

THE CAMPUS.

"INTER SILVAS ACADEMI QUAERIMUS VERUM."

VOL. V, No. 2.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE, MEADVILLE, PA., OCTOBER, 1880.

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GOING TO DISTRICT SCHOOL.

BAREFOOT boy and little girl,
She with rosy cheek and curls,
His, a forehead brown with tan,
Sturdy little farmer-man.

Old straw hat, with broken rim,
Is the least that troubles him,
As the dinner-pail he swings,
Full of mother's choicest things.

Happy little pair are they,
Chatting blithely on the way,
In the morning fresh and cool,
Going to the district school.

From the shady barn-house door,
Mother watches, till no more
She can follow—out of sight
They are gone, her heart's delight.

Can you see them sitting there,
On the benches hard and bare,
Tired feet swinging to and fro,
Conning o'er her lessons low?

Sitting, at the noon of school,
By the gurgling streamlet cool,
'Mong the brakes and bending trees,
Eating up their bread and cheese!

Or, with merry laugh and shout,
When the boys and girls go out,
Books and pencils cast away,
See them jump, and swing, and play.

Hark! the ferule on the pane,
Rap, and rap, and rap again,
Rushing in with cheeks aglow,
Half reluctantly they go.

Glide the busy hours away,
Till the warm sun's westerling ray,
Slants across the open door,
And the hours of school are o'er.

Happy, healthy girl and boy,
Full of simple, careless joy,
Free from tyrant's fashion rule,
Going to the district school.

In the busy noon of life,

'Mid its restless fever strife,
As your pathways shall divide,
From the roof-tree wandering wide.

Memories of these morning hours,
Song of birds, and scent of flowers,
Bleat of lambs, and song of rill,
Will come sweetly o'er you still.

And your thoughts go yearning back,
O'er that simple childhood track,
When the longest road you knew,
Was the one that led you to
School-house, just a mile away,
Where the birch and rule held sway.

—Emily J. Bugbee.

THE REVIVAL OF LEARNING.

WHETHER or not man was created with a mind stored with knowledge and with an accumulation of learning, I will not assume the province of determining. But be that as it may, we have every reason to believe that the early nations of the earth, whether originally as the direct gift of God, or the natural result of mental development, possessed no mean degree of knowledge.

Egypt, Phoenicia and Assyria, by their monuments and pyramids, their artificial lakes and ruined cities, have left unmistakable evidences of a very perfect knowledge of geometry and surveying, while inscriptions and other records attest their knowledge of astronomy and a considerable, though unpolished, literature. Of Greece and Rome the philosophy, poetry, the art and science, the literature, and all the accomplishments of fine intellect, are too familiar to need even mention. Learning has flourished in the world at certain irregular periods, and for her establishment has waged many a fierce conflict. Through war, directly or indirectly, through love of luxury and wealth, it has alternately illumined the world or left it to grope in darkness, and although many and great were the struggles, somewhere or other, though the flame was quenched, the embers smouldered, not totally extinguished. But when the barbarous nations of the North poured themselves with irresistible energy and numbers upon the Roman Empire, settled themselves in the fairest provinces, and imposed their yoke upon the ancient possessions; when the sceptre hung trembling in the

hands of the Byzantine monarch, its court divided by faction, sunk into imbecility through oriental luxuriance, and beset on every hand by superstition and semi-barbarous nations; then would it seem that the last growing embers must be crushed out never to be rekindled. When the hoof of the barbarian horse defiled the graves of Homer, Plato and Themistocles, and the schools of rhetoric and oratory were changed into a place of rendezvous for intemperate plunderers; when the finest productions of the mind, of art and of literature were trampled beneath the feet of half-savage men, the last ray of hope must have gone out in the heart of the beholder. The work of the destroyers seemed at length to have reached its culmination, and an impenetrable cloud of darkness and ignorance overspread the whole face of the world at this period. A dark pall of superstition and error prevailed throughout Europe. Religion had fallen into a general corruption. The scarcity of books, the mad passion for pilgrimages and crusades, the want of internal commerce and foreign trade, and hence of inter-communication of nations,—all lend their influence to the general dissolution.

Why the mind was so long inactive, it is hard to conjecture; and why in the midst of so magnificent ruins some columns or fragments could not be found with which to begin a new fabric. But centuries passed before any advancement of learning revealed itself, except that which marks all primitive nations, and is drawn out by the desires and necessities of the invading nations.

A variety of minor influences were brought to bear in preparing the way of learning. In its resurrection Italy was the first to cast away the shroud, and this she did in the study of Roman law; that bond which preserved the union of the diversely characterized provinces, and was the most lasting monument of the Roman Empire. From the very fall of Rome it had been the fountain of improvement in that barbarian government, if indeed, any improvement had been wrought, but it was only in the stronger outlines and more apparent principles that it was known at all; when, however, it came to be studied in its minutia and the delicate but forcible principles of right and justice became impressed upon the minds of men, it worked an era in the cultivation and elevation of mind and thought.

