THE CAMPUS.

"INTER SILVAS ACADEMI QUÆRIMUS VERUM."

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A DAY OF BEAUTY.

This day of beauty is my Father's smile,
Boundless, and free, and bright;
Poured down from Heaven, over earth the while,
Baptizing it in light.
It fills the spirit with a sense of peace,
And melts the frozen rills with swift release.

To watch this wondrous miracle of spring—
This Resurrection power,
The warmpth and life that touches everything,
From oak to tinniest flower,
And not to feel the All-embracing care
Enfold us as the ocean of the air,

Is to be wilful orphans, strange and lone,
Not caring how, or why
The south winds come with softly wooing tone,
Or sunlight gilds the sky,—
To feel upon the heart no thrill of love,
When bends the cloudless azure clear above.

I thank Thee, Father, for the sense I feel,
Of Thee, in all things fair,
The wondrous glory of Thyself revealed,
In earth, and sea, and air.
And upward wells the heart's instinctive praise,
That I may see Thee in these beauteous days;

And know that Thou wilt kindle up anew
The flame that flickers here,
Beyond the walls of soft etherial blue,
It shall burn strong and clear,
In the eternal radience of a spring,
Whose songful birds shall never more take wing.

THE POWER OF FEELING.

C. W. P., '85.

LIFE is but a picture, of which we are the figures. Character is the expression; sorrow, remorse and sin form the shading; joy, sympathy, love and rightness make the light. Though men have spent their lives in earnest, faithful study of this great picture since first it was revealed to human vision, no one has been able to comprehend the breadth and depth of its meaning. New objects, ideas and expressions are continually being discovered. But why that shading here that stroke of light yonder—what means this expression or that one, will ever be a study. Years of ceaseless toil have been devoted in attempting to reproduce on canvas or in marble, an expression of the innocence, purity, and trust, as embodied in the little child kneeling at it's evening prayer; and yet, what imperfect representation is possible. Of all the forces of our natures, those of the emotional being exercise, perhaps, the greatest sway over our existence, and clothe this life in sunshine or in shade. To attempt the analysis of the human mind, seems impossible; yet our very existence is a key to the inner chamber of the human heart, and we are permitted to feel much that the light of reason fails to reveal. All are conscious of an emotional nature which thrills at the accomplishment of some noble work, or the attainment of some worthy and desired end, which vibrates in sweet unision with the joy of others, or responds in mournful harmony to their sorrow; which answers with wild, jubilant notes to the call of patriotism, or with sweet, tender tones the touch of the affections; which give back harsh, discordant sounds upon contact with sin, but which breathes forth ineffable harmonies at the touch of a Saviour's love. This nature is the strongest part in man's being. Reason and will bow before its throne. * * * But not alone in the great wave, when a thousand hearts are united as one, is its power felt. It serves to give an impetus to the great undercurrent of human life, and is controlled by no imperial mandate. The brilliancy of fame and honor won in fields of war, politics, literature and art, pales before the pure and steady lustre of affection. Thus we saw the man whom nations waited to honor, claim his aged mother's blessing, holding it sweeter than the adulation of statesmen and warriors. It was not so much the wonderful intellect or indomitable will that has enshrined in memory the name of Lincoln, but his great heart. That heart which felt such an overwhelming care and sorrow for the national dangers and calamities; took such a deep interest in the personal welfare of the common soldier. That heart that rendered it almost impossible for him to sign the death warrant of one of his countrymen, but the rather prompted him to exercise his executive clemency. * * * An orator may batter in vain at the door of reason with his most ponderous arguments, or unavailing attempt to pierce with his keenest logic the armory of indifference, prejudice or bigotry; but deep, unaffected feeling, flowing from the inmost being, rarely fails to warm the coldest heart, and soften the sternest mood. In our own inner lives, what brings the tears to the eyes and softens the harsh lines of the features, when memory recalls some sad or sacred scence so long since passed? What to-day wraps in clouds the future and to-morrow clothes it in sunshine? 'Tis feeling. She it is who lends the charm to art that makes the artist's name immortal, speaks with tender tones through the sweetest strains of poets. Within emotion's realm are fought the battles of the immaterial world. Conflicts that bow the proudest head of man,—that turn the whole current of a life back upon itself, and cut new channels, as water hurled against a rock rolls back and finds a new escape. Truly, here are fought the battles that every man has felt within

himself, and whose united force have produced the current of the Reformation and Christianity's great wave. We admire the beautiful and sublime, and perpetuate noble lives and deeds by marble piles, because feeling rather than reason bids us. We build our hospitals and asylums, and send the gospel to foreign lands at her command. She makes the aching, nameless void within our hearts, but she it is that fills it up again. And as years pass by and life's decline is reached, she renders man susceptible to the light that Heaven sheds upon life's closing day, which human sight cannot perceive or finite reason grasp; but which, with faith, makes darkness light, and crowns gray hairs of age with a coronet of gold. Ay, man must feel his way to Heaven.

OUR VOYAGE.

WE started from Bombay on a gloomy, rainy morning in the middle of June, 1879, and for forty-six long days sailed in the waters of the Indian Ocean. During this portion of the voyage there were some days in which we passed through a succession of storms, called "arched squalls." The sky would be quite clear and bright, but for a low bank of dark clouds on the horizon. This black line would presently lift and form an arch. Immediately all aboard were actively engaged in furling sails and getting everything ready, for within twenty minutes there would come upon us a furious squall, which, while it lasted, would threaten to tear everything to pieces. I have known days in which we passed through as many as twenty of these, with no greater damage, thanks to our captain's faithful watching of the sky, than the utter wearing out of the crew with fatigue and the straining of the rigging. On the evening of the forty-sixth day we neared the southern coast of Africa, and were caught in a terrific storm. For many hours that night the captain despaired of saving the ship. Great mountain waves, running in two directions, partially across each others' track, dashed together in furious recklessness, and our ship was tossed about, now speeding down a yawning abyss, again rising on a phosphorescent crest, like a cork in some gigantic mill-pond, while the oldest sailors found it impossible to keep their feet, and if the crack of doom was not heard, there were several noises that might have been mistaken for it all around us. It seemed as though every timber must start, every rope be blown loose. For sixteen hours the gallant ship weathered this fearful storm, and then we seemed to be driving out of the reach of it, and in two days found ourselves, one beautiful winter morning (we were in the southern hemisphere), in full sight of the South African coast. With much interest I looked upon the shores of a new continent.

