the printers, and declare that they have not intentionally slighted any one on whom there is the slightest opportunity of fixing a joke. The illustrations will be a special feature this year, all of which, we understand, are being made by a first-class firm in Philadelphia. The printing will be done by one of the home offices, which is a sufficient guarantee for its fine appearance. Among all colleges, publications similar to the *Alleghenian* are eagerly secured by both students and faculty and have the warm support of all friends. We trust that Meadville will not be an exception, and that the *Alleghenian* may have the success which it bids fair to justly deserve. *

Sioux City, Iowa, April 15, 1881.

Dear Campus:—The snow fell last fall before we husked our corn, and has remained till now. Water and mud take its place; but I put on my rubber boots and went out and succeeded in reaching enough to pay for this paper. For the last three weeks I have been much of the time, night and day, in a boat contending with water and ice cakes and have helped rescue hundreds of men, women and children from the waves of the awful Missouri. Human beings have been hereabouts on ice cakes, on trees, on hay stacks, on roofs of houses, all moving and surging towards the gulf, some for hours only, others for days, with nothing to eat, and drenched to the skin, and it all the time bitter cold. Nearly everybody for hundreds of miles up this river, in the flooded districts, swims now. Tens of thousands of acres of land, but lately dotted with happy homes, are now under water from four to twelve feet deep. Have but just come in to rest; bells are ringing again, and piercing cries rend the air. I must go. Yours truly,

L. S. Fawcett.

Locals.

Will the Sophs. allow the Freshmen to carry canes?

Will some one please send us the address of A. J. Loomis?

The senior vacation will commence on Monday, May 30th.

The faculty has begun work on the classification of the coming catalogue.

The class in mineralogy has received its instruments and begun work in earnest.

Class in Ethics. Prof.—"To illustrate, what am I doing, Mr. T." "I think you are trying to puzzle me."

Prof. in mathematics: "The gentlemen who *expect to rate* high in this class must not *expectorate* on the floor."

The severe illness of Prof. Reid has caused much anxiety. It is hoped that he will be able soon to resume his duties.

The Senior Class will give a concert on the Monday evening of commencement week, at which they will provide music of the best quality.

Class in Ethics. Prof.—"Mr. F., did I ever ask you that question before?" Mr. F.—"I don't remember; but I know I never answered it before."

J. P. Newman, D. D., has accepted the invitation to deliver the commencement oration. The presence of this eloquent speaker will add another to our list of commencement attractions.

A Prep. was recently heard asking a Senior the meaning of the title D. C. L. The Senior, assuming an air of superiority, replied: "Young man, that means District of Columbia Lobyist."

The entire Senior class will participate in the commencement exercises, each occupying from eight to ten minutes. There will be two sessions held, one in the forenoon and one in the afternoon.

There is a species of trickery prevaling in college which, while it shows no shrewdness is exceedingly disgusting, to leave an invited audience in complete darkness is very annoying to them as well as to the performers.

Mr. Y., on arriving at Corry, on his way home last vacation, was accosted by a young representative of Erin-go-bragh, who, mistaking him for a Catholic Priest, took off his hat and offered to conduct him to the residence of Father, the Priest.

Maj. Webster has received intelligence from the government that the cadets will be furnished with tents and camp equipage. They will go into camp the 6th of June and remain one week. It is undecided as yet where the camp will be located.

Prof. A. B. Hyde, D. D., delivers the Baccalaureate at Conneautville High School on "David's Estimate of Goliath's Sword." Also the address at the commencement of Beaver Female College. Subject:—"The Philosophy of the Unknown."

On the afternoon of May 3d a fire was discovered in the residence of President Bugbee, which caused considerable excitement. The alarm was immediately sounded, and by the prompt assistance of the students, the building was saved from serious injury.

Bishop Warren met the students in the chapel on the morning of the 28th of April, and delivered an inspiring address. He manifests an intense sympathy for all who are in the formative periods of life. His remarks were interesting, eloquent, and sparkling with apt illustrations. No one can listen to the Bishop without being carried into realms of clearer thought and nobler action. Rev. T. L. Flood, the editor of the *Chautauquan*, was also present.

