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THE CAMPUS.

"INTER SILVAS ACADEMI QUÆRIMUS VERUM."

VOL. VII, No. 6. ALLEGHENY COLLEGE, MEADVILLE, PA., FEBRUARY, 1883. TERMS, $1.00 PER YEAR.

EXCRUCIATING DEATH OF A SOPHOMORE.

The shades of night were falling fast
As thro' the hall at Culver passed
A youth who bore in close embrace
A book with dirt and tears defaced,—
A *Calculus*.

His brow was sad: his eyes and nose
Were very red and lachrymose.
In class that day he'd made retreat,
And fled from "grades" to the full back seat,
In Calculus.

In Seniors' rooms, he saw the sight
Of happy boys, so gay, so bright;
He tho't of lessons all unknown,
And from his lips escaped a groan,—
"O, Calculus!"

"Skip 'Variables,'" a Senior said;
"Dark 'Equicrescents' just ahead;
At 'Formulas' 'flunk', leave all untried."
But still that sobbing voice replied,
"My Calculus!"

"Oh, stay," a Junior cried, "and rest
Thy head with Calculus oppressed."
A big tear stood in either eye;
But still he answered, with a sigh,
"O Calculus!"

"Beware the 'Differentiation'!
Beware the twisting 'Integration'!"
He heeded not the words so meet,
But moaning, climbed the stairs so steep,
"O, Calculus!"

The janitor in going round,
That Sophomore by Goff's door found,
Still grasping—dreadful to relate!
The well-worn book which sealed his fate,
His Calculus.

In morning twilight, cold and gray,
Lifeless—yet beautiful—he lay;
And with ashen lips, the Freshmen cried,
"Alas! alas! that Sophomore died
Of Calculus!"

DAKOTA.

BY W. W. TARBELL, '81.

BUT a few years since every map of the United States had stamped across a vast portion of its northwest corner the mysterious word "unexplored." The crowded cities and farms of the east were rapidly becoming more crowded by the millions of emigrants pouring forth from the old countries of Europe. The southwest and west were being overstocked with the Chinaman, the speculator and the cow-boy. The south was lying idle in a slow decay. The middle states like their sisters of the east were rapidly losing their richness by the heavy drain of a too rapid growth. And yet the mystic shroud of the "unexplored" remained drawn over the millions of acres in the northwest. No one wished to risk their life and fortune in those great deserts and immense wildernesses, until at last the great wave of European immigration forced the government to provide homes and hearths for their millions of new citizens. A survey was made. The land was made public, and (as though no great good could be done by our political leaders without a corresponding great evil), the right of way for the Northern Pacific Railway was granted with a gift of alternate sections for twenty miles on either side. Slowly the rumor spread that the great "Northwestern desert" was the richest portion of our nation. Gradually the news came to the east, south and west, until it had reached and filled with the fever of emigration all ages and classes, not only of our own country but of the nations of Europe, and now the states and territories of the northwest are fast becoming among the most important of the union. My intent is to speak of the Territory of Dakota whose broad rich prairies have been the most recently shorn of the Indian and the Buffalo to be opened to the white man and his horse. It would be well to know, in the first place, that Dakota is two distinct territories in one, and when admitted into the union will undoubtedly be admitted as two states. The dividing line being on or near the 45th parallel of latitude. All of the teritory north of this now being known as Northern Dakota, all south as Southern Dakota. Northern Dakota is reached from Chicago by taking one of the through lines to St. Paul, and thence west by the Northern Pacific. The first city of consequence we find is Fargo, which though but a few years of age, with its street railways, its electric lights and immense wealth is a fitting harbinger of the vast country at whose doorway it stands. North of Fargo, along the Red River Valley is the wheat farm of the Grandins which, with its 60,000 acres is known as the largest farm in the world, and whose immense profits have been the incentive for speculation to buy up large tracts of railroad lands and settling their employes on the intervening sections, to literally steal thousands of acres of land, either working the same with an enormous profit or letting it lie idle to increase in value. These huge farms can be seen all along the line of the Northern Pacific and, as can be easily understood, are a curse to that country. The main towns along the line of this road are Valley City, Jamestown, and Bismarck,

all booming towns with brilliant futures. The prospective point for next year is in the region of Devil's Lake. The climate in Northern Dakota is a fine one in summer but extremely cold in winter, though the coldest weather is not so severe as in states further south, the atmosphere being dry and clear. Wheat is the main product of Northern Dakota as indeed it is of all portions of the Territory—but the short season adapts it particularly for cereals and very little else. Southern Dakota is most easily reached by the Chicago and Northwestern out of Chicago —direct line to Pierce. This is the line to the Black Hills and Deadwood, leaving the railroad at Ft. Pierce on the Missouri for the stage route further west. The portion of Southern Dakota now being settled is known as the Jim River Valley, a valley something over 150 miles in width and stretching for three or four hundred north and south. A branch of the Northwestern extends up the valley from Huron to Columbia and the immense tide of immigration has built up not a few good towns, and taken the public lands to an extent unexampled. Further west, from Huron to Pierce, the same wonderful growth has gone on, and where but a year or two back nothing but bare prairie existed now are homes with all the comforts of life, farms with a wealth that fifty years of labor in the west has not produced, and towns that display the fashions, the luxuries, and far more than the enterprise of any of our eastern villages. Neither have they the mushroom growth of a day to wither and die as the "boom" passes on. They are built solid and substantial. They are made to stay, and with a country around them that must support them. Here there being no railroad land no chance is given for speculators to grasp whole townships to lie idle. Each man can have so much and no more without squarely dealing for it. The applicant for public land being a citizen, native or naturalized, and over 21 years or the head of a family is allowed three claims, each of 160 acres: (1) A Pre-emption claim, on which certain improvements and a continuous residence of six months is required, at the end of which, by payment of one dollar and twenty five cents per acre, he is given his land office receipt—equivalent to a deed. (2) A Timber claim, which requires $14 fees and the planting of ten acres tree cuttings or seeds of any variety except willow, within four years. At the end of eight years if he have 675 growing trees on each acre of the ten he is given his deed. (3) The Homestead claim, which can be taken the same as the Pre-emption claim by commuting, or which by a residence of five years is deeded with no costs save a small land office fee, thus affording a chance for wealth and property unparalleled. The country is all prairie—black rich loam—some rolling but mostly level as a parlor floor, but little rock and no gravel. Some portions of Southern Dakota are well adapted to stock raising, and all of it is elegant farming land, surpassing Northern Dakota in the fact that not only cereals but any farm produce can be grown, and in quantities to far outweigh the best fertilized farms of the east. Dakota differing from many portions of the west, has only a small proportion of the foreign element. The population is composed mainly of young, energetic and strong Americans. Spirit and push seems to be a characteristic of the west and here more than anywhere. If a man has it not in himself it is "enthused" into him if I may use the word. You cannot fail for with the opportune openings, the increasing wealth and rapid growth one cannot but succeed if he have it in him at all. Not only the brawny muscle of the laborer but the brain and intellect of the professions can find full sway for their exercise. Society is quickly yet rigidly formed. Beauty and culture are not all rare, for the highest social graces seem to delight in mingling with the hearty roughness of the frontier life. The country is young but its youth is strong, pure and honest, as quick to recognize ability as it is quick to discountenance fraud—it presents an opening for a man or a woman to gain a foot-hold at once—only reached in the east after years of toil. It is the country of to-day, and the country of the future.

