THE CAMPUS.

"INTER SILVAS ACADEMIAE QUAERIMUS VERUM."

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LITERARY.

EVENING HOURS.

BY MRS. EMILY J. BUGBEE.

Night folds her holy mantle o'er
The brightness of a winter day,
And from the forest, vale and hill
The sunset glories pass away.

A sombre shadow stands the pine,
Its plaintive voices sounding near,
As breathing o'er earth's glories gone,
A wild and solemn miserere.

The benedictions of the hour,
Fall softly o'er the homes of men,
Rest comes and peaceful quiet reigns
Where lately din and toil have been.

Few are the charms that tempt our feet
Into the outer world to roam;
But brighter grow the fireside joys,
And dearer the delights of home.

And fairer grows the world of thought,
Its deep skies are luminous and bright,
Its varied landscape stretching wide,
In softened shadow or in light.

Love's lighted vestals purer burn,
Hope softly spreads her snowy wing,
While memory weaves her magic spell
Around each old familiar thing.

From childhood scenes, from youth's dear home
Our feet have wandered wide and far,
Yet lo! on yonder bending dome,
Still smiles the evening's changeless star.

We've watched it oft, in joy and grief,
When years were old, and years were new,
Break, sudden as some glorious dream
Upon the twilight's deep'ning blue.

Sweet evening hours, with constant star,
Set gem-like on thy regal brow,
We loved thee in life's earlier years,
We bless thy holy quiet now.

THE COST OF GOOD WRITING.

Half the depth and strength of thought is lost by being poorly expressed.

One may have something to say, but unless he knows how to say it, his ideas will be received at half value. All recognize good writing as necessary to success in literary work, but comparatively few regard it as an art to be mastered. Young writers too often consign their thoughts to paper without care or labor, seemingly regarding success in writing as a result of chance. A greater mistake could not be made. It costs something to write well. Excellence is not secured in a day, and for it a high price must be paid. Only ignorance of how leading authors have attained their position could ever attribute superiority in writing to chance.

Charles Lamb has given us essays in so easy and sportive a style one might think them to have been dashed off by his own happy knack at expression, but he confesses them to be the result of the most intense brain labor, and says that often he has worked for a week upon a humorous letter to a friend.

Dickens, when he had a book to finish, would work night and day, rearranging, pruning and elaborating; and, before writing a Christmas story, would withdraw from society for some weeks

and come out haggard and worn, as if from a severe fever.

The time and labor that Balzac spent upon his productions is almost as remarkable as his methods of work. His biographer says of him: "After he had thought out thoroughly one of his philosophical romances, and amassed his materials in a most laborious manner, he retired to his study, and from that time until his book went to press, society saw him no more. When he appeared again among his friends he looked, said his publisher, like his own ghost. The manuscript was afterward altered and copied, when it passed into the hands of the printer, from whose slips the book was rewritten for the third time. Again it went into the hands of the printer—two, three and sometimes four separate proofs being required before the author's leave could be got to send the perpetually rewritten book to press."

Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables" cost him the hardest work of the best twenty-five years of his life.

Some one says of Buffon, whose "Studies of Nature" cost him fifty years of labor, "He composed in a singular manner, writing on large-sized paper, in which, as in a ledger, five distinct columns were ruled. In the first he wrote down the first thoughts, in the second he corrected, enlarged and so on until the fifth column, within which he finally wrote the results of his labor. But, even after this, he would recompose a sentence twenty times, and once devoted fourteen hours to finding the proper word with which to round off a period."

Students often think that to seventy lines of an essay or oration they should not give more than as many minutes; yet Moore thought that seventy lines of Lalla Rookh in a week, was quick work.

Tennyson is said to often spend upon a short poem the work of a year before he will give it over to the printer, and he rewrote "Come into the Garden, Maud," more than fifty times before he was satisfied.

The price that these acknowledged leaders in style and diction have paid, certainly proves good writing cannot come without long practice and close, sharp thought. Sheridan used to say, "Easy writing is hard reading," and the remark is true of both style and chirography, for only hard work will ever produce finished, polished sentences; and just in proportion to the labor expended will the result be valuable.

THE EDUCATIONAL INFLUENCE OF THE FINE ARTS.

Civilization is the mother of the arts. Science, religion, and education are the fosterers of the fine arts. A certain degree of civilization is necessary in order to the advantageous study of the fine arts; and though they themselves are properly the outgrowth of a high development of mind, yet their careful study at any stage of culture and advancement is always attended with beneficial influences. High attainment in those exquisite arts in which ancient Greece excelled, must even now, more than it did then, rest upon a broad foundation of general culture. But while that substantial groundwork is being laid, introduced among its foundation stones of education, philosophy, science and religion, ought also to be the general principles and history of the fine arts themselves. In this way two ends will be attained; first, the advent of that period to which we proudly look forward when America shall be, as Greece once was, the centre and source of all that cultivated taste and artistic genius can produce; and second, the rich educational benefits resulting from such studies, will be secured. As to the first of these ends, we have not much to say here. That America is well suited to be the future home of the arts is admitted by all who know anything of her mind and resources, and already the hopes of the future prosperity and aggrandizement of art are turned toward our own shores. The educational power of art is greater than generally supposed. It is universally admitted to be a refiner of the nature, but that at the same time it is an educator of the intellect is not so well understood. In its very rudiments it is a quickener of the perceptions, and a teacher