Following the study of the law came the founding of schools for that purpose, and the fame and love for jurisprudence spread rapidly over all parts of Europe. Immediately following these law schools came the golden age of universities, favored by Princes and the Roman See and struggling against municipal authorities and the papal clergy and laity. Here were taught theology,

law, rhetoric, logic and science. At this time there was a remarkable transition from total indifference to great zeal for learning. This was due greatly to the establishment and confirmation of the canon and civil law, together with the influence of the tardy awakenings of human intelligence. Scholastic philosophy, false and puerile in its basis and since forgotten, occupied the minds of students and studious men for more than two centuries. And while in an imitative way it contributed to intellectual culture, it was so restricted by its own laws and conditions that it afforded little opportunity for free and independent thought.

The study and cultivation of the languages growing out of the corruption of the Latin, afforded another means of intellectual improvement, and led to the formation and admiration of literature in these several languages. The Troubadours first filled the vales of France and Italy with their sweet, if not profound, poetry, and soon all the nations caught the strain which prepared the way to a more diverse and more majestic art.

The last, and perhaps the most important circumstance in the revival of learning, was the study of the ancient classics. While the Latin was retained in its corrupt state by the people of modern Europe as the language of law and theology, yet its study was not pursued save by aspiring officials and by an indolent and narrow-minded clergy. When, after an oblivion of several centuries, the science and literature of ancient Rome, and the philosophy and learning locked up for so many generations within the walls of Constantinople at length received the attention of thinking Europe, they unlocked the doors that imprisoned mind and stifled thought, and let in a flood of light that was the sunrise to our resplendent day of universal knowledge.

While gloomy may be the contemplation of the fall of Rome's Western Empire, and the dissolution of Latin government and civilization, yet we may congratulate ourselves that in the midst of all the ruin there was saved to posterity the productions of the Latin mind, and that Europe was sufficiently cultivated to receive and preserve the seeds of Grecian learning ere the barbarous Turks scattered them to the winds.

S. S. F.

The publisher of the *Allegheny College Annual* has still a number of copies on hand, and those wishing to obtain specimens can get them at the *Index* office. For the benefit of new students we will state that the *Annual* is a neat publication of fifty-two pages, containing full verbatim reports of the commencement orations of the class of '80, together with the Baccalaureate sermon, class poem, &c. Price, 15 cents.

CONCENTRATION.

IN AN AGE like the present, when the bounds of knowledge are every day becoming wider and wider, an intelligent concentration of powers upon the obtainment of a future object can not be over estimated. Too many are given to seeking a diffuse knowledge; to know a little of everything, and to be generally uncertain and vague about that little they do know upon each subject. A liberal education, according to the modern theoretical definition, is very fine; but practically it is but taking the peel off too many apples, and leaving untasted the richness of their fruit.

We can not agree with the courses laid down in most college catalogues. They are built upon the liberal education plan, and seem to leave out of consideration entirely the fact that many minds are peculiarly fitted for certain branches of study, and that time spent in trying to master other branches is almost thrown away, and generally gives the student a distaste for education as the stomach is turned by an emetic. Most great minds have their especial studies for which they are peculiarly fitted, and are at the same time mentally incapable of understanding or appreciating other branches of study. There is too much of the past in the average college course. They would glut us upon a thin soup made from the dry and dusty bones of Latin and Greek authors, when the stomach yearns for a feast upon the matured fruits of the present intellectual world. In the language of the "doctor:" "Here, now, what do you mean by such conduct as this? Playing us for Chinamen because we are strangers and trying to learn! Trying to impose your vile second-hand carcasses upon us! Thunder and lightning! I've a notion to—to—. If you've a nice fresh corpse, fetch her out.

We like not the past. Young America yearns more for the spring-bottom pants than he does for the toga. He prefers the schooner to the vessels of gold and silver, and I defy you to make him believe that a knowledge of a language, which, although at one time was doubtless excellent in its way, but has now degenerated to the favorite lingual exercise between a monkey and an organ grinder, is necessary for his present educational necessities. But here is the same old story. They are necessary for a full knowledge of our own language. Just as though it was necessary to study three languages in order to know one, or to eat three dinners in order to appreciate and fully digest one.

The point we aim at is, that every young man should early in life find out his peculiar abilities, and choose his vocation in life. Then he should study *particularly* for that vocation.

There are cases upon record of marvellous expertness and intellectual successes reached by those who have drawn to a focus all the powers of the intellect and concentrated them upon one object. So, in this age of competition, the successful life is marked by the student who selects carefully from the mass of knowledge shoved at him, that which will bear directly upon his after life. The human mind is like a sponge, it can absorb just so much and then it will give over; and is it not better to have the mind filled by that which will be particularly useful in making one's after-life successful—for happiness, although it does not always follow success, yet never follows failure,—than to have it filled with a heterogeneous mass which will make a Jack-of-all-Trades, but a master of none? If you were to wash a window with a sponge, you would fill it with clear water, and not a conglomeration of vinegar, oil, turpentine, varnish, glue, etc.