DREAMS.

BY E. M. R.

"DREAMS," so says Dryden, "are the interlude which fancy makes," and who would disagree with him, who has ever enjoyed the pleasure of a delightful dream, when everything, time, place and surroundings combine to make the moments happy? Sleep is a necessary condition of dreams because the exclusion from consciousness of the external world must be, for the most part, complete, and sleep has the effect of closing the avenues by which external impressions are communicated to the mind.

The theories concerning dreams are many; the one frequently advanced is that dreams are communications from a supernatural being. With the Savage the natural thought seems to be that the departed soul returned to earth, is a messenger from the Great Spirit to the dreamer, and from this he easily imagines that his second self or soul leaves the body and figures in the actions of his dreams. One may conceive the dream to happen in three different stages: first, the messenger is thought of as being a spiritual body; second, he dispenses with material appearance and lets his words be heard as from an external voice; third, he makes known his purpose by letting a vision pass vaguely before the mind of the dreamer.

Many of the ancients held the view that dreams were from the Supreme Being, and we find in Homer and in the popular literature of the Greeks and Romans, many accounts of dreams or visions which were sent from the gods.

Among the Europeans, the impress of notions developed under an influence, partly Christian and partly Pagan, showed itself in the popular beliefs concerning dreams. They were formerly regarded as coming directly from God and the Evil One, but the people now think of them as omens and signs without referring them to any supernatural agent.

Though the theory of the divine origin of dreams has held so long, physiologists and psychologists are trying to prove that they result from external causes. This latter idea is mentioned amony the ancients, Aristotle says that dreaming is the result of actions of objects external, or of outward sense, which leave their impression on the mind; for example, we may dream of hearing thunder, when a slight noise is produced near us; in further proof of this theory, we read of a doctor who, having had a blister applied to his head, dreamed that he was scalped by Indians.

While philosophers were trying to account for dreams in this way physicians had their attention drawn to these states of the mind as related to bodily conditions, so that dreams soon came to signify a disturbance of some certain organ—as, to dream of war or fighting meant a bad state of the lungs; to dream of fire, a bad state of the heart.

The modern theories in regard to this subject are numerous, and there is considerable difference in opinion. On the one hand, there are those who hold that the mind is an independent spiritual substance which employs the body as its instrument but is not dependent on it; with these persons dreams will naturally be the productions of the senses which belong to the mind and which are not involved in sleep. At the other extreme are those who regard mental phenomena as a result of bodily changes, and midway between these two are those who hold to the idea that mind and body are dissimilar regions of phenomena and yet are so connected that bodily events appear as conditions of mental events.

It is not unusual that the mind takes up in sleep the same train of thought which has occupied it during the day, but it is very seldom that any remarkable intellectual efforts are made by the mind during sleep; there are, however, a few instances of this kind. Condorcet, an eminent French author, saw, in his dreams, the final steps of a very difficult calculation which had puzzled him during the day. The French philosopher Condillac also states that, when engaged in his Cour d'Etude, he frequently finished in his dreams, a subject which he had broken off before going to rest. Tartini, the musician, is said to have composed the "Devil's Sonata" while he was under the inspiration of a dream in which the arch-fiend challenged him to a trial of skill. But, with these few exceptions, dreams are rambling fancies and have but little coherence. One of the most remarkable things connected with dreaming is that occurrences which would take hours for their accomplishment, are begun and finished in a few seconds. In proof of this, Dr. Carpenter mentions the case of a clergyman who fell asleep in his pulpit during the singing of the psalm before the sermon and awakened with the conviction that he had slept at least an hour and that the congregation were waiting for him, but on refering to his psalm-book, he was consoled by finding that his slumber had lasted only during the singing of one line.

By many superstitious persons dreams are considered of importance and are believed in as being true signs. The following are some interpretations: To dream you see an angel is good, to dream you are one is better, but to call upon or speak with one is of evil signification. To dream you see ghosts is a sure sign that the people you fancy enemies are perhaps your best friends. If you dream of clear water you will be sure to prosper, but if the water be muddy, you will be apt to meet with danger. To dream of a ring is favorable. Serpents denote a prison and enemies. To dream of flowers out of season means trouble without reason; and a dream of fire is a sign of hasty news.

"MISS GILBERT'S CAREER.—AN AMERICAN STORY."

Entered 1860 by J. G. Holland.

BY M. J. H.