of neatness, order and precision. No one can learn to draw a simple straight line without appreciating this truth, and as he advances from lines to forms, from forms to combinations, he will find himself employing not only perception, but reason, judgment, imagination, and indeed nearly all his mental powers. Besides the training consequent upon the practical study of art, the facts acquired in such study are in themselves as important as those acquired in any other study pursued for educational purposes. In the study of natural history we learn the external form and internal structure of organized forms, also the specific functions of individual parts. In chemistry we study the composition of bodies and the nature of the changes of which they are capable; in geology we study the composition and structure of the earth's crust. In all these sciences we have to deal with facts, and their relation to each other, and these facts relate mainly to composition and structure. The study of all these sciences is the study of nature, and is justly deemed of the highest importance in education. Now the study of art is only the study of nature in another phase. While the knowledge of the structure and to some extent the composition of bodies is required for its successful employment, its great object is to investigate and apply the principles and methods by which bodies and forms, with their varied expressions, are represented to the mind. All nature is but divine art, and all human art is derived from nature, and in its pursuit we are just as truly studying the methods and principles of the Creator as when we investigate the laws of heat or attraction. If the study of the structure and general character of man and the lower forms of animal life, are important in an educational point of view, why not also the principles and means by which are expressed those forms with all their beauty of color, tint and outline, and with all their gracefulness of motion and expression. We have not space to particularize, but we think that the study of the fine arts, as a means of higher education, is entitled to more general attention and more active pursuit than it has heretofore received. C.

THEN AND NOW.

A Senior was sitting in his cosy room, lazily curled up in his easy chair before a cheerful fire. It was the last night of the vacation, and a general disinclination to do anything had beguiled him into that dreamy, delicious mood into which students, especially the younger ones, are so prone to fall.

Chewing the end of sweet and bitter fancies, his imagination strayed in pleasant fields, and some remembrances of the past caused smile after smile to flit across his features. He imagined himself as he first appeared upon the stage of college life; how timidly he bore himself, how he kept aloof at first from the frolicksome crowd of students, with what misgivings he entered upon the duties assigned him, and mingling by degrees with all classes of individuals, how timid he was as to how his own particular variety was being received. How like the outside world the college community seemed to him, as he observed the various characters of those with whom he became acquainted. How he saw the noisy, boorish college bully, caring only for himself, and there the man of character, considerate, genial and polite, a perfect Chesterfield in all his actions. He saw the timid, retiring nature, and the eager, confident spirit, bold and ready for any undertaking. Here he sees the earnest, conscientious scholar, and there the listless, time-wasting tramp to whom the term "student" has been as unworthily applied. He remembers how short a time it took him to classify and rate them according to their real merits—how, in short, from the various characters by which he was surrounded, he learned to select his friends from the better sort, and with the rest to be acquainted no more. Almost four years have passed away, a long time when before him, but now seeming scarcely more than a few short months. He smiles as he thinks of his Freshman year, and is unwilling to confess now that there was even such a verdant and painfully self-conscious period in his college life. He does remember some of his Sophomore experiences,

his terrifying pranks upon the timid "Preps" and bashful Freshmen, his midnight jamborees, and the rollicking adventures which mark the Sophomoric year—he is willing to admit some of these, but anything belonging to an earlier period is unpalatable and easily forgotten.

Another change, and he emerges into the stately Junior. He loves to be mistaken for a Senior, thinks he knows it all, talks in an abstract, metaphysical sort of a way, and loves to get off a long lingo of generalities that are as clear as mud to the Freshman mind, but wonderfully effective in impressing him with the profound learning of his Junior friend.

Another transformation, and he becomes a Senior. He is sober and earnest now, lays aside the affected and pedantic air of his Junior year, and though a certain honor and dignity mark his actions, and though he glides unconsciously into a personality that permeates the very atmosphere of the college world, and disconcerts the Freshman when he gives him a grasp of the hand and completely overcomes the "prep" when the great man asks the loan of a knife or pencil, yet to the Senior taking this retrospective glance the sham trappings of dignity with which others would invest him seem unworthy and trifling, and his own mind is impressed with a deep sense of his own profound ignorance. The manish air of wisdom which characterized his earlier years has passed away, the few college days remaining to him seem more precious than ever, and he seeks only to rightly improve the short time that must expire before he enters upon the arena of a sterner and less appreciative world.

