

THE CAMPUS.

"INTER SILVAS ACADEMI QUAERIMUS VERUM."

VOL. IV, No. 10.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE, MEADVILLE, PA., JUNE, 1880.

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LITERARY.

A CHIP.

When all around was empty space
And nothing had its stationed place ;
When neither sun or moon or star
Foretold omnipotence afar,
Nor azure sentinels on high
Broke the monotony of sky—
Where was this wondrous matter found
Which formed these glorious worlds around ?
Whence came He, at whose stern command
Bright stars shine out on every hand ?
Deep thunders roll and oceans roar,
And winds grow fierce from shore to shore ;
Or mountains rend with awful sound
To ease earth's writhings underground ;
Or heaven weeps in bounteous rain
When moaning tempests voice its pain.
Quick meteors dart and lightnings fly—
All vassals of his sovereignty.
To say He is the Infinite,
Gives to the mind no certain light ;
For certain points deep thought will span,
One jot beyond mind cannot scan.
"Beginning," says the book profound ;
Now, where was this beginning found ?
Yes, where, delusive fancy, where ?
Have worlds resolved themselves from air ?
Has earth or star or moon or sun
Spontaneously its course begun ?
Or, self directed, vied in space
To vault the sun's celestial place ?
There's only one conclusion fit—
The decomposing infinite.

STUDENT.

Not wholly lost, O Father! is this evil world of ours ;
Upward, through its flood and ashes, spring afresh the Eden
flowers ;
From its smoking hill of battle, Love and Pity send their
prayer,
And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air,

—J. G. WHITTIER.

ÆSTHETICS IN POETRY.

CENTENARY PRIZE ORATION.

BY J. D. MARTIN.

In the pages of the world's history, we find that many changes and revolutions have occurred in the progress and development of literature.

In all of its various branches, we stand on the highest eminence that has ever been reached. This excellence is not wholly due to our own energies and skill, but to the combined result of the wisdom of the ages.

In every literature, the first expression is conveyed in poetry. The first writers whose works are preserved, are the writers of verse. The rhythm of their song, the glowing pictures of their excited fancy, the stories they tell, catch and enchain the popular attention!

But as it requires the work, not merely of an age, but of centuries, to bring to perfection any of the arts, so poetry, the highest art of all, the art of all arts, since it is incomparably the most expressive, has been gradually brought to its present perfection. As far as history can be traced, instances of verse in its placid and exquisite flow are recognized. Among barbarous as well as civilized nations, poetry has been employed. As ever onward the course of letters has progressed, poetry has rendered no small amount of refinement, instruction and culture to the world. Of the historian it is the duty to instruct ; of the orator to persuade ; but of the poet to please, to move, to lift the mind above its ordinary state, into a purer and holier sphere. Poetic literature has its own pleasure and its own reward ; in it the soul finds its noblest expression.

How it awakens the emotional nature and enkindles within us the spirit of love, as we sing our beautiful hymns in praise to our Creator! How it stirs within the breast of the warrior the feeling of patriotism, and urges him forward in the contest. As its martial strains resound on the air above the din of battle, how often it changes by its influence, the tide of victory!

Whatever may be the beauty and true worth of prose composition, all must admit that the language of the poet is more pleasing to the human heart. Grandeur and sublimity appear in their deepest colors when portrayed by the poet's pen. Following him in his magnificent descriptions, one seems to be borne aloft "above the smoke and din of this dull spot which men call earth." The pathos and tenderness, which abound in the writings of the true poet, affect the hardest of hearts. A certain ennobling strain flows through his writings which aims directly at the soul, and, when once it has touched its favored chord, the soul yearns and asks to dwell in no other region of bliss. Poetry is the emanation, the golden exhalation, which arises from the close and vivid meeting of the soul and the outward object. The soul must contribute to the result not less than the object which appeals to it.

That which has been said of Shelley, is true of every poet: That he found in the haunted chambers of his own soul the music, the prophecy, which he uttered afar. With him the murmur of the Appenines, the mist of the Ægean Hills, were merely the voice and drapery of his own imaginings, and the ideal was the real.

We find in nature just as much, or as little, as the soul can see in her. The trick of the poet is to magnify the image which nature reflects on the mirror of his own soul. Whenever a soul comes into vivid contact with truth and beauty, there springs up that emotion which is the essence of poetry. As one has said, "We carry within us the wonders we find without." The same idea is thus beautifully expressed by Bryant:

"Yet these sweet sounds of the early season,
And these fair sights of its early days,
Are only sweet when we fondly listen,
And only fair when we fondly gaze."
"There is no glory in star or blossom,
Till looked upon by a loving eye;
There is no fragrance in April breezes,
Till breathed with joy as they wander by."

When such a poet looks forth upon nature and beholds the rainbow in the sky, his soul leaps within him and the universe is filled with voices which speak to him from every bud and blossom. How much we owe to genuine poets for all their delicate service, can never be estimated. They have by an instinct of their own noted the appearance of earth and sky, and kept alive the sense of their beauty during long ages when the world was little heedful of these things. How many are there who would own that there are features in the landscape, wild-flowers by the wayside, tender lights in the sky, which they would have passed forever unheeded, had not the remembered words of some poet awakened their eye to look upon these things and to discern their beauty!

