

THE CAMPUS.

"INTER SILVAS ACADEMIAE QUAERIMUS VERUM."

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LITERARY.

THOUGHT.

SELECTED.

When all is done and said,
In the end this shall you find;
He most of all doth bathe in bliss
That hath a quiet mind;
And clear from woes,
To deem can be content
The sweetest time in all his life
In thinking it be spent.

The body subject is
To fickle Fortune's power;
And to a million of mishaps
Is casual every hour;
And Death in time doth change
It to a clod of clay;
Whereas the mind, which is divine
Runs never to decay.

Companion none is like
Unto the mind alone;
For many have been harmed by speech,
Through thinking, few, or none.
Fear oftimes restraineth words,
But makes not thoughts to cease;
And he speaks best that hath the skill
When to hold his peace.

Wealth leaves us at the grave,
Our kinsmen at the gate;
But virtues of the mind into
The Heavens with us we have;
Wherefore for virtue's sake
I can be well content,
The sweetest time in all my life
To deem in thinking spent.

THE MODERN HERCULES.

The mythology of the ancients is full of beautiful thought, and it is often very easy to apply to every day life the fabulous history of one of the heroes of epic song.

Of all the myths of antiquity that which lingers around the name "Hercules" seems to be the greatest favorite with hero worshipping nations, and his twelve labors are so unique in the conception of their kind and magnitude, and his performance of them advances so far toward the marvelous, that it is quite necessary to give him a divine nature to be able to reconcile part of his wonderful task.

That is truly a beautiful explanation of the hero's history which makes him identical with the Sun, and his twelve labors culminate by his being covered up with clouds, which he attempts in vain to cast from him, and at last he lights the funeral pile and is burned up in a glorious sunset.

There can be an application made, it seems, to every day life, and the hero repeat his history in every true and virtuous youth in the world; for a life, lived truly and nobly, brings the being face to face with many monsters of fully as destructive character as those which Hercules from his youth encountered.

The human who lives out his three score and ten years with rectitude and patience and charity for all, will not escape with so few as twelve labors, but will meet monsters of "Hideous mien" every day; and not like those, which Hercules destroyed, they will need conquering every day. By way of illustration, his twelve labors may be taken, and applied in a general way so that each may draw the picture for himself, and clothe his

hero in as much glory as his imagination can invent. Nor is it necessary even to refer to each and all of them, since a few will serve as well to illustrate.

All have a fight with the "Nemean lion" in the shape of a disobedient will. The first thing to conquer is the will, and armed with controlled force we are ready for any battle that may come upon us. There is nothing more necessary than that we should have a strong will, but it is like all other powerful forces if uncontrolled; once the master and inclined in the wrong direction, it will drive us to ruin; mastered, it will assist us to thrones.

For several ages there has been a huge "Lernean Hydra," with arms to reach around the world, planted in the very heart of every civilized nation; a great slimy, cold, subtle, powerful, silent, creeping, watchful, hideous and destructive creature, similar to a devil-fish, with infinitely extended tentacles and an incalculable number of them. It slips into the church pews, and winds its way into the pulpit; boldly it moves into our schools and colleges, working its cilia like arms into the very minds of its victims, and all unnoticed. It goes even into private families and clasps the little ones in a strong embrace; it binds the parents and rules supreme. In the counting-room, in the courts of justice, in the public assembly, everywhere, it is found by those who have learned to walk with open eyes along their daily path.

It has a million sucker-like mouths, and when once it gets the hold it is seeking, the most vigorous effort is required to cast it off; and, indeed, it can only be done at the price of scars.

But fierce and terrible as this creature is, it is easily driven away by the Hercules of modern times, if carefully watched. Neither is he without Iolaus to help him destroy its many heads, but he himself must bear the brunt of the strife. His friend will strike effective blows if asked, and will insure success.

This hydra never appears what it truly is, and hence its dangerous character. It clothes itself in creeds and doctrines, theology and philosophy,

church history and science, casting its inky fluid and creating moral darkness.

The man is truly a Hercules who fights with Infidelity, and, guided by the golden thread of truth, which God has permitted to be given in human language, triumphantly conquers.

A violent temper may take the place of the "Arcadian stag," since it never appears except at importune moments, and is so frightfully quick in its movements.

The "Erymanthian boar" may be represented by jealousy, which must be worn out by chase ere it can be captured and safely imprisoned.

Very many persons will find, if they examine closely, that they have minds stowed with effete and useless material, gathered through a lifetime of contact with fellow beings who were also contaminated, and by literature read before the judgment was able to dictate proper mind food. To be a true and noble man, everything must be eradicated and the mind purified. There are fables and whims, moon stories and signs, wrong opinions and prejudices, bigotry and false religion, everything which makes the mind what a true mind should not be, all of which must be swept out and cleared away ere it is fit to receive truth, for right opinions poured into a vessel so full of vileness would have the effect to purify only for a moment, and then they too would become putrid and useless.

Each one of us should find two rivers to pour through his mind, that it may become what God gave him the power to make it, and his reward shall be the peace which pure thoughts bring, and the pleasure of self-gratification. Though this represents the sixth labor of our hero, it should take its place among the first, and should be commenced as soon as the person finds out that he has a mind to purify and perfect.

A hundred passions and abnormal conditions of the mind, might be substituted for the six remaining labors, and each with equal justice; but enough have been given to show that there is something to do in this world besides idly listening to stories of past heroes. We must become heroes ourselves and leave our characters unspotted.