TRUTH.

THERE are many things to engage our attention, all of which may be of benefit but which differ greatly in their relative value. There can be nothing better than the pursuit of knowledge, and conforming our lives to its best teachings.

As one gazing out upon the broad Atlantic and thinking of its vast extent must be impressed with its immensity and filled with pleasure and even rapture, so must one, it seems to me, looking abroad over the ocean of knowledge, though he can see but a short distance, feel his soul swell and expand at the grateful sight. Next to the possession of a pure heart and a clear conscience should we ever place the possession of all true knowledge. And one class of knowledge is of more importance than another, only as it more directly effects our interests here or hereafter. Truth is truth, God's truth,—for how can there be any other?—wherever it is found; whether on the sacred page, or in the college text book, whether written by the finger of God upon tables of stone, or dictated by the blind Milton to his daughter.

The truth contained in the Bible is no more true than many things outside the Bible; but we would not lower the value of that sacred book; it is of inestimable value, because it contains matter which the profoundest thought could never have found out, because it alone points out a sure road to eternal happiness.

Truth is what we seek, the most important, the highest to be found. It is not the glittering gold and the flashing diamond, not the honeyed morsel of pleasure. No! nor the magic word, fame, that we seek, but imperishable truth that will live in the mind through countless ages.

We would count it a great privilege to gaze upon the

world-renowned paintings of the great masters, but how infinitely greater should be prized the ability for one himself to paint such pictures. While we delight to associate with persons who are pure and unselfish, we should be filled with joy at being able to make our own lives harmonize with "the good, the true and the beautiful;" and while we highly prize the possession of truth in the mind, we should place a far greater value upon the ability to conform our lives to its teachings.

OPIUM.

A WAYWARD fancy once went soaring high,
To visit its relations in the sky,
Who dwelt in a huge castle build of air—
The loveliest of all located there.
While on its way, the light of many a star
Revealed like stragglers struggling from afar
The dark, the sombre, with the gay and bright,
Dashing ahead like meteors of night,
In one wild frolic flying on their way,
Mad with their revelling through night and day.
Crossing, re-crossing, darting through the air,
Bewildering maze abounding everywhere.
At last, their destination loomed in view,
A lustrous park—a starry avenue—
A lovely castle, girt on every side,
With a broad moat the melting moon supplied
A mass of moonshine, sure and safe defence,
'Gainst the admittance of a thought of sense,
Forever round this silvery safeguard rolled,
And made impregnable the walls of gold.
It needed not the golden sun should set,
To guild each lofty tower and minaret,
For all the spires uplifted in the air
Were dazzling comets nucleated there.
The lightning chains are loosed, the drawbridge falls,
And the gay throng surmount the lofty walls,
Effete hypotheses for making gold
Hallucinations many centuries old,
Missing ingredients to some lost art,
New rules for governing the human heart,
Some evanescence thickened into shape,
Poetic frenzies fresh from their escape,
Debaucheries of some great intellect,
Misapprehensions with excuses deck't.
Complaisance from College Faculties;
Tips taciturn loosed in grim obloquies;
Future immediate and mirth reflective;
Dead consciences keen in the retrospective;
Proud bigotry acknowledging chagrin;
Obedience to M. E. discipline;
Unswerving loyalty to principle;
A faltering purpose made invincible;

Complete greatness; yes, everything, in short,
Resolved on high in mad ethical sport,
And in all shapes their bright appearance made,
All revelling in bewildering masquerade.
And now, within the hall, the throng is seen,
Mid'st many twinkling lights and shimmering sheen,
Imprisoned meteors in dusk subdued
Brought from some dark Egyptian solitude,
At just the hour when day expires in night
And the mysterious Nile reflects the sight.
These far and near their golden lustre spread,
And jewelled prisms caught it overhead;
While these revolved, forced by an unseen power,
And sparks of light fell like a diamond shower;
Frescoes in azure, tapestries of dawn,
Mirrors of crystalline, conceptions drawn
On surfaces as sensitive as pain;
Starry mosaics, and a lovely train
Of convoluted moonbeams hung in air,
Or rain-bow drops fell from each chandelier.
Strains caught from angel harps stole here and there;
The senses swooned in rapture, breathing air
Wafted from paradise,—delicious breeze!
Solace unparalleled in all degrees!
The mirth grew maddening. No thought of sense
Was there to groan at its own impotence.
Fierce as a whirlwind now, they madly fly,
A writhing cesspool of fierce ecstasy;
Twirling-darting-folding voluminously
Dissolving into air deceivingly;
Then reappearing, to dissolve once more
Lovelier by far than ever seen before.
When—crash! a burst of melody grew fierce
And turned to discord. Vast bolts of light pierce
Through the dazzled eye. And hark! a rumbling,
A heavy thud of massive thickness, tumbling
On yielding softness. Splintered chandeliers
And boisterous laughter turned to groans and tears.
Another crash! The bubble bursts! A knell
Of vast confusion. Down the castle fell,
And earthward went the vagrancies of mind,
And bursts of fancy roaming unconfined.