The poet, as he surveys the work of nature, has an object of contemplation which is distinct and peculiar to himself; it is the beauty he sees in the face of the universe. Over and above the physical laws which uphold and carry on this framework of things, beyond all the uses which this mechanism subserves, there is this further fact, this additional result, that all these laws and forces in their combination, issue in beauty. In this beauty, the poet from the first, has found his favorite field, the main region of his energy. For ages the floating vision of this beauty has haunted, riveted, fascinated him. It is the beauty of nature, something in thought distinct, though in fact inseparable, from the laws which operate in nature, upon which the poet dwells. He fixes his eye upon the passive spectacle, upon nature as an appearance, a sight, a picture. To another he leaves the search and analysis; he is content to look, and to look only; this, and this alone, satisfies him; he stands like a sentinel, gazing on earth, sea, and sky, upon the vast

assembled imagery, upon the rich, majestic representation on the canvas. In the presence of this beauty, the poet's attitude is one of pure receptivity. As the clear undisturbed lake, spread out in calm repose on a still autumn day, receives into its steady bosom every feature of the surrounding mountains, every hue of the overhanging sky, so is his soul spread out to receive the whole imagery of nature. It is then, from the depth and clearness of his soul, that the poet breathes forth in the strength and dignity of language, those great and sublime truths.

The true poet finds in the beauty of nature a hint and an intimation of a higher beauty which he does not see—a foreshadow and prophecy of a higher glory yet to be. The poet sees beauty where others have seen only ugliness; he hears music where a common ear would pass unheeding by. And that which he has seen and heard, he renders to others in sublime words which are not easily forgotten.

Of the grandest aspects of nature, and the thoughts and analogies suggested by these; of the innumerable details in the landscape that meet us every day; of the sights and sounds of the country or of the quiet seaside, he is perfect master, and expresses them in imaginative, vivid and flowing language.

"As the migratory bird, guided only by instinct, takes its direct course to a warmer clime, so the poet sails without visible landmarks to unexplored regions of truth. While the philosopher is creating theories, and endeavoring to get his true bearing by observation, the poet trusts to his inner sense, and makes the straighter and swifter line."

The true poetical ability is in-born. Poetry may appear in the infancy of knowledge; a true poet may break in upon the world from other spheres than the college and schools of learning. But he must know his theme, however his power of knowledge may have been developed. The more perfect the conception of his theme, the more definite his apprehension of it, the fuller and richer his discriminations of its contents, the

more perfect and more replete with poetic beauty will be his product.

All true art, wherever displayed, is but the work of æsthetic imagination. Before the artist lays hold of chisel or brush, he has in his mind the ideal of that which he wishes to embody in form. It has a real existence in his imagination, fashioned and shaped in every particular, before he begins his work upon marble or canvas. The poetic art, in its diversified shades and hues, must proceed throughout in conformity with the nature of feeling, since poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feeling. Grecian art, with its matchless fertility of invention combined with delicacy and purity of taste, carried every department of poetry to great perfection.

"Epic poetry leaped forth into maturity from the fertile brain of the Greek in the immortal poems of the Iliad and Odyssey." In modern poetry, the advance has been in loftiness and breadth of ideal; in diversity and exuberance of imagery, as compared with classic art. We see in the writings of the renowned Shakespere all the elements of expression, rhythm, melody and harmony. Whatever came across his view he caught and reproduced in lines of living light. He swept through the gradations of feeling from the sublimest and holiest, to the lowest and most debased. He unfolded the tenderest sentiments of affection and love, with the same accuracy with which he depicted the violence of hate and revenge. He deals with history, philosophy, and nature, with equal grace and precision; he has studied the clouds, has marked the winds, and dwelt upon the dew-drop; he has observed the life of plant, of bird and beast. An inexhaustible wealth of ideas, such as have never fallen into the possession of any other writer, was his, and he used it as lavishly as it had been bountifully heaped upon him. For all countries, for all ages, for the race are his immortal dreams fitted to instruct, to entertain, to please, to refine. In them the true taste finds unfailing matter for its enjoyment, admiration and culture.

The prevalence of Christianity has exalted and enlarged modern poetic ideas, and bathed

them in a deeper and warmer feeling. It has animated them by a higher motive, and purified the whole by a grander and richer imagery and diction.

The theme in "Paradise Lost," lifts the poet into the highest regions of thought and speculation; it brings vividly before his mind the divine and fiendish as well as the manliest and sweetest of human feelings. A grander theme, vaster ideals of character, a bolder, more varied imagery, a freer diction, it justly claims above all its great rivals. He who is endowed with the poetical faculty finds material everywhere. The grandest objects of sense and thought are common to all climes and civilizations. The sky, the woods, the waters, storms, life, death, love, the hope and vision of eternity—these are images that write themselves in poetry in every soul which has anything of the divine gift.

The poet in his upward flight, gets glimpses now and then of a sphere of spiritual possibilities where he may sail in vast circles round the largest compass of earthly intelligence. But the true poet must not only possess an imagination that can soar above the loftiest heights and can wing its way throughout the broad domain of the universe, but he must also have that refinement of taste which will select that which will give entertainment to the purified desires of an immortal nature, ere those treasures can be unlocked, which will wake and warm the soul.

How delightful it is to turn from a cold, rough world to a true poet,—one who scatters flowers along our path, and lifts our gaze to the stars, breaking by a word, the spell of blind custom, so that we may recognize once more the original glory of the universe, and hear again the music of our own soul. That beauty which looks from the whole face of nature, and is interwoven with every fibre of it, is not the less, because it requires a living soul for its existence. Poets are, in a special way, kindlers of sensibility, teachers who make us observe more carefully, and feel more keenly the wonders that are around us. Hence, the poetic spirit should be carried into

all our daily lives. The poet sees things not only as they are, but as they *ought* to be; he has within him that which instinctively causes him to admire the harmonious, the beautiful and the good. We should all learn the true spirit of poetry, though we never write a verse, for—

"Many are poets who have never penned
Their inspiration, and perchance the best;
They felt and loved and died, but would not lend
Their thoughts to meaner beings; they compressed
The God within them, and rejoined the stars,
Unlaurelled upon earth, but far more bless'd
Than those who are degraded by the jars
Of passion, and their frailties linked to fame,
Conquerors of high renown, but full of scars."

