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"INTER SILVAS ACADEMI QUAERIMUS VERUM."

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LITERARY.

THE WINE OF LIFE.

BY O. B. M.

The flying of the arrow in the air,
And shifting of the shuttle in the loom;
The drinking of the wine by thirsty sands,
And passing from the cradle to the tomb—
Comes there no voice to tell us if 'tis all?

Whose the voice that speaks us into life?
What the power that throws us to and fro?
Whose the hand that hurls us into death?
What in shaping mars here below?
Are nature's voices silent to it all?

We see the arrow flying,—not what sends it,
The bow that shoots it hither, nor who bends it;
We see the shuttle shifting,—not what throws it,
The weaver who began it, nor will close it;
We see the wine is sinking,—not what spills it,
The emptied fountain filling, nor who fills it.

But where the arrow flyeth,—
And how the loom is weaving,—
Or where life's wine is sinking,—
We do not see it all.
What in the cradle lieth,
And what it is that thinketh,—
Or what it is that dieth,—
We do not know it all.

What if it be illusion?
What if it doth but seem?—
The shadow of a passing cloud,
Mirrored on a stream;—
What some power remembers,—
The phantom of its dream.

CONCENTRATION.

EMMA F. BATES, '82.

The various parts of the intellect are constitutional with the whole. The crowning act of the

whole is expression, either by speech or written thought.

The mind perceives, remembers, imagines, generalizes, reasons. There is the mass of matter, which must be sifted, sorted, and put in usable shape. At this point there is a demand for the mind to originate and express.

From such a storehouse from which to select, one would expect a well-varied production. To bring about such a result there must be some power equal to the task of combining, centralizing and fitting together—as the builder fits the blocks—these different parts.

That power is concentration. No matter how profound one is, if he be clear, and place his ideas about one point, and make that point sharp enough to be felt.

From our eagerness to make things clear, we sometimes strangle and bury our thought. The public has hobbies, and its present one is *multum in parvo*. It is in a hurry, and must have things well done, and that in a short time. If you have anything to say it wants you to say it, then stop. It does not take its pill on the homœopathic style of doctoring—a very small pill in a very large bottle of water, one-fourth of a teaspoonful once in fifteen minutes.

It does not take a man long to walk up to another and shake his fist in his face. It should not take him a whole page to tell the world he lies. Walk straight out with your thought, and hurl it upon the public without trapping it with adjectives, and linking to them explanatory clauses, to these meditations, to these fancies, and so on, until the thought itself is microscopic.

If you are but a poor prose writer, do not labor up the steeps of rhyme, thus slaughtering mother

English, and drugging the already dozing literary world. Do not dress your thought in boarding-school girl adjectives, disjointed exclamations and pointless interrogations.

If you wish to tell the struggles and triumphs and overthrow of the Papal power, you can do it by simply saying, It took Catholicism eighteen hundred years to die. There the mind has the whole picture; let it study it step by step for itself. Gestures make a speech impressive, but too many weaken it.

Flashes of wit, similes, epigrammatic turns, when too frequent, disfigure rather than beautify discourse.

We have an advantage in speaking over writing a thought. In the former we impress the idea in word, and the impressions of the idea by physical expression; in the latter we must make the inanimate word do both: hence the greater need in the latter to concentrate and express effectively.

The power of Joseph Cook to hold an audience for three hours on some profound and psychological subject is the result of the power he possesses to say much in a little; of forcing the mind to follow rapidly and sending it off on yet untrodden paths of thought, and into unexplored depths of reasoning.

The power to hold the mind on one subject is a master power. A debater rose triumphantly, made some fine preliminary remarks; paused to get ready for a good start with the convincing argument, but alas for the expectations of his side, his mind had become befogged in the preliminaries, his point had broken off in the fog, and only the jagged end of the preface remained.

A single sentence may be the expression of hours of study. The Sandwich Islander believes that the strength and valor of the enemy he kills passes into himself. If I grapple some floating thoughts, boil them down to one, and can it in words, the essence passes into my intellectual self, and I am stronger thereafter.

A man is not great whose mind is filled simply; neither is one who has a flow of words, but he who can tell the little he does know in a concise manner.

A richly loaded ship may sail on every ocean and sea, escaping shoals, shipwreck and pirates, but if she never came to port and unloaded, of what benefit is she?