Now that the Cape was rounded, every one aboard thought and talked of reaching Liverpool. The first mate was incautious enough to say we would reach England in fifty days, whereupon he was severely snubbed by the captain, who, though an American, and a New Englander at that, was very superstitious, and profoundly believed that fixing early days for the completion of a voyage was only throwing out a challenge to some thwarting Providence.

A fortnight after we left the African coast behind us, the captain woke me up at 4 A. M. to catch the first glimpse of St. Helena. At 8 o'clock we were so near the island that it almost seemed as if we could throw a stone ashore. It would be impossible for me to describe the crowd of pleasurable emotions that filled me on looking once more upon human habitations and the evidences of human life; the memory, too, of the great man whose heart was here broken by continued dwelling on the memory of his blasted hopes, his foiled ambition—the thought that this lone, sea-girt isle was once the prison of the Napoleon at whom, at one time, all Europe trembled, gave fascination to the scene. I was anxious to land and explore some portion of the island, but the wind was favorable and the captain did not wish to lose any time. So we kept on our way, rejoicing, however, in the thought that our ship's name had been reported and would soon appear in the Indian papers, and thus convey intelligence of our safety up to date to our friends at home.

Some days after we passed, but at a distance from it, the island of Ascension, which is used as a naval depot by the British fleet sailing in African waters. This island is certainly one of the most beautiful sights I have every seen. Surrounded by a circle of foam, its green fields stretch from the shore up an incline till they culminate in a peak, appropriately named Green Mountain.

We now fell in with the trade winds, and were making rapid progress to our destination, when, alas! approaching the equator, we were becalmed, and for ten long days lay

> "As idle as a painted ship
> Upon a painted ocean."

The captain fumed and swore at the crew in turn, assigning some superstitious reason why each one was the cause of the calm, until he bethought him of the first mate's unhappy prophecy. The whole thing became as clear as daylight to him, and the poor mate was glad to fall sick and be confined to his bunk.

The longest calm, however, has an end. Ours ended in a violent storm, which drove us so much out of our way that we were much nearer New York than Liverpool, for a whole week. On the morning of the one hundredth day we sighted the southern shores of Ireland, and expectations ran high—we were but one day's sail from where a steam tug would haul us into the mouth of the Mersey to Liverpool.

> "But the best laid plans o' mice and men
> Gang aft aglee."

There sprung up a north wind which blew right in our teeth, and, with as much resignation as we could command, we lay for six days, sailing hither and thither, but not gaining a mile on our course—as splenetic, morose and ill-natured a lot as ever I have seen. The one hundred and seventh morning dawned, as best it could, through a heavy fog; but the wind was fair, and that night, towed by a little, snorting, noisy tug-boat, we entered the Liverpool docks—out of exile, restored to the busy haunts of our kind.

AN AMERICAN PECULIARITY.

BY E. S. B., '85.

IF there is any one nation upon the earth in which the new and wonderful awakens emotions of pleasure and satisfies a hungry curiosity. that nation, above all others, is our own. Nations, like individuals, seem to be governed at times by passion; they appear to be moved by similar emotions, and the wants of one seem to be as the wants of the other. As children ignore temperance and propriety in their indulgence of a fond desire, or a peculiar whim, so a nation may go to an extreme and make itself an object of ridicule and laughter in the eyes of the wise and thoughtful. I design, in a few words, to point out one of the most noticeable of America's peculiarities.

The American eye is always on the alert to discover something new and novel. No matter how small,how insignificant, how utterly ridiculous, she takes up a new thing, squints at it with a sort of a knowing, mirthful glance, throws it before the public, and declares it is something new and worthy of attention. At this declaration, eyes start up out of every nook and corner of the land, like a shower of sparks stirred from a smouldering fire and look toward the wonderful novelty, which has now become a magnetic center. First it is a *wheeled* toy—a bicycle. Everyone wants a bicycle. Everyone must navigate the earth on wheeles. Babies must have them to play with. Children must have them for amusement, to fall off from, to break their necks with, and to keep them out of the way of busy and nervous mothers. Schoolboys must have them to strengthen their growing limbs. Stylish young men must have them to show the admiring gazers how gracefully and swiftly they can manipulate them. Sallow-faced clerks and blear-eyed students must have them to exercise their flabby muscles. Consumptives and invalids take them regularly as medicine. We have even heard of wise and learned men making a tour of Europe with them. But, most wonderful of all, even the ladies who are seldom, if ever, influenced by any of the frivolities of this world, have bicycles made for their own use and amusement. Bicycles are all the rage, and at *this* critical moment, *Americans* would *die* without them. But as children tire of their dearest playthings, so the nation throws aside its most popular toy for something more new and novel. Now it is a game, —croquet. The nation plays croquet. The rich and the poor, the high and the low, the black and the white, the young and the old, the wise and the ignorant—everyone rolls wooden balls over the earth with a wooden mallet. They play from sunrise till sunset. They play from Spring until Winter; and when the frosts nip their fingers and toes, the nation's parlors become the fields of action. Again the game is changed; and now it is archery. Everybody shoots. The weapon of the blood-thirsty savage, says our pleasure-loving America, is a most delightful means of amusement. With this information, every American clamors for a hickory stick with a string tied to it. Whole forests must be cut dow and manufactured into bows and arrows for America to play with. The dread curse of disease and famine may sweep through the land; war and bloodshed may convulse the nation; the assassin and the red-handed bandit may stalk about; but, amidst all these, young America, calm and unconcerned, will shoot at targets for amusement. It is well for a young lady to be a skillful musician; to be acquainted with books; to be highly educated; but now, if she knows nothing of archery—if she has not attained to the beautiful accomplishment of striking the side of a barn with a pointed stick at six paces, society has no place for her. Other accomplishments are desirable, but *now* he or she is a heathen who doesn't "arch." But the last toy soon grows old, and Uncle Sam's children cry for something new. The outside world looks on with a smile as it beholds in the hands of every true American a little bright colored box. On the cover, in the style of infantile charts for teaching children their A B C's and the digits, are the numbers 13, 14, 15, and after these, the word "puzzle." Inside of this bright painted box are little, round blocks with figures on them. This plaything very much resembles the box of alphabet blocks made for very small children and infants. You may travel from Maine to the Pacific; from the Gulf to the farthest habitation of the North; look into every town and hamlet; peep into the most secluded nook, and wherever you find an American there you will find one of these wonderful boxes. The smallest child, as well as the sober, digfied forms of age and wisdom, bend over this new toy and count again and again the little blocks. They enter into the sport with a zest and an interest which does one good to behold. When the player has whiled away eight or ten hours of uninterrupted pleasure, he picks up the new plaything and hurries away to devote the remaining two or three hours of the day to the duties of his calling or profession, but ever carries with him securely stowed away in his pocket that wonderful, that unique, that national curiosity, the "13, 14, 15 puzzle." And so, from one thing to another, this fickle—this fun-loving American nation turns its attention. Although I may have exaggerated a very little in this short article, yet I feel confident in asserting that, in more eyes than one, does our nation seem altogether too extravagant in the indulgence of certain childlike whims.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CHICAGO, May 9, 1882.