The true object of poetry is to refine the susceptibilities of our nature and purify the current of feeling by elevating thought and passion to higher and nobler spheres; and he who would transport us to scenes of beauty and sublimity, must have his own soul inspired with true dignity, with grand conceptions and with high hopes. The picture which he would present for the delight and contemplation of others, must be one which *he* can approach with absorbing interest, and hail as the image of his best affections.

The astronomer may scale the heavens, and from his elevated position count the stars, as each one rolls sublimely on its course; and yet from that lofty height never drop down a thought which will enrapture the soul and call up the warm devotions of the heart. Keen-eyed science may cast her penetrating vision into nature's arcanum, and from thence educe imperishable truths that have lain hidden since the order and beauty of creation were called forth from disorder and chaos; and yet from those distant views never discover a law which shall lead captive the affections and enchain the higher aspirations. If the poet would let his imagination play upon these themes, and would win our admiration, he must center his warm affections beyond the range of telescope, and draw his inspirations from a loftier mount than Parnassus. He must commune with that Being, whose sum is the essence of all beauty, who dwells encircled in mystery behind the veil;

this must be the source of his illumination and central object of his thought. When he is thus brought into sympathy with the joys of such a high and pure intelligence, his ennobled sensibilities will become lines of communication, along which will run a heavenly flame, that will attract him upward, so that he may soar—

"E'en beyond the bounds of flaming space,
Where angels tremble while they gaze."

When the sentiments of the poet, invigorated and enriched by so elevated a strain of feeling, are breathed upon the world, they inspire new life—meet man in his purest meditations, and make him better,—call him off from thoughts which beggar the soul, and allure him to an entertainment where heart and intellect are alike made happy.

When the world shall reach the poet's ideal, it will arrive at perfection; and much good it will do the world to measure itself by this ideal and struggle to lift the real up to its lofty level.

INSPIRATION.

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime."

This is most certainly true in one sense of the word. There is a peculiar halo of inspiration that gathers around the departure of any who have been good and great, that has a tendency to infuse the most lethargic with a spirit of push and forwardness that no other agency could possibly effect. If a warrior of great renown dies, his exploits at home and abroad are published to the world, and, in them may the military enthusiast find fresh incentives to pluck laurels from the same fields. From the moralist, the philosopher, and the scholar, alike, may be drawn those inspiring motives by those whose perceptive faculties in that particular direction have been whetted by a long felt need. True, this is laudable, but we are forced to admit that such an inspiration does not penetrate far beneath the surface. But while it is not to be relied on as a safe monitor, it is nevertheless an influence, which is both necessary and valuable as a source of encouragement, or as that which tends to ele-

vate the aspirations of all who are at all susceptible to the force of example. Inspiration may be likewise drawn from the words of the orator while discussing or setting forth a favorite theme. There is a certain inspiration in the benignant glance of a friend, when pressed by unfavorable circumstances. While 'tis true the term properly defined means a taking or drawing in, conveying the idea opposed to expiration, it is no less true that its higher analysis implies an active use of the intellect, or lofty conceptions, based upon clear ideas of what presents itself.

The Scriptures tell us, "there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding;" hence we infer that true inspiration cometh from a practical understanding of what we are about to engage in, or a felt capability of taking in the surroundings. The esthetic mind may stand enraptured, viewing the grandeur of Niagara; but how different from the ignorant man at his side; he sees, but does not fully comprehend; he takes in, but does not grasp the phenomenon. The hunter pauses in his ascent of the mountain, and gazes with betrayed emotion on the glories of the rising sun: all nature is tinted with the golden hues that radiate from its centre: dew drops sparkle brightly: the singing bird and fragrant flower all tend to lend enchantment to the scene; unable to control his emotions he breaks forth in his morning orison, as through nature he mounts to nature's God, and from the panorama spread out before him, draws an inspiration of which only a believer in God could conceive. The dog that accompanies him witnesses the manifest feeling of his master, and impatiently awaits a renewal of the chase—he perceives and judges only from the outward, while his master soaring away above him in his true and lofty conceptions, experiences that inspiration which is according to knowledge. Like the dumb brute, humanity often forms an impartial view or consideration of the true facts, and draws an inspiration which is anything but elevating in its tendencies. Of all things to be avoided most, is an ignorant inspiration. It is the christian min-

ister whose knowledge of God is rich and experimental, that is inspired for his work. It is the politician who, thoroughly cognizant and perfectly familiar with the interests at stake, is inspired in setting forth the principles thereof.

It will not be the inspiration gleaned from the characters and exploits of scholars, that will elevate our aspirations as we pursue our collegiate course, but on the contrary, feeling that this one thing we must do: we are possessed of an inspiration that fails us not in this capacity, and in the active realities of life, will be the buoy that will carry us safely through and mark our pathway with the never fading flowers of success.

THE CAMPUS.

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PECUNIARY methods of discipline are not liable to be very successful. Fines may be good enough to replenish the treasury of a literary society, but should never be levied, as discipline, to fill the coffers of the assessor.

