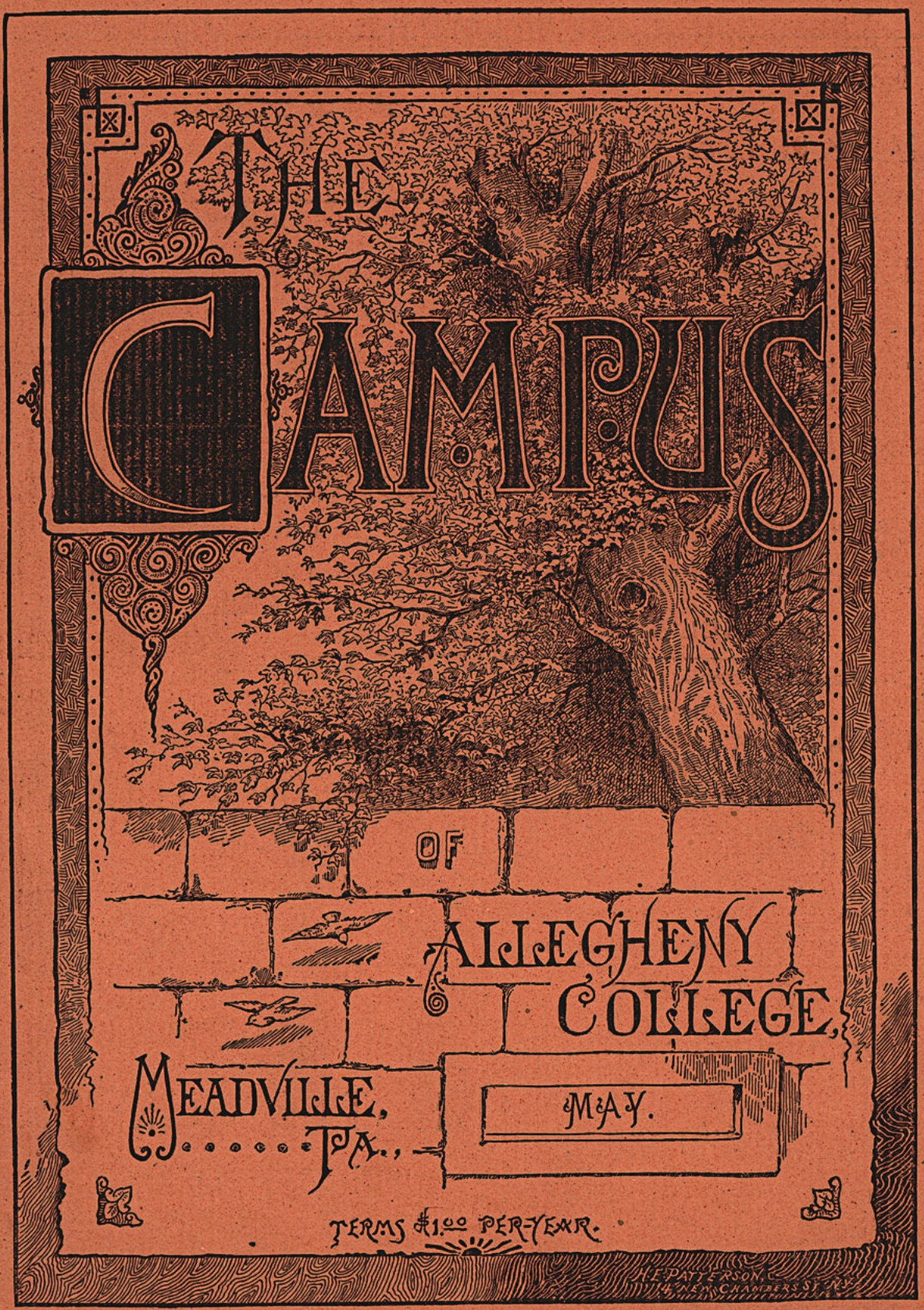

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Literary Department.

A GLANCE AT HAWTHORNE.

BY W. P. M., '86.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE was born in 1804, at Salem, Mass. He passed a quiet studious youth, graduating at Bowdoin, a class-mate of Longfellow. While filling several important government positions, the chief of which was consul at Liverpool, his pen was never idle; and it is as an author that he is remembered by the world to-day.

Hawthorne's writings may be divided into two classes, the first consisting of sketches, tales and descriptions, the second composed of his romances upon which rests his chief fame. While in the clear quiet pages of "Mosses From an Old Manse" and "Twice Told Tales," we see mirrored the genius of the man; it remains for his romances to reflect it to us in all its brilliancy. Here he stands unequaled and unapproached, a master delineator of character and interpreter of human passions.

"The Scarlet Letter" will exist as long as the English language. A plot, wrought out in the misty part of our early history, brings before us four distinct creations, Hester, Mr. Dimmesdale, Roger Collingworth, the leech, and Pearl. The first an *almost* perfect woman, pure at heart though betrayed, impulsive and scornful, yet restrained and mild. Refusing to name her betrayer, she bears alone the weight of a double crime, happier by far than her partner in guilt; for real innocence can never suffer as does sin, and do what you will to hide your crime you cannot escape your God.

The minister brilliant and weak can only be pitied; he needs no human censure; he is face to face with the great and righteous Judge. With a master pen, Hawthorne paints his fall, remorse and final rescue. One crime opens the gates of the heart to every temptation. The desire he feels to corrupt the heart of the fresh innocent maiden, whom he meets when all nature seems to whisper purity, shows his terribly weak condition. "What is it that haunts me thus? Am I mad, or am I utterly given over to the fiend? Did I make a contract with him in the forest and sign it with my blood? and does he now summon me to its fulfillment by suggesting the performance of every wickedness which his foul imagination can conceive?" The man with the invisible letter on his naked breast and his hand upon his heart is a lesson to humanity. "The midnight vigil" reveals him alone with his God. Aye! Let him tremble now! The eye of one, greater and more searching than the leech, is at his heart's inmost secrets. But here is not only justice but mercy. His heart humbled, his nature purified, his manhood regained, he comes at last to his true place beside Hester—"Ye that have loved me! Ye that have deemed me holy! Behold me the one sinner of the world!"

In the "Thou hast escaped me" of the leech, we detect the real Iago in modern dress.

Hawthorne's Phœbe is most true to life. How bright her face! How light and elastic her step! She exists in *every* village and few be the shadows on her hearth-stone. Without her, the book, with so much darkness and so little life and joy, would be repugnant to all. Coming to "The House of Seven Gables" clouded by the presence of Hebzibah, withered, shrunken and snappish, she seems to fill every nook and corner of the dreary mansion with sunshine, and by her entrance to purify it of the dark shadow of a former crime. What the wonder that her maiden reserve should shrink from the kiss of the sensual judge? Forgetful of self, bearing comfort to all, the light and brightness of many lives, to her Longfellow's words may well apply:

"And that smile like sunshine dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art."