He smiles again as he recalls his first night in a college boarding-hall. How unsympathetic the voice of the matron sounded to him the evening she conducted him, with a great flourish of keys, into the most cheerless and desolate room he had ever entered. The musty carpet that covered the floor seemed a collection of fragments from every carpet under heaven; the old cracked stove, with its thick layer of petrified tobacco juice, seemed ancient enough to have warmed the shins of the patriarchal Noah, and the unwhitewashed walls were adorned by the graceless pre-occupants of the room with goblins and spooks of every conceivable shape and character—and that bed! He smiles a broad smile when he recalls the night he spread himself upon the emaciated old mattress, and rolled into a ball the attenuated bolster, and drew the army blanket around him, to dream of "Home, Sweet Home." The old chapel seemed dingy enough the next day with not a face that he had ever seen before, and the fervent prayer the President made that "all new students might have grace to make themselves feel at home," brought little comfort, and the harrowing tones of a wheezy old music box made him feel more lonely than ever. In the homesickness that seized him before a week he could have embraced with joy the meanest loafer from his native town, so dull and insipid and unromantic did the first stages of college life appear.

He smiles again—this time a long and grateful smile. All these unpleasant things have passed away. Unpleasant surroundings have been removed or improved, the college buildings and grounds possess for him a nameless charm. He has trod successfully the quagmire of College popularity, and from among the good and true formed friendships as firm and lasting as life itself. He has gained by honest, manly effort the admiration and respect of Faculty, students and outside friends—what more can man desire? Soon he must pass away from these scenes, and as he imagines himself bowing gracefully to the thundering plaudits of a vast audience on Commencement day—he awakes and his reverie is ended.

Thus are we looking back upon a period of our history, in the main happy, and certain ever to be memorable in the retrospect of life.

SILLECA.

TOO MUCH TO DO.

A student's life is one of unceasing toil. We do not take the word *student* in its broadest sense, because we know that there are those whose

names are enrolled among students, who are merely loafers. We know a student by his studious habits. One who does not desire to stand at 30 only, but works to attain a higher standing. Beside being able to pass, he desires to know something about what he has gone over.

From time to time the studies in the course are changed, more studies are added to the curriculum. A little more time is added to the course. But a student who has nearly run the race does not want to take this extra time, even if obliged to take the extra studies. These studies ought to be mastered, if taken at all. He has his literary society to attend to, essays, orations, debates, declamations, all of which occupy his time, and without these he is not fit for the active public duties of his life-work. These are his college duties, saying nothing of his *social* duties. He should mingle, somewhat at least, with his fellow men, that among other things he may understand human nature. Added to these is his miscellaneous reading. He ought to keep himself informed on the politics of the day—and in various matters of interest, that he may know what is going on around him.

Now, if he try to master all his studies and keep up all other duties, he finds that it is an impossibility. He attends to one to the neglect of some other. His lessons stand first—all others are secondary. But to be fit for the duties of life, in any profession, he must have some experience in all. The student who is obliged to carry four or five studies, finds that he has a double load without taking on any more. A horse may pull a two-horse load for a short distance, but must ultimately give out. So with a student; he may carry a big load for a while and do it well, but must ultimately throw up. Or if he do, one of two evils is as sure as tomorrow's sun; either superficiality or ill health. Some who have gone through and mastered their studies, have never been able to attend to their work after, because they broke themselves down while in College. The lamented St. John is an example. He, like Moses, could look across the river and see the end of his journey, but died on its brink. And how many more there are, who although they pass over, are merely dead men—unfit for active, energetic labor. If our colleges had about one-half or two-thirds only of their present studies, there would be more health and more knowledge, and less ill health and *less, much* less *smattering* of many things. In the faces of many students we see written that little sentence, "Too much to do."

"To the best thou knowest be always true." This is the motto of one of our college literary societies, and every student would do well to adopt it as his or her own motto for all the future. If one student has not the natural endowment of another, or the robust constitution of his mate, it is not his fault; if he cannot, with all his efforts, stand as high in his classes as some other one, or if in some particular branch, after careful and earnest study he is still deficient, he ought not to be thus disheartened. We are not answerable for what we never possessed. Some are naturally less apt in certain kinds of work than others. Some acquire one branch, some another most easily. Now and then there is a student who has no particular taste or aptness for a large number of the studies of the course, and it is always a source of discouragement to such a one to see others, apparently with very little effort, mastering the subjects that for himself are so difficult. Nevertheless, all that is required of such a one or any one is to do the best he can. Honest, manly effort will always be rewarded, and through it, many a man with only the most ordinary, and even inferior talents, has made his way to honor and fame. We recently heard a young man say that it was his highest ambition to be a *man*, and truly there can be none higher. "To the best thou knowest be always true" and thou shalt indeed be a *man*. Persistent effort will accomplish anything that man can do, and only that will ever bring success to even the most gifted. Great men have always been great workers and those whom the world reveres most are those who used what they had the best they knew how. The reward of diligent labor and well directed effort comes in the strength of character imparted, and the developement of manly virtues which as surely follow as muscular health follows physical activity.

THE CAMPUS.

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IT was thought best to delay this number of the CAMPUS until after college should open. The irresistible desire for loafing and enjoying all the leisure that holidays bring with them, has caused both editors and contributors to be somewhat tardy in manufacturing copy. Holidays come but once a year, and the opportunity of suspending work for a week or two is appreciated by all who know from experience what a student's life is.