To Editors of Campus, Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa.

DEAR SIRS:—We desire to express, through the columns of your valuable paper, our sincere thanks to the students of Allegheny College for the hearty co-operation and support they have given the American College Song Book. We have depended for the success of the work upon the efforts of the college world in its behalf. These have been put forth with energy and heartiness, and the result is a cellection unsurpassed —as college songs—in variety and beauty. They appear as the best selections from the songs of each of fifty colleges. The book is full of jolly, ringing songs, abounding in humor and fun; and yet among them there are not wanting songs of a more serious or meditative character. In fact, they represent every phase of college life. The "Prep.," the "Fresh.," the

"Soph.," the "Junior" and dignified "Senior," are all duly characterized. As we sing these songs, we imagine ourselves "'Neath the Elm of Old Trinity," and feel the majesty and beauty of the place; or, "in Meadville, high upon the hill," we see "Old Allegheny." Or, again, in—

"The quiet glade, deep in the shade,"
The noisy brook, the cosy nook,
The charming seat, just right for two,

Which is "the good, old way at Brown." We hear the Pennsylvania boys singing their "Adoratio" to their own "too, too.' With the Vermont boys, we "glide over the moon-lit waters o the Lake Champlain." When we sing of the "Handsome Dartmouth Student," we wonder if some other Dartmouthonian wouldn't like a "corner" on that Fem. Sem. Sofa. The "Sleigh Song" of Boston University carries us back to many a starlit night, and in "Love, Linger no Longer," "Oh, Eyes so Bright," "Good Night," "Farewell," we sing again our old serenades. The "Vocal Waltz" is enchanting, and in "Bowdoin Crew" and "The race," we feel ourselves thrilled with the spirit that inspires the gallant oarsman on to victory. The book contains 256 pages, on all of which are songs; and, with few exceptions, the music accompanies every song. We have used beautiful tinted paper, and the binding is elegant, being rich silk cloth. On the cover is a handsome design in gilt, embodying the title "The American College Song book."

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EMERSON.

THE late Ralph Waldo Emerson had for more than forty years held a peculiar place in the literary and philosophical world. We propose not to give his biography, but to name some of his views, which gave him his marked ascendance.

1. *He held that the mind transcends its own experiences.* Dreamy and indefinite as this may seem to some, it gave rise to the Transcendental School of thinkers, whose master in metaphysics was Kant, in Germany. The free and boundless range of the mind was an exhilarating doctrine. A vast, unconquered realm seemed opening through the clouds, and men leaped up to grasp the undefined, often illusive, but entrancing possibilities of thought.

2. *There is a divine element working in and with every man.* In the building of the Pyramids and the Parthenon, "The passive Master lent his hand to the vast soul that over him planned" and all the Divine Word "still floats upon the morning wind"—still whispers to the willing mind." For this he was reckoned Pantheist, Deist and Universalist. He knew not, nor cared what he was, and his thoughts in this way are often reckless—unsafe; but they gave enchantment to human life and importance to the welfare of every human being, for they expressed the true, abiding, dignity of man.

3. *All the wealth of the past belongs to the present.* "I am the sum of all that has been:" "of Homer's fancy, Plato's brain, the Lord Christ's heart and Shakespeare's strain." This gave men a large, ennobling idea of this age, and its privileges and endowments. As in geology we are told that the earth of to-day—*our* earth—is the product of rich epochs and mighty changes gone by. So, in every line of human experience, all riches of ages have accumulated, and these are ours.

4. *Yesterday is not to give laws to to-day.* "A fig for consistency!" The shadowy past is not to speak from its dim recess, and tell me what I am to do. "Thou hadst thy day. This, now, is mine, and thou canst not comprehend it." This had a marvelous effect in releasing thought from constraint and profitless reverence for antiquity. It inspired young minds with a lively sense of both freedom and responsibility. It chimed with Longfellow's "Let the dead past bury its dead."

Upon these views Emerson discoursed in poem, essay and lecture. He was a master in English speech, using clear, forcible and tuneful words. Though awkward at versification, he had the soul of a poet, and what he said in prose or verse was well said or sung.

Carlyle and Darwin, in England, confessed the pleasure and benefit he gave them. In his own town he lectured to his townsmen one hundred times, and in all the land, in his active days, he was heard with delight. His gift was in awakening the thoughts of others. After listening for an hour, one could hardly recall what he had heard, but felt a sense of delight, as if speech and doctrine had fallen upon him as the dew and the cheering rain. Calm and quietly polite to all, always cool in utterance, and making an impression of boundless force in reserve, he was a man to remember. His one rousing corrollary and exhortation fell on young ears like the ringing tones of a cornet. "*Why not build your own world?*" And it roused many to a strenuous, effective, honorable career.

CONNEAUT LAKE.

From the Allegheny Magazine for November, 1816.

Eight miles, in a southwesterly direction from Meadville, is a beautiful lake, somewhat of an oval form, three or four miles in length and perhaps over one in breadth. The orthography of its name seems to be unsettled, as it is written variously. It is commonly pronounced as if spelled, *Con-ne-ot*, with a slight accent on the last syllable, but the principal on the first. To convey an idea of its true Seneca pronunciation, it might be expressed in these letters, *Kon-ne-yaut*. The first syllable is to be pronounced distinctly, but is short. The second has the Indian, drawling accent. The last is long, and commences with the liquid sound of the letter Y. The reason for giving this name to the lake is, that, being frozen, the snow was frequently noticed to remain on the ice a considerable time after it had disappeared in its vicinity. It, therefore, means something about *snow*, or *snow place*. *Conneautte*, a name given to a very small lake, some miles northerly from the former, is not the Indian name, but has been derived by the successors of the aborigines from Konneyaut, and is used as its diminutive.