IN these times, when every day produces its complement of novels, when the combined factories of Europe and America are pouring out upon an already overfull market ficticious works at the rate of a good sized library per day; an age when with more aptness than ever before in the history of literature one can say with Solomon, "Of making many books there is no end;"—to review a work of fiction written twenty-four years ago may seem to savor of heresy. We hasten to assure you that we are not among the number who depreciate our modern improvements, and least of all our modern literature. Our apology is the name and fame of the author and the title of the book, "An American Story." In this work is portrayed with all the clearness and fidelity of an artist "human nature," human nature as influenced and fashioned by our American ideas and American institutions. The author conducts us to the field of action by the shortest route possible. We are introduced without ceremony to Miss Fanny Gilbert, of Crampton, New Hampshire, a young lady, we are told, with the head of a man and the heart of a woman. We see, in this queenly, self-possessed young creature, the New England elements of courage and endurance. But we must also make the acquaintance of other members of the family,—Fanny's father, Dr. Theophilus Gilbert, a man always in a hurry, who hurried his beloved wife out of this world, and now is seemingly striving to overtake her. At present he is affected with the "Infant School Epidemic," and his beloved daughter Fanny is chosen as the most fitting instrument to develop and put into execution the Doctor's pet ideas on this subject. While we are waiting for our heroine to rouse from the dreams of girlhood and assert her independence as a woman, we will amuse ourselves by following the Doctor in his attempts to illustrate his favorite maxim, "The child shall die a hundred years old." We see the children of Crampton become walking encyclopedias, miracles of wisdom, all their golden hours employed in cultivating their growing minds. When one after another the brightest stars are called to take their place in the world above, there comes a revolution of feeling to the parents of Crampton. A child is no longer expected or wished to possess the wisdom of a centenarian. Providence is called in to endure the shame of the slow murders, and Crampton settles back into the old way of quiet and peace. But now that the author has made his plea for the children, he is ready to give his attention again to Miss Fanny Gilbert, and now she comes prominently before us. At sixteen,

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ALLEGHENY COLLEGE,

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her education finished and the work of her life begun—a fitting illustration of her father's system of forcing—we are admitted into the sacredness of her midnight reveries. She has caught the taste of public applause, and it was sweet, sweeter than anything she has ever known. She determines that her life shall not be as that of other women. The praise of the little world of Crampton has become dull and tasteless. One thing is certain, she will never teach another infant school. Henceforth the world must be her sphere of action. Life grew golden and glorious to her. Fancy pictured with glowing colors the beauties of a life devoted to what? Not charity and all good works. She would cross the seas and glean rarest secrets of wisdom from the masters of painting and music, and then she would return and glorify her name and her country. She would become a second Madame de Stael and compel the homage of all the literary world. She would become a visitor of prisons and a minister of mercy to all abodes of infamy and misery, and win immortality by a life devoted to good works. She would plant the standard of the cross on distant and heathen shores. She would reveal life in fiction and stand before public assemblies, and there assert not only her own womanhood, but the rights of her sex. She would have a career. In one brief hour of dreaming, all the charm of domestic life had fled. Her duties as a daughter pale and are forgotten in the flood of ambition that sweeps over her soul. To be a mother to little motherless Fred. of six years; there is no glory in this. The thought of marriage became repulsive to her. In its quiet duties she could see no charm; nothing but degradation in thus subordinating her life and will to the life and will of another. All the energy of the father is shadowed forth in the daughter, and with every nerve tensely drawn, she bends to the task of working out for Fanny Gilbert honor and applause.

In following her course henceforth, we are to forget the girl and give our thoughts to an American woman, who seeks honor through public favor. With the impetuosity and recklessness of a child, she throws her whole self into her chosen work, a search for applause. Her first work, a novel of no pretensions except a blood curdling name, is published at her father's expense after being rejected by several publishing houses.

Then comes a time of exaltation, of congratulations from friends, followed by the conviction that the applause of the little world of Crampton is not a sufficient recompense for her labors and trials. To the great world outside Fannie Gilbert is unknown. The spell that had held her in thrall was dissipated. The fate of her book was sealed. She began to realize that her desire for praise had been to her a terrible bondage; that in her work there had been not one worthy motive. But what could she see of life in Crampton. She would be mistress of the little life there and get away as soon as possible. The change came at last in a way she little anticipated; but meantime she never relinquished the idea of having a career.

Now we come to a part of the story where the author leads us to a green hill top, ten years away, from whence we look backward upon the life whose characteristics and whose issues have interested us so deeply. We take the ten years' flight and here we are in New York City. We find our heroine in the luxurious home of a friend of her girlhood. Ten years have lifted her into the grand beauty and maturity of twenty-seven. The years have been crowded with work and study; all the advantages of the great city have been hers; she has mingled with life; she has patiently waited until in the strength of her powers she felt competent to make the trial which should decide her fate as an authoress; she has been abundantly successful; her long thirsting heart is surfeited with praise; she is famous; she is a notoriety. In twenty thousand homes her "Rhododendron" is passed impatiently from hand to hand. In twenty thousand cities her name is spoken. She looks back upon the last ten years of her life. She has been courted and admired as a brilliant woman. All that the gay world can give of admiration or conquest has been hers. Yet with all this what has she gained? The ill will of her own sex. And in all this time, under all these favoring circumstances, no honest man has come to her with an honest declaration of love. Her father and brother are almost strangers. She turns in her triumph toward her childhood's home for sympathy, for, that her joy may be perfect, it must be shared by others, and finds herself an object of distrust and aversion among her former friends. She recalls words spoken to her long ago, "Miss Gilbert the time will come when even one soul will be more than all the world to you, when you would give all the praises of the world's thousand millions, when you would give the sun, moon, and stars, if they were yours, to monopolize the admiration, the love and the praise of one man. The great world is fickle, and must be so. It lifts its idols to their pedestals and worships them for an hour, then kicks them off and grinds them into the mire that other and fresher objects of worship may take their places." Never in her life has Fanny Gilbert felt so lonely as now. She has achieved all she has labored for, and gained nothing she really desired. She looks forward and life is a blank. Now the woman's nature kept so long in abeyance asserts itself. She longs for home and friends. If they would only love her better for her fame it would have some value for her. She returns to find the little town as much transformed by the ten years as herself. As soon as Fanny's old acquaintances found her heart once more open to them, they flocked about her and were happy in her society. Softened by each day's experiences, and rejoicing in the humble love that paid her tribute, she could only wonder at the long delusion that had enthralled her, and the attractions of the old life were supplanted by quiet home life and duties. Now another influence comes to complete the transformation: Fanny Gilbert, the gifted, the courted, the imperious, bows in the presence of consecrated life, a life purified by sufferings, by self denials. Henceforth fame is nothing to her. Fanny Gilbert, the brilliant authoress, has found her *career* as the wife of a clergyman.