Placed in comparison with Phœbe is Judge Pyncheon, unctuous and wicked. Passing from her to him is like going out of the beauty and fragrance of a morning in Spring into a dark dismal cellar. In describing his character Hawthorne delights in using his most biting satire and deepest scorn. "And if one chanced to be ill-natured as well as acute and susceptible, he would probably suspect that the smile on the gentleman's face was a good deal akin to the shine on his boots, and that each must have cost him and his boot-black respectively a good deal of hard labor to bring out and preserve them." With a right skillful hand has he drawn his famous death scene, from which space forbids but a few sentences: "Rise up, Judge Pyncheon! The morning sunlight glimmers through the foliage and, beautiful and holy as it is, shuns not to kindle up your face. Rise up! Thou subtile, worldly, selfish, iron-hearted hypocrite and make thy choice whether still to be subtile, worldly, selfish, iron-hearted, hypocritical, or to tear these sins out of thy nature, though they bring the life blood with them! The Avenger is upon thee! Rise up! before it is too late."

But let us pass to a more inviting picture. The creation of Hilda in "The Marble Faun" is unsurpassed as a pure ideal in all fiction. Placed in direct contrast with the strong impulsive Miriam, her trusted friend and intimate companion, she seems the embodiment of perfect womanhood. She is the fairest, noblest work of God, the pure, sensitive, spiritual American woman. What a pretty picture Hawthorne gives us, from the lips of Miriam, of Hilda in her tower: "You breathe sweet air above all the evil scents of Rome; and even so in your maiden purity you dwell above our vanities and passions, our moral dust and mud, with the doves and angels for your nearest neighbors." We can almost see the white sensitive face as she thus responds to the heartless speech of the stern priest of the confessional: "Father, I am only a motherless girl and a stranger here in Italy. I had only God to take care of me and be my

closest friend; and the terrible crime, which I have revealed to you, thrust itself between him and me, so that I groped for him in the darkness—as it were—and found him not, found nothing but a dreadful solitude and this crime in the midst of it. I could not bear it. It seemed as if it made the awful guilt my own, by keeping it hidden in my heart. It grew a fearful thing to myself. I was going mad." "The Marble Faun" is Hawthorne's "Tempest" and Hilda his "Miranda." Her character is unnatural, and yet placed beside Miriam, the mysterious, and Donatello the Faun, in that dream-land of bygone ages and classic monuments, in the quiet autumnal haze of Italy, she is in perfect harmony with the whole spirit of the romance. To place Hilda in "The Scarlet Letter" or "House of Seven Gables" would be like putting Miranda in "The Merry Wives of Windsor;" but where she is, she could not be one whit less innocent, less fanciful, less spiritual and be in sympathy with "The Marble Faun."

"And if any painter drew her,
He would paint her unaware
With a halo 'round the hair."

Hawthorne has left in all his works models of finished English, while his giant imagination and weird, moody thought are strongly marked on every page he has ever written, giving to all his characters a distinct individuality. Lowell has truly called him "the greatest imaginative genius since Shakespeare." He speaks as no other lessons of truth, purity and honor; lessons, too, none the less pointed if he fails to attach to each its little moral. Humanity needs no stronger sermon than "The Scarlet Letter," no deeper denunciation of wrong than "The House of Seven Gables." Sin, vice, wrong, all meet at his hands stern reproof, while to whatever is pure and good, he extends the warm hand of brotherly aid and appreciation. To his readers he is always a true and faithful counselor and a warm and trusted friend.

The three great productions of his genius may well stand side by side, possessing as they do, each some peculiar merit. Perhaps, though, "The Marble Faun" would be conceded first place, were it not that it is considered to lack life and reality. The author is said to have chiseled the characters from marble. Chiseled them from marble? So he has; but such marble as Michael Angelo saw contained an angel. The soul of the actors in this great drama is by no means obscured by the marble covering, if marble there be, but only purified and ennobled by contact with its snow-white mantle.

Oliver Wendell Holmes thus pays a fitting tribute to the memory of America's first man of letters:

"But who is he whose massive frame belies
The maiden shyness of his downcast eyes?
Who broods in silence till by questions pressed
Some answer struggles from his laboring breast?
An artist nature meant to dwell apart,
Locked in his studio with a human heart,
Tracking its cavernèd passions to their lair,
And all its throbbing mysteries laying bare,
Count it no marvel that he broods alone
Over the heart he studies—'tis his own;
So in his page whatever shape it wear
The Essex wizard's shadowed self is there,
The great Romancer, hid beneath his veil
Like the stern preacher of his somber tale;
Virile in strength, yet bashful as a girl,
Prouder than Hester, sensitive as Pearl."

AN OLD SAUCER.

IT was a sultry afternoon in July and Frank Wilson sat listlessly yawning in the cool shade of the vine-covered porch, when Dr. Deemer drove up and halted at the gate. "Good afternoon," said the Dr. cheerily. "Good afternoon," said the young man, rising and approaching the gate. "Come in, Doctor, and rest a few minutes; whew! this is rather warm weather, isn't it?" continued he, opening the gate and preparing to tie the horse at the hitching post. "No, no, thank you, Frank, my boy," exclaimed the Doctor; "I cannot stop, I came over to ask a favor—" "which shall be granted with pleasure," interrupted the youth. "I am obliged to go to Cincinnati, tomorrow," continued the doctor, "to attend the medical convention, and Mrs. Deemer goes to Jackson to visit her sister, and she very much wants the pony and phaeton at Jackson, but we have no way of getting it there." "And you wish me to drive over," put in Frank, as the doctor paused. "That is just it," said the doctor; "you can return by the evening train." "Well, I had intended returning to Grand Rapids this evening, but I should be glad to drive over if—" "Perhaps you can get Miss Clara to go with you," chimed in the doctor as a young lady clad in soft white muslin appeared in the doorway. "Clara go where?" laughed she, running down the path; "come in, doctor, it's quite cool in the house, and mother and father will be so pleased to see you." "No, child, thank you," responded the doctor; "I'll not come in to-day; what do you say, Frank?" "Would you like to drive over to Jackson, with me, to-morrow, in the doctor's phaeton?" said the young man, addressing Clara. "Gladly, if mamma will permit; but how will I get home?" "O, easily enough; we would get into Jackson by five o'clock, and would have two hours for supper and rest before taking the seven o'clock train home." "I'm sure mamma will consent, but I'll go and ask her," and Clara disappeared through the hall-way.