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THE Senior dissertation contest, from its conditions the finest contest of the year, brought out the fact that the College societies are about equal. Of the "big six," two were Philos, three Alleghenians and one Ossoli. The greater number of Alleghenians was compensated by a Philo, Mr. J. H. Miller, being the prizeman. We congratulate all the literary societies on the excellence of the several performers, and especially extend a hand to Mr. Miller, who has scored several victories this term—none more full of honor than the one declaring him the winner of the Senior dissertation contest of '82.

IN this day of lectures, almost anybody can do something in this line. Yet there are lecturers, and lecturers. One of the finest of the genus, in his own line, we have lately had the pleasure of hearing—Mr. Bain's lecture on the well worn subject of Intemperance—was a pleasing presentation of old truths. The lecturer won the sympathy of his audience by his frank, pleasant address, and soon captured them with his facility in passing from the grave to the gay—from sunshine to tears. He gained fresh laurels each time he spoke; and we can assure him of a hearty welcome whenever he shall again visit Meadville.

WE wish the new Board of Editors would arrange to offer a prize for short literary articles—not to exceed seven hundred and and fifty words—competitors to furnish one each term, two members of the Faculty to be judges, the highest average mark to receive the prize; special qualification of the contributions to be their fitness for a college journal. Prize—Webster's dictionary with stand. The business manager could easily spare this, and the literary columns would have more original matter than they have had. Let none be excluded from competition. We would also suggest a more attractive cover. Many college papers during the year, while complimenting our literary work, have commented on our external appearance.

WE know of no sadder sight than that of a young man at College gradually forming the habits of a beer guzzler. His companions all know of his secret sprees, and there is not a thoughtful one among them but pities the poor fellow who is courting ruin for himself and terrible disappointment for the dear friends at home. Fortunately there are few such at Allegheny, and to them we say—boys, do not think you are not known; your glazed eyes, stupid look and offensive breath the morning after a spree, easily point you out You cannot but lose the respect of all decent men, and as to your progress as students, once these habits are fastened on you, you might as well be in Timbuctoo as at college for all the good you'll get.

WE were surprised, and even amazed, at the position taken by the writer of one of the Senior theses. The gentleman seriously discussed the rights of woman, and declared her unfit not only for the ballot but for professional life; because, (among other reasons), her brain is smaller than man's. What gave a tinge of ludicrousness to the paper was the fact that, standing side by side with us are several of these inferior, small brained creatures, and, do what we will, we can not get much ahead of them, if any. On the admission of girls to the College the honor system was abolished, because it was found that the honors were falling almost exclusively to the young ladies; and in any class you visit you will find some girl first, or a very close second. In the contest for which the gentleman wrote his thesis a lady was second—a close second, and ahead of the writer of the article on which we comment.

COMMENCEMENT week promises to be full of interest, as will be seen by consulting the programme printed in another column. The Seniors are already hard at work on their orations, and may be seen walking about the Campus, abstracted, frowning, muttering snatches of sentences, "thus has the mind of man achieved victories through the ages," &c., &c. The class this year is comparatively small and young (hence failure to raise the customary moustache), but is of marked literary ability, and we are expecting great things of it.

Will the ladies suffer a word of exhortation? Why should they appear with manuscripts in their hands? Why not courageously fling them aside and *speak* to their audience? Their performance will be much improved; and if great, red fisted men can school themselves to speak without twisting their fingers or pulling at their coat skirts, why cannot dainty handed ladies?

WITH a sigh of relief, and with some reluctance, we address ourselves to the writing of our last items for the CAMPUS. Our work has been a pleasure to us, though it has taken much time we could ill spare. That the paper has, to some extent, met the expectations of our readers, we have had many pleasant assurances. We may be allowed to claim the credit of solving the question for Allegheny, how a College paper can be "entirely controlled by students;" and while freely expressing the mind of the students on all matters pertaining to the school, can, at the same time, carry itself respectfully toward the powers that be. In many things we have found fault with both students and faculty—not with captiousness of spirit, but with sincerity of purpose. Our remarks have been uniformly received in the spirit in which they were made.

Excellent men have been elected to succeed us, and the CAMPUS will continue to revive and gradually to gain the place it ought to hold in the esteem of our students and alumni. We have served our time. We are now ready to step out. We wish the new editors much success, and our patrons a hearty farewell.

WE hear many enquiries regarding the present state of the College—as to the numbers, the effect of raising the matriculation fee, &c. We have taken pains to procure from the College books the following figures, which speak for themselves:

The attendance during the years 1880–'81 and '81–'82 was as follows:

	Fall.	*Winter.*	*Spring.*	*Total.*	*Fees.*
1880–'81, - -	234.	224.	235.	693.	$6,930
1881–'82, - - -	222.	202.	195.	619.	9,285

From which it will be seen that the aggregate falling off in numbers during the year has been 74; while the increase in income has been $2,355. A further examination shows that this decrease in numbers is confined to the first preparatory class. This class last year numbering over 40 during the year and 73 in the final classification, is this year only 8 or 10, and will, in the catalogue, not exceed 40 or 45.

When the fee was raised, it was expected that there would be a falling off among the young students—boys, for the most part, too young for the comparatively lax discipline of a College; and we think it would be well to abolish this first preparatory class altogether, and utilize the time of the Professors in attending to the extra English we have proposed.

The College classes are as large to-day as usual; the Freshman class, always the index of the state of a College, is very large, and has better timber than we have seen in the past three years.

THE CAMPUS has, throughout the year, endeavored to keep before the Faculty and the various authorities, (the College has a plethora of them), the need for a new departure in the English Department, and we trust this matter will be discussed at the annual meeting of the Board of Control, &c. Our opinions have been formed not only by personal perception, but by conversation with a great many of the older and more thoughtful students. For the College to shut its ears to this growing demand would be folly. It is right that each Professor should magnify his own department,—that he should think it exceedingly important, may be nothing more than a commendable weakness; but that he should think so much of it as to refuse to have it trenched upon to make way for something that, in the opinion of the entire body of students, and of their parents and guardians, is of infinitely more importance, would be manifestly such a biased judgment as would not help the prospects of the College. We say what we absolutely know, when we declare considerable dissatisfaction to exist among the students that greater attention is not given to the study of history and *of the English language.* An elective course, substituting studies in these lines for some portions of the science, mathematics and classical language courses would specially commend itself to teachers, the young ladies, and to scores of others, whose needs and whose tastes this would meet.