* * * * *
I found myself awake! STUDENT.

Miss Harriet A. Lynn, '80, is deserving of special commendation for the faithful manner in which she is discharging the duties of Preceptress in Hulings Hall. For some time prior to the opening of the term she was on hand and has been untiring in her efforts to see that nothing should remain undone that would contribute to the comfort and convenience of those under her care. We congratulate the young ladies on their happy situation.

THE CAMPUS.

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THE state of the board in Culver Hall is a vital question with about eighty of our students. Their spirits rise and fall in unison with the varying contents of the pots and pans, and fairly soar when some unexpected dainty tickles their capacious maws. The Commissary's task is a hard one. He must not only fill but please. He must reckon up the eighty tastes and strike the average in his bill of fare. But our present "Com" seems to know his business, and reaches the hearts of his boarders by filling their stomachs. Considering the large stock of "greens" in his charge, and the goodly number of *rehashed* victims who yet linger around our tables, we prophesy a prosperous year for old Culver.

Much credit is due our worthy President for the energetic manner in which he has pushed Hulings Hall to its completion. It is finished at last. During the four years of our college life we have been nourished by the hope and fed by the promise of a "Ladies Home" until now, that it is completed, we feel as if *one* object of our ambition had been attained. We have watched it since it took its first step, and noted its growth, brick by brick, to the maidenly proportions which it now assumes, and hail with joy the new era of prosperity it promises to the college. But more than a local interest centers around that building. Hulings Hall is the embodiment of an idea that is destined to revolutionize every institution of learning in our country. It is more than a home for young ladies; its walls stand as evidence of the successful operation of co-education. The era of "the boarding school" is passing

away, and parents are beginning to realize that their children make better men and women if allowed to know each other as boy and girl. How can a girl have other than false ideas of the opposite sex when those ideas are formed under the restraints of the seminary? or how is a boy to understand his true position toward those whom it is his duty to honor and respect if he forms his judgments from the chance acquaintance of the street? The cherished notions of educational hot-houses must disappear before public conviction and we are glad to remember that ours was among the first of the colleges to establish the new order of things.

ANOTHER year has opened for the CAMPUS; a year that promises as much for its success and prosperity as the other institutions of the College enjoy. We have a new hall and new faces to occupy it; new students meet us at every corner, and the new lieutenant is the awe-inspiring spectacle at which the kindergarten prep delights to stare. Indeed, a general newness seems to pervail everywhere, and the CAMPUS,—not to be left behind,—has also renewed its youth and wrapped its wisdom in a more attractive cloak. It is well, thus early in the year, to define the position we are to occupy during the coming months. The CAMPUS, last year, was not in every way a success. A doubt arose as to who owned the paper; as to whether it was the organ of the Faculty or the students, and the idea prevailed among many of its friends, that both parties claimed it. Here was a two-fold error. The CAMPUS is *not the organ* of the Faculty, nor *the organ* of the students. The former do not claim it, and only such of the latter as are childish enough to think that its pages should be filled with unmeaning criticisms and idle jokes on the college in general and the professors in particular. But while it is not exclusively devoted to either party, it yet seeks its friends and supporters equally among both, and strives to strengthen that mutual understanding which must exist in a successful institution.

It is also a common complaint among the students that "the powers that be" overhaul the proof and banish all expressions the least derogatory to their government. Now, we promise for the coming year, that all just complaints, and all truthful criticisms, so long as they do not approach the disrespectful, will find space within these columns. And while we promise this to the students, we would remind the Faculty that he only is worthy of trust who is trusted; and request, that so long as we keep within our bounds, and manifest that respect and honor which we feel toward our professors, one and all, we may be allowed to move unhampered by what seems a needless restraint. With our purposes thus plainly expressed, we look for a generous support and a prosperous year for the CAMPUS.