The morning was cool and delightful as the phaeton drew up at the gate. "Good morning" greetings were exchanged; "and now," said Clara's mother, as she placed a large basket of luncheon in the phaeton where the young lady was already seated, "when you have eaten your lunch, you can throw away the saucer the pie is on; it's an odd one and you need not burden yourselves carrying it about." Then followed the usual admonitions and good-byes, and the phaeton rolled away. The morning air was invigorating and the young people in excellent spirits, which not even the slow rate of the doctor's horse which was little larger than a Shetland pony, could dampen. About 10 o'clock, however, it began to rain, and continued to pour all day; but provided with umbrellas and gossamers, the rain merely added to their enjoyment that zest which we always experience when *something* happens. Coming to a pretty grove at the road-side, Frank proposed that they dine here, rather than seek the shelter of a house. The suggestion pleased Clara, and they descended. Jud was unhitched and fed, and they then gaily proceeded to investigate the basket, after tying their large hoisted umbrella to a low drooping branch for shelter. "I declare I'm hungry," said Frank, helping himself liberally. "So am I," said Clara; "I'm glad mamma provided so generously, dear mamma!" "Yes, *dear* mamma!"

said Frank; "she is a grand, good mother, Clara, and has a true, dear daughter; I shall ever be thankful that I came here to college. With my own mother so far away—and few boys have such mothers as mine," said he softly, almost reverently. "Why, do you know, Clara, when I think how mother cares for me, and prays for me, and longs to have me at home, but never murmurs so much as one word, because she thinks it best for me to be here, I could cry like a girl." "Yes, I know," said Clara; "she said when you graduated that she was so proud of her boy; 'he is my pride, my one hope, my own,' and I think I should always love her for the way she said that, if for nothing else. She said, too, that to know that her boy was building up a good practice in Grand Rapids, and succeeding in his profession would be sufficient compensation to her for remaining alone in your quiet little native town; but best of all, she thought, was that you were so noble a boy, so faithful a son, and—" "Did she *stop* there, did she say anything else?" said Frank, laughing, in a way to make Clara blush deeply. "Yes, of course she said something more, you don't suppose she just *quit* talking, do you? but let us get ready to start again," said she gaily, throwing the saucer away into the grove. "I wonder what will become of that old saucer! Don't you wish we could know!" "Why, I'll tell you," said Frank, starting toward the dish; "let's mark it, no, let's write something, let's write some poetry, won't it be splendid!" "That's a brilliant idea, let's do," she rejoined, for the present combination of circumstances were having their natural course in both the busy, romantic brains. Reseating themselves they tortured their minds for ideas, and although it hardly seems possible that they should, for rhymes and puns, as Clara put it, were not in their line, yet they did, after many failures really compose these lines:

Two lovers, on a rainy day,
Going to Jackson, on their way
Stopped for dinner in this grove.
He was a man few could surpass,
And she a pretty, gifted lass.
'Tis the rainiest day I ever saw, Sir,
So with "Good-bye" we leave this saucer.

L. F. AND L. C.,
31 Ledyard Block, Grand Rapids, Mich., July 30, '81.

They may have seemed somewhat self-complacent in thus speaking of themselves, but Frank declared that it was poetic license merely, and required by the necessities of the case. The paper was folded and carefully placed under the saucer, and the couple merrily continued their way through the mud with many forecasts as to what would become of their poetry. The next evening the postman handed the young D. D. S. a letter postmarked Sylvan, "Sylvan," said he to himself, "Where's Sylvan, and what's wanted?" So musing he hastily broke the seal and read with mingled surprise and pleasure as follows:

SYLVAN, MICH., July 30, 1881.

To L. F. & L. C.:

As I was passing thro' a grove
This rainy day, thinking of love
I would like to give to some pretty lass,
But all *too* bashful, alas—alas—
For me even the thought was a souser
When my eye chance to fall on an overturned saucer.
As I gazed upon it, I thought, perhaps Sir,
You're nothing but some gypsy's old castaway saucer
Or perhaps some pretty lass, in search of a flower,
Has thrown you away in this cool, leafy bower
So curiosity aroused, I turned the dish over,
And found there were two, instead of one lover,
Who had hastily eaten their chunk o' gingerbread
And are now *chewing gum*, for aught I know instead.
Oh! man unsurpassed—Oh gifted lass fair
In these treacherous times beware—beware.
Though love is in courtship and marriage, of course,
At the end of all this comes the modern divorce.
In deep concern,

Yours truly, GEO. E. DAVIS.

"Pretty good!" thought he, "good climate to grow poets; but our muses are all alike, they all seem to be pushed by the necessities of the case; but what is my correspondent like I wonder. He's in love, that's sure—and bashful; well, *he's* to be pitied," and he smiled a pharisaical smile, "I must send this to Clara."

"Clara," said Frank, one evening in February, "why not write again to Sylvan, I'd like to know more about that young man." "So should I and 'twould be fun, but would we write poetry?" "Of course." "Then dont't let's write, I'm no poet." "Neither am I, but we won't give up, will we? As long as our muse can limp we will never yield the palm." This burst of mock eloquence quite decided the matter, and laughing heartily they began the laborious task of exercising the lame muse, and at the end of two hours were quite satisfied with their labor; and confidentially, I think they surveyed their epistle with what they would have considered a just parental pride, how just, I leave the reader to decide.

To MR. GEO. E. DAVIS, Sylvan.

Your letter to us, Sir, was quite a surprise
And was read, Sir, with eager wide-open eyes.
I will here ask your pardon for so much delay
In answering your note of that wet rainy day.
We parted at Jackson (L. F. & L. C.)
So your message at first was read only by me;
But I sent it to her, as it was requested,
To show to our friends, who are much interested.
You surmise, Sir, our lunch was plain gingerbread,
And we're now chewing gum for aught you know instead;
Neither gum nor tobacco's a part of our diet.
We avoid such vile habits, not wanting to die yet.
We are lovers engaged to be married, of course,
And take little stock in your hints of divorce.
We are *old-fashioned lovers*, not marrying for money,
But seeking true pleasure much sweeter than honey,
A year and a half our engagement has lasted,
With pleasure and hopes of the future we've passed it.
"True love ne'er runs smooth" I cannot deny it,
And those who are doubtful have only to try it.
A year and a half more will see us united
For without a true woman, a man's life is blighted;
Oh sir, be not bashful, true pleasure you're losing

For 'twill lessen your prospects a good wife for choosing.
In the future, an appropriate time may be found
To return us the saucer you picked from the ground;
Or two cups and two saucers may acceptable be
In return for the one we left you, do you see?
Our names we'll announce in due time, and the day
When our vows shall be plighted for life, and we pray
That *you* grace with your presence the day of our joy
To which modern divorce will ne'er add alloy,

L. F. AND L. C., Detroit, Mich., Feb. 25, 1882.

"I guess our Sylvan young man must have committed suicide in despair,"—"or married and settle down," chimed Clara, as they were rowing one July afternoon in the summer of '82; "not one word yet?" "No not a word." "Oh well, we have had our fun anyway," said Clara; "I'm sure I shall never forget it." "Nor I," said Frank; "it was a great affair;" and there the matter dropped. Time sped on and the youth of Sylvan was forgotten, when in a heap of mail just brought in by the postman the young doctor found a letter from Sylvan; but the penmanship was unfamiliar, and after the first glance he opened it carelessly and behold! "more poetry, but this ——, the plot thickens," laughed he, and hurriedly glanced over the following:

SYLVAN, Nov. 20, 1882.