HOW FEW of us are conscious that we are living in a decade which will furnish to future generations some of the most important lessons in history. The past few years have seen the inception of some movements and fresh developments of others, whose bearing upon the history of mankind must be momentous. The reforms being squeezed out of the Russian Czar by Nihilist intimidation, the antagonizing of a compact and influential people like the Jews, the expression of Russia's dreams of a Pan-Sclav empire by General Skobeloff, are all matters that will profoundly affect the hundred million people who live under the rule of the "Angel of the North." The expulsion of the Jesuits from France, the new emphasis laid upon national popular education, the withdrawing the consul from the Vatican means a final separation between Rome and her eldest, best beloved daughter. Scheming, intriguing Turkey threatens to bring on an imbroglio in Egypt, which may alienate her best friends—France and England. England's history is being largely affected by the Irish agitation, which is assuming new form and force from Irish-American growth. Almost every country in Europe is passing through profound changes. In America, the new position assumed towards China, the alarming proportions of European immigration, the growing greed of party politicians, are all factors that must work great and, perhaps, unexpected results in the near future. Meanwhile we confine our gaze so persistently to the little things around us, that a Sophomore rush or a Senior block is the most momentous thing in our horizon. The Seniors are about to go into the "wide, wide world," and when "we go out to meet them" perhaps we shall realize that we "are fallen on troublous times."

We would call special attention to the advertisement in this issue of Geo. A. Stone, the well-known Nurseryman, of Rochester, N. Y., who is in want of a few more salesmen to sell his now famous Pocklington Grape, and other new specialties in Nursery stock.

CLIPPINGS.

Toronto is to have a $50,000 Gymnasium.

Harvard is to have a College song book of its own.

An ancient way of rocking a man to sleep was stoning him to death.

Sixty-two per cent. of the Harvard graduates of last year are studying law.

President Woolsey says that 1,900 panes of glass were broken at Yale in two years.

President Seeleye of Amherst is spoken of as a possible candidate for governor of Mass.

The next Inter-State Oratorical contest will be held at Minneapolis on the first Thursday in May, 1883.

General Carl Schurz will deliver the oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at Harvard, the 9th of June.

Thomas H. McGraw, of Poughkeepsie, New York, has given $500,000 to endow the chair of Mental Philosophy at Amherst.

A Boston artist is credited with having painted an orange peel on the sidewalk so naturally that six fat men slipped down on it.

The alumni of Yale presented the Boat Club with a handsome steam launch valued at $3,400, to be used in coaching the College crews.

Quite a number of Columbia's Senior Class are preparing to go on a European excursion immediately on the close of the final examinations.

First Freshman to second ditto: "Did you get her photo. while you were away?" Second Freshman: "Well-ah, the fact is, she gave me her negative.

Fond Father: "Well, my son, how do you like college? Your Alma Matter has turned out some great men." Young Hopeful (just expelled): "Yes, sir; she has just turned me out."

The refusal of the students of Knoxville, Tenn., to admit a colored student to one of their societies, resulted in the expulsion of twenty-three of them. Fifty others have also left.

A policeman recently endeavoring to quell a serenade of Ann Arbor students was remunerated by a fine of six dollars and costs for assault and battery. College boys are not all bums.

A bootblack, smoking a "butt" which he had just picked up, is accosted by a comrade with, "Say, what brand of cigar is that?" "Robinson Crusoe." "Why d'yer call it that?" "'Cause it's a castaway."

The President of Harvard has written to the parents of the undergraduates concerning compulsory attendance at chapel services. The result was that only two-sevenths of them held family worship.

Harvard has been much troubled with high prices of board at Memorial, and it was voted to close the hall on the 22d of March, unless the number of students boarding there was largely increased. But an arrangement has now been made whereby the steward is to forfeit a hundred dollars for each month in which he allows the board to exceed the average rate of $4.25 per week.

He who would become Vs with the greatest Es, will not Us a pony or Ts the freshman; but he will keep his Is open, remember what he Cs, take care of his Vs, pay all he Os, and immediately subscribe for his college paper.

At a camp-meeting, lately, a venerable sister began the hymn: "My soul be on thy guard; ten thousand foes arise." She began too high. "Ten thousand," she screeched, and stopped. "Start her at five thousand!" cried a stock broker present.

Will the boy take a bath? No, the boy will not take a bath. His clothes are off because he is going to an examination. That is a lead pencil tied around his neck. He cannot cheat now, because he has nowhere to hid a book.

The University of Berlin had, a short time ago, over 4000 students, and it was feared that the laboratories and lecture rooms will be found insufficient to accommodate all. There are forty-three societies of various kinds among the students.

This is the way a West Pointer informed his parents that he had got the g. b.

My Dear Father: Fatted calf for one.
Yours, affectionately,
GEORGE.

A young lady of the "high æsthetic band" in Boston, invited a comman-place young man to meet two minds at her home one evening. The c. p. young man responded that he was very sorry that he could not accept, for he had a previous engagement to meet four stomachs.

Mr. F. F. Gunn, member of the Senior class at Williams, who has gained the highest standing attained there for fifteen years, refuses to accept the post of valedictorian, on the ground that the marking system is pernicious in its effects on scholarship, and on the health of the men who struggle for high honors.

A story is told of a member of a certain theological seminary who was so sensitive as to any suspicion of plagiarism, that he never allowed himself to make the slightest quotation without giving authority. On one occasion he commenced grace at breakfast thus. "Lord, we thank thee that we have awakened from the sleep which a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* has called 'the image of death.'"

John F. Slater, of Norwich, Conn., has given a million dollars to the cause of educating the young colored people of the South. A Board of Trustees has been incorporated as custodians of the fund, with R. B. Hayes as President. No money is to be put into land or buildings, but the interest of the fund is to be used directly for education. If, after 33 years, three-fourths of the trustees decide that there is no further use for the funds as now instituted, they can be devoted to the establishment of foundations subsidiary to the higher institutions that are accessible to poor colored students.

"Oh! when will freshmen change from green
To some more brilliant hue?
Oh, when will sophomores cease to tell
Professors what to do?
Oh, when will juniors quit the girls,
And act like little men?
Oh, when will seniors all agree
On class election? When?

THE COLLEGE PRESS.

Our exchanges during the past month have been full of memoirs of Longfellow, Emerson and Darwin, worthy subjects for eulogizing, and a fitting thing for college papers.