THE winter term has opened auspiciously. We again assemble as usual in chapel. Several new faces have made their appearance among us. The recruit, we believe, is mostly to the "prep" classes. The terms' work is now fairly begun. The Senior is absorbed in the mysteries of the earths formation, and theories of social science. The Junior wonders how he can persuade twenty pages of mental philosophy to remain in his head until recitation. The Soph thinks that he really will like Analytical when this cruel term is over. The Fresh doesn't complain much, but the long list of German words in his hand indicates the fear that he will get 50 off. Winter is the time for work.

THE present number of the CAMPUS completes half of Vol. I., and we wish to remind subscribers that the amount of their subscription is not only due but very much needed. Our printer is a patient one, but he cannot afford to purchase the new type and outfit which gives our paper as fine an appearance as any college journal without prompt payment on our part, and we cannot be prompt unless subscribers are. Please not to cause us the trouble and expense of sending a bill to each one, but remit the amount at once, or leave it at either of the bookstores on Chestnut street.

THE SELECT PERFORMANCE of the Ossoli Society was doubtless as good, in many respects, as anything of the kind it has given for some time. There was considerable ability manifested in some of the productions. The music was excellent; the paper was well read, and contained several spicy articles. A single fault with a few of the performers was that they did not speak loud enough to be heard by one-half of the audience. The best people will sometimes make mistakes, and, fair Ossolians, we think you made an error when you decided to hold your select in the chapel. It requires voice as well as brains to perform well in public. No one can perform creditably to himself before an audience that cannot hear him distinctly.

THE ANNUAL Declamation Contest of the Allegheny Society was maintained this year with the usual spirit. The number of contestants showed that there is a deep interest taken among its members in the art of speaking. The performers acquitted themselves with credit, and of some of them the society may justly be proud. The prize was given to S. M. Decker. It was conceded by all to have been justly awarded. Mr. Decker produced a finer combination of the essential elements of oratorical delivery than any other. If we may be allowed to offer a general criticism, it would be the oft repeated one that there were too many gestures that seemed to have been studied, and brought in more for the sake of gesticulation, than because the sense required them. Gestures

should always be a means to an end. Art in speaking should always be subordinate to thought.

THE IDEA advanced in our last number concerning the transferring of the society libraries to the college, has been the occasion of so much discussion that it might be well if a few specific reasons were added in its favor. It is well known to the members of the societies that it is the next thing to an impossibility to keep the libraries properly arranged; books are continually getting out of place, being lost, taken out irregularly and not returned. They are said to be no larger, with all the additions they have received, than they were ten years ago. Any arrangement by which this waste can be prevented, and easy access maintained, is desirable.

It is now pretty certain that if the societies should conclude to make the transfer, it would be the occasion of having the library open both in the afternoon and evening, as well as in the morning, and that books could be drawn any day in the week, instead of only on Friday. For this we have the assurances of the librarian. Here is a plan by which the societies may rid themselves of the management of their libraries, and the expense of keeping them up, and which will give their members easier access to them and greater privilege in their use than they now have. The plan is worthy of consideration, and ought to meet with approval.

THE MUSICAL talent which is occasionally brought out at some of the public performances of the literary societies, suggests the idea that there ought to be some plan set on foot for the purpose of combining their efforts, and for furnishing music for the entertainments which are given from time to time. This is not a new idea, but it s one that has not received the consideration of which it is worthy. Music is coming to be an essential part of our literary entertainments, and if there is home talent enough to furnish it, should be furnished from that source.

That there is musical talent among our students, no one will deny. All that is needed is an organization in which it can be cultivated and brought out. A large number of colleges have their choirs and glee clubs, and that, too, in many cases where ladies are not admitted; but where co-education flourishes prosperously, as it does here, one might expect to see a musical society as its first fruits. But no such, as yet, has existed among us. Shall we say then, that it is on account of a lack of enterprise on the part of those who should constitute it? Let us not be behind the spirit of the times in this respect, when the advantages resulting from it are so obvious. It would not only be a means of furnishing music for the various entertainments, but would give to singing and vocal culture an impulse that is much needed.

CRITICISMS are as often unjust as otherwise. As long as men are liable to be influenced by prejudice, as long as motives of interest are allowed to affect their opinions, they are liable to utter false and unjust criticisms. There are a thousand critics in the world for every one that undertakes to perform. It is the business of a few to think and act; it is the business of the world to judge, to criticise, to find fault. Nothing strange then if justice is not always done. Men are not always capable of discriminating with an impartial judgment.

Education has a great deal to do with forming a man's opinions, as has also the natural vices or bent of his mind. And the constant tendency of one-half of the world, to hold opinions exactly opposite to those entertained by the other half would seem to indicate the impossibility of the human race ever coming to an agreement. We are daily noting instances of men of excellent judgment, who hold the most honest opinions on questions of vital importance—opinions that are contradictory. Who shall say which is right? Decide for which we may, act from what opinions we may one-half of the world will say we are wrong.

The very condition then of acting or expressing an opinion brings with it the occasion for criticism. It is like the balance, when one end of the beam goes down, the other must go up.