THIS Fall marks the beginning of another of the great quadrennial epochs of our national politics, and soon the huge sectional waves, which have been splashing and surging against the shores of every State and county in the Union, will be hurled against each other, with all the strength of party hate; one to roll on toward the deep waters of legislative control, the other to fall back, broken and murmuring. As this time approaches every voter becomes conscious and proud of his right for a voice in public affairs, and stands up for his party and its principles with a zeal and earnestness seldom displayed in any other cause. This zeal shows itself in many significant ways, but probably the most forcible manner in which it comes to the surface is the result of campaign clubs, where may be found all the advantages for a proper understanding of the great issues that influence public opinion. We, coming here as students, are too apt to confine ourselves alone to our studies and forget that outside the classic books of antiquity are secrets more profound and truths more important than those of the dead languages or of the deepest philosophy; truths which are vital and which effect not only the well-being of ourselves but the well-being of the country which we are soon to help support. Most of us are near the age when the ballot-box and the "voice of freedom" are given to us; yet how few of us are capable of using the rights thus granted us? How many of us can throw aside the prejudices of our fathers and speak openly and squarely for any party with reason and argument to support us? Most of us know too little of the political workings of our nation, and this ignorance and lack of enthusiasm in a college of our standing is not only shameful but wholly uncalled for. With almost no expense and but little exertion, we could have several campaign clubs here, the organization of which would stir up the boys to action and interest; relieve the monotony by debate and argument, and in fact would force every student to declare his politics and support his party. We could have on file all the speeches and papers of the campaign; all the reports and statistics; in fact, everything that is needful to a full understanding of the phases of our national politics, and thus with a little exertion give us the means for combining our classical education with a thorough practical knowledge of political history and work, without which no man need hope to succeed.

As THE college year opens it brings with it a great tide of changes, and very conspicuous among them may be seen the tall form of our "new major," and the youthful forms of 60 or 70 new students. Of the latter, few may be found who were not strongly influenced to come among us by the presence of a military

department, with a "real soldier" at its head. It has aided largely to bring these young men here, and now will it give them what it ought, or will it not? Look at it as you may, this fall marks the turning point in our military department,—either it must be made compulsory, and thus retain its place as one of the great levers of our college, or it must be abandoned, and leave us the name of being too feeble to keep what largely enables us to compete with and surpass so many other institutions. As we look upon the forms of the "old boys," whom it has straightened and strengthened, we hate to see it go; and as we see this year's large influx of recruits we hate still more to see it go. But the past three years have taught us that it cannot succeed with the little chance it has for success. We are sorry to say it, but the majority of our faculty take too little interest in this enterprise. We are also sorry to say it, but we have a "too-literary" and a "too-lazy" class in our school, who are allowed to do as they please about being cadets, who not only take no interest in it, but persist in ridiculing it and doing all in their power to harm it. The few boys who at first take interest and pride in their company, taught by the influences around them, lose this interest as soon as the novelty wears off, and there being neither competition nor compulsion, they gradually thin out the ranks and leave their officers discouraged and dispirited. The result is a weak and straggling battalion, one which, though it has never failed "on parade," yet which gives to college and student not one-tenth the benefit it might. There are too few government stations and too many colleges anxious for our appointment, for us to slight it as we have done. We *must* make it compulsory from Prep. to Senior, and though a few may lament, yet the majority will be pleased. Except some higher classes or some few special cases, if need be, but, at least, let it be forced into each regular course for gentlemen below the Senior year. Give it a place in the college curriculum and make its name increase the value of our diplomas. Place it in our catalogue on the same footing with our Greek and Latin, whose value it so greatly increases. Do not tell the student, "you are *expected* to take our military course," but rather, "you *must* take it if you wish to graduate." Then, and then only, will it get the hearty co-operation of the boys, which, mingled with a stronger support from the faculty, will generate an interest and a pride that in a few terms will give our "fallen cause" the foundation that it needs, and as Maj. Webster promises, "the best drilled battalion in the State."

Only 20 out of 100, who made application for admission to the freshman class in Columbia College, were admitted without condition.

Locals.

HALF-PAST SIX TO HALF-PAST SEVEN.

They're having a beautiful fuss
 Away on the top of the hill,
 And things are in a sad muss
 In their old Theological Mill.

They've built a new hall by donation,
 With all the most modern fixtures;
 With doors of oaken duration,
 And cute combination Yale strictures.

Fair damsels from over the country
 Are caged within its brick walls.
 To be gorged on Methodist bounty,
 Exactly like bovines in stalls.

Let a fair form be seen at the door
 To inhale a breath of fresh air,
 And you hear the matron's fierce roar—
 "There are boys in the street, girls, take care!"

They cannot go into the town
 To ease the monotonous strain,
 Unless a perpetual frown
 Attends them until home again.

By the grace of the kind Faculty,
 There's a sweet little hour to call;
 Just time to say "how 'do." "good bye,"
 And into your coat—smack! that's all.

Poor girls; 'tis an outrageous trick,
 And you are not having fair play;
 Indulge in a general kick
 And make them come down—that's the way.

When d'ju get back?

"Half-past six to half-past seven."

The members of the Zoology class are arranging for a steamboat excursion up the canal in quest of mud-puppies and other birds.

A Garfield and Arthur marching club is being organized among the students. About a hundred names have already been obtained.

The "up and down process" is still popular in Culver Hall. Its advocates made many proselites among the new students last week, and gave them a lift early in their college life.

If anybody is laboring under the grave misapprehension that they come to college to play billiards, let them call for their certificate of good moral character and depart at once.

Special Regulation, No. 40: "Only such of the male students as can sport a tolerably well regulated mustache will be considered eligible to visit young ladies at Hulings Hall."