The Ninth Inter-State Oratorical Contest took place May 3d, at Indianapolis. The States represented were Ohio, Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin, Illinois and Indiana. The first honor was carried off by F. G. Hanchett of Chicago University, the second by Iowa State University, and the third by Indiana State University. Of course, there was any amount of dissatisfaction in regard to the decision. The college press of each State maintains that its orator was the best, which is very disgusting and seemingly void of sense. Granting that the decision was unjust, is it not always the best policy, when no good can be accomplished, to be silent? This idea of inviting men to act as judges, and, after a decision is rendered contrary to our expectations, of discussing and even "cussing" them is altogether wrong. *The College Courier*, of Monmouth, Ill., says: "The audience seemed well satisfied with the result. Certainly no one questioned the right of Illinois to the first position, which position, it may be remarked, she has occupied four times in the eight contests of the Association." *The Oberlin Review* says: "The decision giving first place to Mr. Hanchett, was met with silence on the part of all, except his immediate friends." * * "After the decision, the disgusted audience rapidly left the Opera House; the majority of people thinking that Ohio's representative should have been awarded the prize." *The College Transcript* of Delaware, Ohio, says of the judges: "They are men of scarcely local reputation. We had never heard of them before, and it was with great difficulty that we found any one who had. We have no ill-feeling toward them. We believe that they were honest and did as well as they knew how to do. But evidently they were not competent." "The audience was not satisfied with the decision of the judges; for the slight applause which greeted the announcement was mingled with with hisses."

A Western College Press Association was established by a number of College editors, who assembled at Indianapolis during the Inter-State convention. A constitution was adopted, officers elected, &c. It is to be hoped it will prove a success.

It is seldom we compliment any of our exchanges although we see in them many excellent qualities, superior *even* to those of our own paper. We can not refrain however, from mentioning *The Lantern*, of Ohio State University, not as the best College Journal, but as a good representative of a college paper. No department is neglected and a wide-awake spirit seems to prevail the whole paper. *The Wooster Collegian* is also worthy of special mention, for its general make-up and interesting matter.

For a moment we entertained the thought of publishing in this, the last issue of the present board, some of the notices, we have received at the hands of other College editors, of which, we are proud to say, we have had a very respectable number, some of them highly complimentary. But seeing a number of such self-laudatory columns in various papers, we became thoroughly disgusted, and determined to sacrifice all *self-glory* for the benefit of our readers and the good of our paper.

As we sit here quietly in our sanctum, surrounded with papers, writing these, our closing words in connection with the CAMPUS, we can not but think of our first article, in which we expressed some wonderful ideas about the exchange department, and how we scrutinized the first exchanges as they came to us. But now they come like old friends; we recognize the papers by their peculiar characteristics. There is the *Niagara Index* noted for its variety of news and genuine "cheek"; *The Chronicle*, for its Lits and heavy editorials; *The Varsity*, for its ugly appearance and University news; *The Arial*, for its soberness; The *Dickensonian*, for its fraternity news; *The Hobart Herald*, for its levity; *The Echo*, for its typography and Eastern College news; *The Tuftonian*, for its stale jokes; *The Badger* and *University Press*, for quarreling and making-up; *The Syracusan* and *University Herald*, ditto; *The University Magazine*, for Yale and Harvard sporting news; *The College Transcript*, among other things for its Monnetitems; and so we might mention other good College papers, all of which we are glad to have known. In our position we have breathed the atmosphere of many Colleges, instead of being pent up here at home, and feel that the benefit has well paid for the labor. Before laying down the much talked of quil, we wish to express, as our farewell words, a wish for the success and promotion of the College press throughout the land.

OUR PAPER.

Our chief object, during the past year, has been to raise the standard of our college journal, and thus overcome the strong prejudice existing among the students against it. That we have been wholly successful we can not say, but we know that the CAMPUS ranks higher in the estimation of our patrons than it has for several years. And, now, passing our work over to new hands, it seems fitting to offer a few suggestions. In the first place, the CAMPUS wants a live man at its head, one who, when sure he is right, will not be afraid ro express his opinions.

The literary department should occupy, at most, not more than three or four pages, and should always consist of short articles. As our paper is only published monthly, it must be increased in size in order to maintain its rank among other college journals. Two pages, at least, ought to be added to it. The military department, which was opened in our last issue, should be continued, to represent a prominent feature of our college. The adjutant of the corps will probably be best situated to edit this part. We believe, also, as the work of editing a college journal well is no small job, that our board of editors, which is small in comparison with those of other papers, should be increased by one, besides the military editor, whose work shall be the educational and personal columns. The personals throughout the present volume, we know, have been slighted, but ought never to be, as they are of more interest to Alumni than any other part of the paper.

The journal should be issued promptly at the beginning of each month. The literary articles ought to be taken to the office early, that they may be out of the way when the rest of the paper has to be made up. If a cover could be procured for the CAMPUS next year, it would add greatly to its appearance.

MILITARY DEPARTMENT.

Adjutant W. A. JACKSON, Editor.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE CORPS OF CADETS.

FIRST LIEUTENANT, GEO. O. WEBSTER, Fourth Infantry, U. S. Army, *Commandant.*

The following orders have been issued from headquarters since the last edition of the CAMPUS:

Orders No. 7. MAY 2, 1882.

Upon their own application, the following named Cadets are hereby honorably discharged from the Corps of Cadets, viz: Cadet Willis W. Kerr, Company A; Cadet Wilbur S. Jackman, Company D.

Orders No. 8. MAY 18, 1882.

The following assignment of new Cadets is hereby made, to take effect this date:

To Company A—Ira J. Dunn.
To Company B—T. Benton Long.
To Company C—John H Henderson.
To Company D—George W. Blystone, Thomas J. Horner, and Jesse W. Carey.

They will report to their respective Company Commanders for duty.

Orders No. 9. JUNE 1, 1882.

Sergeant Harry W. Plummer, Company C, is hereby relieved from special duty in charge of new Cadets, and will report to his Company Commander for duty with his company.

CADET CATCHES.

Governor Hoyt and Adjutant-General Latta have been invited to review the Corps of Cadets on Commencement day. General Latta would have inspected and reviewed the corps at Camp Dick, last summer, had not public business prevented.

Augustus E. Babcock, late Corporal of Company A, Corps of Cadets, is in the city, visiting his old friends. We would like to see him back in the corps.