UNDERBRUSH.

This is not a review of J. T. Field's late publication by that name, but merely a few thoughts suggested by the title. We borrow the term from the author to apply it to current light literature. Such writings as Mrs. Holmes', Anthony Trollope's, Marian Harland's, and a great many others, seem to be highly suggestive of underbrush. No one would think for a moment of calling such books the towering oaks in our forest of literature. As we can have no forest without this undergrowth of small green saplings, so we could not have the wealth of literature that we have without the puerile, spontaneous efforts of misguided imagination. If there were no acorn or green sprout, there could be no giant oak. Because an author suddenly arrives at great notoriety, we are not to conclude that he sprang up like a mushroom after a shower of genius. For an author must pass through the florid, labored, dry and nervous styles, just as a child must pass through the measles, whooping-cough and mumps. He does not reach the height of his ambition at a single bound. Such productions as Butler's Analogy are not the spontaneous germination of the union of pen and paper; he spent twenty-four years in writing it, and might have spent twenty-four more in making it intelligible.

The works of such writers as Macaulay, Carlyle, Emerson, George Eliot, Dickens and Thackeray seem more grand, more noble for rising out of a vast amount of underbrush.

Some of the saplings have vigor and life enough to push through the tangled mass and rival the height of their older and sturdier brethren. But it will be many years before the shadows that they cast will equal that of the king of the forest, and a strong, fierce storm of criticism may tear them out of root at any time.

Some of the shrubs and small trees, such as John Habberton's productions, that are endeavoring to lift their heads above the dead leaves, branches and rank vegetation seem to have been forced after the hot-house plan, and hence are not able to endure the chilling blasts of public cen-

sure. And so they either wither and die, or are stunted and remain standing as warnings. That gnarled crab-apple tree might have been a large seek-no-further.

The farmer clears his woods, leaving here and there a promising young tree, and makes a bonfire of the brush, and then he has a grove through which he can wander at will, enjoying the shade of the grand old trees, and not be impeded by the tangled brushwood. If no one would seize the tempting bait that is dangled before his curious eyes, in the shape of a sensational novel, we would not need a bonfire, for they would cease to be written. They are not written for the good of mankind, but for the good of the authors' pocket books. But are we not told that every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire? It surely is as applicable to this as to anything else.

You may say that brushwood is good for something, for fuel if for nothing else, but it gives forth but little heat, and not the steady glow of a hickory log. So if we expect to warm either our understanding or heart by sensational novels, we will find that there is but little heat in them, and the true warmth is to be found in the higher class of writings.

There is so little benefit to be derived from books that can be condensed into the four words, a look, sigh, quarrel and a marriage, that it does not pay for the printer's ink. I hope to see the day when no one will get entangled in the underbrush.

HARD TO SOLVE.

What is hard to solve, exclaims the inquisitive student. The problem of life-work, is the instant retort. It is no easy matter to choose the one out of many callings in which there shall be the most satisfactory success. It is no trifle to fully ascertain how well one is adapted to this or that course of action. It has to do with man's greatest study—the study of self. It requires not moments, but days and years to settle this one point of interest to every individual. The mind must turn in upon itself and measure its own abilities,

its own inclinations, points of weakness as well as points of excellence. It must also survey the vast arena of action and determine upon the particular field of labor; where the richest harvests shall most likely spring up. Many, indeed, are slow to appreciate the true value of such consideration. They seem to have no set purpose, to the maintaining of which they may bend all the energies of their being. They thus fail to realize the noblest gift of man—the power to harmonize all actions with one grand ideal of life. To fix upon such an idea, wholly in reach of talents given, is difficult. To go beyond the bounds of capacity too, is evidence of misguided ambition. No man should carelessly venture out into independent duties of life, until he has become satisfied that his course is one of prudence.

Above all is this a question of vital worth to all who aspire to public life. Many with an eye to publicity of action in society, spend years in the development afforded through the higher institutions of learning. These pleasant seasons of instruction must end, but only to present wider views of individual responsibility. The vast arena of actual struggle opens up to view. It is not fancy, as it seems to impress the youthful learners, but bare, unpolished reality. Let the student recklessly choose a line of action, and it will soon be revealed that there is something amiss. He is thrown into the midst of keenest critics, and is immediately put to the severest test. Then his unendurable defects, if any, shall come to the surface. Then shall he see as he never saw before. He becomes conscious of his neglect of cautious inquiry into the requisites of success. Although there is a remedy, if timely, yet is he subjected to the stigma of public disapproval, and why? because he has mistaken his calling. The disgust arising from such indiscretion, and revealing itself in public opinion, only occasions a more stinging wrong to self, which might have been avoided. Sad experience is sure to follow the first mis-step in life's journey; but one excepted. There is no greater mistake in life than that of always worrying in a mischosen vocation. Therefore, students, pause in the throng of pressing duties, con-

sider, decide. Do not begin to work until you have considered the great problem, demanding clear solution. Do not rush blindly out into the scene of earnest battle, but knowing what position to assume, go forth fearless, and bent upon a glorious triumph, until the noise of clashing arms shall be hushed in the silence of death.

QUIS.

CASTLE BUILDING.

By this term we mean not the fortified residences of antiquity, material, and made by hands, but the productions of a fertile imagination; structures erected by the mind, immaterial, and sometimes on a scale far exceeding that of any castle of feudal times. These fabrics are often visionary and chimerical, and doomed never to be realized; at other times they succeed far beyond the expectations of the builder.