To L. F. AND L. C., Detroit, Mich.

I like very much the tone of your letter,
The ring of the rhyme, and in fact the whole matter,
This old-fashion lover business, it's a pretty good thing.
I'll first beg your pardon, then enter the ring.
I would not deceive you, nor make an intrusion,
But simply would free you from any delusion.
Our friend of the grove (L. F. and L. C.)
A little deception's been practiced on thee,
The one who chanced to be in the grove,
Was not a *young man*, who mused as he roved;
But instead, was an old man, with silvered hair,
Going to his corn field, and went through there—
Nor was he so timorsome, as he has said,
For years ago, he asked to wed,
A fair young girl and told her his love
And said he'd prove true like things above.
And now, since then, o'er twenty years have flown,
With happiness, love, and tears, and still we are *one*,
We're not so very *young*, nor yet so *very old*,
But by human events, our lives are half told.
He's o'er in the forties, I am crowding them fast,
But to grow old gracefully I find no small task.
We have learned very much, still know very little
But our love naught can shake, not one jot, nor one tittle.
My friends, into each life, *some tears* must fall.
Be faithful, true, and loving through it all—
Tread not the beaten paths of sin, of jealousy and strife,
But seek the high, the noble, and the purer path in life,
Learn thee of patience, to bear and forbear,
And for bills of divorcement, you'll neither one care.
Now that poor old saucer—the innocent thing,
Little thought to four lives, so much fun it would bring.
But life's not all fun, and remembering this
In your trials and troubles just give her a kiss,
'Twill lighten her burdens and lessen your toil,
And help you climb upward in life's great turmoil.
I know my young friends, that now as of yore,
Advice unasked is oft times a bore.
You say you'll be married, well now, that is good,
I would not stay single, no, not if I could.
The cups and the saucers, Oh yes, we will heed,
But I think in the future a full set you'll need.

MRS. GEO. E. DAVIS, Sylvan, Mich.

When next he saw Clara he read the letter to her. "Who would have thought it," said Clara; "I was sure he was some bashful youth." "And I, too, but to think he should have so deceived us; I do believe I like them." "And certainly they are cultured people whatever their circumstances; I should like to meet them." "And we will, I hope, Clara." "But doesn't it seem strange, Frank, that so much pleasure could come from so little a thing as throwing away an old saucer?" "Yes, but the enjoyment comes after all from these unselfish people who can still regard youthful pleasures kindly and enhance them by their own personal effort." Here Clara's mother entered the room and again the letter was read and discussed. * * * *

Nearly a year had flitted by and the preparations were fast being made for the event to which the young people had all this time looked forward. A small company of intimate friends were to witness the quiet ceremony. "We must invite our Sylvan friends," said Frank, and again the young couple betook themselves to verse. "For how could we," said Frank, "send them an ordinary, prosaical, proper invitation." So they wrote a long letter, with post-scripts and succeeded with great effort in inviting their friends in this wise:

ANN ARBOR, MICH., Aug. 2, '81.

MR. & MRS. GEO. E. DAVIS, Sylvan, Mich.

KIND FRIENDS:

Weeks and months have sped by since the last of Nov.,
When your last was penned (I think you'll remember)
But a reason we have to *now* make a reply;
To you who *so well* the rhyming did try,
We welcomed with pleasure your entering the ring
For the added enjoyment you thereby did bring—
The facts in the history given by you
We enjoy all the more, now we know what is true.
The pictures you draw of a man and his wife
Tell how happiness earned is enjoyed in this life,
And give us fair omens of what will soon come
When in Hymen's close bond, we two are made one.
Kind advice we accept in the spirit you give
And trust we can follow in the new life we live.
We can scarce be unmindful that clouds must come,
But hope to have strength as life's race we run.
Now brightness and glory and beauty abound,
And seem all our foot-steps close to surround.
It is ours to fulfill a promise once written
When left in a grove in the manner then given.
All things have an end, and so must this tale;
We have finished our plans, and so ask by mail,
That you come to Ann Arbor, at this our request—
And each at our wedding appear as a guest.

At the end of this month, on the twenty-ninth day,
The time shall arrive, for which all lovers pray,
When our lives, thus far parted, shall flow into one,
And the tie ne'er be broken till life's work is done.
Vexations may come, and storms we may weather,
But their weight will be half, if we meet them together.
How little we thought, when we left in the grove,
The useless old saucer, and our tale of love
That the finding and keeping would hap'ly beget,
So pleasant a rhyming among our quartette.
May the knowledge of each other so queerly begun
Tie a knot of pure friendship ne'er to be undone.

Most truly your friends,
F. D. WILSON, D. D. S.
CLARA M. WALLACE.

Quickly came the acceptance:

DR. F. D. WILSON AND MISS CLARA M. WALLACE,
Our friends of the Grove:

Your kind invitation to us came to day
To see your bark launched on life's stormy way;
And we gladly accept it, for a pleasure 'twill be
To witness the nuptials of L. F. & L. C.

Truly your friends,
MR. AND MRS. GEO. E. DAVIS.

Until the day of the wedding there was much wonder, and many expressions of eager curiosity; and even after the stately wedding march, during the solemn moments when they were taking upon themselves the most sacred vows, there was a half unconscious, flitting desire to know if those of Sylvan were near them. And when Mr. and Mrs. Davis approached and quietly but courteously and cordially expressed their pleasure in the happiness of the young people, their faces, beaming with the grace of gentleness and intelligence, won the hearts already so long besieged. After the supper, as our young people mingled with their guests, they discovered among the many other handsome presents two dainty individual China tea-sets, which evoked a quick mutual glance of intelligence. When they took their departure, Mrs. Davis fixed the date when (L. F. & L. C.) should visit them; and now four people are enjoying a congenial friendship, engendered by their readiness to infuse thought and imagination into so ordinary an act as throwing away and finding an old saucer.

MARCELLUS.

THE THREE FOOLS.—AN OLD TALE VERSIFIED.