We are glad to see the pleasant face of Sion B. Smith at the armory again. During his long sickness of last winter, the drum corps lost a practiced musician, and the sheepskin fiddlers would be glad to see him in their jolly corps once more.

Frank L. Wells, of Company C, has been in the sick report lately, with a sprained ankle.

Drum-Major Will. J. Hoover took a trip to Pittsburgh with the Northwestern Band, on the occasion of the Knights Templar parade. The Pittsburgh papers were very complimentary about his graceful style and "utterly too too" manner of swinging the baton.

Major Webster has introduced another new feature into the Military Department, viz:—Signaling. Upon the Major's request, General Hazen, Chief Signal Officer of the army (Old Probs.), has supplied the college with the necessary code cards, etc., and the signal class now numbers about twenty-five members, and is advancing to a high state of proficiency.

For the past few days the Faculty has been actively engaged on classification of students. Under the provisions of Orders No. 6, of April 14, 1882, several Cadets lose one or more of the studies allowed to be credited to them in that order, on account of absence from drills. Cadets can blame none but themselves for this, as they could, if they wished to take the trouble, make their explanations in time, and Major Webster is always disposed to be lenient.

The corps paraded in full force on Decoration Day. In addition to their excellent drum corps, the Saegertown Band, a very nice one, by the way, furnished excellent music at the head of the column. On account of the absence of Drum-Major Hoover at Pittsburgh, Corporal Baldwin filled that responsible position with admirable grace and success. As the young ladies said, "Who wouldn't be a Drum-Major?" The marching of the battalion was commented upon by every one, and the corps received high compliments in the city papers. The volleys at the cemetery were exceptionally fine. Altogether the Cadets may well feel proud of the impression which they created on that day.

We gratefully acknowldege the receipt of copies of the K. M I. *News*, published at the Kentucky Military Institute, near Frankfort, Kentucky. It is a bright little sheet, and, what is more attractive to us, a military one.

The session of the Pennsylvania Military Academy, at Chester, Pa., interrupted by the recent burning of the academy building, was resumed in the Ridley Park hotel, with 120 Cadets in attendance; among them three new Cadets. All of the 142 Cadets in attendance at the time of the fire will return. —*Army and Navy Register.*

AT THE GREAT BATTLEFIELD.

After looking over the battlefield at Chancellorsville, I went back to the brick house for dinner. During my absence a little, red-headed man had arrived, and he was introduced by the woman as her brother-in-law. As soon as I came in he began on me:

"Vas you under Sheneral Shackson in dis fight?"

"No."

"I tell you dot was an awful fight, my friendt. Blood poured out just like it vhas raining. Maybe you vhas under Sheneral Lee up der blank road?"

"No, I wasn't."

"Not under Lee? But dot Sheneral Lee vhas an awful fighter. Maybe you vhas mit Early, up at Fredricksburg?"

"No."

"So?" Vhell, dot Early was a sphlendid Sheneral, und he like to fight all der time. I feei sure you vhas mit Early. Maybe you vhas mit Hooker, eh?"

"No."

"Not mit Hooker down here? Den you vhas mit Sedgewick up der road?"

"No."

"Vhell, by golly! Not mit Shackson or Lee—mit Hooker or Sedgwick? Vhell! vhell! Dot beats me all over!"

Both of us fell to and began eating, and nothing further was heard until the meal was finished and we had gone out to look at some old cannon wheels in the yard. Then my friend put his hand on my shoulder, lowered his voice, and said:

"My friendt, if you vhas not mit, Lee, nor Shackson, nor Hooker in dis fight, maybe you and me vhas in de same place?"

"Maybe so. Where were you?"

"*In Canada*," he whispered.

He called "good by" after me as I rode away, but I wouldn't have answered him for a hundred dollars.—*Detroit Free Press.*

CHIT-CHAT ABOUT THE CAMPUS.

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Poor unhappy maidens we,
Maids forever, probably.
Many years we've laid for students,
Sacrificing pride and prudence;
Mashing Freshmen, green and silly,
Praising Sophomores' wicked folly.
Petted, loved (?), engaged to Juniors,
Left, at last, by cruel Seniors.
Handed down from one to other,
'Till our age, 'tis hard to cover.
Now no hope we have to marry,
But our aching hearts must carry
'Till some trader, prof., or tutor,
Takes us, in the distant future.
Woe to us! Unhappy misses!
Curse the students, and their kisses.—*Ex.*

We hope none of *our* Seniors have so far forgotten themselves as to deserve the imputation cast upon them by the foregoing extract.

Indications point to a very large attendance at Commencement.

Will the elective studies for military service be reduced to one for next year?

The campus looks lovely in its Spring verdure. Alumni, take note of this.

Prof. Reid and wife not long ago celebrated the 10th anniversary of their maariage.

The Misses Walton and Miss Farley, of Pittsburgh, visited at Prof. Hamnett's last week.

Chorus, by the girls, after hearing one of the Dissertations: "Tommy, how could you?"

A "Mock Congress" proved a pleasant diversion in the Allegheny Society at a regular meeting recently.

We understand that Carter Davis, the youth from Pittsburgh, will be here Commencement to claim that silver cup.

The senior vacation will begin this week. Some of the class will remain in town, others will spend the time at their homes.

The College catalogue will be printed in about one week. The work of classification has been proceeding for some time past.

The Philo-Franklin Society Hall is now by far the finest in College. Late improvements have added greatly to the beauty of the room.

Twenty-two graduates were set adrift upon a cold, cold world Friday last, from the Meadville High School. This closed the regular city school year.

Invitations are out announcing the wedding of Mr. J. M. Thoburm and Miss Emma Merchant, both of '81, which will occur at Corry, June 14th.

The Cleveland *Leader* and Pittsburgh *Commercial* as well as the local press, had extended notices of the Freshman and Sophomore "rush."

Think of exhausting some great national question in six minutes! And yet graduates are expected to do it. They rise to the emergency of the hour.

We acknowledge an invitation to be present at the closing exercises of Washington and Jefferson on the 21st. Pressing duties preclude its acceptance.

The *Alleghenian* will soon be published at the *Republican* office. Some very thrilling exhibitions of wit, skill and journalistic ability will doubtless be disclosed.

Students, as usual turned out *en masse* to the circus. Forepaugh had an excellent show, but the twenty-five cent addendum was the thinnest kind of a fraud.