The boy who has no idealty and who has never dreamed in the daytime, nor laid plans for future distinction, will never be a man of weight or influence in the world; he will be like the oyster which lies without motion at the bottom of the sea. It takes what comes to it, but never of itself seeks anything. Thus he will remain in one position through life, never attempting to go higher up or to achieve any renown.

All young men who have made anything of themselves, have set a high mark early in life, and endeavored as nearly as possible to gain it. Nor is this castle-building by any means confined to boyhood, for men must make use of it just as certainly in their maturer years as they did in their youth. As the boy is continually at work making queer looking machines, some of which succeed to his satisfaction, while others fail because some simple law has been overlooked; so the man is ever forming schemes for his advancement or pleasure, some of which prosper, while others miscarry and prove unsuccessful.

The only difference between the boy's scheme and the man's projects is that the latter enclose a wider expanse than the former, and the man brings more experience to his aid than the boy can bring. All men in a manner have an ideal

model of perfection, and on that model depends their degree of success in life, and their position in the social circle. If a man's ideal be degraded his attainments will be vulgar; if exalted, he will rise to a corresponding eminence. No man can be renowned, be his profession in life what it may, if he have a low standard of excellence, for he can never surpass his ideal of perfection, but will invariably fall short of it.

Perhaps the saddest sight in the world is to see a man who has obtained that for which he sought, and has nothing further to look to. He does not accomplish any good in life, and knows it; he has no ambition because he sees nothing additional to strive for, and naturally he begins to lose even that excellence which he had arrived at, because he soon becomes tired of that which he had in his possession, and like a spoiled child, weary of a toy, he casts it away.

When a man has become satisfied, that is, has no further ambition to gratify, he is in somewhat the same condition as the painter, who after having expended a great amount of time and patience on a picture, burst into tears when it was finished, exclaiming: "I can never be a great painter; I will not paint again, for I have finished a picture which satisfies me in every particular; I can see nothing to correct in it." He had reached his ideal, because his artistic taste was of such a low degree that perfection, according to his standard, was easily reached.

As a man advances he should also raise his standard of excellence, for the moment he reaches that for which he struggled and has nothing more to strive for, no further heights to scale, he ceases to grow, comes to a stand-still, and soon begins to retrograde. He becomes nothing but a drone in the busy world around him, for the simple reason that he has no incentive to urge him to continued exertion.

However, the fact of having lofty aims will not advance any man; he must use all his ability in endeavoring to carry them out. He might as well have no mark at all as to have a high one and make no attempt to reach it. On the other hand, no one should become discouraged if, after

having put forth a reasonable amount of energy, his plan fail. Failure is common to man, and for this reason every one should expect it and be prepared for it. He must not expect that success will attend every effort and that he will prosper because he has high aspirations, as very many do, if he does he will most certainly be disappointed. Nor must he anticipate a quick return for his investments; this has ruined many a man; but long, patient, persevering toil must be gone through before results become apparent. It is not always the tree that blossoms first that bears the best fruit.

CRESCENT.

ACQUIRING A VOCABULARY.

We once knew of a professor that took pride in an extensive knowledge of his dictionary, and in an extensive use of the same, who was fond of saying that he had little hope of a student ever becoming a scholar who would think it too much trouble to rise from his bed at night to look for the meaning of a word. This is a rather blunt way of putting the case, but it illustrates well the fact that a good vocabulary cannot be acquired without labor and painstaking. The student is at a period of life when the range of his ideas is rapidly extending. He is daily brought face to face with the necessity of a corresponding enlargement of his vocabulary, in order to express his thoughts. There are very few persons who have, or are acquiring a liberal education, who do not find it convenient, and often a necessity to have their own vernacular ready at their command. In many of the professions it is necessary to success; in social life it is often indispensable. Under all circumstances it cannot but be considered a useful and desirable accomplishment. The man who has a full, easy flow of words, seldom fails to make himself felt, and to give strength and force to his views; while he whose efforts are cramped by a lack of words to express his meaning, often not only finds it difficult to be understood but frequently sees himself unable to cope with his smooth tongued adversary. In the light of these facts, every one who is desirous of pro-

moting self-culture, should be zealous in the work of cultivating fluency of speech.

The question doubtless comes to every one who is not content to let his thoughts go limping along, poorly supplied with the proper vehicles of expression, as to what is the best way for him to overcome this difficulty, to cure this lameness of speech, and to get possession of the desired means for conveying his thoughts. He is continually making use of the same limited set of words, traveling along forever in the same rut; how shall he get out of it? When any one is fully determined to do anything and everything he can to lift himself out of this rut, then he is ready to hear an answer.

Fortunately this is a question that does not come to us unanswered. It has been answered a thousand times; it has been answered by the long list of time honored names that have left to the world the rich legacy of eloquence, or standard works of literature. Demosthenes answered it by copying, at least ten times over, the orations scattered through the histories of Thucydides. The exuberant richness of the diction of Cicero is, doubtless, owing in part to his long continued study of the classical authors of his time. It is said that Rufus Choate translated daily from the Greek and Latin classics for the purpose of enriching his vocabulary, and acquiring a flow of uncommon and not universally and readily recurring words. Pitt would commit whole passages to memory for this purpose. These illustrious examples go to show that a flow of words is not wholly a natural gift, but is largely an acquired power, and, if acquired, it comes more or less within reach of everyone's faculties.