BY CHARLES M. SNYDER, '82.

[CONTINUED.]

"Dot is if you and I vos vun and hat some shiltren too
Und von of dem fall in dot hole, say Hans vat vould you do"?
"Is dat the reason vy you veeps? Mine Gott in Himmel I"—
And Hans felt too excited then to make a safe reply.

But he said a moment after, keeping half his thought concealed
Which might prove quite disastrous if suddenly revealed,
"Fenefer I see dree such big fools as we haf peen to tay.
I gomes and dells you who dey vos." And then he went away.

He started down a country road and swore a lot in dutch,
And said he thought such foolishness a little bit too much.
When; looking up: he thought he saw a struggling in a lane,
A scene which in resemblance brought the last to mind again.

For a woman held a squeeling pig with both hands by the tail,
Which was leading her a fearful dance ore log and stump and rail,
And the heavy perspiration rain in rivulets around,
Whilst the clawings and the rootings made a harrow for the ground.

Amazed at such a spectacle, Hans soon ran to her side.
"Mine Gott in Himmel vat you mean, vat for is dis?" he cried.
Then said the woman, "hold the pig and if you want to know
I'll tell you friend—be careful now—there, take him gently, so.

You see that garden over there? Well, if I dropped this pig,
He'd soon be in the vegetables to eat and root and dig.
And so my curious friend, you see that is the reason why."
"Mine Gott," said Hans, and laughed aloud; "vy don'd you puilt a sty?"

"What's that you said?" and anxiously she waited for reply;
And Hans returned "Here, took your pig, I sait puilt him a sty."
"Oh gracious me! I never thought, sure that would keep him tight
And save me many an aching bone, young man I guess you're right."

And Hans he went a trudging on, "fool number vun," he said;
And whilst several curious fancies went a prancing through his head,
He looked off in a neighboring field, and there beheld a pile
Of steps and trestle work and plank, in length about a mile;

Which rose in gradual ascent up to a lofty roof.
And up the trembling trestle work, with clattering of the hoof,
A man was pulling all his might dragging up a stubborn cow,
Which seemed to have a preference of staying down below.

The curious Hans beholding this, said, "Mienheer tell me vy
You dry so hart to make dot cow go up so fery high?"
The man desisted for a space in his uneven hoist
And answered slowly as he took a hitch around a joist.

"You see that moss that's hanging from the moulding on the eave?
My friend, if you will condescend my statement to believe,
'Tis ten years since I first began to build these steps to get
This hungry cow up to that moss, and there its hanging yet.

Hans rammed his hands his pockets in and stood there in surprise,
Speechless for a moment; gaping mouth and staring eyes,
And then at length he found his voice and the following essay'd,
"Vy don'd you got a ladder? say? and cut it mit a spade."

"Oh Lord! I never thought of that; come show me how 'tis done."
And Hans he raised the ladder and at once his task began,
Whilst the man in simple wonder urged him with an empty smile;
He scraped the moss, the ladder slipped, Hans straddled him awhile.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CAMPUS.

PUBLISHED THE 1st OF EACH MONTH, AUG. AND SEPT. EXCEPTED.

ENTIRELY CONTROLLED BY STUDENTS.

MEADVILLE, PA., MAY, 1884.

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A CHANGE has been made in the regulations of the CAMPUS, by which the old board will publish their June number as a commencement number, and the new board, instead of commencing the year in July, will commence with the college year. By the old plan the commencement number has been published by an inexperienced board, and instead of being the best of the year, as it should be, has been a very poor representation of the college paper. We will not promise that it will be any better this year; but if experience has done anything for us in fitting us for the work, the commencement number shall have the ull benefit of that experience.

MUCH has been said, first and last, concerning the election of studies for service in the battalion. The general sentiment of our non-military ones seems to be against it. The practice of substituting equivalents is prevalent in all colleges, and it is conceded that many students are greatly benefitted by being allowed to break away from old established lines, and to pursue studies better suited to their tastes and talents. The practice is carried on here extensively among the academic departments. No one stops to question whether a term of German is equivalent to a term of Greek or Latin to Mathematics; but if the cadet wishes to substitute one of the minor studies of the course for a year's service in the battalion, the cry is at once raised that he is weakening his course. If ours was a play military department, this might be very true; but we have a thorough and efficient commander appointed by the government, the military drill is scientific and instructive, and a year's service is productive of valuable knowledge and discipline. To some it may not be of practical value. How much or our college course is so? It may be that the measure of equivalence is not correct; perhaps a limitation to two or three studies for each cadet would be wise, but while this instruction is acknowledged to be of sufficient value to form a department of the college, we believe the permission to substitue its equivalent is most just.

NEVER has a CAMPUS editor served his year without inscribing a few lines to Lake George. We feel the influence of the powerful precedent, and have resisted it as long as we can. The poor lake is sadly neglected at best, and could not be expected to survive, if forsaken by its CAMPUS friends. We feel that a few more dips from the editorial pen will dry it up completely, yet we venture, trusting to summer showers to refill. As far back as runs the memory of the oldest college man, there was talk of improving and beautifying this piece of our campus scenery. We distinctly remember on our first morning at college, while walking over from chapel with one of the professors, how proudly he pointed to that little mud puddle and said: "We intend making something beautiful of that some day." We really thought he was in earnest and expected on our first return to college to find the fountain playing and boats gliding o'er the bosom which is now disturbed only by the splash of the noble bull-frog. Instead of the breeding place of polliwogs and editorials, we had expected to find it the one pleasure spot of the whole campus. It is not too late for the work yet. Nature has endowed our campus richly. Let art but do its share and there would be few pleasanter resorts.

"IMPOSSIBLE," said one of Napoleon's marshals on hearing him propose a most daring exploit. "Impossible?" cried the indignant chief. "Impossible is the adjective of fools." So we think when hearing that oft-repeated "I don't care!" If not the expression of fools, it is a most foolish and absurd expression. Don't care when reprimanded for a flagrant fault, or reproved for having miserably stumbled through a half prepared lesson? Don't care for the examination and goodwill of professors, students, and society? "Don't care for 'nothing and nobody!'" "It's 'me' that's doing it and its nobody's business!" Ignorant, defensible, self-conceited egotism! Don't you know that your manhood, if you have a spirit of manhood in your breast, revolts at the thought on a moment's sober reflection, and repudiates the sentiment as unworthy a gentleman? Your very countenance, unless possessed of the most brazen effrontery, "gives the lie" to your words. Dare to be yourself, young man, don't try to hide your honest shame behind such pamby-namby nonsense as "I don't care." Face the fire like a man and all will respect you for it. Frank acknowledgment with a determined "I will" or "I won't," is more than half a victory.