He who can concentrate his thoughts in speech whether he be in a comfortable study or on a hard bench; in an easy chair or on his legs; he who can catch his flitting thoughts and link them all into one idea in a house of wrangling factions as well as in his own room, has a power within him that will carry him to greatness and make the world listen.

Pointless sentences are wasted breath. A shotgun does very well for pigeon hunting, but it would not have been just the thing for the boys in blue in their march toward the sea.

Savages attempting to fix the mind on one subject very soon weary. Sproat says, "their minds seem to rock to and fro, from sheer weakness, and they tell lies and talk nonsense." How little do any of us differ from a savage.

THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES.

C. R. NUGENT, '81.

History relates that when the tyrant Dionysius was in power in Syracuse, a certain one, Damocles by name, observing that the throng waited to do his will, and that luxury and ease were his, told him he must surely be the happiest of mankind. In reply to this, it is said that the tyrant offered to allow him to enjoy the same privileges as himself, that he might see if he were really so happy as he seemed. The offer was accepted. He received the power of Dionysius, slaves waited at his bidding and richest garments, choicest food, and pleasing music were at his command. Intoxicated with delight he leaned back on a couch believing his happiness secure. Suddenly as he looked up he saw a gleaming sword suspended by a single hair, directly over his head. Then the scene changed. Leaping from his couch he besought the tyrant to restore him to his former station, assuring him that having seen the perils to which the monarch was exposed, he

would henceforth be contented with his lot.

A fitting parallel is found with modern civilization. It is the Damocles of the present day. Contented with its present advancement it is in danger of becoming slothful and falling an easy prey to the dangers which threaten it.

Indeed we are fond of speaking of our own age as being all and having all that could be desired. And, to some extent, such is the case. Modern society may be fitly compared to the temple of the centuries. Here come wit, learning and art, bearing all their treasures to the altar stairs; here comes experience with the garnered wisdom of six thousand years. Slowly the ages file by. Proud in the train walks science, proud in her numerous conquests of earth, sky and sea. Religion, too, comes in the train, walks meekly forward and proffers the claims of God on the human soul.

Silent for an instant they stand within the temple walls, and then from every heart wells up a strain; a strain of thanksgiving for the past, exultation at the present, and hope for the future.

And surely we have cause for congratulations. Over all the land, from where the waters of the Atlantic lash the rock-bound coast of Maine, to where the waves of the Pacific kiss the shores of the Golden Gate at San Francisco, over States fraternal, patriotic; from sunny South to frozen North, floats the flag of a free, happy, and prosperous people.

And not alone on our own land but all over the world, does prosperity smile. Civilization is advancing to-day as never before, and the sun of heaven looks down on a prosperity as deep, as thorough and abiding, as it is universal.

Even the barbaric tribes and nations of Central Asia, catching the spirit of the times, thrill with the same spirit, and activity stirs amongst hitherto stagnated life. But beware lest in all this joy and advancement there be lurking dangers that threaten all.

In Venice once the Doge having had a splendid season of luck, was afraid of having too much prosperity for one man, and trembled lest avenging fate should visit him with sorrow; and

so sailing out into the blue Adriatic, he cast into its heaving bosom a splendid jeweled ring, one of his greatest treasures, supposing that by bringing misfortune on himself he might allure fate not to visit him with a worse evil.

So it would be well for us to understand that the greatest prosperity may bring with it the greatest dangers, and that it behooves us to rouse up from our valued sloth, and guard against the perils of the age. The rising of the world from the shackles that have bound it for thousands of years, the adoption of new modes of thought and life may be carried too far. And they are going too far in many respects already.

When men cry for liberty of thought they are getting to mean liberty to think precisely as they please; when they plead for freedom of action they are in danger of meaning freedom to do exactly as they wish; when they boast of the civilization of the day as indestructible we are constrained to say, such is the wisdom of fools.

Let us now see what is the first great danger which, like the dagger hung by the tyrant, threatens the welfare of the world.