The methods of acquiring a free and easy use of language, for having a copious vocabulary at one's command, are numerous and may be varied to suit the taste or education of the learner. There is the method, which is preferred by some persons, of always reading with a dictionary at hand, and by repeated reference, fixing the words with their meaning in the mind. This however is as expensive as it is profitable. It is reading for two very different objects, and has a tendency

to divide the attention too much. A method much used by some students is, when preparing their literary exercises, to make constant use of the dictionary or some book of synonyms. This would be a very good way indeed, provided moderate use were made of books of reference; otherwise it would have the same defect as the preceding method. For what with the continued rummage of the dictionary for words, and of the brain for ideas, the production is lacking in clearness by what it gains in diffuseness. The result of such work is oftener a combination of words than ideas well expressed.

Perhaps the very best methods are those mentioned in connection with two of the celebrated names already referred to. Writing out and studying again and again the language of the great masters of composition, will unquestionably render one familiar with the words and sense in which they are used. In this way one cannot fail to incorporate them into his own vocabulary. The act of writing itself, is of very great assistance in fixing them in the memory. When however, this is combined with translation, the method is reached from which good results come in greatest abundance. The advice of Choate was: "First and foremost of all, in the study of language, translate. Translate every day, pen in hand." In this way all the excellencies of other methods are combined. The ancient classics are of course used as models. The derivation is sought out, the varied shades of meaning are noticed, synonyms are compared; these together with writing a translation afford a drill in the composition and use of words, inferior to no other. It is also especially adapted to the wants of the student. While pursuing a course in the ancient languages, he can thus write and study the whole or a part of the lesson for each day. By daily adding a single word, he can, during his college course, acquire a respectable vocabulary.

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THE CAMPUS.

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IT WAS a pleasant surprise when the Librarian announced that he had a collection of books ready for inspection, which would soon be placed in the library. No one had suspected that there was such a thing as Bohn's Library concealed anywhere about the premises. But there it has been for a month. The Professor brought it with him from London, and placed it in the upper museum to be labelled and prepared for circulation. This is one of the finest additions that has been made to the library for a long time. It is just what every student needs to have access to, being a library in itself, or rather an immense cyclopaedia of history, science and general literature.

THE entertainment given by the ladies of the Ossoli Literary Society was agreeable and elevating in more ways than one. A large audience assembled in the chapel to take in the first part, which was literary. On one end of the rostrum were the decorations of flowers and evergreens, tastefully arranged, while at the opposite end the piano tinkled to the touch of skillful fingers. The performances were excellent. We were entertained by the recital of the story of a "Pink Sunbonnet;" from the essay we learned of the "Stories"

that mother nature tells to her inquiring children, while the selection that was read left a favorable impression of the reader, and showed the possibility of the "Insanity of Cain."

After the performances were ended the audience remained for a social good time and to partake of the viands that were served in the Museum. The row of tables extended round the entire circuit of the room. The guests sat down and regaled themselves in the presence of their venerable host, the *Megatherium*, and other prehistoric celebrities, whose names we forbear to mention. The outcome of it was that when the guests had disappeared, the Society found itself in possession of a handsome sum of money, having realized over seventy dollars.

IT IS with some feeling of satisfaction that the student can now climb the flight of stairs that leads to the college library, for he knows that there is some chance of finding the book he wishes to see. Since the library has come under the management of Prof. Tingley, it has undergone many important changes. Formerly, so far at least as the wants of the students were concerned, it was one of the largest collections of nothing to be found in this part of the country. Long rows of antiquated volumes and Congressional Reports were about all that could be seen. True, many of them were of great value, having but few duplicates in this country, but most of them were of no use to the student. All the more modern works might have been collected into a few alcoves. The whole concern has been rearranged. Large additions have been made during the past year, and liberal donations have been secured through the efforts of the librarian. The proposition made a few days ago that if the students would contribute each a dollar to the library fund, the amount would be quadrupled, and a thousand volumes of current and standard literature would be placed on the shelves, by the first of December, has been responded to by many of them. This should be concurred in by every student who appreciates the advantages of a large library.

THE habit of carelessness in speech is always censurable in a person that has had opportunity for studying the rules of pronunciation and grammar. One would naturally suppose that the atmosphere of a college would seldom be tainted by the vulgar accents of the rabble, who have little care for the rules of language. But this supposition is wrong; those who talk correctly, whether Seniors or Preps, may be called the exceptions. It is pronounced 'un at all times with an occasional 'ing in recitation. Ain't, d'ye, gimme, kin, on'is, by'er, and every other imaginable contraction enter into the student's conversation. Oh that one could speak a whole sentence with a single effort of the voice! Another custom, and one that is a gross violation of good taste, is that of mixing up German and English, thus forming a hybrid dialect, which, consisting mostly of vulgarities from one and inaccuracies from the other, is but little better than the jabbering of monkeys. Then there is the universal tendency to use slang expressions. One who had always heard the language spoken correctly, would have not a little difficulty in understanding his own vernacular when all these variations have been tacked on to it. Now what is the use of butchering the language in this way? What is the excuse for it? It denotes thoughtlessness, lack of culture, bad taste, lack of determination to improve—the very opposites of the qualities that should characterize every student. Language is a very good index of culture. The most common way of judging of a person's education is by his conversation—and one cannot help thinking that in some respects it is a very good way. There is a remedy for this defect—the study of the language. When people can come to realize that the English tongue, in its purity, is far more forcible and expressive than any combination of slang, they will begin to speak it correctly.