He who begins life with a careless, faulty, meaningless, "I don't care" for his watchword, will have adopted it as a sober reality ere he is aware, and will end life as a mean, narrow, contracted, bigoted nothing. Rather respect the demands of conscience, reason, and society, and your life cannot fail of success.

C. T. F.

Among the Colleges.

Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
—COUPER'S TASK.

EXCHANGE CHAT.

College students as a body are strongly poetical.—*Tribune.*

In the January merit roll at West Point, Alexander, the colored cadet from Ohio, stood nine in a class of one hundred.

A Japanese student has been selected for the important position of assistant professor of astronomy at the Berlin University.

The class dress of the seniors of Wabash college is the sailor suit. All will appear at commencement in class costume.—*University Press.*

B. P. Shillaber, better known as "Mrs. Partington," is now over 70 years of age, and lives quietly in Shelsea, Mass., occasionally writing for the press. He began life as a printer.—*College Student.*

Mr. George Washington Childs, of Philadelphia, has in his possession as a relic, the college gown worn by the poet Tom Moore, at the University of Dublin.—*Herald Crimson.*

Fire fiends have been operating at Vanderbilt University, several of the Institution's buildings having been set fire to recently. The students have organized fire companies.

At Rochester, the sophomores and freshmen engaged in a fiercely fought gum-shoe battle. The fight continued until the president of the college appeared on the scene. Black eyes and bloody noses were the fashion. Only one student was badly wounded. The sophomores suffered most. It is thought that the ill-feeling between the two classes will be dropped, and that the faculty will take no action in the matter.—*Collegian.*

Dr. James E. Rhoades, of Philadelphia, was last Saturday, elected President of Bryn Mawr College by the trustees, and Martha Carey Thomas, of Baltimore, Dean of the faculty and Professor of English. The institution will be open to students in the autumn of 1885, and will adopt a standard of admission and instruction equal to the highest in existing colleges for women in this country. Dr. Rhoades was named in the will of Dr. Joseph W. Taylor, the founder of Bryn Mawr College, as one of its trustees, and still holds that position. Martha Carey Thomas holds the degree of Ph. D. *summa cum laude* from Zurich.—*Crimson.*

Class feeling has been running very high in De Pauw University, Indiana. It began by the Seniors adopting high hats as the insignia of their class. They were promptly stolen by the Sophomores, who had their pictures taken in them. The other evening, during the progress of the Sophomore performance, about thirty Freshmen entered the hall with large paper sacks inflated and labeled "Sophomore wind." After hearing four speeches they all started to leave the hall. Dr. Ridpath, presiding, tried to detain them by locking the doors, but these were burst open, and the Freshmen escaped amidst great excitement. During the uproar firecrackers were exploded, filling the hall with smoke. At a later hour the cannon were taken from the armory and fired repeatedly.—*Hobart Herald.*

A bit of philosophy from the "College Journal."

A CLEAR TITLE.—If a man would, according to law, give an orange to another, instead of saying, "I give you that orange," the phrase would run thus: "I give you all and singular my estate in interest, right, title and claim, and advantage of, and in that orange, with all its rind, skin, juice, pulp, and all right and advantage therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck, or otherwise eat the same orange, or give the same away, with or without all its rind, skin, juice, pulp, pits, anything theretofore or hereinafter, or in any other deed or deeds, instruments, of what nature or kind soever to the contrary notwithstanding." Such is the language of lawyers; and it is gravely held by the most learned among them that by the omission of any of these words the orange would not be legally conveyed.

A recent article in the Philadelphia *Progress* makes the following curious, but eminently true comparison between the ordinary newspaper or magazine and college periodicals: "The college papers experience no little difficulty in obtaining a sufficient matter for publication, and some of them even offer prizes for the best contributions. It is hard to see why it should be so. There can be no practice of more after use to college men than exercise in composition in the English language, and it is extraordinary that the majority of them do not try their hands at it. One would suppose that the college papers would have vastly more communications sent to them than they could possibly find room for, but the case is exactly opposite. Other papers are constantly flooded with voluntary contributions, but in college, where it might be presumed all the students would know how to write and would want to write, there is evidenced an astonishing unwillingness to put a pen to paper." We think that there are four reasons why the entire work on college papers is left by the mass of students to the editors, viz., laziness, diffidence, know-nothingness, and confidence in the board of editors.—*Badger.*

The Senior now begins to lift his hat to himself, and wonders how the rest of the world has done without him so long.

In Iowa and several other States the State Oratorical Association is composed of twelve or more colleges. That oratorical affairs in these states have run smoothly and harmoniously so long is matter for congratulation, and it is also no cause for surprise to learn that trouble has at last appeared. The Hawkeyes are the ones now who have allowed their jealousies and petty strifes to break their hitherto harmonious proceedings. The State contest in Iowa was held at Ames, March 13. The judges awarded the first place to Mr. J. A. Dyer, and second place to Miss Carrie Esty, whose orations were entitled respectively, "The Mirage," and "Wisdom and Humanity." On the day following the contest it was discovered by the defeated colleges that many "glaring mistakes and unconstitutional acts had been indulged in." Then the fun began. The result, however, was that the president was deposed, the two winning colleges expelled from the Association, and the contest at Ames declared null and void. The second contest was held at Des Moines, where Walter McHenry of the Iowa Agricultural college received first place; his subject was "The Nazarene." There will be, therefore, a double-headed delegation from Iowa to the Inter State Contest; but as Mr. McHenry's credentials are backed by twelve out of the fourteen colleges comprising the Association before the trouble, his chances seem at present the best.—*Ariel.*

"Lives there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
I, too, can pitch a curve-———."

Spring, the spring poet, and malaria are upon us. But there are concomitants of spring and they are base ball and base ball fever. One sympton of the latter sickness is that the patient becomes mentally and morally convinced that he can pitch a curve. The careful observer can, on any bright day, see numerous couples, of almost any class, scattered over the campus, in the full agonies of this disease. One, seeming in great pain, will double himself up in the most approved Ward style, and then leap into the air, at the same time projecting a base ball to the other, who catches it (or muffs it) in what he considers a most graceful style. The peculiarity of his sickness is a mental one. Every one of the pitchers is convinced that he is pitching a curve. He calls upon the catcher to perjure himself with reference to the amount of the curve, and sinks deeper and deeper into the mire of his delusion at every evolution. The good feature of this fever, and one that gives a premium over all other fevers, is that the patient needs take no physic to recover. His recovery can be brought about whenever it is thought needful by his friends, by substituting a George Washington catcher, and letting the sufferer hear his ideas on the curves,or rather would-be curves, he is delivering.—*Princtonian.*