In the recent war which Russia carried into Kashgar, China, a Russian skirmishing party discovered a Chinese army of two hundred and fifty thousand men, well armed with the best modern rifles, drilled in the Russian system, and having even the famous Krupp cannon of Germany. They had been drilled by their countrymen who had been sent to Europe to be educated, and who had obtained their knowledge there; so that they were in every respect almost equal to European soldiers. There is no wonder that it excited Russian minds. And it has set statesmen all over the world to thinking too. If China can furnish men almost equal to European soldiers, and millions more of them, wherein does our boasted superiority consist? History shows that the Chinese have always made good soldiers, and it is well for us to know what advantages signify to them. In ancient times barbarians from Central Asia overrun the greater part of the continent, and crossing into Europe precipitated the destruction of the Roman Empire. It is believed

that the Mongolian mind is meditating another gigantic raid against the liberties of the world. The skeleton of an army of twenty millions is believed to already exist in China, and that is but a shadow to the myriads she could arm. One third of the population of the world dwell there. Take these, excite them by an appeal to false gods, fill their minds with schemes of conquest, arm them with modern weapons, send forth this gigantic horde, and Christendom might well tremble at the shock. Who would be willing to predict what blindness to these facts might result in? Civilization may be like the eagle of the old fable, which, wounded by an arrow, turned his head only to see that his own feathers had winged the shaft that was still quivering in his heart.

But there is another danger to modern civilization, not so much in our own land as across the sea, but beyond the ocean so appalling that Europe to-day is a magazine which a spark may explode; a volcano from which at any moment an eruption may burst whose fearful lava may sweep away the work of centuries.

I refer to Communism. All through Europe there are societies of men banded together by the ties of a sworn brotherhood, with grip, and password, and awful oath, pledged to undermine the foundation of civilized life. Their exact number is unknown, but they can be fairly said to number over a million in Russia; German Socialists cast five hundred thousand votes at a late election; French Communists made the streets of Paris run with blood, and the dagger and pistol of the assassin threaten the life of almost every leading statesman and sovereign in Europe to-day. A strange anomaly these men present; pledged to abolish the right of private property, destroy the sacred ties of the home circle, proscribe the marriage state, and abandon the worship of a God. And yet they are so powerful withal, that the mind of even a Bismarck chooses to deprive his people of the principles of liberty, rather than endure the madness of Communistic fanaticism.

But back of Socialism, back of the other dangers, there lies a danger even more terrible than these.

There is a custom among the Russians that on Easter morning the Czar of all the Russias rises, makes his toilet, and goes without the palace gate, and the first one whom he sees he salutes in the oriental style by falling on the neck and kissing, while he exclaims in the Russian tongue, "Christ is risen," to which the one addressed replies "He is risen indeed." One morning it happened that the person whom he met was a sentinel at the gate, a Mohammedan from distant Tartary. When the Czar hailed him with, "Christ is risen," the soldier replied with the utmost indifference, "So it is said."

There are too many among ourselves who would answer in the same strain to-day. There is too much scepticism; in fact it is the great danger of the day.

It is strange how it can be so. For such, as well as for us, the sun gilds the morning sky, rides overhead in majesty at midday, and at evening drops like a ball of gold behind the western hills. For these the rain of heaven descends, the seasons travel in their turn, buds open, and flowers bloom. Through all these they see a law, and praise it, but tell them there is a Cause, an Originator of all law, and they merely answer, "so it is said."

The spirit of the times calls for more than this. We must learn to draw the line between half-heartedness and zeal; between true liberalism and scepticism; between the good and the base, the false and the true. Only when this is done can the age realize best, and fulfill best the duties of her lot.

Such are some of the dangers that, like the sword of Damocles, hang in the dome of time, ready to fall and sweep the nations to destruction.

Now, what shall we do to perform our part in resisting these dangers, and fulfilling the destiny of man?

In the olden days of chivalry, back in the middle ages, when a person was to be admitted into the honorable Order of Knighthood, he was first made to prepare himself by meditation, fasting, and prayer. Then on the appointed day he was brought into the church clothed in white, and

there, in the presence of the listening throng, he was made to swear a solemn oath to be good and true; true to his country, true to the laws, true to the unprotected and to revere his God. Then after this was done he was pronounced a member of the honorable Order of Knights Templar.

And now is the time if ever to rally to the support of the good and true. Let us each in the dawn of life pledge ourselves to the support of the right, and let the crisis come when it may, we shall be found in the front rank, fully prepared, ever zealous, true knights in the battle field of life.

COMMENCEMENT ORATIONS.