FOR many years it has been customary for College Literary Societies to make one of their chief objects the accumulation of books. Inclosed in the list of a society's attractions has always been the size and quality of the library. Of late the

advisability of making such collections has been slightly agitated, and on the ground that almost invariably the colleges with which such societies are connected possess large and constantly increasing libraries. Now, necessarily, the books of the society and those of the college will be much the same, as the former, being able to purchase only limited numbers, rightly secures standard and more recent literature, which, of course, a good college library will contain.

It is a question whether this be wise or not. The money, it seems, might be spent more profitably than in the purchase of books to which the students already have access. This unnecessary expenditure has already been recognized by many societies, those of one of the Eastern colleges having transferred their entire libraries to the college collection. Many societies are following their example. If libraries be abandoned, it may be asked, what will take their place? To what purpose shall library funds and fees be turned that the society shall reap lasting benefit?

An examination of the resources of American colleges generally, shows them to lack in one direction, where the earnest efforts of a society might, to a certain extent, supply the need—that is in their art collections.

Cornell, rich as she is, claims no more than the foundation of a museum of fine arts, and sums it up as a collection of photographs, a few oil paintings, and bronze copies of statuary, with a series of portfolios of engravings. Ann Arbor claims nothing more than the nucleus of an art gallery. Northwestern University has the same limited resources, while many institutions recognized as doing good work and offering excellent advantages, have no art resources whatever. Everywhere art, though undeniably a powerful element in the culture of both mind and heart, is sadly neglected. Why cannot literary societies expend their money and energies in such collections? In these days of universal cheapness, it is not so difficult as might be imagined to obtain an instructive gallery of art.

Photography has been carried to so high a degree of excellence that a fine collection can read-

ily be obtained. Casts of the masterpieces of statuary, models, medallions, busts and reliefs are open to any society, if the regular library fund be used in that way. The beneficial influence of such a collection is too obvious to need comment, and certainly a hall could not be improved in any way so effectually as by pictures and statuary, while such an enterprise would always be an object of interest, and would seldom lack patrons.

SCIENCE.

A new method for obtaining oxygen cheaply is announced by M. Zenno. The full details are not given, but it is stated that the gas is obtained by the reaction of potassic permanganate and baric peroxide placed together in water. These salts are cheap, and are said to yield 200 centimetres of the gas for every gramme of the mixture. A cheap supply of oxygen would be more valuable to the world than the discovery of a score of silver mines.

The telephone is being brought nearer to perfection by steady and rapid improvements. The large box with a wide mouth-piece has been condensed into a small hand instrument, which can be readily applied to the ear. The resonator and enunciator have been combined. Other parts have been made much smaller. The latest improvement, however, is a bell-signal, which operates without the need of a battery. The signal is given by simply turning a wheel which causes magnetic coils to revolve, setting up a current sufficient to move the hammer of a bell at the other end of the wire. This was a much needed attachment, and obviates a great difficulty in the use of this wonderful instrument.

A strange and interesting discovery is reported to have been made at the bottom of the lake of Geneva. A tourist having lost his trunk, two divers were employed to search for it. While they were below the water they found what they supposed to be a village, since covered by the lake. Their statements led to the investigation of the spot by the municipal authorities, who took measures

to ascertain the truth of the extraordinary account of the divers. On covering the placid surface with oil, these latter were able to distinguish the plan of a town, streets, squares, and detached houses marking the bed of the lake. The ruddy hue which characterized them led the observers to suppose that the buildings had been covered with the famous vermilion cement which was used by the Celts, Cimbri, and the early Gauls. There are about 200 houses arranged over an oblong surface, near the middle of which is a space more open, supposed to have been used for public assemblages. At the eastern extremity lies a large square tower, which was taken for a rock. A superficial investigation seems to indicate that the construction of these buildings dates from some centuries before our era. The council of Vaud has decided to have the site of the dwellings inclosed by a jetty stretching from the land, and to drain the water, so as to bring to light what promises to be one of the most interesting archæological discoveries of the present time.—*Ex.*

EDUCATIONAL.

Harvard has 124 instructors at the present time.

John Harvard died in 1638 and left his library and £779 to the college which bears his name.

Princeton College (N. J.) has furnished 42 Presidents, from her list of graduates, for other colleges.

Oxford University is one thousand years old, and has an annual income of one million dollars. It has a library of one hundred and twenty thousand volumes.

A principal point in education is discipline, which is intended to break the self-will of children, in order to the rooting out of their natural tendencies.—*Hegel.*

The library of the University of Heidelberg has on its shelves 300,000 volumes, 70,000 treatises, 3,000 manuscripts and 1,000 charts, besides a collection of maps and another of engravings.

The preliminary catalogue of Yale College has appeared. There are 137 Seniors, 143 Juniors, 135 Sophomores and 134 Freshmen at present in college. The Scientific Freshmen class numbers 58.

Three American authors, Mr. Wm. Cullen Bryant, Mr. Longfellow, and Mr. Bayard Taylor, have recently been elected members of the Literary Academy of Athens, which is under the special patronage of the Queen of Greece.

Professor Seelye, of Amherst, has lately made the suggestion that there should be a "college exchange," where the faculty and students could meet and exchange opinions upon live questions. It is proposed to hold such meetings once a week.