A large audience assembled at the Crystal Palace at Synenham a few days ago to hear Oscar Wilde's lecture on his impressions of America. Mr. Wilde (who has discarded knee breeches and resumed the prosaic trowsers)said that the Americans are the noisiest people in the world, whose natural occupation is catching trains. Pennsylvania, with its rocky gorges and woodland scenery, reminded him of Switzerland, the prairies of a piece of blotting paper. Everything is twice as large as it should be; everywhere is twice as far as it should be. He visited Leadville, the chief characteristic of whose inhabitants is the constant use of the revolver. He lectured to them on "Benvenuto Cellini, his Life and Works," and was reproved by his hearers for not having brought the artist with him. The explanation that he had been dead some little time elicited the inquiry, "Who shot him?" Among the more elderly inhabitants of the South he found a melancholy tendency to date every event of importance by the late war. "How beautiful the moon is to-night!" he once remarked to a gentleman who was standing next to him. "Yes, but you should have seen it before the war." So infinitesimal did he find the knowledge and appreciation of art west of the Rocky Mountains that an art patron—one who in his day had been a miner—actually sued the railroad company for damages because the plaster cast of Venus of Milo, which he had imported from Paris, had been delivered minus the arms! And, what was more surprising still, he gained the case and the damages.—*Oberlin Review.*

We learn from the *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate* that Dr. A. B. Hyde, our Professor in the Biblical and English Department, has been nominated by the Board of Visitors of Garrett Biblical Institute to the chair vacated by the death of Dr. Hemenway. But while we congratulate the Board on their excellent choice, we are proud to claim as our instructor "this well known scholar," who, in being honored, honors us; and for the sake of our institution we hope that the Dr. will find it expedient to decline the nomination.

WIT.

Beware of *grouping on the campus!*"

"What do you think of Fielding?" asked a Boston girl of a Harvard graduate. "Oh, it's important, of course, but it don't amount to anything without good batting."—*Ex.*

"See here, mister," said a boy, who was briven up a tree by a ferocious dog," if you don't take your dog away I'll eat up all your apples."

Why was Jupiter like one of the political parties of to-day? Because he wanted a Leda.—*Life.*

"William," said a teacher to one of her pupils, "can you tell me why the sun rises in the east?" "Don't know, sir," replied William," "'cept it be that the 'east makes everything rise." Teacher fainted.—*Ex.*

There is an old German play in which, when the curtain is rung up in the first act, a beautiful forest is presented, in the midst of which Adam is seen hastening to the garden of Eden to be created.—*Varsity.*

Ehics—Prof.: Mr. L., you may pass on to the next life." Mr. L.: "Not prepared, sir."

"What influence has the moon on the tide?" the teacher asked John Henry. And John Henry, said: "It depends on what was tied; if it was a dog it made him howl."

Love.—Young Simpson (to the lovely Felicia, as they stand on the piazza in the moonlight): Miss Felicia, this world looks so dreary and lonely to me. I feel as though no one loves me." Felicia (in a sympathetic tone): "Oh, Mr. Simpson, God loves you." Simpson, after a thoughtful pause, suggests that they go in, as it is growing chilly.—*Life.*

When Harvard College first opened its doors, the entire number of students was three. Of these, two were Seniors and the other was a Freshman. In one of Dr. Homes' Harvard poems occurs this verse:

And who were on the catalogue
When college was begun?
Two nephews of the President
And the Professor's son;
Lord! how the Seniors knocked about
That Freshman class of one.

—*Herald-Crimson.*

The Golden Calf.

There was once a man who went to college. He spent one, two, three, four years there. Learning everything, I suppose? Well, no; not exactly everything. He spent a good deal of money, and his kind father denied him nothing. By actual computation, his expenses for the four years amounted to exactly $5,227.50. That's a pretty neat little sum.

Well, Commencement has come and gone; this college man has graduated—how, the powers that be only know. But he had got his diploma, and gone home. Did his father welcome him? He did, with a very beautiful passage of Scripture. What was the quotation? Why, the reply of Aaron to Moses when the latter rebuked him for making an idol for the people: "*Lo! I poured in the gold, and there came out this calf.*"—*College Argus.*

Ligan.

Only four days encampment.

Senior vacation commenced Thursday.

Day's attempt at a moustache proved abortive.

Dice will be the commissary at camp this year.

That senior actually appeared the other day wearing a neck tie.

A canine visitor raised a slight commotion in chapel one morning lately.

Major Fuller went to Pittsburgh last week to attend the wedding of a friend.

As the loafing on the campus becomes better, the number of vacant chairs in chapel grows larger.

Dougal is fast recovering from his injuries, and is now able, with the aid of crutches, to leave his room.

F. M. Currie of the Senior class, spent Saturday and Sunday, May 24th and 25th, at his home in Latimer, Ohio.

Two of the students contemplate making a journey to their homes in Pittsburgh by water after the close of the year.

The next number of the Campus will be issued Commencement week, and the new volume will begin with the September issue instead of July as heretofore.

A new species of violets has been lately discoved in the vicinity of Meadville. Its chief characteristic is the odor. Ask the man who searched for scented violets behind the Old McHenry.

A telephone will probably soon be placed in Hulings Hall. A great part of its utility will be lost since the old telephone racket can not be employed by those having urgent business down town.

One of the faculty recently made a call at the room of a student and found the gentleman with his friends engaged in a quiet game of "penny-ante." The curtain was hastily drawn over the scene.

The Kalamathean essay prize of the Philo society was awarded to C. P. Lynch. The competition for this prize was confined to members of the Freshman class. The essays, we are told, were excellent.

A senior recently hunted for half an hour to find United States in the classical atlas. The same man was ready to knock a junior out in four rounds, because he said Cæser did not reckon longitude from Paros.

Col. J. M. Williams, of Coshocton, Ohio, '73, brother of our former professor, has recently prepared a digest of the laws of his State. The work comprises three volumns and is the result of much labor. It is pronounced by eminent authorities of the State to be very fine.

Prof. in Astronomy:—"Why does the tidal wave move up East River more slowly than in the open sea?" Senior:—Because it is harder to roll the wave up hill." If that principle is correct, about what time may the people above Niagara look for the tidal wave? we ask for information.

A certain unsophisticated Prep. is deeply concerned because poor Mr. Fuller can't throw a ball straight.

Owing to ill health Miss Clark has been obliged to discontinue her college duties for the rest of the year.

Miss McGrew has returned to her home in Allegheny for needed rest and recreation. She will be absent but a short time.

The "Grand Mogul" unexpectedly appeared in our midst on Saturday, and Sunday morning realized the anticipations of all, for the "Kid" wore the insignia of the order.

Oh, My! exclaimed one of the young ladies in a fit of nervous terror, as she caught sight of Mr. D——'s new mown pate, and then quietly remarked: What a lovely opportunity for an aspiring phrenologist.