A student in the Biblical Department exhibited some astonishing precocity the other day, while undergoing examination before a Conference committee. He wasn't sure whether Thessalonica was a King or prophet. Palestine he thought was situated in Egypt on the Ganges.

Senior, perusing the catalogue to ascertain the requirements of the college in regard to the military department: "For purposes of tactical instruction the male students will be organized into a battalion of four companies." "Well, I'll be darned if they can organize me into a battalion of four companies."

A good deal of interest is manifested by friends of the college in the matter of furnishing Hulings Hall. Eight rooms have been fitted up in elegant style by different churches and private individuals in this city. Mrs. Moses Hill, of Cleveland, has furnished two rooms; Rev. Mrs. Corey, of Painsville, O., Mrs. Lewis Miller, of Akron and Mrs. Tarbell, of Titusville, have each furnished one. Others have been supplied with furniture already in the hands of the board of trustees, so that there will be no lack of accommodations for all the fair daughters who may seek an education within these classic halls.

Few colleges in the country offer as good accommodations to those desiring the use of the library as Allegheny. During the past year its access has been practically unrestricted, further than was necessary for the safety of the books. It has been open at all hours, and the tables have been supplied with the leading American magazines and reviews, besides the local, daily and weekly papers. Through the untiring energy of Prof. Tingley, nearly 4,000 volumes have been added to the library within the last three years; and we hope the authorities of the college will see the importance of heartily seconding his efforts, and providing liberally for its future maintenance and enlargement.

In our last issue we were called to chronicle the "matrimonial configuration" of Prof. J. H. Montgomery; now it again becomes our painful duty as a truthful and conscientious journalist to take cognizance of the fact that in the leisure and relaxation of the summer vacation, while his mind was temporarily freed from the care and discipline of French idioms and German compound inseparables, our worthy instructor in modern languages, Prof. W. G. Williams, bid adieu to the simplicity of bachelorhood and added his name to that innumerable scroll of benedicts who have sought solace from the ills of life in hymenean entanglement. His happy bride is Miss Carrie K. Wythe, of Ocean Grove, N. J., a graduate of Allegheny College, class of '77.

MAJOR GEO. O. WEBSTER.

Maj. Webster, who succeeds Maj. Hess, as Prof of Military Science and Tactics, is a native of Connecticut. He graduated from the U. S. Military Academy, West Point, June 12, 1866, and was assigned to the 4th Infantry as 2d Lieut., and served with his company at Fort Niagara, N. Y., until the spring of 1867, when the regiment was ordered to Wyoming Territory. On Nov. 19th, 1867, he was appointed Regimental Adjutant, which position he held until May, 1875. In 1871, the regiment was ordered to Kentucky, where it remained until 1873, when it was transferred to Little Rock, Ark., and thence to its old station in the Department of the Platte. It was while conducting the headquarters and band of the regiment from Frankfort, Ky., to Little Rock, that Lieut. Webster lost his wife and child by a railroad accident on the Louisville and Nashville railroad. In September, 1879, Lieut. Webster, then in command of his company, was ordered to the relief of the late Maj. Thornburg, on the Milk River, Colorado, his company forming a part of Gen. Merritt's column which made the celebrated march—probably unparalleled for rapidity and success—to the relief of that unfortunate command. He served with that command during the subsequent campaign against the Ute Indians. Lieut. Webster has proved himself a brave soldier and efficient officer in whatever station his country has called him, whether doing garrison duty in the East, or fighting Indians on the frontier, and we can assure him of a hearty welcome in the new command to which the government has appointed him. By direction of the War Department, Lieut. Webster will be designated by the title of Major during his connection with the college.

MINER—PHILLIPS.—The first M. E. Parsonage was early yesterday afternoon the scene of a very happy event, in which Miss Mary M. Phillips, of Liberty st., a niece of Dr. Pond, and Mr. Geo. S. Miner, a graduate of Allegheny, '80, plighted their troth. A few of the most intimate friends of the young couple were present, Rev. T. L. Flood performing the ceremonies. After the marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Miner drove to Townville where they are to visit friends, as also in Cambridge, Fairview and Girard, before going to Mr. Miner's new field of work in the west. About the 23d of this month they will leave for Nebraska City, Neb., visiting various cities en route. Mr. Miner places himself and his services at the disposal of the Nebraska State M. E. Conference which assembles on the 30th inst.—*Meadville Index, Sept. 8th.*

J. B. Siggins is attending medical lectures at Michigan University.

Personal.

C. E. Locke, '80, is preaching at Mineral Ridge, Ohio. A. M. Shellito, '79, is practicing law at Elkader, Iowa. P. A. Dix, '80, is teaching in Gowrie, Webster county, Iowa.