THE success of Field Day was highly gratifying to all concerned. The interest manifested by the students in the event, and the encouragement given by some of the citizens of Meadville, enabled the officers to carry out their plans very satisfactorily. Some, and we may say most of the contests were entered with so much zeal and determination that they were exceedingly inter-

esting. The Athletic Association is to be congratulated on the success of their efforts. We have no hesitation in predicting the long continuance of this custom thus auspiciously inaugurated. There is some talk of holding Fall Sports in October. This is a good plan and we hope it will be adopted. Athletics have become one of the features of college life. Let not Allegheny be behind her cotemporaries in this direction.

THE course at Allegheny College is by no means an easy course. It is sufficiently difficult to demand the undivided attention of every one who wishes to complete it with credit. No outside work should be allowed to conflict with it, and in fact, no such work should be undertaken. As we look through the college classes, however, we find students in all sorts of employments outside of their regular college course. Some spend much more time preaching and preparing sermons than they do studying their lessons,—and the latter suffer thereby; some are studying medicine, and will know much more about medicine when they graduate, than they do of science or language; some are doing this, and others that, when in fact, they could spend their whole time on their college work and even then want more time to master it. This method of trying to cram six years of work into three, and at the same time giving a large part of their attention to something else, should be condemned. This is not a university, and theology, medicine, and law must for the time remain in the background.

WE beg leave to extend our hearty commiseration to the Faculty of Monmouth College. We hope this will make it feel better. Those terrible secret societies, against its express command, have been existing right under its nose, and yet it failed to smell sulphurous fumes, flourishing right before its cyclop's eye, yet did not recognize his satanic majesty or any of his imps. Ten small boys met once a week to have a good time. They sang songs and spun yarns, and then went home. But—*horribile dictu*—this was done without the knowledge of the Faculty.

And when that august body discovered that ten small boys had been sapping the very foundations of the college, and proclaimed to the country folk around that the above mentioned youths had been practicing the hellish arts of Greek letter societies, all the United Presbyterians in that vicinity trembled to such an extent that the windows rattled in Chicago, and it rained the next day. What was to be done? Those ten small boys were hauled up before the Faculty, and because they would not sing those songs or spin those yarns—having never sung or yarned in company—they were forced to sign an agreement not to engage in vocal culture or attempt small narrations during the remainder of their collegiate course.

Up to the time we go to press Monmouth is quiet, though on the defensive, while the ten small boys hum softly to themselves.

WITH this number the CAMPUS closes its fourth volume, and the present board of Editors steps down and out. In the editing of the CAMPUS we have endeavored to represent the interests of the students, upon whom we depend largely for our support, to the best of our ability. If we have failed in this we believe it to have been no fault of ours. The co-operative method may be advantageous in running a boarding-hall, but when applied to a college paper, cannot be said to be equally felicitous. The members of the present board of Editors have worked together with the utmost harmony, nothing having occurred to mar the pleasure of their association, personally or editorially. Financially, the CAMPUS has been as successful as in preceding years; its success in other directions must be left to the judgment of its readers.

We wish for the in-coming board a *bon voyage* during its term of office, the sympathy and support of the friends of the college, and every other good thing we could wish for ourselves.

As we lay aside our somewhat dilapidated quills, worn with the labor of a year, and gaze with tearful eye around the *sanctum*, from which have emanated many of those brilliant ideas

which, no doubt, have filled the reader with admiration, or excited the envy of those less gifted, we experience a feeling of regret; but when we look forward to the cares and anxieties of the coming year, and hear in prospective the cracked voice of that "devil," yelling "more copy," or gaze abstractedly at that ominous "omit," penciled by the hand of the powers that be, we are willing to pack our satchels, adjust our *chapeaus de straw*, and shout in chorus as we take our flight, "Adieu, kind friends, adieu!"

ALL AROUND THE CAMPUS.

The Seniors are enjoying their usual vacation prior to Commencement.

At this season of the year the festive Soph begins to look mysterious, and hints mild disclosures of what may be expected on that eventful eve.

The following is the programme for Commencement week:

June 14-21. Examination of Classes.

" 19. Evening. Literary Anniversary of Societies.

June 20, 10:45 a. m. Baccalaureate Sermon by President Bugbee.

June 20, Evening. Sermon before the Y. M. C. A., by Rev. Dr. Thoburn, of India.

June 21, Evening. Commencement Concert under the auspices of the Senior Class.

June 22, 10 a. m. Class Day.

June 22, 3 p. m. Meeting of the Board of Control.

June 22, Evening. Annual Oration before the United Literary Societies, by Rev. O. H. Tiffany, D. D., of Philadelphia.

June 23, 10 a. m. Annual Alumni Meeting.

" 23, 3 p. m. Annual Drill of Cadets.

" 24, 9:30 a. m. Commencement.

" 24, Evening. President's Levee.

The annual Select Performance of the Allegheny Literary Society occurred at the College Chapel on Tuesday evening, May 27th. Although the weather was inclement, a fair audi-

ence was present and listened with attention to the following excellent programme: After prayer by Rev. Geo. Whitman, the "Hungry Six," *alias* the College Orchestra, rendered "Juliet Waltz" with entire satisfaction to all. This was the first public appearance of the Orchestra. They did themselves credit and gave assurance of rare musical treats for the future.

Declamation.

The Antiquity of Freedom - - G. O. Calder.

Essay.

La Belle Riviere - - - - W. W. Thoburn.

Debate.

Affirm - - - - - R. D. Culver.

Deny - - - - - J. A. Wann.