Take one side of a question, and the other will be affected. It is only he who takes neither side, who never expresses a positive opinion, but sits on the middle of the beam and throws half his weight on either side that never meets with opposition. A man may exist simply without having to bear the burden of criticism, but if he live to a purpose, it will be heaped upon his head.

Since in a life of activity, criticism cannot be avoided, it is useless to waste one's efforts in trying to elude its cuts. It is much better to be able to estimate criticism, to judge of the source from which it comes, and of the motives which produced it. In fact it takes a great deal of good common sense to decide whether a criticism is proper and to accept it as such. A fair criticism should spur a man on to greater effort. The men who have made their mark in the world, have not done it without criticism, but in spite of criticism.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Messrs. Editors:

It is seldom that students in higher classes have to complain of discrimination being used against them in favor of those in the ones less advanced; but this is really the case in our own college, and for some time past the students of the college proper have had to give way in many particulars to those in the preparatory school, thus reversing the natural order of affairs.

More attention is given to the Prep than he can rightly lay claim to, and though it cannot be denied that the average Prep does require a large amount of care and looking after, as he seems unable to do it for himself, still the college students would not object to one corner of the blanket. Some of them, (the Preps) are so young that one can scarcely help calling them children; they ought still to be at home, under their mother's eye, and attending the public schools.

If there is to be a Preparatory School here, there should also be a sufficiently large number of preparatory teachers, so that the professrso need not have this load added to their burden, already too heavy.

There should, also, be a building separate and remote from the college grounds, for the school, in order that the two departments may be kept as distinct, as in all truth they are, from their very character.

If, it is argued, that the endowment of the college is not sufficiently large to justify such an outlay of money as this would require; then by all means let the Prep go home; make some arrangement with the High School of this city; do something, but do not leave it as it is, for as the college is running now there can be nothing better than superficial students to represent their alma mater to the world.

More than once we have heard it stated in the chapel that "fifty good students are preferred to two hundred superficial and poor ones." Our sentiments always struck in with that.

Last term the Chemistry and Zoology classes were sent to the chapel to recite, a room remote from the laboratory and apparatus; the Physics and Mineralogy students were made to recite in the afternoon at a house very inconvenient, and which almost wholly broke up the afternoon, thus rendering it useless for the purpose of study.

All the above are college studies; while the prep is yet to be heard from who has been inconvenienced in the least in this matter.

Again, the crowding together of distinct studies, and those which are stated in the catalogue as such, is a fact to be deplored this was done last term with the studies of English Litereture and the Art of Discourse, two studies which demand even more time than is allotted to them in the catalogue, one term each; yet those studying them had to be satisfied with less than half a term spent on each.

This term the same thing is being done with Logic and Mental Philosophy. Whether this is occasioned by the crowded state of the college or not, it should not be permitted by the faculty. True this is not objected to by a certain class of students in the college, but all who deserve the name of student regret it exceedingly.

That preparatory schools are very great aids to all colleges which would be prosperous, no one will deny, but the preparatory school of Allegheny College, as it is organized at present, lowers its grade and is only a drawback.

EDUCATIONAL.

Swarthmore College has 211 students.

In the State of Illinois 23,000 teachers give instruction to 750,000 pupils.

The entire library at Harvard University consists of 220,000 volumes.

There are 400 colleges in the United States, with 3,700 professors.

In the Congressional Library there are at present nearly 350,000 volumes.

Cornell has raised over $1,800 for the purpose of sending a rowing crew to England.

Amherst has paid $1,256 for a ball field, but has cut down the professors' salaries ten per cent.

At Cornell, according to Prof. White, the ladies average ten per cent. better than the gentlemen.

According to the *N. E. Journal of Education* six students have committed suicide in American colleges during the last six months.

At a late meeting of some of the college Presidents at Columbus, Ohio, the military drill was approved of in the State institutions.

Dartmouth possesses a galvanic battery once owned and operated by Benj. Franklin, and hallowed by the touch of Dr. Priestly, the discoverer of oxygen.

The University of Minnesota will abolish its preparatory school next year. The work of preparing students for admission will be given to the high schools of the State.

Ohio Wesleyan University, at Delaware, has 481 students in all departments; in the University proper 361, of whom 12 are ladies. The use of tobacco about the college grounds and buildings is "positively, emphatically and everlastingly" prohibited. The union of the Female College with the University meets with great favor.

In the University of Pennsylvania the number of graduates of the Classical and Scientific Departments is 1756; of which 212 are ministers; 396 members of the Bar; 166 Doctors of Medicine; 5 Governors of States; 5 Cabinet Officers; 5 United States Senators; 2 Bishops; 10 Presidents of College; 65 Professors.

They have a way of getting on cheaply at Oberlin. Boarding can be had for $2.50 a week. Many of the students keep their expenses within $150 a year, some of them earning it all as they go along. An exchange says: "Stop at the hotel and you will find college students waiting on the table. Visit the wood-piles in back yards and you will see students sawing them up." Doubtless wise saws are common among them.