C. A. Ensign, '80, is about to begin the study of law at Newton Falls, O.

E. M. Wood, '79, is principal of the public schools of Sinclairville, N. Y.

A. L. Bates, '80, has begun the study of law with Joshua Douglass, of this city.

C. W. Rees, '78, has been elected principal of the public schools at Friend, Nebraska.

A. B. Colter, '80, is attending lectures at Wooster Medical College, Cleveland, O.

Miss Ida M. Tarbell, '80, is preceptress of Poland Union Seminary, Poland, Ohio.

F. S. Chryst, '80, "Old Sol," is ruminating over Blackstone's Commentaries at Warren, Ohio.

A. H. Siggins has left college and entered upon the study of law with Dodd & Lee, of Franklin.

F. F. Lippitt, '80, formerly known as "Melican Man," is pursuing the study of law at Guy's Mills, Pa.

Our old friend, Charley Bonner, a former student of the College, is dispensing kid gloves and log chains at Tionesta, Pa.

John McFarland, Esq., of this city, now in his eighty-first year, has been treasurer of Allegheny College for twenty-seven years.

R. D. Hoskins is engaged in the lumber business in Forest county, and is corresponding for the *Petroleum World* for recreation.

Mesrs. J. W. Moore, L. L. Doane and K. T. Mead have left college, and gone South in the employ of the Standard Oil Company.

Frank R. Burroughs is communing with dead men's bones and inhaling the nectar of the dissecting room at the Buffalo Medical College.

Lieut. G. M. Anderson did not return to College this fall, and now it transpires that he is about to spread his sails upon the matrimonial sea.

Dr. Hyde has been absent a few days to attend the funeral of his father, who died at Clifton Springs, N. Y., at the advanced age of 83.

John Adams, A. L. Bates and C. E. Richmond recently addressed a large Garfield and Arthur meeting in the Court House of this city.

A. C. Ellis, '78, having finished his theological course at Drew and joined the East Ohio Conference, is dispensing the gospel at Caldwell, Ohio.

L. W. Colegrove, formerly a member of the class of '81, is measuring lumber and keeping books in the "big woods" of Forest county, this State.

John A. Bolard, '78, dentist of Millville, N. J., having recently formed a partnership in which he retains the "better half," has been on a wedding tour to Conneautville, Pa.

J. A. Wann and C. A. Ensign have been appointed delegates to represent the Alpha Chapter, Delta Tau Delta Fraternity, in the Convention which convenes at Chicago, Oct. 13th.

G. A. Nodine, '80—"Ben Hogan,"—is ruminating among the connoisseurs of legal science and absorbing megatherium ideas of civil and criminal jurisprudence with M. Park Davis, of this city.

Among the old students whose faces we have missed during the past year, we are pleased to note the return of Messrs. Yates, Gilbert, Everett, Monks, Burkhalter and Grant. Glad to see you back, boys.

Dr. and Mrs. Bugbee departed last Tuesday for Philadelphia, whence they will go to Huntington, W. Va., in time to be present at the regular session of the W. Va. Conference, which convenes in that city October 14th. They will be absent about three weeks. Dr. Bugbee has been closely confined during the summer vacation attending to the interests of the college and is in urgent need of a little rest.

Educational.

The obelisk has arrived at New York at last.
Three Japanese ladies are studying at Vassar.
Several Indians of the Creek nation are at Wooster.
The first college paper was published at Dartmouth, 1800.

The average at which students matriculate at Oxford is 19.

One hundred and thirteen lady students at Boston University.

In 240 years there have been 22 presidents of Harvard College.

A graduate of Harvard is about to issue a song book of all the colleges.

University of Leipsic has 3,500 students. The students always smoke in the class-room until the professor comes.

The Russian Minister of Public Instruction has decreed that no university under his jurisdiction shall henceforth admit a student who is married, and that students who get married after matriculation shall be expelled.

It is proposed by nine New England Colleges,—Harvard, Yale, Brown, Amherst, Williams, Trinity, Boston University, and Dartmouth, to modify their methods of examination, so that they shall have a uniform examination on the same day for all the colleges.

The Table.

"Plan your work and work your plan."

Swift says, "No man ever made an ill-figure who understood his own talents—nor a good one who mistook them."

The most noble of Roman Emperors said, "Give thyself time to learn something new and good and cease to be whirled around.

"Hands wanted on boys' pants," is the daily advertisement in the newspapers. 'Twas always thus from childhood's hours.—*Ex.*

An exchange assumes to tell "What the Indians most raise." The thing they most raise is what Robert Ingersoll does not believe in.

The world iz waking up tu the importans ov fonetic spelling. The milz ov the godz grind slo, but ar shurli grinding! Let scoferz tak hed!!—*Ex.*

Mlle. Griswold, who has just gained the first prize for singing in the Paris Conservatoire, belongs to the American colony in Paris, and is a niece of Bret Harte.—*Ex.*

A doctor and military officer became enamored of the same young lady. She said it was hard to choose between them, they were both such killing fellows.—*University.*

At the wedding of a young lady who had been a noted flirt, when the usual question was asked, "Who gives this woman away?" a gentleman present said, "I can, but I won't."