This book more than any other of Holland's works seems to me to be the embodiment of his ideas concerning woman's work and position in the world of action. After following even this brief review, it seems hardly necessary to state his position in this respect. But the question with the reader must be what has been the influence of such a work upon woman kind, coming from such a source. The book can be intended to teach only one of two lessons. Which are we to conclude is the one intended by the author? If the lesson to be learned is this, that honor and fame can only be purchased at great price, that unselfishness and consecration to noble work must be elements to a successful life, then indeed has the great mind of the author given birth to a purpose worthy of the man. But what shall we say if the object was this: To discourage honest work by honest women in whatever position they feel themselves called to fill, whether urged by the promptings of genius or of necessity? It is perhaps unnecessary to know the exact purpose for which the book was written. The influence must certainly have been to discourage all who were not possessed of courage and genius from seeking public life. Home life and work are surrounded with a holy light in these pages. The holy offices of selfdenial and loving devotion are glorified.

THE CAMPUS.

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

ENTIRELY CONTROLLED BY STUDENTS.

MEADVILLE, PA., FEBRUARY, 1883.

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THE disappearance of the first bulletin board, placed in Bentley Hall by the Philo-Franklin Society, was heartily laughed at and thought a good joke by all. The society has since developed a reservoir of patience which previously it was not credited as having. Its stock of bulletin boards has also been discovered to be quite large, to supply the places of those stolen every Friday morning. We all relish a good joke, and in this case the Philos as much as any others. But there is an old saying about "running the thing into the ground," and more especially when the act comes to be regarded as a theft. The light fingered persons, engaged in taking the last one, have been nabbed by our Pinkerton's and rightly dealt with and, such should be the treatment of all who follow their example. Placing bulletin boards in the Hall was a step ahead, and should not be abandoned. The Ossolians have wisely had a neat board put up, and the other societies would be furthering their own interests by a like move. If the faculty would provide one large enough for its own and all other announcements any trouble in this connection could be avoided.

THE day of prayer for colleges was appropriately observed here by fitting exercises. Several of the pastors of the city were present, and a no less pleasant occurrence was the presence of the oldest living graduate of the college, Hon. David Derickson, Class of '21. By common consent, a day has been set apart by Christian institutions for thanksgiving and supplication. Like other of our holidays, it began in a small way, and from an individual observance has now become a day of prayer and meditation for most of the colleges of the land. Although this is not a festival headed by Mammon, but only by college communities, the time may come when the world will also join in its observance, and society, which is so greatly refined and elevated by education, will assume a more devotional aspect, suitable to the occasion. At such a time, one is deeply impressed with the fact, that howsoever men may ridicule the principle of prayer, Christianity still clings to it faithfully; that with the Week of Prayer, Lent, Thanksgiving Day, and its other religious seasons, it still rests its faith and hope in the efficacy of prayer, breathed by "faithful and contrite hearts."

ÆSOP tells that the mountains were once in great labor, and the people came from far and near to see them, and there was great expectation of a grand and wonderful conclusion to all this; but, finally, after long waiting, what was their disgust and dissatisfaction to see nothing come forth but a poor, weak, timid mouse. It was the same way with our college world on the hill, on the 7th inst. It arose expectant and hopeful and went to bed disgusted and discouraged. And so we have to take up our old strain again, monotonous and wellknown, which runs, "the Trustees met and adjourned, met and adjoured *ad infinitum*." Nor do we intend to drop it, until it shall end in the glad refrain, "they met and discharged all important business." A statement is necessary, we think, to clear the Trustees of at least part of the accusations of hurtful delay and of incapacity which are heard on all sides. For the last two times, at least, they have been on hand and ready for business. It is the Board of Control, which originates all measures, that is causing this blockade and damage. Bearing a title which ill belies its actions, it still secretes itself and refuses to come forth, viewing with placid unconcern the necessity of immediate action. It is asserted on their behalf that the recent floods retarded them. We are rather skeptical on that point. Those who observe things and know somewhat of the inner workings of our various official boards attribute their absence to entirely different reasons. Thus Allegheny is without a president, and the report goes all about the country, her enemies making the most of it, and the people are lead to think that something is wrong. Some students are looking up other institutions with a view to emigrating. The letters of others written home contain news of our college affairs, looked at in very different lights, and items from them are talked over and, by circulation, become distorted and are noised around, so that parents thinking of sending their children here turn away and investigate the merits of other institutions. Thus it goes, and if we would travel about in the surrounding country, we could hardly realize that these statements referred to our own college. Many of them are false, but they fizz and travel like a gunpowder train. When a man is thought to be going "down hill," as it is termed, you know he gets, on an average, three kicks to one boost. We would again remind our official boards that the college is still without a president, professor of modern languages, and that the English department is burlesquing about in Shaw's manual. As for the office of president, they should not be so blinded by the lights of our local tallow dips, held close to their eye by eager hands, as to catch no rays from the brighter gas jets and dazzling electric lights, gleaming beyond the confines of our patranizing conferences. We feel that this is the opinion and sentiment of the entire body of students. The Board of Trustees adjourned to meet the first of April, and, it is hoped, the Board of Control will convene at the same time, and, together, that they will transact all important business which should have been done months ago.

THE interest taken by educators in co-education has not yet died out. Of the 364 colleges and universities in this country, most have now opened their doors both to men and women. Some of the best, as Columbia, Princeton, etc., still hold to their very conservative idea on the subject and have not yielded to the popular demand. In reading an article on this fruitful topic, the thought arose as to how the plan had worked at Allegheny, and with what results. We find that the first woman graduated here in '73. There has thus been a ten year's trial of the project, which is sufficient to test its advisability. The average number of graduates for the last decade has been sixteen yearly. The average number of women, graduated yearly for the same time, has been three. The entire number for any year has never exceeded four. The percentage of women graduates therefore has been small to what it should have been. However, when we come to consider that but few enter with the determination of completing the course, the showing is creditable, and the percentage of such graduating is greater than of the same number of men. The number of women in the whole country who are co-eds. is 8,662. The whole number in institutions for the superior education of women is 25,780. This is conclusive that the great end desired by our enthusiastic co-educators has not yet been reached. The movement has not become as popular as they fondly hoped for. If asked, whether co-education had been a success here, restricting it to the collegiate department, the answer would be negative. Taking into consideration the preparatory school and the number of young ladies in attendance the there effect on the whole institution has been much as was desired. When we look only to the college classes it has been in great part a failure. With reference to this college, it has aroused very few women to take advantage of the means for a higher education offered. Allegheny is certainly not in a fair way to become an institution for the "superior education of young ladies." On the other hand, our esteemed contemporary the Boston University *Beacon* laments that but a few years shall have passed before the attendance of young men will have become a 'venerable tradition of the past;" that, since seventy five per cent. of the attendance in the collegiate department consists of women and each succeeding year shows a large and determined increase, unlike ten years ago, when the faculty offered ladies equal privileges with men, to-day it can very properly declare, "a few gentlemen will be admitted on the same terms with ladies."