The CAMPUS can be found at the Newspaper Advertising Bureau of Geo. P. Rowell & Co., New York City, together with a long list of other prominent journals.

Mr. Robert S. Tate, of Sewickley, an old student, swooped down upon his Meadville friends one day recently. "Bob." is now with the Westinghouse, Air-brake Company.

Decoration Day was appropriately observed in Meadville. The Cadets participated in the march, and the Rev. Steadman, of Saegertown, delivered the oration at Greendale.

The editors for next year have been appointed by the Faculty and are as follows: Kelso, '83; Best, '83; Deane, '84; Proctor, '84; Miss Hyde, '83; and Pond, '83, Business manager.

An avalanche of Allegheny students will invade Vermont and Massachusetts this Summer, for the purpose of persuading the hardy farmers of that locality that the "Royal Path of Life" is the greatest book ever published.

The usual marriage notice of some prominent student, which has been a monthly feature of this journal, is necessarily delayed; but, doubtless, our successors will attend to this in the July number.

The CAMPUS is greatly indebted to Mr. J. T. Herrington, manager of the *Republican* job rooms, for its fine typographical appearance during the year just passed. His ability as a printer has received many complimentary notices.

A bulletin board is suggested to take the place of the Chapel wall for the ebullitions of "Prep's." These children should be called in before they perpetrate any more jokes (?) such as were seen on a recent placard.

At the Oration Contest for the Beth Gimel prize of the Allegheny Literary Society, on the evening of May 19th, Mr. J. K. Cubbison was declared the victor. There were three competitors, Messrs. Brown, Calder and Cubbison.

A representative of this paper took in the Editorial Excursion to Conneaut Lake, on the 2d inst. There was a large attendance and much enthusiasm. Editors are not such fire-eaters as their utterances would have us believe. The CAMPUS was the only College journal represented.

That attempt to get possession of the ice cream on the night of the reception at Dr. Bugbee's, proved a dismal failure. The evening passed away most delightfully, however, our esteemed host and hostess exerting themselves very successfully for the entertainment of their guests.

Allegheny occupies a most creditable position in the new American College Song Book, lately published by Orville Brewer & Co., Chicago. The book is probably the best of the kind ever issued, and there is very complete representations of the leading institutions in the East and West.

The farce "When the Cat's Away the Mice will Play" which first appeared in the CAMPUS, was presented at the Exchange Hotel, Franklin, Pa., on the evening of May 20th. It gave universal satisfaction to a large audience. The play was written by Mr. Chas. M. Snyder, a member of the Class of '82.

The Dissertation Contest of the Senior Class proved to be an occurrence of much profit to those who participated. The six elected by the judges, Dr. J. G. Carnahan and Prof. S. P. Bates, were Miller, Richmond, Taylor, Marlatt, Kinnear, and Miss Calvin. At the contest the prize—Webster's Dictionary—was awarded to J. H. Miller.

"Farewell,—if forever, then—" We had proceeded thus far in our CAMPUS valedictory when the chairman paralyzed us for stealing his thunder. But, all the same, the local pencil is laid down with regret, and we only wish we were allowed to ventilate our "long, long thoughts" on the future of the department which it has been ours to conduct during the year about to close.

Dr. Bugbee, as delegate from Crawford County, attended the State Constitutional Temperance Amendment Convention, held at Huntingdon, Pa., May 9th. He was elected Temporary Chairman of the Convention, and delivered the response to the address of welcome. The meeting was a very enthusiastic one, and indicated the great interest being taken in the question of temperance by citizens of the Keystone State.

In the May CAMPUS it was inquired if the Freshmen had the temerity to wear Class hats. They had; but those hats are now only a tender memory. One morn they wore them on the accustomed hill, but their glory departed on that same morning. The straw returned to the dust which gave it birth, and the Sophomores now survey admiring crowds with satisfaction of the grimmest sort.

John Adams, Ex-President of the United States, was the first subscriber to a fund for Allegheny College. In 1815, at the solicitation of Timothy Alden, former President of the College, he gave the sum of $20. After him, sixty solid men of Boston, including Worcester, of dictionary fame, Eliphalet Nott, and many others of high note in the history of this country, subscribed in all $4,300 for the benefit of the College. It was then under Presbyterian control.

It is with great pleasure that we announce that Col. Albion W. Tourgee, author of the "Fool's Errand," and present editor of *Our Continent*, Philadelphia, will address the various literary societies at Commencement. This distinguished author has a national reputation; his ability is the highest, and on the lecture platform he is conceded to be one of the brightest ornaments. We trust that the alumni will be present in large numbers to hear Mr. Tourgee. Among several applications to lecture, he accepted the one from Allegheny, because of its well-known Methodist proclivities, of which denomination he is a member.

ALLEGHENY TO THE FRONT!—The nominee for Lieutenant Governor on the Independent ticket nominated at Philadelphia, on May 24th, is Col. Levi Bird Duff, graduate of Allegheny, class 57. He studied law and was admitted to the bar at Pittsburgh in 1860. At the breaking out of the war he enlisted as a private, and, for meritorious service on many battle-fields, was promoted, until the rank of Colonel was achieved. At an assault on Petersburg a minnie ball passed through his right thigh, and his leg was amputated on the field. He was subsequently District Attorney for Allegheny County, and served with signal ability. His candidacy is destined to be very popular; and, as his record is one of unswerving fidelity to principle and honor, the nomination of the "one-legged soldier" aroused intense enthusiasm in the convention.

As a lecturer on Temperance, Mr. Geo. W. Bain can safely be regarded as a success. He spoke here twice; once on this subject, and again on "From Kentucky to the Golden Gate." The first evening the admission was free and Library Hall was filled; the next, with a fee at 25 cents, there was a very fair attendance. Both lectures gave entire satisfaction. It is the aim of Mr. Bain to please all classes, and right royally does he speak. From the intensely humorous to the most solemn theme he passes with the utmost facility. In illustration, he is rich, sparkling and touching; in language, copious and brilliant. An audience, however cold and impassive, cannot but be thrilled by his eloquence, moved by his pathos, and conviced by his logic. The ladies could not have selected an orator who would please more universally.

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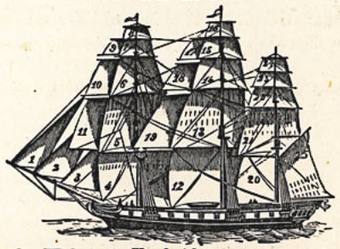
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