On the evening of April 19th, the Philo-Franklin Literary Society gave its annual oration contest in the chapel. There were four orators, all members of the senior class. The productions were exceptionally fine, not only in thought and expression, but also in delivery. Good music was furnished by members of the College Orchestra, which rendered the entertainment complete. The judges awarded the prize of twenty-five dollars to J. T. Ewing.

An interesting temperance meeting was held in the chapel on the morning of April 26th. The members of the faculty being aware of the many dangers to which students are exposed, and not wishing to neglect any part of their duty towards them, have thought it proper to bring the subject more closely before all the students by this means. Interesting speeches were made by Professors Bugbee, Hyde, Hamnett, Haskins and Williams. These meetings are to be continued, and it is hoped that they may be the means of doing much good.

The Professor of English is reluctant to allow his junior studies to be anticipated. He has hitherto admitted some from even the preparatory classes, but the result has rarely been gratifying, and his reluctance will probably increase. As for "reading up" those studies for the sake of gaining classification in any class lower than junior, *that* will soon cease, as it is his purpose to have these studies *recited*. English grammar will be made satisfactory previous to entrance upon the freshman class.

The ladies of the college have added fresh laurels to the crown of their generosity by presenting the battalion with a rich and beautiful stand of colors. The occasion was one to be remembered with pleasure by all present. The cadets, headed by the Northwestern Band, marched from their armory in Library Hall up Park Avenue to the college, where a large number of students and friends were gathered in front of Bentley Hall. On arriving, Miss Ida J. Henderson, on behalf of the college girls, presented the flag with the following remarks:

"Permit me, for the girls of Allegheny College, to present to you to-day this stand of colors. We have received many kindnesses from you, and have known that they have been heartfelt, for they have been more than those which mere courtesy and gallantry have demanded; and we hope that this shall say to you that we appreciate what you have done. It has been said 'you cannot buy with gold the old associations,' and in the years to come, when we shall no longer be the gay boys and girls of to-day, and when time shall have touched us all

and seemingly changed us, memory shall carry us back to the old college days, and we shall then feel that among our most precious possessions are the recollections of our associations here. And as the sun-shine weaves its net-work of gold over these colors, which are the hues of heaven,—the red gleaned from the glorious sun-set, the white from the moon-lit cloud, the blue from the day's full noon,—may each color be suggestive to you of something pure and noble. May the red never become darker by any deed of yours,—you, who in the future, shall be among the staunch supporters and protectors of our country, and may your lives be as pure as the white itself, which is the emblem of purity, and may the principles of a true manhood find as firm a foundation in your lives as the blue which shall be eternized around the brave. Accept this flag from the Allegheny College girls."

Capt. S. M. Decker then replied in some very appropriate remarks concerning the brilliant history of our national standard, after which he thanked the ladies for their kindness, and assured them that the beautiful gift would be appreciated by the members of the battalion. The band executed the Star Spangle Banner, and the boys gave three cheers for the ladies, after which they returned to the armory with the stars and stripes floating gaily in the breeze.

Personal.

John Dawson is preaching at Balesville.

W. W. Shilling is reading law at Mercer, Pa.

M. L. Schooley is in business in Brighton, Mich.

N. H. Holmes, A. M., '70, preaches at Westfield, N. Y.

J. H. Hovis is pastor of the M. E. Church at Hersey, Pa.

J. C. Marcy, Jr., '76, is practicing law in Jacksonville, Fla.

C. B. Mitchell, '79, is preaching at Marion Center, Kansas.

James George, A. M., '75, made a short visit in town recently.

Prof. F. M. Bullock, '74, is superintendent of schools, Greenville, Pa.

Wayne Whipple, '77, is in Chicago, Ill. His address is 152 State street.

Rev. W. O. Allen, '76, is pastor of the M. E. Church of Sugar Grove, Pa.