DARTMOUTH.—Among the Alumni are 31 Judges, 15 Senators, 61 Representatives to Congress, two Cabinet Ministers, four Embassadors and Foreign Ministers, one Postmaster General, 14 Governors of States, 25 College Presidents, and 104 Professors of Colleges and other institutions of learning.

THE TABLE.

The best *nine* in the University—the feminine.—*Ex.*

The motto of lovers is "E, plural buss, yum, yum!"—*Ex.*

"He took her fancy when he came;
He took her hand, he took a kiss,
He took no notice of the shame
That glowed her cheek at this;
He took to coming afternoons;
He took an oath he'd ne'er deceive;
He took her father's silver spoons,
And after that he took his leave."—*Ex.*

Lawyers should sleep well. It is immaterial on which side they lie.—*Ex.*

A Toast: "Woman—The last and best of the series. If we may have her for a toast, we won't ask for any *but her*."—*Ex.*

It is asserted by scientific writers, says an Irish newspaper, that the number of persons who have existed on our globe since the beginning of time amounts to 66,625,343,237,075,256.—*Ex.*

Brilliant history scholar: "When our forefathers came over in the *Sun Flower*." Immense applause in the back seats.—*Ex.*

NEGRO CAMP-MEETING SONG:

I shake de dus' off ob my feet,
An' walk barefoot on the golden street;
I know my hide's chuck full of sin,
But I know old Pete will let me in.

CHORUS.

Den rise, children, up in a crowd,
An' shout an' sing to the angels loud;
An' fix your eyes on de lan' of rest,
Kase hell am hot as a hornet's nest.

—*Ex.*

Dartmouth students have decided to wear caps and gowns. A servile aping of Vassar, where they all wear them, especially at night.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

Fond father—"Well my son, how do you like college? *Alma Mater* has turned out some great men."

Young hopeful (just expelled)—"Yes, sir, she has just turned me out."—*Ex.*

A FABLE.—*Not from Æsop.*

In *Novus* York a *felis* dwelt
Who *unum tempus* thought she smelt
A large-sized *mus*, and *statim* felt
Inclined to catch him.

Sed hæc poor *mus* a rat *erat*
Qui una via ran at that,
And *sic* his cat *jejunus* sat
Obliged to watch him.

Et ille ran *per alium* route
Quod he *cognovit* soon got out
Et there *reliquit* cat, without
Tantum ut "Thank you."

Hic moral est. While think you may
Ut vos are *certus* of your prey,
He'll *fugit* by some other way,
And *sic* outflank you.—*Ex.*

Recipe for making a Russian name: Take three alphabets and shake up in a hat, then throw on a table. Pick up those that fall right side up, stick them in a line, then add either the "itch" or "koff" and you have a genuine, full-fledged Russian general's name.—*Ex.*

President expostulates with a Junior who is continually late at recitation. "You can never make up lost time." "Ah, sir," and his right eyelid drops, "I was born fifteen minutes behind time!"—*Ex.*

A freshman was recounting to a freshwoman the horrors of sophomore violence to his untutored and inexperienced brethren, when the fair one timidly remarked that he might rush her if he wanted to, for practice.—*Chronicle.*

THE TALE OF A PUP.

Oh, the pup, the beautiful pup!
 Drinking his milk from a china cup,
 Gamb'ling round so frisk and free,
 First gnawing a bone, then biting a flea
 Jumping,
 Running
 After the pony;
 Beautiful pup, you will soon be Bologna.

Oh, the pup, the beautiful pup!
 With his nose in the air, and his tail turned up,
 Was thrown one day in the dog man's cart,
 And almost broke the narrator's heart,
 As it howled,
 Growled,
 Scratched with its feet;
 Beautiful pup, you are now mince-meat.—*Ex.*

EXCHANGES.

The Evangel is published in the interests of the First M. E. Church, of this city, the Pastor, Rev. T. L. Flood, being editor. This is something new in the line of journalism, but, judging from the first (November) number, we think it will be a great success. The congregation is one of the largest west of the Allegheny Mountains, and needs every available agency to strengthen its bonds of union.

The Round Table comes to us for the first time. It is well printed and quite tasty in appearance. It is very poetical, containing no less than four poems, or at least compositions in rhyme. The subjects of some of its articles are altogether novel as "The Princess of Hell," "High on a Throne of Royal State," &c., in both of which his majesty, the Devil, is the theme of discussion. We recently heard it remarked that

Hell was necessary to the harmony of the universe, and we suppose that such "devilish" articles (no reflection intended) are necessary to the proper harmony of college literature. They are preferable to the long sleepy essays which are too profound for any but philosophers.

If the *Niagara Index* is particularly noticeable for anything, it is for the manner in which it "goes for" its exchanges. When the *Index* exchange editor enters his sanctum and takes up his pen, we fancy a grin of satisfaction steals over his countenance as he gazes at the heap of helpless victims before him. He pokes fun at some and abuse at others, and sometimes, though very rarely, one is commended. He likens one editor to a "regular walking meat-ax," and another he unhesitatingly compares to a jawbone; he don't inform us of what animal, but only specifies that it couldn't come from a bobolink. Nevertheless he is very affectionate. He greets one of his "sickly" relatives as "Our Darling Brother," and is so magnanimous as to offer to pay the funeral expenses when his "darling brother" gives up the ghost. The *Index* man may not be dangerously ill, but he is afflicted with a diarrhoea of words. Let him swallow a few ideas.