The number of students matriculated at Cambridge University, England, during the past academical year, was 738, against 629 in the previous year. The number of degrees conferred was 871, against 823. The degrees were: D. D., 1; LL. D., 1; M. D., 5; Doctor of Music, 1; Master of Law, 21; Master of Surgery, 2; Bachelor in Divinity, 4; A. B., 463; A. M., 324; Bachelor of Law, 27; Bachelors of Medicine, 13; Bachelors of Music, 6; Honorary A. Ms, 3. Of the A. Bs 223 passed in honors.

THE TABLE.

The girls of an Illinois seminary amuse themselves by spitting at a mark.

A negro insisted that his race was mentioned in the Bible, for he had heard his minister read about Nigger Demus.

"Better is a little with righteousness" than a thousand subscribers who fail to pay what they owe.

PROVERBS FOR SUBSCRIBERS.—"A wise son maketh a glad father," and a prompt paying subscriber causeth an editor to laugh.

PROFESSOR—"In one evening I counted twenty-seven meteors sitting on my piazza." Class express great astonishment at the sociable character of the heavenly bodies.

"All the ways of man are clear in his own eyes," except the way the delinquent subscriber has in not paying for his newspaper.

Information wanted by a Soph; how to find the *locus* of what little General Geometry there is in his brain.

"Madame, may I insert the summits of my digits into your box of agitatus that I may thereby refresh my olfactory nerves?" He wanted a pinch of snuff.

"Judgments are prepared for scorners, stripes for the backs of fools," and lasting punishment for him who payeth not for his newspaper.

"A righteous man hateth lying," hence a publisher waxeth wroth against the subscriber who promises to call and settle on the morrow, yet calleth not to settle.—*Journal of Education.*

A young man woke up the other night, and saw a ghost in his room. Seizing his six-shooter, he approached it, and found it was his collar, which happened to be standing on the floor.

"If them cows will eat damp grass," persists the milkman, "I can't help your very justly remarking that this milk is inferior, not to say watery."

The population of Wales doubles in 50 years; of France in 361 years. In this country the population doubles up once a year—green apple time.—*Univ. Magazine.*

"Thrice is he armed who has his quarrel just," says Shakespeare. "And four times he who gets his blow in fust," adds the Cincinnati *Breakfast Table.—Ex.*

One cannot be too careful in this weather. A student recently exchanged his heavy winter cane for a light bamboo, and the consequence was a severe cold that laid him up for a week.—*Ex.*

A young lady who was asked if she had a *clothes*-press, very indignantly replied that she allowed no such familiarity. And a student attempted to get a free ticket to "the show" last night on the ground that he was "a member of the press," because he went to see a girl every evening.—*Chronicle.*

Learned professors know about 30,000 words; children of two from 200 to 705; ordinary people 90,000; book agents 9,980,999. When they learn the word "quit" their education will be complete.—*Transcript.*

Class in Zoology. Prof. (lecturing)—"Man has no control over the muscles of his ears, therefore he cannot move them." Promising Senior—"But, Professor, I can move mine." Prof. —"Oh, well, most *jackasses* can." Senior refuses to be comforted.—*Ex.*

THE PROFESSOR'S HORSE STORY.—"Look a-here. What d'you give your hoss for the botts?" "I give him a pint 'f turpentine." *Next day*—"Look a-here! I give my hoss a pint 'f turpentine, 'n' it killed him 's dead's a hammer." "So it did mine'.'

Prof. O. to new comer.—"J., what is the gender of ovum?" J.—"It is neuter, sir; no, it is masculine, no, you can't tell what it is." Prof. O.—"Why can't you tell?" J.—"Why, sir, you can't tell the gender till it is hatched, for it may be a rooster or a hen."

"U. o a o, but I o the;
O o no o, but O o me:
Then let not my o a o go,
But give o o i o the so."

"You sigh for a cypher, but I sigh for thee,
O sigh for no cypher, but O sigh for me;
Then let not my sigh for a cypher go,
But give sigh for sigh, for I sigh for thee so."

The steamer had struck, and while the passengers were hurriedly making preparations for their safety, a fat old Dutchman seized a life preserver, and trying it on, began to fill it, blowing till he was red in the face with his efforts. "Hallo," said a bystander, "you can't fill that thing; there's a hole in it." A blank look came over the Dutchman's face. "Min Gott is dot so; den I better geeps my wind in me."

A senior after studying his astronomy lesson the other night, threw off his boots, rumpled his hair, and wrote the following:

O Astronomy! of our hearts refuse
The stately promptings of thy muse.
But when cast down by worldly cares,
By blighted love, or midnight tares,
O Astronomy! then by golly!
'Tis thou who cheers our melancholy.

—*Ex.*

EXCHANGES.

Those who have been accustomed to the friendly appearance of the *Galaxy* will see it no more. With the completion of the twenty-fourth volume it is merged into the Atlantic Monthly.

The *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate* comes out enlarged and improved. For the solid worth of its contents, no church paper is superior. Dr. Wheeler, its able editor, is a fearless defender of truth and right.