W. W. Case, '84, after a severe illness, has again resumed his college duties.

M. F. Compton, '81, preached in the First M. E. Church on Easter evening.

J. O. McClintock, A. M., '72, is among Meadville's most active attorneys.

J. A. Silliman, A. M., '71, ranks among the leading physicians of Erie, Pa.

B. S. Millikin, M. D., '74, is surgeon in Wills Eye Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

J. W. Kahle writes that he is "soliciting" oil from the depths of Marienville, Pa.

F. O. Marvin, A. M., '71, is a member of the faculty of the University of Kansas.

J. K. Cree expects soon to go to West Point to pass his preparatory examinations.

Sanford Hunt, A. M., D. D., '47, is book agent of the M. E. Church at New York.

I. D. Darling, '70, is preaching Methodistic doctrine to the good people of Saegertown.

Miss Lida M. Minniss, A. M., '75, is one of the corps of instructors in the Meadville Academy.

Rev. A. H. Domer, A. M., '61, is now a member of the Board of Control from the East Ohio Conference.

I. M. Chesbrough, a friend of the college and an acquaintance of many of the students, is residing in Cleveland, O.

Leroy Porter is unable to attend college this term on account of a protracted illness. His address is Crosslent, Pa.

Mrs. A. M. W. Hempstead, '75, a resident of Meadville, superintends the reading of proof for *The Chautauquan.*

C. M. Coburn, A. M., '76, is completing his third year as pastor at Spartansburg, Pa., with many evidences of success.

R. D. Culver, otherwise known as "Ben," is unable to return to college this year. He holds a position in a bank in Logan, Ohio.

W. P. Grant, '84, after preaching at Mill Village, on Sunday, April 24th, was unexpectedly called home. He hopes soon to return.

L. S. Fawcett, A. M., '71, is practicing law in Sioux City, Iowa. We acknowledge the receipt of an interesting letter, which we insert.

Rev. Jas. S. Eaton, '75, having completed a theological course at Princeton, is now pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Barren Springs, Md.

C. P. Woodring, M. D., '76, has built up a large practice among the citizens of this place. He is a good physician and deserving of success.

Rev. N. H. Axtell, A. M., '60, was a delegate to the last General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He is now stationed at Elgin, Ill.

H. H. Osthaus, A. M., '74, since graduation, has spent some time in Germany, completed the law course at Ann Arbor, and is now practicing law at Scranton, Pa.

O. J. Mason, who was a student during the fall term, returned last term for the purpose of continuing his studies, but was taken sick and obliged to go to his home in Inland, Ohio.

Thomas Dunn, M. D., who was formerly a student of Allegheny, has graduated from the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, and has been elected resident physician of the hospital connected with that institution.

Miscellaneous.

Examinations for honors at Cambridge University are open to woman.

"The Courtship of Miles Standish" is being dramatized by W. D. Howells.

The London *Telegraph* claims a circulation of 220,000; the New York *Sun*, 130,000.

Gustave Dore is said to be very busily employed upon his illustrations of Shakespeare's plays.

It is said that Yale is the Broadway of the American College metropolis; Harvard the Fifth Avenue.

A series of theatricals are to be gotten up at Harvard University in aid of the University Boat Club.

In taking revenge a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over he is superior, for it is a Prince's part to pardon.

A troupe of Dartmouth students are to make a tour of the State this spring, and will delight the rural districts with opera.

The lectures delivered by Oliver Wendell Holmes, on "Common Law," at Lowell Institute, Boston, are now published in book form.

The golden beams of truth and the silken cords of love twisted together will draw men on with sweet violence, whether they will or not.—*Cudworth.*

He who expresses in his conduct justice and charity, accomplished the most beautiful of all works; the good man is, in his way, the greatest of all artists.—*Victor Cousin.*

By Carlyle's will, Harvard College library gets those of his books which he used in the preparation of the lives of Cromwell and Frederick the Great.—*Harvard Echo.*

The Joseph Hume scholarship for Political Economy, at University College, London, has been won by Miss Bigg; the first time that a lady has ever received this honor.

Amherst College is adopting the plan of German Universities —that is, holding students responsible for their work, but not for personal conduct, unless it interferes with their duties.

It is said by one of our exchanges that President Eliot, of Harvard; Mary L. Booth, of *Harper's Bazar*, and the cook of Parker's restaurant, Boston, receive the same salary, $4,000.