Question: Resolved, That the Indians should be made citizens.

Music.

Lovely Night - - - - - Chwatai.

Misses Hayes and Woods, Messrs. Wilson and White.

Declamation.

Our Nation - - - - - S. E. Foster.

Oration.

The Harmony of Culture - - C. E. Locke.

Music.

Bingo - - - - Chorus and "Hungry Six."

The first Field-day of the Athletic Association of Allegheny College, was a flattering success in every particular. Although only an organization of two or three weeks of age, and the members having had but a short time to prepare, the entries for the different contests were well filled out and ably contested. The date of Field-day originally appointed, was the 22d of May, but was changed afterwards to the 27th. Not commencing until four p. m., the hurdle race, mile race, running high jump, three-legged race, and running long jump were postponed until the following Monday, the 31st.

Through the kindness of its directors, Island Park was secured as the battle ground for the Athletes. A fair audience, with a good sprinkling of ladies, were in attendance, and signified their enthusiasm in the sports by generous applause.

The following gentlemen acted as judges of the contests: Mr. W. S. McGunnigle, Mr. A. C. Huidekoper, Major F. W. Hess.

Field Marshal—P. A. Dix, '80.

At three o'clock the Marshal announced as the first test the throwing base ball, which was easily won by Decker, '81, distance, 345 feet 5 inches. There were two other entries, F. White and Miner.

Three entries were made for the Indian club swinging, which was taken by Richmond, '82, he having 33 moves, Decker 30 moves, and Gill, '81, 17.

In throwing 15 pound dumb bell there were three entries. Decker wins, distance, 29 feet 4 inches.

The standing jump without weights, was hotly contested by three men. Decker won; distance, 9 feet 11 inches; Newell, 2d, 9 feet 9 inches.

The standing jump with weights was easily won by Decker; distance, 11 feet 10½ inches. Three entries.

The mile walk was taken by Decker in 8 min. 45 sec., over three other contestants. Derickson took the lead and kept it up to the last half of the last lap, when Decker spurted in fine style and came in ahead. The track was too heavy for good time.

The 100 yard dash was contested by three men, Newell, '80, won; time, 12 seconds; F. White, 3d Preparatory, coming in but a few inches behind.

In the long running jump there were four contestants, each having three trials. Decker won on the second trial, scoring 17 feet 9 inches; Shilling, '80, making second; distance, 16 feet 11 inches.

The three-legged race was run by Cullum, '82, and Derickson, Smith and Filer. It was claimed by Smith and Tyler, but the first mentioned pair challenged it on account of an alleged unfairness in their tie, and the parties being unwilling to run it over, no decision was rendered.

The running high jump was finely contested by Dix and Newell, Dix carrying off the laurels

by jumping nearly as high as his head, and lighting squarely on both feet. Height, 5 feet 4 inches; Newell followed close behind with 5 feet 3 inches.

The mile run was contested for by Decker, Day, Koester, Newell and Remer. Koester fell out on the 2d quarter, and Decker and Newell on last half of 3d quarter. Remer won; time, 5 min. 35 seconds; Day coming in a few seconds behind.

A two hundred yards hurdle race closed the sports, with Gill, Dix, F. White, and Decker contesting. White led until he fell, leaving the contest to Dix and Decker, when Dix fell on the sixth hurdle, Decker leaping the seventh and winning. The time was not taken.

This closed the athletic sports for the college year ending 1880, and considering the short time we have had to prepare, and the amount of muscle displayed, our sister colleges may look for something better the ensuing season. By that time we will be regularly organized and have a large and commodious gymnasium in which to develop the abundant raw material. It is also to be hoped that before another spring passes she will have a college boat crew. Negotiations are at present pending toward that end. We have as fair a course on the canal and Bemus' dam in which to practice, as many of our contemporaries, and with the beautiful lake of Conneaut, at a distance of only seven miles, on which to hold regattas, we may look for Allegheny to send out men developed not only mentally, but physically. A number of the residents of the city have shown their interest in college athletics by giving prizes on the sports recently engaged in. Mr. A. C. Huidekoper gave a volume of Shakespeare complete, as prize on the mile walk; Messrs. Orris & Gaskill gave a prize on the jump without weights; Mr. Lew Richmond gave a silver cup on club swinging; Mr. R. Bard, the hatter, gave a prize on the mile walk; Mr. Frank Fisk on running high jump; Major F. W. Hess, volume of Shakespeare on the mile run.

Our "Buck-eyes" rejoice.

The laundresses are now busy collecting their bills.

It has rained a few lately. In fact the ground is quite moist.

Student translating in Esther. Scene VIII. *Sou coeur nage dans la mollesse*. "His heart swam in molasses."

Chapel speeches as a rule are not interesting, but such a one as we enjoyed recently from Rev. Dr. Mayo, of the *National Journal of Education*, will long be remembered.

The Allegheny Cadet Rifle Team for the season is organized, and ready to receive and give challenges. The members of it are Richmond, Ensign, Day, Hovis, and Laughlin.

"That's the way. Stand right in front of the ladies. Don't for heaven's sake let them see anything going on," shouted the Marshal on Field Day, while his side-burns turned pale with rage.

The enterprise of the *Index* is well known and recognized by the students. It now proposes to get out a 64 paged paper containing all the orations delivered Commencement week, in full, and extended reports of the various proceedings and exercises. The price is placed at the low figure of ten cents. Let every one subscribe.

SENIOR JOTTINGS.