Economy is the order of the hour, and every expenditure, however small, is expected to give a return in full value. Every family requires one good, reliable newspaper, and it should be *multum in parvo*. It should contain summaries of all the news of the week, both religious and secular. Some portion of the paper should be devoted every week to religious and moral improvement, to current secular news, to agriculture, commerce, finance, markets, to general literature, &c. Above all, the *family newspaper* should be perfectly *pure*, and free from any contaminating influence in its reading matter or its advertisements. To crown all, the *family newspaper* should be untrammelled by any affiliation with sect or party, and should be free to give all the good news from and about the world. If such a *family newspaper* can be had for *one cent a day*, it should be taken by every family in the land. The New York *Observer* fills this bill in every

respect, and can be had for \$3.15 a year, by sending the amount to 37 Park Row, New York. At any rate, send a postal for sample copy.

The University Magazine always gives us something interesting. The number before us opens with the beautiful poem "Elijah at Mount Horeb," by a graduate of '36. "The Failure of Greek Culture" is considered at some length. The writer says "The prominent feature of Greek civilization was its unity. All its power, all its energy was directed to the fulfillment of a single purpose—the attainment of the beautiful." Would it not be well if American civilization had, embodied in it, a little more of the same element?

The article closes with these words: "The old civilizations had their day. They have done much for art and poetry, philosophy and eloquence. The civilization of the new is now doing for *man*, and may we not hope that when this in turn will be no longer needed, it will be because it will have finished its work unto perfection?" We say yes; but at the same time ought not all these noble elements of the old civilization, viz: art, poetry, philosophy and eloquence to be a part of the new? and will not these combined with the "new factor," christianity, accomplish more than either could alone. While it may be, we hope that these noble elements of civilization and culture have *not* entirely had their day.

PERSONAL.

'56. G. W. Johnson is preaching at Chartiers, Penn'a.

'77. G. H. Huffman is preaching at Bennett's near Pittsburgh.

'63. A. C. Johnson is at present situated at Latrobe, Pa., where he is preaching.

'75. Jas. S. Eaton, of the class of '75, graduates soon from Princeton College, N. J.

'64. C. S. McCaslin has been appointed pastor of an M. E. church at Pleasant Valley, Pa.

Miss Ida E. Arner a student of the College last year, is here on a visit among her friends.

'74. W. C. Beebe pastor of the Presbyterian church at Rimersburg, was in town this week.

'57. R. S. Hogue, who graduated with the class of 1857, is Financial Secretary of Scio College.

'73. H. S. Bates is a member of the efficient staff of reporters belonging to the *Democrat*, of this city.

'78. H. H. Marcy, who was a member of the class of '78 until he removed to Jacksonville, Fla., is reading law in that city.

'80. S. E. Winger has left college and is situated at Clymer, N. Y., as a preacher of the gospel according to John Wesley.

'56. Edward Ellison is at the present time President of Scio College, which is pleasantly situated in the town of Scio, Ohio.

'76. Miss Austa Densmore is teaching French, German and Calisthenics in the Wesleyan Female Institute, at Staunton, Virginia.

'78. O. F. Nodine, who was formerly a member of the present Senior class, is studying medicine with Dr. Lashells, a prominent physician of this city.

'79. W. M. Bemus, who would have graduated in 1879, had he remained at college, has been elected President of the Senior class of the Medical College of Philadelphia.

'78. Capt. L. L. Davis has received a furlough for 90 days, and has gone to Pittsburgh in order to attend to some preliminaries preparatory to studying law in that city, immediately after graduation.

A note from Prof. Sheppard, from Illinois, says: "Lecture in this region, and then off for Colorado about December 3d, California about 20th of January, and back in February." Prof. Sheppard is contemplating a residence in Meadville through May and June.

'58. In our last number, by mistake, we made Mr. George Elliott a minister of the gospel in Madison, Ohio. Instead of that he is a minister of the dental persuasion, in this city. We are as liable to make mistakes as other publications, and are always willing to correct them.

'57. A. J. Merchant is located at Fredonia, N. Y., as pastor of the M. E. Church at that place.

'75. James George, who graduated with the class of 1875, and Chas. E. Faber, also a student though not a graduate of this college, were both admitted to the bar in November, after passing most creditable examinations in this city. Good luck to you, boys.

President Bugbee is taking a short vacation of two weeks, from college. He leaves home on Wednesday, Nov. 28th. He goes on a visit to his mother, thence to Chicago, to assist in the dedication of the church, where he was formerly pastor. He will return *via* Cincinnati.

'56. Pearson Church, a member of the class of 1856, was elected President Judge of this Judicial District, at the recent election. Mr. Church is one of the best, if not the best, read lawyers in Meadville, and sustains a high reputation as a successful pleader at the bar. He is a man of unimpeachable honesty, and will make an impartial judge. Allegheny College could not but have been satisfied, either way the election went, as Mr. Henderson, his opponent, was also a member of the college, and we believe finished the course, though he did not take his degree. He is also a talented lawyer, and would have made an excellent judge.

ALL AROUND THE CAMPUS.

A Senior recently concluded that he could not make a very good "off hand" speech on zoology.

It was a pious idea for the young lady to write "*Post no bills*," on the back of a Prep's tall collar.

We heard a Senior soliloquize thus—"I wish I was a \$100,000 bill; wouldn't the girls get after me?"