THIS truly is a period of great educational development and progress. And when we consider that all the wealth of our higher institutions, except the State Universities, comes directly to them from individual gifts, and how large is the expense to sustain them all, we are struck with the generosity of those who have accumulated great fortunes. The endowed professorship, alone represent four millions of money, and the wealth stored up in lands, buildings, libraries, apparatus and all other appurtenances is almost incalculable. Annual donations amount to millions of dollars. Of course the croakers put in a word, that it is for the advantage of wealth to thus liberally provide for general intelligence. That is admitted; but if selfishness alone is its prime motive, and as its possessors can take nothing away from the world, and the time for enjoying what they have is limited, why not keep it all and revel all the more luxuriously. No, out of great wealth, a man can only spend but a small part on self without being surfeited with that kind of pleasure and suffering from *ennui*, and he who has any elements of manhood in him bestows it in better ways. We think the signs portend the centralizing of educational power and interests. It is seen in all the employments of life, manufacturing, and, some would add, government. Monopolies are increasing in number and magnitude drawing all interests of like nature to themselves. There is a similar move in education. In the opening and developing of the country, the multitude of mediocre academies and colleges most effectually served their purpose, of affording a cheap, mixed instruction to the great number of young men and women of a pioneer country. But as the community becomes more wealthy and refined, its aspiration loftier, it demands a better educational system. We are experiencing this result to-day. Many of our young men are sent to eastern colleges when they should be educated here in the west, and many are sent to Europe when the universities on this side of the sea should afford them every advantage. With their heavy endowments and general support, it will result that the several sections of the country will have their great universities, to which all influence and brains will gravitate, drawing all life with them, and crowding down many colleges, at present of good standing, to academies and preparatory schools, which will be termed their feeders. What institutions, now affording no better facilities than many others, are to be the great universities and educational centres of the future, will be determined by how they are sustained, how their friends come forward with generous benefactions and liberally endow them; how their faculties instruct, all these will point them out. Now is the time to be drawing to themselves and accumulating power, influence and means, and if done, such institutions will draw a lucky number as the wheel turns.

THE following is from a certified copy of the resolutions offered by the Board of Trustees at their semi annual meeting, and is an expression of the high esteem in which that body held a president who has had no equal in the history of the college, when we consider the great progressth e institution made while under his charge.

Resolutions adopted at the semi-annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of Allegheny College, held in Meadville, Pa., December 27th, 1882:

The Board of Trustees of Allegheny College exceedingly regret that the Rev. Lucius H. Bugbee, D. D., the excellent and very worthy President of its Faculty, should feel it his duty, because of failing health, and for other reasons, to resign his said position. And wishing to place upon their records their appreciation of the value of his services, do therefore order that this preamble and the resolution following be spread upon the records of the College, viz:

Resolved, That we, the Trustees of Allegheny College, feel greatly indebted to the Rev. Lucius H. Bugbee, D. D., for his efficient, ardent and successful labor to advance the interests of Allegheny College in all its departments during his seven years of devoted service to the institution, as the head of its Faculty.

Resolved, That in leaving us he carries with him our love, sympathy and affection, and our ardent prayers for his speedy restoration to health and active usefulness.

Resolved, That a certified copy of these proceedings be sent to Doctor Bugbee and furnished our papers for publication, also to the *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate*.

H. L. RICHMOND, SR.
G. W. CLARK, } Committee.
G. B. DELAMATER.

EXCHANGES.

To make the exchange department interesting is generally acknowledged to be one of the most difficult tasks of college journalism. Hereafter we will occupy but little space in telling other papers what we think of them, but will devote more to general college news, to the discussion of new ideas advanced by our college friends, and to the witty selections we so often find. Though the exchange man may have a difficult task it is by no means an uninteresting one, for the study of human character can be carried on as successfully here as anywhere. The dignified self-sufficiency of the Eastern and Ann Arbor exchange man contrasts strikingly with the humility of one of our Colorado friends. The effort to make fair and honest criticism compared with the purposeless ridicule of the *Index* man affords a comparison no less interesting. And so we might speak of the characteristics of the departments and their editors, but the majority of our readers know nothing of them and therefore would care little about it.

Though few new friends visit us this month, some of the old ones are so changed that we feel that another greeting is due to them:

The *Buchtel Record* appears in a neat cover with an excellent cut of the college building on the front. A biographical sketch of the life of Mr. Buchtel is given. This is a well written article occupying the greater part of the space devoted to literary productions. In one column is published a letter from the Professor of German, who asks that some space in each number be devoted to articles written in German. We see no reason why such an arrangement can not be made pleasant and profitable to many of the readers of college periodicals, since so much more attention is of late paid to the study of modern languages.

Another *Campus* makes its appearance, this time it comes from the University of Georgia. There are now at least three representatives of the college press by that name. Of our Georgia friend we need not say much, because there is not much to criticise. The paper is not in an attractive form, nor is the matter very neatly arranged; yet despite its defects we wish it success, though we would do so with better grace if it could find a new name.

Allegheny College has a new President, also a new Professor of Modern Languages.—*Kansas Review*. Is to have, was to have, would have had, or *perhaps* will have, will better express the present condition of affairs. The energetic Board of Control heard that the water was high, and being afraid of wetting their feet, staid at home, Feb. 7.