A challenge from Mt. Union College to a rifle match has been received and accepted by Allegheny. The team are now taking daily practice and will, no doubt, be in good form for the contest. The date for the match is June 13.

A certain young lady, whose hair has a strong tendency to auburn, has lately demonstrated to the seniors, assembled in solemn (?) conclave, by practical illustration, that she firmly believes in woman's position as the silent "power behind the throne."

There is an old saw that "Two is company and three is a crowd;" but there are now in college one young lady and two young gentlemen, who aver that on one occasion at least "a crowd" was a very pleasant circumstance, much to the chagrin of "the children."

At last it has been definitely decided by the faculty to allow the battalion to have encampment, and preparations are already being made for the event. It was the unanimous wish of the corps, and it is needless to say that those who experienced the pleasure of former camps were ardent in forwarding the scheme. According to present arrangements we go into camp on Monday the 16th, and return the following Saturday, but an effort will be made to have the date of departure changed to the preceeding Friday or Saturday, thus giving us two days more. There is no reason why this should not be done, as we heretofore had the full week, and going on Saturday would not cause any loss of college duty. The encampment promises to be a great success, and no doubt will be as pleasant as it will be profitable.

Our waste basket is full of poems. The aspirant for literary honors comes into the sanctum, delivers his manuscript, and is promptly kicked out at the back door. The young man who perpetrated the following was so fortunate as to catch the toe of his boot in the carpet and dislocate his *cervical vertebae* before reaching the ground. We are truly sorry for his untimely fate. His poem has some stray sparks of genius, but his sparks are gone out forever. Let the sad end of this young man be for a *Warning.*

"A word to the wise is sufficient."

* * * *

The tom-cat sings and howls and hoots,
The student throws all his Sunday boots.
When student seeks them at early dawn
He sings and hoots 'cause his boots are gone.

* * * *

A co-ed. said good night to her beau at the front door last night and went into the room where her friend sat reading Mark Twain's book, " om Sawyer."

"What are you reading," she asked.

"Tom Sawyer."

"I don't care a cent if he did; I guess I've a right to kiss Jim if I want to, and Tom had better mind his own business."

Dr. and Mrs. Wheeler received the senior class of Allegheny College at Huling's Hall Thursday night, May 29th. The class, together with the ladies of the college, the faculty, their wives, and other invited guests were present. Refreshments were served in the spacious dining room. After refreshments, Dr. Wheeler made some pleasant remarks in regard to his connection with the graduating class, congratulating them and expressing regrets at the separation soon to take place, etc. He was followed by Drs. Hyde and Hamnett, and Prof. Tingley. The company returned to the parlors and were entertained by music furnished by Mrs. J. H. Montgomery, in her usual superior style. The remainder of the evening was spent in social chat and enjoyed exceedingly by all.

Since the college has no ball nine of its own this season, we must claim a share of the credit being won by the city team, since it has a number of students among its players. Dice, Day, Kerr and Wilson hold positions in the nine, although the latter has not been able to play in many games on account of a crippled finger. Dice has become a great favorite with Meadville audiences as well as with the management and the other players, and his work on third has been indeed brilliant. Kerr has also done fine playing, and his work at the bat and base running has been among the best of the club. He has the qualities of a first-class ball player and promises to make one of the strongest of the team. Although playing at a disadvantage in the field, Day has played a very good game and well supports his record as a fine ball tosser. Of eleven games played this season, the club has won five, and, taking into consideration the fact that all the games lost were lost to professional nines, the showing of the home club is excellent. The last game, which the Buffalo league team won by a score of 5 to 7, was an exhibition of what the boys can do, the result being as much of a surprise to ourselves as to the Buffalos. The boys leave Monday to play return games at Warren and other places.

[COMMUNICATED.]

TIME—FIVE MINUTES.

The faculty has refused to allow the Senior class to substitute a noted orator from abroad for the usual commencement exercises. We had fondly hoped this humble request would be granted, but it was not. On the contrary the time was cut down to five minutes. They say our parents would be disappointed at not hearing us speak. There is a compliment somewhere but whether it belongs to father or son in this case it is difficult to say. I give it up. They must think our parents have a high appreciation of art to travel several hundred miles to hear a five minutes speech, especially since they have heard our charming voices for twenty years in all variety of tones—tones more sad and pathetic, touching and tragic than all can hope to produce at this advanced stage of life.

No I am afraid they misjudge our progenitors. I think it would be with an inward pain a sort of a pang for departed jingbats that my father would turn to his neighbor at the close of my speech and say, "There it cost me twelve hundred dollars to produce that and twenty-five to hear it." I'm convinced if you would offer eloquence at that rate to any one of our fond fathers, he would say no, "there's been a panic in Wall street."

But the rule has its advantages. We can write our orations before breakfast and spend our senior vacation watching the tricky Sophomores writing spring poetry, making new mashes or pursuing some other remunerative industry.

Let the good work go on; cut the time down to five minutes for all and let us repeat our peices in concert and thus renew our youth.

When the people are educated up to it dispense with speak-altogether and turn commencement day into a circus, with a brass-band and twenty allied shows.

PERSONAL.

'83. E. L. Frisbee lately visited his sister at Hulings Hall.

'85. C. R. Thoburn is pushing the book trade in Michigan.

Al. Andrews is now proprietor of an extensive cattle ranch in Montana.

'82. E. O. Minnigh recently visited his friends in the city and college.

Frederick, of last year's Freshman class, has commenced business in Wellsburg, W. Va.

Pres. Wheeler and Prof. Reid attended the Grand Conference of the Methodist church at Philadelphia.

'80. Mrs. Beebe, *nee* Linn, will accompany her husband to China, where they will enter upon missionary labor.

Wells, Bodley and Fuller, all Sophomores, have been in their respective territories delivering the first volume of Blaine's book.

'84. S. P. Long, Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., has resigned his place, and will probably be engaged in the book business during a part of the summer.

'84. C. W. Deane has been elected superintendent of the schools of McKeesport, Pa. He goes to conduct the examination of teachers the middle of June.

D. M. Wise was called to his home at Girard, O., by the accidental death of his father. He has the sympathy of the entire college in his sudden bereavement.

'69. G. W. Foulk, of Foulk Bros. & Co., Pittsburg, has invented an improved method of casting printing press rollers, which is very highly recommended by the press.

Prof. A. B. Hyde has been nominated by the Board of Visitors of Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill., to the chair of Hebrew, vacated by the death of Dr. Hemenway.

'80. Dr. A. B. Colter has severed his connection with Dr. Lashells and departed for the West. He had no definite place in view, but after traveling over the country will locate in the most favorable city of the Northwest.

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