As there is no historian on the class day performance, and not wishing to deprive the anxious public of a choice bit of information concerning the out-going class, realizing also the bitter disappointment which will follow them all their lives through should they be so treated, we have taken the pains to collect a vast amount of statistics which, if written up and compiled in a philosophical history, would fill volumes (?), (i. e. 24 mo. and printed in capitals.) But our space will not allow of enlargement, and the public will have to be content with generalities and averages.

Of the 21, 16 were born in Pennsylvania, 3 in

Ohio, 1 in West Virginia, and 1 in New York.

Average age - - - - - 23 years.

" Height - - - 5 feet 8½ inches.

" Weight - - - - 141 pounds.

Fourteen have fair complexions and 7 dark

Twelve have brown hair, 6 black, 2 blonde, 1 auburn.

Color of eyes:—5 brown, 6 black, 4 blue, 6 gray.

Intended occupation:—9 propose to enter the legal profession, 3 the ministry, 5 teaching, 1 is an artist, 1 will study medicine, while 1 (a lady of course,) will practice domestic economy, which leaves 1, who is undecided.

For the condition of beard we beg leave to refer you to the *Alleghenian*.

The first annual select performance of the Athenian Literary Society occurred at the College chapel on Tuesday evening, June 8th. The following programme was successfully carried out:

Declamation.

"The Drummer Boy's Burial" - - H. M. Hyde.

Oration.

"Liberty" - - - - - D. D. Goshorn.

Essay.

"Revenge" - - - - - A. H. Siggins.

Music.

Instrumental Solo - - - Miss Minnie Hyde.

Oration.

"Signs of the Times" - - - E. O. Minnigh.

Declamation.

"Unjust National Acquisitions," - LeRoy Porter.

Music.

The *Alleghenian* has just come out and is brim-full of funny sayings and caricatures. Besides the above there may be found histories of the different college classes, of the many organizations, in fact all that pertains to a well edited "Annual." For those who have not subscribed, alumni and friends outside of the college, a limited number of copies have been reserved. You can get one by sending fifty cents, subscription price, to D. A. Gill, Meadville, Pa.

The Oration contest of the Allegheny Literary Society for the Beth Gimel Lamed Prize valued at forty dollars (\$40.00), will occur at the College Chapel on Thursday evening the 17th inst.

EXCHANGES.

College journalism has grown to be something more than a mere name; it is a fact, and stands out as one of the successful developments of the college life of the present day. College papers are no longer an experiment; they have demonstrated their utility, and now no college can hope to keep abreast with the times without at least one representative paper, and our larger universities and colleges usually support several.

The advantages of the college paper are not confined to the college from which the paper is issued; they extend to every institution which it visits as an exchange. Though individual colleges differ in many respects, yet they will always have so much in common that the interchange of sympathies and ideas fostered by the college press must have a beneficial influence upon the college world in general. Before the era of college papers, student life was a life of isolation and seclusion; from the beginning of the Freshman up to the close of the Senior year little was known of the outside college world; the students of each institution seemed to live in a little world of their own, learning little of the outside business or college world, and, as a consequence, learning to care little for either.

The tendency to narrow and one-sided views has given way to an element that aids powerfully to broaden the culture and liberalize the spirit of college education; and instead of peering into our own little world with a microscope, we have a telescopic view of hundreds of communities like it.

The practical tendency of college training has been greatly promoted by the college press. The work of editing a paper is to the student a foretaste of practical life; and for the reason that the practical is more tangible than the abstract

and theoretical, and appeals to most readers, it receives more attention from both editors and readers of the paper.

The college paper furnishes a poor field for high flights of the imagination or verbose and flowery displays of Sophomore and Junior rhetoric. Readers have not time to waste in studying the experiments of immature minds, and it will save time and patience to put past these "brilliant efforts" where

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,"

the "dark, unfathomable caves" of the ocean of oblivion bear.

As we have already said, the tendency in our college papers is more and more towards the practical. The papers coming from our best colleges (and these are usually our best papers), have less of the purely literary in them than inferior papers coming from inferior institutions. This is not because the editors of those papers have less literary ability than the editors of the latter, but because they have more common sense. They know there are thousands of young men and young women who can write essays as well as themselves on the whole catalogue of the virtues and vices; and who can fill pages with "glittering generalities" on abstractions so infinitesimally abstract that all their labor seems a learned effort to make something out of nothing. Readers can well be spared all this "ado about nothing" and the paper will be improved by its omission. Those who love literature for its own sake will improve their style without hurting the feelings of the readers of the college paper.

It is amusing, and at times disgusting, to see the puerile efforts of some would-be critics of exchanges. The *Simpsonian* is a paper bearing a good man's name, yet we seldom think of it without calling to mind the great number of George Washingtons that have suffered imprisonment for their country's good. The remarks of a "Simpsonian" upon a sentence in a late CAMPUS on "a political fact" in college life, furnishes abundant proof that:

"To every dot a man must learn a trade,
Save censure,—critics all are ready made."

In a vain endeavor to prove a proposition unfounded, the poor logician floundered about from singular to universal, from concrete to abstract, and mixed up politics and temperance in such a way that you couldn't tell whether he had anything to say, or whether he wanted to say anything, or whether even under the shadow of a great name, he could say anything. And the worst feature of the case was the fact that the Western Aristotle didn't seem to know how brainless his whole attempt was. We hope Simpson College will be able to do something for him.

With this number of the CAMPUS we bid adieu to the noble army of quill drivers.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS.

Five-sixths of the Harvard seniors intend to study law.—*Ex.*

The Prof. of Chinese and his students have gone off for a fish.