The *Wooster Collegian* and the *Illini* have received the impression that Allegheny College was almost entirely burned to the ground in December last. The boarding hall, "Old Culver," was of great importance in the lives of many students,—there so many first learned to play cards, to smoke, to ride ponies, to throw water, to be bounced; and, too, so many formed there friendships and associations that will be of lasting value and pleasure; so many there first learned to bow their will to the Divine One. And yet, there was considerable of Allegheny College left after the fire.

A rowing association and an intercollegiate press association have been recently formed among the eastern colleges. The object of the former is to develope the physical, and one of the methods is a regatta to be held on Lake George, July 4. The object of the latter is to build up a social and professional friendship among its members, to elevate the standard of college journalism, and to facilitate the means of obtaining news from other colleges.

Chapel exercises have recently been introduced into the Ohio State University. At Cornell they have them once a week, but it is not stated whether once absence counts seven marks or not.

"Our western exchanges are, as a rule, flat, stale, and unprofitable. This may seem a harsh and rather sweeping judgment, but, with a few notable exceptions, it is a true one. To a western editor's mind, that paper is the best which publishes the greater number of learned essays and has the highest literary tone. It never seems to occur to his mind that the writing of a good short story calls for a far greater amount of literary talent than the production of an essay on some literary or scientific subject. Anybody with brains enough to stay in college can get off some sort of an essay, but few and far between are the men who can write a story, even a poor one. And as to readability, comparison is absurd. The almost total neglect of short stories by western papers, then, seems to us to be nothing but an open admission of inferiority." We clip the above from an exchange and give it for what it is worth,—read it and think about it.

The entire Senior class of Hillsdale college was recently suspended for indulging in a sleighride without permission. In the institution a dissection which had been arranged for, was interdicted by the Prudential Committee. Hillsdale college undoubtedly has many advantages, but government of that kind can never make it popular. Students have the peculiarity of desiring to do a little thinking for themselves, and when any Faculty tries to completely control them, soul and body, they can but find before them a difficult task.

SCISSORINKTUMS.

Motto of calculus class, "*veni, vidi, flunki!!!!*"

The Methodist church controls 95 of the 358 colleges in the United States.

England has one thousand three hundred colleges, the United States three hundred and fifty-eight, and Canada forty.

The Faculty of Amherst college, Massachusetts, has forbidden its students to take part hereafter in inter-collegiate athletic contests.

A western paper chronicles marriages in this suggestive style: "The couple resolved themselves into a committee of one with power to add to their number."

Lives of all great men remind us, that however great we may be—in our own estimation—there will always be found some one who dares to disagree with us.

The regents of the university at Lawrence, Kansas, intend trying to secure an appropriation from the coming legislature for the erection of a suitable observatory near the university building.

"Put some sponges in her bustle,
She is going out to skate;
She will need their yielding softness,
When she tries the figure eight."—*Ex.*

Æstheticism is the perception of the betweenness between things which have little or no betweenness between them.—*Ex.*

The Parliament of Norway has recently passed a law, which the King has signed, giving women the privilege of attending the universities and applying for degrees in all the arts and sciences.

Oliver Wendell Holmes says, in reference to Dr. Grimshaw's Secret, "I feel as one might have felt who had been admitted to Rembrandt's studio." Mr. Whittier also thinks that the work is undoubtedly authentic.

An item recently stated the number of students in the University of Berlin as over 4,000. It should be borne in mind that these 4,000 students are graduates of colleges, a collegiate course being a prerequisite for admission to a German university.

The *Index*, our college annual, will not be issued this year. The action of the fraternities in postponing the publication one year is certainly commendable; and the object is to have it published by the Junior instead of the Sophomore class.—*Wooster Collegian.*

Scene, recitation room, Wellesley college, class in Latin. *Professor* (*who is a Harvard graduate, and consequently bashful*):—Miss A., will you decline the pronoun *hic?* Miss A.—*Hic, hæc, hoc, hug us, hug us, hug us.* (Exit professor amid great excitement.)—*Tech.*

The President of Tufts College was recently made a happy father, and the following morning at prayer in the chapel he introduced this rather ambiguous sentence: "And we thank thee, O Lord, for the succor thou hast given us," which caused a general smile to creep over the faces of the class.—*Haverhill Gazette.*

Enthusiastic Prof. of Physics (discussing the organic and inorganic kingdom)—"Now if I should shut my eyes—*so*,—and drop my head—*so*,—and should not move, you would say I was a clod. But I move, I leap, I run, then what do you call me." Voice from the rear—"A clod-hopper!" Class is dismissed.—*Vassar Miscellany.*

A College Without a Student.—The West Point, Va., *Star* says: "Williamsburg, once the seat of the learning, wealth, fashion and social position of Virginia, seems to be fast going to pieces. The college has entirely gone down. Last year there was only one student, this year none. The president has a splendid residence just out of town, and the buildings are quiet and lonely looking, and seem to hide within their walls much of wisdom; but this is all that is left of the the once proud seat of learning, William and Mary College."

Beware of "Weeds."—The elder Weller of facetious memory, expressed himself strongly on the subject of widows. There be people in this land of the attorney and home of the breach of promise suit who are disposed to side with him. "Come," said a Cincinnati man, showing a Chicago friend the institutions of the city, "come and let us go and see the Widows' Home." "Not much," cried the terrified visitor; "I saw a widow home once, and it cost me $16,000 for an alleged breach of promise. No, sir. Send the widows home in a hack."—*Chat by the Way.*

"By special bulletin, issued by the Census Bureau at Washington, it is shown that Iowa has only 2.4 per cent. of persons over 10 years of age who are unable to read, and 3.9 per cent. who cannot write—a smaller exhibit of illiteracy than any other State in the Union." Temperance principles go hand in hand with education and intelligence.

They were contributing toward a fund for the extinguishment of the church debt, at a meeting of a West Newark congregation. "I'll contribute twenty dollars," said one brother. "I'll go thirty better, and make it fifty dollars," said another brother. And then the first contributor in the excitement of the moment said, "I'll call you! What have you got."

An exchange tells it on a Vassar girl who, professing to know German well, went into a German saloon, and ordered, in the German tongue, of the waiter as follows: "I want some eggs, some ice cream, macaroni, cheese, coffee and bread." And this is what the obedient waiter brought: One snuff-box, a stuffed owl, a pair of tongs, two cabbages, three paper collars and a blackening brush. Her German was not perfect.