Professor: "Can any one tell us the origin of the expression 'Go to'?" Embryo Minister: "Perhaps there was something more to it once, and they left it off because it didn't sound well."—*Ex.*

Everything in nature indulges in amusement. The lightning plays, the wind whistles, the thunder rolls, the snow flies, the waves leap, and the fields smile. Even the buds shoot and the rivers run.—*Ex.*

Pater to his Hopeful Son: "You are now getting nearly through with your college studies; what had you rather do in life?" Hopeful Son: "Well, if it's all the same to you, I had rather be a retired merchant."—*Ex.*

A wonderful Spanish tenor is about to appear in Rome. His name is Azcaray, and not long ago he was at work as a carpenter. He was heard singing in the street.—*Musical Herald.*

Literary young man at party: "Miss Jones, have you seen Crabb's Tales?" *Young lady (scornfully)*: "I was not aware that crabs had tails." *Literary young man (covered with confusion)*: "I beg your pardon. I should

have said, read Crabb's Tales." *Young lady (angrily scornful)*: "And I was not aware that red crabs had tails either." *Exit young man.—Ex.*

Student (sociably): "Well, that takes the cake!" Frenchman (amazedly): "Eh, Monsieur!" Student (gruffly): "It yanks the bun." Frenchman (apologizingly): "Pardon, Monsieur, *mais je ne*—" Student (emphatically): "Elopes with the cookie." Frenchman beats a retreat, and student mutters: "Well, he does snag the gingerbread."—*Ex.*

Exchanges.

The editorial department of the *Washington Jeffersonian* is good. The present number contains many sensible articles, and we are pleased to find this paper among our list of exchanges.

Here on the top lies *The University Magazine*, with a very substantial look, and we find the inside to contain what is indicated by the outside. It contains a very readable article upon "Caste," and much concerning the "Lake George Race."

The next we take up is the *Niagara Index*, and are much interested in the articles "Character of King Lear," and "Office of the Press." *The Index* has a most wondrous platform, and evidently is preparing itself to do "wordy battling." Glad you have told us you have your "cartridges" already, for "forewarned is forearmed."

Returning late to college, the first thing that is impressed upon us is that it is time for the CAMPUS to be out. And to the exchanges awaiting us, we have only time to extend greeting to all, and note the contents of a few of the latest. What our platform shall be we have not had time to decide. Some of our "brother exchanges" have said a most pleasant "How do you do!" Others have sounded the "war cry," but to all—friend or foe—we give a most hearty welcome.

Reviews.

The *Musical Herald* is a monthly journal well printed and illustrated. Its principal aim is to improve and elevate the standard of church music.

The October *Scribner* contains the second installment of this life; and the November number will have a frontispiece engraving of Millet's famous picture, "The Sower."

Winter is coming, and all having farms or even garden plots will find valuable aid in the *American Agriculturist* for October, just issued, with its hundreds of practical directions, hints and suggestions.

The *Art Amateur*, devoted to the cultivation of art in the household, for October, treats of subjects which are of real interest, and contains much enjoyable reading and many practical suggestions. The designs in this number are beautiful.

The interesting biography of "Jean Francois Millet," by Alfred Sensier, now appearing in *Scribner*, is receiving the notice it deserves. The *Tribune* says:

"It is a paper of the deepest interest, and there is little doubt that the life will prove one of the most attractive features of the magazine."

The contents of *St. Nicholas* for this month are charming. Louise M. Alcott's serial story, Jack and Gill, is brought to a happy end in this number. There is also an interesting account, by Olive Thorne Miller, of "The House with the Lace Front." Many funny rhymes and comical pictures appear throughout this number.

Harper's Magazine for October, while in illustration as beautiful as the preceding numbers, is especially remarkable for the variety and excellence of its reading matter. In the opening article, Miss C.F. Gordon-Cummings describes the ascent of the famous Mount Fujiyama, and her beautiful drawings which illustrate the article are even surpassed by the pictures of her pen. Miss Sarah O. Jewett contributes a paper entitled "An Autumn Holiday." The pathos of an October day is as apparent in the humorous anecdotes told by her old gossip, as in her descriptions of an autumnal landscape. The Editor's *Easy Chair* is full of interesting matter. The *Drawer* contains a humorous poem by Mrs. E. T. Corbett, entitled "Miss Minerva's Disappointment," a strong character sketch by R. M. Johnston—"Len Peek's Wager," and some very quaint Scotch stories, with illustrations. The other Editorial Departments maintain the usual high standard of excellence.

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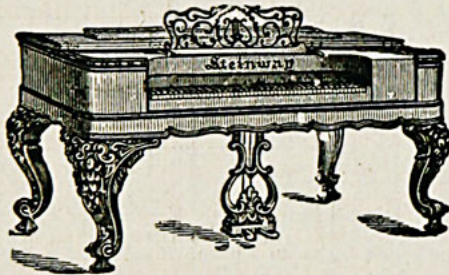
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