Mark Twain's description in his "Tramp Abroad" of student life in the German Universities, is said to be the most correct yet written.

Food for the Senior:

"All o'er my child-like cheeks serene,
They read a sad epistle,
Long wastes and barrens intervene
With here and there a bristle." —*Ex.*

Harvard students are mad because they must attend church. The preachers are madder.

Pedagogue to first boy—"What's your name?"
Boy—"Jule." Pedagogue—"No sir, your name's Julius. Next boy, what's your name?"
Boy—"Billious."—*Ex.*

Freshman—"Please, sir, did I pass in—?"
Professor—"Well, no; I'm sorry to say you didn't quite come up to the mark." Freshman—"Thank you, sir," (and starts out, smiling all over, as if highly delighted). Professor—"Excuse me, Mr —, I'm afraid you misunderstood me. I said you hadn't passed." Freshman—"Oh! I don't care anything about that, I've won my bet all the same."—*Yale Courant.*

Chimneysweeps are out in spring soots.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

There is yet hope for the world; Charles Reade has been converted.

General Garfield was once a Professor. Wonderful! All our Profs. will begin to dream of the White House.

The Free Methodists becoming more rational, have decided to establish a college at Spring Arbor, Mich. It will be noisy around there.

"A Vassar girl sat
On her best fellow's hat
As they basked in the moonlight with classical chat:
She put in her thumb
And pulled out her gum
And made it all up with a thrilling yum, yum."
How dear to my heart is the school I attended
And how I remember so distant and dim,
That red-headed Bill and the pin that I bended
And carefully put on the bench under him!
And how I recall the surprise of the master,
When Bill gave a yell and sprang up with the pin
So high that his bullet-head bursted the plaster
Above, and the scholars all set up a grin.
That active boy Billy, that high-leaping Billy!
That loud-shouting Billy that sat on a pin!

American Queen.

In only a few weeks the class of '80 will "cross the threshold," and "enter the arena," and begin the "battle of life." Once more "night" will perform its grand annual spectacular feat, and will successfully "bring out the stars." It will also bring out the cats, and likewise the bugs, but she—bless her pretty, innocent face, will not say anything about that in her essay. "The mill will never grind with the water that has passed" again, just as it refused to grind with the same water last year. "Man" will again be the "arbiter of his own destiny," and impersonal people will be generally warned to "beware" of desperate steps on the assurance that "the darkest day" never lasts through day after to-morrow, a great consolation for the man who has lost his lantern. Mankind will be cheerfully told to "Ho pon, Ho pever," although what they are to hope for, beyond the death of a rich and childless relative, is never very definitely set forth.

BOB BURDETTE.

Bicycling is all the rage at Yale.—*Ex.*

Washington University of St. Louis has 1,200 students.—*Ex.*

The average attendance at the Harvard Gymnasium is 300 daily.—*Ex.*

The Harvard vs. Yale race will occur this year on July 2d, instead of June.—*Ex.*

Jeff. Davis has been invited by an Indiana University to address their Alumni in June.—*Ex.*

Prof. (meeting student on the campus)—
"What! drunk again to-night?" Student:—
"Yes—hic—so am I."—*Concordiensis.*

Prof.—"Name some verbs which govern the dative." Mr. R.—"Verbs signifying clothing, underclothing and a few others."—*Argosy.*

Excelsior Debate—"Mr. President, I repeat it, and had I the voice of a fog whistle, I would send it shrieking through the halls of this building and out into the night air—Nebraska is the best country west of the equator!" (Cries of "Hear!" "Hear!")—*College Record.*

Statistics show that one-fifth of the population of the United States is in the schools. In the countries of Europe the proportions in the schools are as follows: France, one-seventh; Germany, one-seventh; England, one-tenth; Spain, one-eleventh; Austria, one-twelfth; Italy one-fourteenth, and Russia, one-fifteenth.

MATER ANSER IN LATINO.

Parvulus Jacobus Horner,
Sedebat in corner
Edens Christmas pie.
Inseruit thum,
Extraxit plum,
Exclamans, "Quid acer puer am I!"

As an example of "catch questions" in examinations we quote the following: In a recent entrance examination at Harvard there was a question in geography asking the name of the highest mountain in the world. "I knew the boys would miss on that," said a professor in high glee. "It's a mountain in Asia, discovered within three months by an English traveler, and the fact is not yet generally announced."—*Ex.*

Spain has ten great universities.

The *Wabash* says "The *Dam* is the favorite resort of students." How strikingly similar is the case at Allegheny.

Ohio Wesleyan Seniors are getting athletic in their propensities. They propose to substitute Field Day for Class Day.

Five bogus medical colleges have been discovered and broken up in Philadelphia. Several more might be found throughout the country.

Three of the newly elected bishops are graduates of Wesleyan University: C. D. Foss, E. O. Haven and H. W. Warren. Dr. Hurst is a graduate of Dickinson.

Student coming home from Pinafore with a lady. Lady—I think Joseph looks just swell in those white pants." Student (absent minded)—"So do his sis-'hem-yes, very."—*Ex.*

Adolphus had just folded his arms about her. "Why," asked she, "am I like a well-made book?" He gave it up, "Because," said she, "I am bound in calf." The binding was hastily torn off.—*Ex.*

Prof.: "Can you tell me, sir, in what sign of the Zodiac the moon will appear next July?" Student: "I-ah-don't-think-I-ah-can, sir," Prof.: "That's right, Cancer. You want to be prompt though."—*Brunonian.*

Prof.—"Mr. M., what will the elevation of the moon be at that time?" M.—"High, sir." Prof.—"Next." N.—"Low." Prof.—"Now what do you think, Mr. P.?" P.—(who can't imagine any other position) "Jack, sir."