The *Harvard Union* recently debated the subject: "Resolved, that co-education is desirable at Harvard." The ballot on the merits of the discussion was two to one against co-education.

Oberlin College strictly forbids the use of tobacco by her students. At Notre Dame University, only the Seniors are allowed an occasional cigar on a written request to that effect from their parents.

All experience serves to illustrate and enforce the lesson that a man perfects himself more by work than reading, that it is life rather than literature, action than study, character than biography, which tend perpetually to renovate mankind.

Harper's Weekly says that college men express themselves highly pleased with the election of Franklin Carter as President of Williams. His scholarship is of a high order and his literary and social tastes make him welcome everywhere.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart and Judge Hilton have planned an educational institution, to be located at Garden City, L. I., the College buildings to be three in number and they will be remarkable for their architecture and splendid arrangements.

Perhaps it would be interesting to some of our students to know the origin of the word *dunce.* It is this: the great leader of the school-men of the dark ages was Duns Scotus, who was opposed to the revival of learning, and his followers were called Duns-men or Duns-women.

Table.

A Prep., finishing grammar, on looking up at the clock during examination, said to the Prof.: "I'se afeard I'll not git done, Perfessor."

Student: "Professor, what's the best thing to do if you get concentrated nitric acid in your eye?" Prof. (laconically): "Buy a glass one."

A man in Maine advertises for an agent to sell a new medicine, and adds, "It will pay the undertaker well."—*Penn'a College Monthly.*

1st boy (to 2d boy who played truant, and went fishing): "Say, Dan, did you catch anything?" Dan: "No; but I expect to when I get home."

Scene at the college. Prep. to servant at the door—"Miss ———." Servant—"She's engaged." Prep.—"I know it. I'm him what she's engaged to."

Professor (looking at his watch)—"As we have a few minutes, I should like to have anyone ask questions, if so disposed." Student—"What time is it, please."

"We wish," says a Texas newspaper, "that a few of our citizens could be permitted to live till they die a natural death, so as to show the world what a magnificent healthy country Texas really is."

A college student in rendering to his father an account of his term expenses inserted: "To charity thirty dollars." His father wrote back: "I am afraid charity covers a multitude of sins."—*Ex.*

Scene on Washington street: conceited Sophomore, sporting a cane and mustache. First small boy on opposite corner—"What is it, Bob?" Second small boy—"Give it up; gimme a stick till I kill it."

Dr. Adam Clarke tells of a congregation that was amused by a break of the minister in reading one of the Psalms, "that he might take a pinch of snuff," as the lesson recommenced with the words, "my soul cleaveth unto the dust."

Q. Why should no man starve in the deserts of Arabia?
A. Because of the sand which is there.
Q. How came the sandwiches there?
A. Because the tribe of Ham was bred and mustered there.

The Yale *Courant* alleges that a senior, who is dissatisfied with his photographs, has been sending them around to his friends with the following remarks written on the back: *Errata.*—1. Imagine more expression in the eyes. 2. Imagine a smaller nose. 3. Think of my natural vivacity in place of the dullness here. 4. Imagine mustache.

A young lady was caressing a pretty spaniel and murmuring: "I do love a nice dog!" "Ah," sighed a dandy standing near, "I would I were a dog." "Never mind," retorted the lady, "you'll grow."—*Newark Call.*

Prof. to chemistry class—"When I was a young man I used to travel through Iowa on foot, during my summer vacations, studying the geology of the country." Junior—"You couldn't do it now, Professor; there's a law against tramps in Iowa."

Law Prof.—"What constitutes burglary?" Student—"There must be breaking." Prof.—"Then if a man enters your door and takes five dollars from your vest pocket in the hall, would that be burglary?" Student—"Yes, sir, because that would break me."

The old argument that woman is weaker than man, was refuted recently by a lady in the following manner: When asked if Eve did not yield to the temptation first, she replied: "Yes; but it took a devil to tempt woman, and it only took a woman to tempt man."

Scene, *a la church.* Two theologues and lady teacher of the Springfield schools. Young Lady, to younger Theologue: "Is your friend kindly interested in the young lady teachers of the city schools?" Young Theologue: "No, I believe not, as yet; but I think it is quite likely he's *open to impressions.*"

Scene:—A Railway Terminus, Suburban Branch.