One of the most important truths to be learned by many of our so-called reformers, is that change and innovation are not necessarily improvement and reformation. While we say this we disclaim any sympathy with those immutables who oppose everything new. Changes are imperatively demanded by the developments of science and philosophy, and the alterations in social customs and human wants. But there are also many established principles and practices which are just as important now as they ever were. Men are found to-day who insist upon the abrogation of the marriage rite. Others strike at the eternal laws of labor and reward, and call for the equalization of human possessions. Another class has recently sprung into existence who ignore the wisdom and experience of past ages concerning finance, and imagine they have found a better, as it is a cheaper form of money. We affirm that these are *not* reforms, and the honesty and intelligence of the American people repudiate such unholy innovation.

For some time past the hue and cry has gone forth from certain undergraduates for the abolition of commencement orations. The statement was started that three of our colleges had taken the lead in the new movement, and, presto! a score of zealous editorial reformers repeat the paragraph and catch the strain "Down with commencement orations!" Our attention has been called to the

subject by a communication which appeared in one of our college papers. These were the arguments therein made to crush the system of commencement orations: First, they are useless. Second, they are tiresome. The writer says they are useless to the orator, the audience and the college. We admit neither assertion. The presumption from long established custom is that they are *not* useless. He has the burden of proof. But his arguments neither prove anything, nor are they even worthy of refutation, so we boldly assume the proposition that these orations are *useful*. Whoever admits the utility of oratory, and the necessity of practice to attain it, can not deny that graduating orations are beneficial, so far at least, as they give exercise in a useful art. But we contend that they are far more important than ordinary oratorical exercises. As a general rule, such practice is useful in proportion to the time spent and care exercised in preparation. The reasons why commencement orations should demand more than usual attention are self-evident. But far back of this, they doubtless incite students to diligence, and create a thirst for excellence in public speaking, long before graduation. Many, otherwise indifferent to elocutionary effort, receive a stimulus to exertion through the realization that once, at least, during their college life, they must appear on the rostrum before a large audience. The strength of this incentive can not be calculated, but it is frequently experienced.

Again, an oration at graduation is useful because it introduces the student to the world. As he leaves his Alma Mater, he is just crossing the threshold of active life. His success depends somewhat on the first impression he makes; and an important element in the latter is his final oration. His audience are not all present from idle or curious motives. Many listen with critical and intelligent attention. They pick his sentences to pieces with merciless precision, and in the act also analyze his opinions, his ability and his character. Their comments mean something; and if favorable, may be patent for success to the young aspirant for public favor. He who asserts that commencement orations are useless to the audi-

ence, must in consistency deny the benefit of all public literary exercises, and indeed of public speaking in general. He should explain the yearly presence of such large and intelligent audiences. Graduating orations *ought* to, and certainly *do*, instruct. It were a libel on collegiate education to say they do not. And though their tone may be somewhat pedantic, yet it is usually moral and elevating.

That these orations are beneficial to the college we affirm without hesitation. They advertise it. It is doubtless a fact that a large proportion of students and their parents receive their first definite ideas of a college through the publicity given it by commencement exercises. Every one who attends, leaves with a clearer perception of the nature, dignity and usefulness of the college represented. And then the account is spread by the papers, so that it reaches thousands, who would not otherwise hear of the college. As by this means each college is benefited, so is education at large fostered and advanced.

Space is lacking to give these thoughts their legitimate completeness and force. It is sufficient merely to notice the argument that commencement orations are tiresome. Perhaps they are to those who are sated with other literary exercises, or who can not appreciate them at any time. But the same objection would prove as much against sermons, lectures, and perhaps all literary performances. Such a peurile argument will hardly suffice to destroy a custom which has the sanction of reason and the approval of centuries.

THE LANGUAGE OF NATURE.

"The rounded world is fair to see,
Nine times folded in mystery.
Self-kindled every atom glows,
And hints the future which it owes,"

When we creep from our close and crowded houses into the night and morning, and see what mystic beauties daily wrap us in their embrace, how easily we might wander into the opening landscape, absorbed by new pictures, lost in fast succeeding thought, till recollection of home is obliterated by the enchantment of the present, and we led in triumph by nature.

There is no desire that she cannot gratify; no intense longing that she cannot alleviate; no secret yearning without a response; no aggravation without its prunella; no mood, but that, like a reflection of trees and grasses in the glassy lake, is mirrored in perceptible form. The exhilarating air is a breath of inspiration; the tempered

light of the woods is stimulating; a rosy morning invigorating; the mimic waving of acres of houstonia whose innumerable florets whiten and ripple before the eye is a picture of hope. These sunset clouds, these delicately emerging stars with their private ineffable glances, call us to solitude. We dip our brushes into the painted elements, and tinge our lives with the brilliant pigments.