Poor patriots, partly purchased, partly pressed,
Quite quaking, quickly "Quarter! Quarter!" quest.
Reason returns, religious right redounds,
Suwarrow stops such sanguinary sounds,
Truce to thee, Turkey! Triumph to thy train,
Unwise, unjust, unmerciful Ukraine!
Vanish vain victory—Vanish victory vain!
Why wish we warfare? Wherefore welcome were
Xerxes, Ximenes, Xinthus, Xavier?
Yield, yield ye youths! ye yeoman, yield your yell!
Zeus's Zarpater's Zoroaster's zeal,
Attracting all, arms against acts appeal!

—*Tri.*

A Bicycle club is being organized at Vassar.
—*Ex.*

President Elliot of Harvard, is going abroad this summer.

There are 3,500 Professors employed in the colleges of the U. S.—*Ex.*

How is this for poetry? A professor quotes as follows:

"Stick to your aim. The mongrel's hold will slip;
But only crowbars loose the bull dog's grip."

—*Brunonian.*

A fund of nearly \$10,000 has been raised for the purpose of assisting necessitous young women to an education at Oberlin. There are 514 young men in the college and 435 young women.

Dr. Johnson's wigs were in general very shabby, and their fore-parts were burned away by the near approach to the candle which his short-sightedness rendered necessary in reading. At Streatham, Mr. Thrall's butler always had a wig ready; and as Johnson passed from the drawing-room, when dinner was announced, the servant would remove the ordinary wig, and replace it with the newer one; and this ludicrous ceremony was performed every day.

A FAMOUS ALLITERATIVE POEM.

THE BATTLE OF BELGRADE.

An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade,
Cossack commanders cannonading come,
Dealing destruction's devastating doom,
Every endeavor engineers essay,
For fame, for fortune's fighting—furious fray,
Generals 'gainst Generals grapple, gracious God!
How honors heaven heroic hardihood!
Insatiate, indiscriminate in ill,
Kindred kill kinsmen, kinsmen kindred kill.
Labor low levels longest, loftiest lines;
Men march 'mid mounds, 'mid moles, 'mid murd'rous mine;
Now noxious, noisy numbers, noting nought
Of outward obstacles, opposing ought;
Who teareth his hair in wild despair,
As he sits in the glare of a lamp at ten?
All unaware of his tragical air,
Who waveth in air a merciless pen?

The editor.

—*Harvard Echo.*

The Liberals of Meadville are publishing a paper, *The Pioneer*. Like the Frenchmen a century or so ago, they would tear down the present system of the Christian religion and put one of their own brilliant conception in its stead—and like the Frenchmen they will fail. The following they set forth as their principles:

MAN.

I. We affirm man's right to *free inquiry*, his *natural love of Truth*, and his capacity for the *discovery and practice* of it.

REALITY.

II. Truth, Justice and Love are the abiding Reality.

PERFECTION.

III. Thought, Aspiration, and Endeavor tend to Perfection, Freedom and Happiness, which are one.

VOICES.

IV. We believe in the glory and divinity of all Records that tell of a forward aim and a virtuous deed; in the sacredness of all utterances that voice the needs and aspirations of Humanity.

AUTHORITY.

V. Our highest authority is the awakened Conscience, inspired by the convergence of all lines of thought in the Living Present, which some call the voice of REASON, and others the voice of GOD.

RELIGION.

VI. Trust in the highest revealed in man's better nature and loftier moods, coupled with the effort to render that ideal actual, is Religion.

RIGHT.

VII. On Devotion to the Right, hinge the destinies of mankind.

RESPONSIBILITY.

VIII. Society is an organism; to purify its life currents is the duty of every man and woman.

PROGRESS.

IX. Lights and Helps increase as time moves on; and after-ages will work in a deeper mine, and ascend a higher mount of vision.

IMMORTALITY.

X. A noble life is more suggestive than aught else of man's kinship with the Infinite.

COROLLARY.

State secularization and formation of Ethical Societies.

A DILETTANTE.

FROM TIME.

Can you recall an ode to June
Or lines to any river
In which you do not meet "the moon,"
And see "the moonbeams quiver?"
I've heard such songs to many a tune,
But never yet—no niver—
Have I escaped that rhyme to "June,"
Or missed that rhyme to "river."

At times the bard from his refrain
A moment's respite snatches,
The while his over-cudged brain
At some new jingle catches;
Yet long from the unlucky moon
Himself he cannot sever,
But grasps once more that rhyme to "June,"
And seeks a rhyme to "river."

Then let not indolence be blamed
On him whose verses show it,
By shunning "burdens" (rightly named
For reader and for poet),
For rhymes must fail him late or soon,
Nor can we deal forever
In words whose sound resembles "June,"
And assonants of "river."

When "loon's" been used, and "shoon" and
"spoon,"
And "stiver" sounded "stivver,"
Think of a bard reduced to "coon,"
And left alone with "liver!"
Ah, then, how blessed were the boon!
How doubly blest the giver,
Who gave him one rhyme more for "June,"
And one more rhyme for river!"

When a woman requests her husband to bring home a dozen or more needed trifles and he returns without them, she realizes that in domestic life as well as in politics, instructions do not instruct.—*Philadelphia Chronicle*.

The ice man now holds up his head and puts on more airs than a small boy with his father's watch on.

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