An astronomical cuss sends us the following:—"I went over intending to spend a long evening with Alice some time since. As we Saturn her Mars porch in close conjunction, I had just touched my lips to her fair cheek, when the old lady, who had had Orion us, came out, her brow blacker than I've ever Zenith under cloud. "Jupiter!" she said. "No I didn't, Earth ought to," said I. "You're a Lyra Beta quarter," she said, "and I don't want you coming around to Borealis any more." If Uranus off—" I dodged and went home, thinking, "a man may planet but he can't comet."

Freddy C. while chatting with his girl asked: "My dear, why are you like a gun?" "Why, Freddie, I can't tell," she said. "Because," said C., putting on a nine by fourteen smile, "you are a combination of bang and bustle." "Ah," said the old man from the door as he walked in, and in a tone that froze C.'s blood in its channels, "why young man, are you like a shot?" "I—I don't know, sir," said C., turning pale as the old man laid his hands on his shoulder and turned towards the door. "Because you are fired out, sir," replied the old codger as he applied a number ten.

TO A STAR.

[*The juvenile version improved.*]

Scintillate, scintillate, globule vivific;
Fain would I fathom thy nature specific.
Loftily poised in ether capacious,
Strongly resembling a gem carbonaceous.
When torrid Phœbus refuses his presence,
And ceases to lamp up with fierce incandesence,
Then you illumine the rigions supernal—
Scintillate, scintillate, semper nocturnal.
Then the victim of hospiceless peregrination
Gracefully hails your minute coruscation:
He could not determine his journey's direction
But for you bright scintillating protection.

—*Northwestern.*

College Bric-A-Brac.

It is still Vice President Hamnett.

Baldwin and Pond have the mustache fever. Next.

Prof. Goff was in Pittsburg for a short visit last week.

The political cauldron is beginning to be slightly agitated.

Plummer's favorite stanza: "I am dying, Egypt, dying."

The scarcity of college notes is only rivaled by their staleness.

Will the societies agree to secure a Commencement speaker this year?

Messrs. Ford and Taylor are attending the Business College this term.

Washington's birthday will be celebrated in a becoming manner by the students.

Wilbur Thoburn '81, is Proffessor of Science at the Normal School, Mansfield, Pa.

Cubbison will shortly begin the study of law, under Hon. J. H. Osmer, of Franklin.

Will the Tacitus class have lectures this year, like the class the year before them?

Have any steps been taken toward securing a camp for the battalion in the spring?

J. M. McCready was elected President of Allegheny Literary Society at their last election.

Mr. John Wood and sister Lydia, spent a few days at their home in Pittsburgh, last week.

There is Considerable sickness, at least supposed sickness, among the students at present.

Ridge of the class of '82 at present located at Albany, N. Y., recently visited his college friends.

Boys! boys! pay more attention to your lessons and less to affairs outside of your college duties.

"Mollie" Bryant has had the title of "Lord" add to his already somewhat lengthy reportoire.

We understand that C. E. Locke and wife will leave for a tour of the Holy Land in a few days.

The college boys can now boast a pair of bobs. Consequently we hear of lots of hair-breadth escapes.

We are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of the Chihuahua, Mexico, *Enterprise*, S. Jules Fleming, editor.

Mr. Porterfield, of Virginia arrived in the city a few days ago and will attend college for the rest of the year.

The Sophomores say their performance "languisheth." We have heard the same report many and many a time.

The adjournment of the meeting of the board of control, without the election of a president is a matter of much regret.

The Japanese young man, who was expected to be in college this term, will probably not enter the college until next fall term.

The book agents are already laying plans for the summer campaign. Quite a number are agitating the matter of taking the field.

Wonders will never cease, Allegheny college has a man who pays his bets Kistler is the one who has obtained celebrity in this direction.

The editors appointed by the different fraternities for the Alleghenian have elected W. W. Case as editor-in-chief. The selection is a good one.

Prayer meetings have been held every afternoon for sometime past and we are glad to lay that much good work is being done among the students.

R. R. Ross, of New York City, paid a brief visit to his friends in the city and college recently. He was formerly a member of the present Senior class.

Mrs. Oldham, who was in attendance at Allegheny the past two or three years, is at present sojourning at Clifton Springs, for the benefit of her health.

The business manager of the Campus, who was expecting to be called from college about the first of April, we are pleased to chronicle will remain with us until the close of the year.

Allegheny Literary Society intends shortly to resolve itself into a mock congress, certain members representing different States, at which time the Tariff question will be discussed.

The battalion has been drilling the past week in the setting up exercises at the expense of divers rents to their clothing, loss of buttons, &c. It is pleasant, and agreeable (?) exercise.

Mr. Cyrus Clark, Jr., Cashier of the Freedman's Bank, of Pittsburgh, died of typhoid fever, Jan. 16th. Mr. Clark was a graduate of this college and a son-in-law of the late Bishop Kingsley.

When the boys who board at the Douglass House have to scramble up the hill cold mornings, they see nothing so romantic about the situation. The romanticness is in the summer.

The scarcity of chapel speeches this term is a source of regret to the students who recite at the first bell. Although there is a monotonous sameness about them, they have their attraction.

A great revival is going on at the O. W. U., Delaware, Ohio. Already about an hundred of the six hundred students in attendance have been converted and many more are seeking conversion.

We have heard rumors to the effect that Silver has intentions of becoming a missionary. The truth of the statement we can not vouch for, nor can we tell what foreign clime will be favored by his presence.

Harry W. Plummer, editor-in-chief of the *Crescent*, the organ of the Delta Tau Delta fraternity, will represent Deltaism at the convention of the editors of fraternity journals to be held in Philadelphia, Feb. the 22d.

An unkind rumor is current, that the "Philos being unable to look after their bulletin board, are endeavoring to get the other societies to purchase a board for common use." This may be true or not, our own opinion is that it is not.

It somewht disturbed the equanimity of one of our lau-de-dah young men to receive a letter directed in care of his best girl. We don't blame him, it would disturb most anybody, when they consider the significance implied in the act.