As we examine the face of the sun in a pool when our eyes cannot brook his direct splendors, so we may safely study mind in nature, because we cannot steadily gaze on it in mind. We cannot take cognizance of thoughts in the progress of formation. They must be disposed of in the third person, plural number, objective case, as the object of contemplation.

Intellect is primary; nature secondary; this is the memory of the mind. What once existed in the mind in solution, when precipitated, formed this sediment, the world. It is thought formulated and stamped in tangible and indestructible forms, a world of ecstasy in which infinite diversity blends in harmonious union. Vastness does not serve us till it is housed in an individual. Who would value any number of leagues of Atlantic brine bounded by lines of latitude and longitude? But confine it by granite rock, let it wash the shore where intelligence dwells, and it has character and is filled with expression. So we admire in man the concentration of the vast, the house of reason, the cave of memory, the playhouse of thought, the palace of sight and sound, the unfathomable galaxy of wisdom, till impressed with this immensity, we wonder, and adore, and worship.

Nascent nature *grows* like a field of maize in July. Man is exogenous, like the palm whose growth is spontaneous in every expansion. Some imagine words or facts remain without his effort to imprint them.

The walls of the rude mind are scrawled all over with facts and thoughts. One feels like taking a lantern and reading the inscription and interpreting the hidden meaning. Here is the true analogy of growth. It is appropriation rather than accumulation of matter. It is Aristotle defining *space* to be an immovable vessel, or Plato defining a *line* to be a flowing point.

We peruse some abstract thought, like the Holy Grail, and would put ourselves in an attitude to observe, but, phantom like, it eludes our gaze. We wander forth thinking it will take form and clearness. Then we seek the stillness and composed attitude of the library where we apprehend and dimly forebode the apparition.

Soon, in a moment, and unannounced, it appears in the field of vision.

Nature does not confine all her beauties to the vicinity of Lake Geneva. Our sunsets rival those of Italy. Talent is not all bound up in *one* napkin. Clevious may doubt that Jupiter has moons, but there is a Gahler who has constructed a telescope through which he looks and is convinced.

All things are born of thought, and yield to thought, as icicles again become liquid. Every moment instructs, every object teaches, and every form is fused with wisdom. A casual glance will not discover veiled beauty.

"Throb, thou, with nature's throbbing breath,
And all is clear from East to West."

The reason Tennyson knows so deeply and speaks so musically, is because he himself is a mutation of the thing he describes.

Rich poets as Homer, Chaucer, and Raphael, have obviously no limit to their works, except the limit of their lifetime, and resemble a mirror carried through the streets, ready to render an image to every created thing.

SOMETHING BEYOND.

J. W. CHACE, '83.

When Spain was the foremost nation of Europe, proud in her chivalry and power, she placed upon her coins, around a picture of the Pillars of Hercules, the word "Ne Plus Ultra." But when Columbus had shown to the world that a land of beauty lay beyond the waves which surged against the rock of Gibraltar, Spain erased the first word of the inscription and it remained "Plus Ultra."

The Spaniard, looking westward from his native coast, saw nothing beyond but the blue sky and sea or the golden clouds of sunset which rested upon them. But these were not visible to the Genoese sailor. His earnest eyes looked beyond them and saw the blossoming fields and leafy forests, the plains and mountains of a land unknown.

To us, also, there is a land beyond a "sea of troubles;" there is an ocean stretching out for us from the Pillars of Hercules; there is a reward for all labor. As we look beyond the surroundings of the present, whether we see the real, substantial end and object of toil or the vain beauties of a day-dream, depends upon our ambition and our energy. The summits of success tower above us, but we must struggle up the rugged pathway if we would breathe the purer air, if we would

survey the widening azure of the sky and view the landscape extending in grandeur to the dim distance.

The grandest characters of the world have raised their voices in admonition to us; they have warned us against indolence; they have declared that never have they seen success attained without persevering toil. The greatest artist who ever impressed his canvas with nature's loveliness, the sublimest poet who ever sung the beauties of virtue and truth, the profoundest scientist who ever read creation's story in the rocks or listened to the chiming of the spheres, all unite in asserting that labor is the secret of success.