The Kansas Collegiate is published at the Kansas University. It is an eight page two column paper, edited by Chas. S. Gleed. We are interested in anything that comes from Kansas University from the fact that its chancellor, Dr. Marvin, was formerly connected with Allegheny College, having occupied the chair of Mathematics.

We have received, for the first time, the *Ariel*, published at the University of Minnesota. It is after the usual style of college journals, and will average with the most of them. Five pages are devoted to literary matters, and the articles are usually short and of a nature to be interesting to college students. Among the editorial notes Longfellow's Keramos is eulogized.

Scribner's for January is, as usual, crowded full of good things. The illustrated article on "Fox Hunting in New England," makes one wish he were there too; and that, as well as the very interesting paper on "Dr. Schliemann at Mycenae," are striking proofs of the power of good illustrations to render reading matter far more interesting than it could be made in any way without them.

The *Chronicle* is one of our best college publications. The Christmas number is unusually neat and interesting. It donned a new dress for the occasion, and we congratulate it on its fine appearance. A considerable portion of its contents are of a character suited to the occasion of Christmas, and the printers seem to have done their best to make its pages faultless in their looks.

"Honor Men," is the title of an excellent article in the last *College Herald*. The following is worth quoting: "The man who studies faithfully in college is acquiring habits of perseverance and industry which *must* give him a great advantage in life. He has a task to do, and he simply exerts all his energies to do it in the best way. And this work for a purpose is just the thing, and the only thing that will bring him success in college or out of it. 'The longer I live,' says Buxton, the man who abolished slavery in the British Empire, 'the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is *energy, invincible determination*—a purpose once fixed and then, death or victory! That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it.'"

PERSONAL.

'65. B. E. Edgell has charge of the Methodist Church at Barnesville, Ohio.

'66. W. J. Wilson, has been appointed to preach at Conneaut, Ohio.

'68. J. A. Wright is preaching successfully at Mechanicstown, O.

'69. W. H. Haskell is preaching in the M. E. Church at Talmadge, Ohio.

'77. Will C. Bear is in the JOURNAL office, this city.

'71. Rev. D. H. Geissinger is Pastor of Grace Lutheran Church, of Lancaster, Pa. He was a member of the Class of '71, but we do not know whether he graduated or not. He is quite popular among the citizens of Lancaster.

'56. Jared C. Marcy, formerly of this city, is practicing law quite successfully in Jacksonville, Florida. His son, H. H. Marcy, who was a member of the present Senior Class until he removed to Florida, has recently been admitted to the bar, and the *Sun* speaks quite highly of the examination he passed.

'54. B. F. Martin, one of our Alumni, is at present representing one of the districts of West Virginia in the House of Representatives, at Washington. Mr. Martin is an honest man in

whatever he undertakes, and those who knew him as a student, with an appearance of certainty, predict for him a useful future, and a position of no mean eminence among his colleagues.

He is one of the many students of Allegheny who have shown their judgment and good taste in selecting one of Meadville's fair daughters as a souvenir of his college life, and he has a strong attachment for this city, as he is daily reminded of one of the best results of his sojourn among us. He has promised that if it is at all possible, he will meet the Alumni at their anniversary in 1878.

ALL AROUND THE CAMPUS.

A dark hour—7 a. m. recitation.

Buckwheat cakes are ripe now.

Why didn't it snow in vacation?

Still we applaud—back in the devil's half acre.

All they say when they sit down suddenly on the sidewalk, is ugh!

The Critique was visited recently by the fair Ossolians.

This is good weather for raising turkeys, (by the legs).

That some farmers plant their crops *in the moon.*

Where do they board, and who carries them water in harvest?

The select performance of the Ossoli Society came off Monday, the 17th ult.

It is a law of nature that anything *very hard* or *very soft* will not break with a fall.

How about the "Soph." who fell from the roof of the Boarding Hall, and was not hurt?

He said the moon was a rough piece of country, composed in part of enormous holes.

Quite a good many of our old students are not back yet, but several new faces are to be seen.

The latest from the Preps.—"Caesar imperator erat." "Caesar was imported." Class inflates.

We were somewhat surprised to hear a zoölogical student classify Spurgeon among the lower class of animals.

Who shut off the gas at the Scientific Club?

The "rat" that slips out of chapel after roll call, may sometime be caught in a trap, so he had better not bite till he sees where the bait is.

Social Science will be a study of this term. Some have already had the practice, therefore the theory ought to be quite easy for them.

We saw two Seniors going from the laboratory, each having a bag of gas on his shoulder. We never saw so many gas-bags in one bundle before.

We asked him how many studies he had. He answered "three, and just three too many." If he persevere, perhaps the Faculty will relieve him of some.

It was a Prep who read the passage "I saw a great white throne and him that sat on it," thus: "I saw a great white *thorn* and him that sat on it."

It is a little smile-able to hear a Soph announce that the lesson from the scriptures will be found in the "1st chapter of the 1st Epistle to General Peter."

The college prayer meeting is largely attended, still there is room for more. The meetings are interesting and instructive. Doctors Bugbee and Hyde teach us something new each night. Come and fill up the vacant chairs.