The Philo-Franklin Society was honored recently with the presence of many of our lady students.

Our grade has been lowered, but according to an alumnus, our understanding will be better. That is one way of saying we have a new sidewalk.

One of our Freshmen is reading "Uncle Tom's Cabin," intending to substitute it, if he can, for a session of Biblical Literature.

A Junior is mourning the loss of \$600, which he invested in an *imaginary oil well*, which in *reality* proved to be a "dry hole."

A Soph was asked what he had for dinner, and replied "Fleisch und Pantoffel;" i. e. *meat* and *slippers*. Mighty tough grub that.

Boots is a common word now. Perhaps it is because Jeff. Davis—and the other Prep—did not take proper care to have their boots hidden.

We would advise the representative of the Prep department to take the glass out of his spectacles if they hurt his eyes while at the opera or lecture.

There is something soul-elevating in the consciousness that the lady (or girl) behind you is making sport at your expense and "giving HERSELF away."

The Ossolians took in \$71.06 at their entertainment, the 22d ult. The music and literary were a success—the viands were also good and much more easily "taken in."

Watch the young German students. One was heard to say to a young lady—"Sie liegen like Sam-hill;" and when asked what he meant, he replied—"I like you like Sam-hill."

A Biblical student said that there were three sorts of taxes assessed in Judea. 1st, the "Capitation;" 2d, the "Custom Duties," and 3d—here he paused, and a class-mate whispered, "*the dog tax*."

Prof. to Student.—If you see a thing and know it when you see it, you are apt to know it when you see it again, arn't you?

Student.—Yes!

Prof.—Well, then, I don't think you saw your lesson.

It is remarkable what search has been made for Charlie Ross. And now go to the Hall and we see equal search made for "Helen's Babies." It seems that they take us for the thief—for they say "Have *you* 'Helen's Babies'?" What would we do with them?

At a recent meeting of the co-operative club, this motion was put. Fellow sufferers (applause) I move (tremendous applause) that elderberry pie (unparalleled applause) be stricken from our bill of fare. (Unspeakable applause.) Encore, encore, encore.

He was a very large student. He had been to the "German Club." He was escorting a very small lady home. "Plitsch splatsch, plitsch, splatsch" as he stumbled on the smooth walk. Three several times he stumbled. What is the matter with the Club?

A person passing hard by the site of the ancient brewery, was somewhat frightened at certain supposed mythical noises, proceeding from the unhappy spirits of those who once worshipped at the shrine of Bacchus, but coming closer was greatly relieved to find that it was only the ladies studying their lessons.

The other morning a Soph created an *audible* grin in the class room by translating the following as follows:—Milo domum venit calceos et vestimenta mutavit paulisper dum se uxor, ut fit, compara, commoratus est. Milo came home, removed his shoes and clothes, waited a little while, until his wife, as it was her custom, arranged him.

The latest from the war is, that on the 29th ult., (Thanksgiving in America) a great victory was won over *Turkey*. The slaughter has not been equaled since Christmas. *Turkey* was *literally* "cleaned out." Many a *poor Turk-e* lost his head that day, and the *fowl* roosts and nests of *Turkey* were found and invested. It is reported also, that the big gobbler has been "gobbed."

The actors of the Mollie Maguire troop were assisted by some of our cadets, who represented the Philadelphia soldiery scattering the Mollies. When they charged on the stage, a small urchin, on the front seat cried, "Oh! there's my Sunday school teacher with the sword." That soldier beat a retreat, and is now meditating upon the sublimity of the work of the Sunday school and the general impudence of young Americans.

We believe that the scripture says something about the "shaking of dry bones." Well, come into the chapel some morning, when some man is *trying* to say something sharp, and you will see that saying verified. It is growing monotonous. An applause is good in its place, but we think when students arise to acknowledge an introduction to a gentleman, that by "clapping" they counteract all the courtesy shown.

BOOK NOTICES.

A Vocabulary of the Philosophical Sciences. By Krauth—Fleming, Sheldon & Co., New York.

The publishers have given to the public a book of great value in issuing this volume. The title is misleading, to a certain extent, promising far less than it gives. It is not a list of philosophical names alone, with a dictionary definition, but it is the philosophy of the world in a condensed form. The student, by its help, may turn to any term that has been fixed in philosophy, and become acquainted with its meaning, the history of its use, the idea which it covers, and its relation to other ideas, ascertain by whom the term was first used, and where, and when. The dates of the births and deaths of all philosophers of distinction are also a part of the work. This work contains the substance of many books, and should be in the libraries of all ministers, professional men and students.

Hours with Men and Books. By Prof. Wm. Mathews, LL. D. S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago. 1 vol., 12 mo., pp 384. \$2.00.

Since the publication of "Getting on in the World," Prof. Mathews has been constantly compared to Macaulay, Disraeli, Irving, &c., and his sparkling wit and wisdom are so happily blended that one is reminded of Sidney Smith in his better moods. He sees men and things from all standpoints. Sometimes, like Ruskin, he paints the scene with the most animated and vivid language. Again, like George Eliot, he goes back of the effects and discovers the motives to action, and causes and elements of success or failure. In a word, his books educate, please and inspire to action. Especially interesting in this book are the essays on Thomas De Quincey, Recollections of Judge Story, Moral Grahamism, the Illusions of History, Homilies on Early Rising, Writing for the Press and Working by Rule.

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