The present in which we live is the outgrowth of the past. The future in which we hope will be the result of the present. As we now employ our advantages so do we mould our coming life. Our deeds are bonds which bind us, or steps on which we rise. The imagination pictures castles in the air as gorgeous and fantastic as the fabled palace of Alladin. Idle hopes are the lamp which calls them forth, but labor is the genie which rules them all and transforms the unstable and ideal vision into the true and lasting edifice.

There is nothing more ennobling than the thought that there is something beyond every condition of vice, of ignorance and woe. That all men may advance by personal effort from the lowest, darkest vales of humiliation to the highlands of light and life is a decree purifying, exalting and divine.

We fail to realize the opportunities, the wonderful possibilities which we possess. To illustrate the extent of progress, John Ruskin uses a handful of mud taken from the street. It is composed of clay, and sand and a little coal dust. If this clay were left in the great laboratory of nature where it might work out its own purpose, it would at last be transformed into the ruby or the sapphire; the grains of sand, after a long succession of continuous change, will at last become the purple amethyst or the pure and transparent rock-crystal; and the coal dust, remaining for centuries in the crucible of the genial earth, strangely altered by its mysterious alchemy, will come forth and sparkle as the most precious of gems—the diamond.

The discouragements of Columbus were many before he sailed westward with his little fleet; many the storms ere he reached the object of his search. Our difficulties can not be greater than his, the tempests which we will meet in the voyage can not be fiercer; and, if we strive earnestly for moral and intellectual worth, we will at last reach harbors as quiet and lands as lovely as ever smiled a greeting to the navigator of the early day.

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THE members of the Philo Society, for securing Bishop Foster to deliver his lecture, the Spirit Forces of the Universe, in Meadville, on the 20th ult., deserve the thanks and congratulations of the faculty and students, and also of the few citizens, who can appreciate a strictly intellectual treat.

The Society manifested a courageous spirit in undertaking to bring him here, knowing that it is impossible to get a fair audience for a lecturer in Meadville. The audience was very small considering that Bishop Foster lectured. The lecture was worthy of the Bishop. Much was expected, and the highest expectations were more than realized.

It was by far the grandest, the most thoughtful, and inspiring discourse we have heard; and those who did not go to hear it missed the richest of intellectual treats.

We are sorry to record that the Society barely cleared expenses. And, while it is not very encouraging business, we trust that the Society will not stop with this, but will furnish us some more of the same. It is a shame that they have nothing for their time and trouble, and a disgrace to this city of schools that Bishop Foster's reputation was not sufficient to bring out a good house.

He, nor Gough, nor Phillips, nor any famous lecturer can get a good house in Meadville, but let Black Crook or a minstrel troupe come along and the house is assured. O what a taste! The city should have a fence around it! Most any little village of six or eight hundred inhabitants, without wealth and *culture*, would do better. We would say to those Meadvillians, who are always in attendance, continue to give your sympathy and presence to these literary exercises until a correct taste is formed.

It is practically settled that we are to have no more literary contests between the societies. The custom of holding annual contests was instituted by the Allegheny and Philo Franklin Societies upwards of forty years ago. The records of the societies show that great interest was taken in these literary battles, and that the highest ambition of the student, in respect to his literary work, was to gain a position upon them. There was no dodging of duties; that would keep him from becoming a good writer and speaker. There was no ungentlemanly deportment; that would militate against him in the elections. It continued for a number of years to be the custom for the societies to challenge each other alternately. Finally it was dropped for a few years, but was restored by the Philos challenging the Alleghenians in the year 75-76. This year the challenge of one society was rejected by the other, thus vetoing the projected contest.

The society that presented the challenge are beginning to feel that they have not been treated with due respect. We do not say that they have any ground for complaint, but present the case as it appears to them. Thinking that they were offering a friendly challenge, and that the societies were on terms of friendship, they were expecting that their communication would receive prompt attention, and that notice of whatever action might be taken would be communicated to them.

No official notification of any action whatever, has reached them, and it was after the lapse of several weeks that it appeared in the city papers that it had been rejected. If the Philos are really

in earnest for the maintenance of the good feeling existing at present between the societies, and combat the idea of a contest, believing that it would tend to destroy this friendship, they ought to see to it that comity is not abused by allowing a proposition, offered in the most friendly manner, to remain unattended to and unanswered.