Sophmores, be very careful of the kind of envelopes you address a lady by. If it have a *hen* on the corner it is liable to fall into the hands of the poultry man. Which would be a good joke on the *hen.*

Once more we urge upon the students the duty of supporting their college paper. We know you wish it well, but wishes are not a legal tender for printers' ink. So far only about twenty of the new students have subscribed.

The declamation contest of the Allegheny Society came off the 14th ult. The prize was awarded to S. M. Decker. The performance was one that casts honor on the Society. All who came went away feeling pleased. All declaimers did themselves credit.

Boys, take a sleigh-ride soon. The snow is about to "pack up, and pass in its checks."

Policemen had better keep off College hill, for the boys are out with their hand-sleds.

The Delamater Contest of the Philo-Franklin Literary Society will be held in the Chapel Tuesday evening, January 15th. *Omnes invitantur.*

It was very muddy; we saw him out early in the morning, digging in the middle of the road; we watched him: he fished out an over-shoe; he wears No. 9s, and as that was only about No. 4, whose was it? Echo answers, whose?

Professors Reid and Montgomery, accompanied by Messrs. Tarbell, Lincoln, *Rake* and *Mount*, spent thanksgiving holidays near Cooperstown, on a hunt. They came back with four rabbits and eleven pheasants. They say that they saw a bear. Bully for the bear.

In the midst of a sudden calm we heard a solemn voice. It said, "Do you dream of me?" That Senior had to wait for his answer on account of the general applause. But that is not as bad as the Soph who asked his lady whether or not she had ever seen a "buck wheat." "Yes," quoth she, "I have seen you."

The election for Commissary was held in the chapel Monday, the 17th ult. Mr. A. J. Newel was elected. The contest was close, but we believe that the election will not be contested. Like all other bodies and corporations, the scene was one of warmth, wrath and amusement (to an uninterested party).

We never saw this anecdote in print, but think it worthy of space. Those of us who have passed the active age of youth know that when young people are not allowed to dance they will do the next thing to it. There are two plays, somewhat famous, viz: "The wild Irishman." and "Peel the Willow." These are both dance plays, so to speak. A minister remarked that it was wrong to dance, and then referred to the above named plays. He said that he thought it was as much harm "to peel the wild Irishman as it was to dance."

The man who steals money from the boys' trunks, had better make himself seldom around here. If he be caught he should be dipped a few times in Lake George. Thus would his sins be brought to remembrance, and perhaps he would leave our midst. Surely it was none of our students. We have a better opinion of them even if some do spit tobacco juice on the matting of the chapel.

A good story is told us of a former student, (now an alumnus), who was asked by his Professor the following:

Prof. (in a stentorian voice) "Mr. ——— what would you do if you had five or six yoke of oxen? (louder) Would you break them? Would you break them?"

Student, (calmly) "No sir, I would let them out for half the wool and all the increase."

We can imagine the rest.

A rumor was current, recently, that one of our Preps and a certain lady had eloped, simply because both happened to be absent from the hall the same morning. They happened to sit together in chapel the previous evening. That Prep was with the local editor all night. The editor loaned him that white plug hat which he had borrowed from a Junior, who had traded an old cap for it, and which is the only hat of the kind in the institution, except the one a Soph owns but can't wear on account of the threats of his class. He put it on and admired himself by moonlight, but couldn't understand why the shadow wasn't white. Therefore he didn't elope.

It is amusing to see the number of blacked eyes among the boys, caused by boxing. We put the language of the poet into their mouths—

"They sent me to a Meadville school,
Where I had fearful knocks;
For there my schoolmates blacked my eyes
Because I couldn't box.
The name of box I therefore dread,
I've had such woeful shocks;
They'll never end, for when I'm dead
They'll nail me in a box."

We steal the following from a Senior's "Butler's Analogy," written by a Junior:

I want to be a Senior
And with the Seniors stand;
A wise look on my countenance,
A sheep-skin in my hand.
And when before the multitude
I gesticulate and snort,
I'll realize I graduate
Just $1,200 short.
And what is worse
It makes me feel
An "old beet" gone to seed
I've lost my youth and
Graduate a bachelor indeed.

BOOK NOTICES.

WORDS; their use and abuse; by Prof. Wm. Mathews, LL. D. S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago; 384 pp., cloth, 2v.

This volume, coming from so eminent an author as Prof. Mathews, will be welcomed by all who desire to use with the best effect, the English language. The author goes below the surface meaning of words and brings to light their hidden power and beauty, as none but a thorough student of English literature can do. One is constantly surprised at the revelations that are made concerning the richness of the "Saxon's flippant tongue." If Richard Grant White is the scientific philologist of the day, Prof. Mathews has proved himself the popular philologist, for his essays appeal to the common sense of the reader, and not to his scholastic ability. The contents of the book are: The Significance of Words; The Morality in Words; Grand Words; Small Words; Words without Meaning; Some Abuses of Words; Saxon Words, or Romanic; The Secret of Apt Words; Fallacies in Words; Nicknames; Curiosities of Language; Common Improprieties of Speech.

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