Ticket Collector to City Gent: "Ticket please?"

City Gent: "Season."

T. C.: "Must see it, please sir."

C. G.: "Look here, I've travelled on this line for the last five years. My face is my season ticket now, and you ought to know me."

T. C.: "Beg pardon sir, but I must see your season ticket."

C. G. (waxing wroth): "I tell you my face is my season ticket and you ought to know me."

T. C. (grinning): "Very sorry, sir, if that's the case, 'cause w've had strict orders this morning to *punch* all season tickets." (Collapse of City Gent.)—*'Varsity.*

Exchanges.

We take up a new paper that has found its way to us, from Beaver Falls, Pa.; and we find it a very pleasant task to make its acquaintance. Its contents are good. The editorials are upon topics interesting to the students of Beaver.

The *College Rambler* is an interesting college paper. This month contains especially good editorials. A discussion of the manner of awarding oratorical prize contests contained much good, common sense. The article upon the excitement over elocution is quite amusing.

The American offers fifteen hundred dollars in prizes to college students and graduates for the best editorials, special essays, and poems. There are two sets of prizes—twenty-one in all—one for college students, and the other for graduates of American colleges. The topics are not limited, and standard articles which do not receive a prize will be paid for at regular rates for publication in *The American.* If any of the students in this College are interested, they can obtain full particulars by writing (enclosing a stamp) to W. R. Balch, Managing Editor of *The American*, Box 1690, Philadelphia, Pa.

In looking over the exchanges there is one thing that is somewhat noticeable, and that is a disposition of several of the journals to criticize in an unjust manner those papers issued by ladies. By a comparison of the journals we are inclined to the supposition that it was envy brought forth these uncalled for remarks; yet there are among our exchanges, edited by ladies, one or two that are open to censure, but the sweeping remarks applied to all papers issued by ladies are unjust. Most of the papers sent out by ladies are superior to our other exchanges; they contain good, sound articles, not insipid, as these gentlemen critics would induce us to believe; but there is a fineness about the entire make-up of their papers that it is impossible for any gentleman's paper to equal. Our very best college journals seem to recognize the fact that a good paper can be issued by ladies, and give them due praise; and as most of the criticisms are from second-class journals, we are of the opinion that these remarks were made because they failed to appreciate a good thing when they saw it, or that they were envious because a girl's paper was superior to their own.

1. The Revised New Testament, Official Edition.—The University Presses of England, the official printers of the Revised New Testament, have consented to issue for the American market very low-priced editions. Each copy will bear the certificate of the revisers as a guarantee of its correctness. The cheapest edition will be nonpareil type, 32mo, and will be retailed at 15 cents paper bound, and 20 cents cloth bound. The next cheapest edition will be in brevier type, and will be sold at 50 cents, cloth bound. The books will be beautifully printed, as are all of the Bibles of the University Presses. May 17th has been fixed as the day of issue in both countries. These cheap editions will be sold by I. K. Funk & Co., New York.

2. The Companion to the Revised New Testament—explaining the reasons for the changes made on the Authorized Version, by Alex. Roberts, D. D., member of the English Revision Committee—will be issued in cheap form, through an arrangement with the English publishers, by I. K. Funk & Co., New York. The American edition will have, bound in the same volume, a second book now preparing by a member of the American Committee of Revision, who has been connected with the work from the beginning, and who is acquainted with all the facts. This second book will be an explanation of the Appendix to the Revised New Testament. It may not be generally known that, by an arrangement between the two Committees of Revision, the changes suggested by the American Committee, but which were not finally adopted by the English Committee, are to be published as an appendix to the Revised New Testament. The *Companion* volume will be then an explanation of *all* the changes thought advisable by either committee. This book will be indispensable to a right understanding of the revision. To correct any misapprehension, it is well to add that by far the greater part of the changes suggested by the American Committee were adopted by the English Committee. This cheap edition of the combined books, although authorized and copyrighted, will be sold for 25 cents. Those desiring it on the day of issue are requested to forward their orders at once to the publishers.

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