The librarian's report for the two years, during which he has had charge of the library, is before us, and, as it may be of interest to our readers to know what is being done, we give the following facts, gleaned from it:

In October, 1876, the library was constituted as follows: Donation by ex-Gov. Winthrop, of Mass., 3105 volumes, of which 330 were lost; Wm. Bentley, 740, 93 missing; Isaiah Thomas, 443, missing, 78; ex-Pres. Alden, 1255, missing, 187; H. B. Wallace, 107; W. A. Ingham 171; S. S. Haldeman, 339; U. S. G., 1700; miscellaneous, 313; total, in library, 7475 volumes, to which must be added upwards of 1000 unclassified pamphlets. Since Oct. 1876, have been added by donation of U. S. G. 550 volumes; State of Penna. 50; heirs of David Dick 760; alumni and friends of college 600; miscellaneous 25: by transfer from reading room 168; Biblical Literary Society 356: by purchase 1127; total 3636. Not counting the pamphlets, the total number of books in the library at present is 11,111 volumes.

In regard to the financial condition of the library, the report shows that the librarian has received during his term of office, \$798, and has expended \$805.39. Outstanding obligations amount to \$827.87. It will be seen that within two years \$1,633.26 have been expended on the library. The real debt is, however, greater than \$827.87, which is the amount not held by the librarian. The real debt is \$1,633.26, less \$798, or \$835.26. To meet this are due, or will be due by close of college year, \$798, appropriations from matriculation fees, which will cancel all but \$37.26. This is a very fair showing, and let us hope that the alumni and friends, who see this bald statement—the report being made in scrutinous detail was too long for publication—

will constitute themselves into committees on ways and means and contribute of their means to the enlarging and bettering of the library.

WE believe all our readers would like to see an extensive and interesting Personal department in the CAMPUS. Yet how few do anything whatever to accomplish that end. Appeals have been frequently made to the alumni for assistance without success, and now we desire to call upon the present students. There is scarcely a student who does not know some former student whom we do not, and about whom he could furnish some item of information. It is one of the principal objects of a college paper to furnish a sort of information bureau between alumni and students. All should feel that their help is needed to render the Personal columns interesting. No one can conduct them successfully, alone. Other departments, by sufficient labor, can be managed unaided, but it is impossible in this. Help, students, this department along by giving Mr. Wood, editor of Personal department, the desired information.

THE appointment of the new board of editors should take place in May, instead of the week before commencement. They will be inexperienced and will have no ideas, practically, of what the duties are. They should have ample time to study the matter and get up their first number,—the commencement one,—all excepting the notices of commencement week, before that time. Also, they would not be compelled to remain in the city so long after the closing of college.

Again it would be a good plan hereafter to appoint two members of the Junior class who should be retained on the staff during their Senior year as editor in chief, and review editor. The management would, then, have experience in college journalism, and would be able to get up a more creditable paper. It is easy to build up a beautiful theory of college journalism, and quite another thing to get it into practice. A year's experience as an associate editor would fit one to some extent to oversee the publication and arrangement of the whole. This question might well be considered in arranging the new board.

COMMUNICATION.

MESSRS. EDITORS CAMPUS:—In perusing our college journal of last month, I was struck by the correspondence over the signature of "Ya Ya," in which a very appropriate and significant question was asked, and as a "student" I shall attempt to give the questioner an idea of the "marking off system," from the stand point of a student, who perhaps may be thought too much prejudiced to be fair toward the system, and yet who can judge the best of its merits, by comparing it with the other systems of recitation. The marking system within its proper limits may be a good one, but when its bounds are over-reached by an experimenting and unfeeling professor, then its good qualities, if there be any, disappear and are unseen through the clouds of the "chalking off" crayon. In studying an almost unlimited lesson for either of our "markers" a student is seldom actuated by the idea of future application and usage, but does it for to-day's marks, and the lesson being "crammed" too easily is forgotten. If the student would make his mark near the standard (as we all would like to, until completely disgusted with our futile trials,) he must put his time and his brain to those studies, giving unfair and unsatisfactory recitations to the other professors. This is fact, for several instances are known to the writer, of students putting the entire afternoon on their Greek or German lessons. It is unjust to the students and to the Professors of other studies, and it would seem that our faculty would see this and act on it. But the question, "Is the marking off system simply a system of marking off, or is it teaching, also?" In our recitations, if we're sent to the blackboard, the most of the hour is spent in writing sentences and verbs, when we've finished the havoc commences, and with the flying of the chalk our work soon is tat-two-ed worse than a Fiji native. There the work of our instructor seems to end; we know nothing of our mistakes, and no one to explain them but a dumb figure. If we have a verbal recitation, a sentence is given, and some mistake generally occurring,

the correct form is generally shot at us, as though we were born to speak and understand the language, and we know as much of it as we did before. Prof. J. A. Cooper, principal of Normal School at Edinboro, Pa., makes the following admirable hit in his suggestions to teachers: "Assign pupils just enough work, and give them *plain directions* for doing it. Show them how to study." How much of this advice is germane to the marking system?