There is wanting in order to complete our set of Allegheny College catalogues the following, viz: the catalogues of '65 and '68. Could you furnish any one or both of them?

Rev. J. Hamnett.

The feminine influence of Huling's Hall has already had a softening effect upon the average East Hallites who have had the good fortune to take their meals there this term. It is one of the proofs that co-education of the sexes is beneficial.

Since the "Sheeny" Opera Co., has disbanded the B. M. is thinking of accepting an agency for clothes-wringers, which may in part account for his sudden propensities in a certain direction. Jim is a bright boy and will undoubtedly succeed in whatever he may undertake.

Some of the Freshmen are loud in their protestations, that a dance will be given by their class in the spring term, and others just as loudly assert that there will not be. Our candid opinion is that it will not be given, if given at all, under the name of the Freshman class.

A few of the boys who have been conspicuous for their absentness from chapel for some time past, received notes from the faculty with a few gentle hints, that it would be well for them to be present in the future. Go to bed at night, boys, get up with the lark and come to chapel.

Dr. Bugbee returned to the city last week for a short visit as guest of Dr. Hyde. His many friends in city and college are pleased to see that he is somewhat improved in health. The Dr's interest in the college, and his hope for prosperity is as great as when he occupied the President's chair.

Richard Riley Ross was, on the 12th day of January last, united in matrimony, to Miss Mary E. Willey, of New York City. Mr. Ross was formerly a member of the present Senior class, and is well known to many of the boys attending college at the present time. Congratulations, success and prosperity.

The different fraternities have elected their editors for this year's Alleghenian. The following is the list: Delta Tau Delta, Silver and Merrick; Phi Delta Theta, Case and Pond; Phi Kappa Psi, Currie and Everett. Business Manager, Day, Delta Tau Delta, Blystone, Phi Delta Theta, and Huffman, Phi Kappa Psi.

At the last meeting of Allegheny Literary Society the following were chosen as representatives of the society, for the annual select performance to be held in the spring term. Declaimer, C. P. Robinson; orator, W. J. Guthrie; Debaters, Plummer and Frisbie. The Essayest will be the winner of the city Alumni essay prize, the contest for which occurs the latter part of the present month.

We had intended in the present number of the CAMPUS to make some reference to the members of the present Senior class. But a pressure of other duties has saved the readers of the CAMPUS from this awful affliction. At some future time, however, we hope to regale our readers with some of the peculiarities, and characteristics of the class. We know the task is a difficult one but we will endeavor to do our duty to the uttermost.

When we hear the students growling because they have to come to chapel, and worse and more of it, if by any misfortune they have to recite at the sixth bell, it sets our mind to pondering. Boys, the golden days of college life are slipping by, one by one. You are eating your white bread now, it will only be a short time until you will be called upon to assume responsibilities and bear burdens by the side of which, the small vexations of college life will sink into insignificance.

Thayer, formerly a member of the Junior class, on his return from Atlanta, Ga., where he has been for some time past, shook hands with all his old college friends. He is much improved in health since we saw him last. The effect of the sunny South.

While we hear of colleges on all sides of us being placed in enviable positions by generous endowments, Allegheny seems to be left out in the cold. The generosity of our Alumni and their patriotism to their Alma Mater is as yet only conceived of in brilliant anticipation.

The infants, who have been amusing themselves, for the last three months, by destroying the bulletin boards of the war-like Philo's have at last been brought to light. Through the strenuous efforts of the much injured society the miscreants have been so thoroughly frightened that in all probability they will abstain from their innocent amusement in the future. And now the bulletin board hangs on the bare walls of Bentley hall in all its grandeur. So endeth the first lesson, will a bolder and more daring genius come to the front? Time only can tell.

The election of a president is a matter that is now receiving a good share of attention among the students. It is a matter that intimately concerns all and the opinion of the students should carry some degree of weight. A petition has been drawn up which is to be presented to the board of directors, protesting against the election of any present acting member of the faculty. Looking at the interest of the college it seems that the only way to bring the college to its former standard is by the selection of a man of established reputation, who will bring new life and influence to the institution.

"POETA NASCITUR, NON FIT."

Such was the language of a certain critic to the writer, on an evening not an hundred years ago. This quotation, according to a famous rendering reads as follows:—"A nasty poet for nothing fit." Now it has been a matter for congratulation, that no specimen of the genius poet "for nothing fit" has recently roamed at large among the classic haunts of Allegheny. No poetic "eye in a fine frenzy rolling" has been seen among us, whereat all must have rejoiced; but alas, the CAMPUS critics are upon the track of an unfortunate rhymster. Peccavi, peccavi! We *might* have had it in our heart to burlesque in rhyme the spring poet with his "flowing breezes, among the treezes" and the like; but now it can never be. The CAMPUS critics cannot understand our little jokes because they sometimes jingle. Did we indulge in any more funning or punning in rhyme, it would be necessary to inscribe over the lofty column of "College Bric-A-Brac"—"A Goak!." We shall not so demean ourselves. Better is it to murmur with meek resignation:—"It might have been." And yet, we cannot repress a pang of regret; for if awakened perforce by the midnight mews and driven frantic by these "Voices of the Night," we may not even solace ourselves by linking together jingling phrases for the local column. The monotonous stretch of "items" can never more be diversified by rhymed nonsense "long drawn out;" but while the weary reader has lost much, the CAMPUS has gained an item. We leave it with you, O reader. Ask not the names of those kind critics whose blunted sensibilities have failed to perceive that rhymed joke and burlesque were never meant for "poetry." We dare not mention them, for, painful as are the associations, linked with the name, we fear that their name is *Legion*.

Will there be any field day exercises this year? We mention the subject this early in the season, that if there is any disposition on the part of the boys to have any contests this year, it may not be left till the last moment, as was the case last year, and then fail for want of time for practice. We should have one day in the year set apart for this purpose. It has been the custom for some years past and only failed last year for lack of time.

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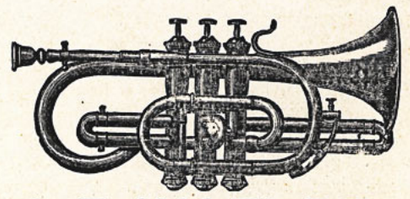

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