One instance of a rule will show the marking can not be just; it is the fact that every verb a person misses counts 20 off, the standard being 50. In a lesson containing 30 or 40 verbs, where is the equity? We are heaped with lessons till we can but groan, and every groan throws on another addition. The teaching involved is simply letting us learn, and our needed explanations and helps are not received as in other recitations. It would seem but just to the student and to the faculty, if the "marking off" system were not entirely banished, to at least give it a proper scope, which the student could reach, and thus understand, fully, the contents of his lessons. More would be learned, with more lasting effects, and the suffering student be relieved from the one idea contained in this second Gospel of "St. Mark." "SOPH."

EDUCATIONAL.

Sanskrit is taught at Rochester University.

Dennison University has seven literary societies.

Mr. Ruskin has resigned the Slade Professorship at Oxford.—*Ex.*

Each recitation at Oberlin opens with a short devotional exercise.

Dickinson College has an alumnus still living who graduated in 1801.

Some ladies at N. W. University recently indulged in a "badge rush."

Prof. J. R. Seelye has been lecturing in Scotland on Bismarck and Cavour.

Cornell Campus is now illuminated with the electric light until eleven o'clock.

The University of Cairo, Egypt, (Mohammed-an,) has now 10,000 students.—*Ex.*

Girard College has a fund of \$6,415,039, and its income for 1877 was \$941,860.—*Ex.*

It is estimated that \$4,500,000 is spent annually by Americans studying in German schools.

A destructive fire has occurred at Asbury University. The loss was about \$30,000.

Wm. Cahill, of the "Seminary of Our Lady of Angels," walked 25 miles in 4 hrs., 26 min. and 51 secs.

The Harvard instructor in German, who was convicted of selling examination papers, has been discharged from the faculty.—*Ex.*

Dr. Immer, of Germany, took the grand prize of 2,500 francs, offered by the Congress of Orientalists for the best essay on Arvan civilization in India.

A good college paper is worth more for the moral and gentlemanly tone of college life than a library of by-laws and an army of faculty spies.—*N. Y. Independent.*

The University of Tubingen, Germany, celebrated, this year, its four hundredth anniversary. Among its graduates are Melancthon, Keplar, Schelling, Hegel, Denniker, Schiller and Uhland.

An intelligent class can scarce ever be, as a class, vicious; never, as a class, indolent. The excited mental activity operates as a counterpoise to the stimulus of sense and appetite.—*Edward Everett.*

Bishop Haven, in an interesting letter to the *Atlanta Advocate*, says that Prof. A. B. Hyde, of Allegheny College, can talk in more languages easily than any other man in the country. Prof. Hyde and the Bishop were old schoolmates together at Middletown.—*Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.*

Presidents of American colleges where the Chinese government is educating some of her young men, have to be careful about dismissing them, as it has accidentally, as it were, been

learned that an expelled student is promptly decapitated by the authorities on reaching his native land.—*Christian Union.*

Madame Litvinow, a Russian lady, has received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Berne. She passed her examination with such brilliancy, especially in mathematics, that the faculty unanimously agreed to attach the highest mark—*cum summa laude*—to her diploma.—*Woman's Journal.*

PERSONAL.

'52 Rev. S. S. Burton is preaching in Cattaraugus, N. Y.

'63 Rev. J. M. Bray remains, as last year, at Tidioute, Pa.

'71 Rev. R. B. Mansell is a promising minister, at present located at Brownsville, Pa.

'53 Rev. John C. High is proclaiming the gospel at Springdale, Pittsburgh Conference.

'66 Rev. W. W. Painter reports excellent success in his protracted meetings in Titusville.

'76 Ernest H. Koester has begun the practice of law in Kendall, McKean Co., Pa.

'71 Stephen Quinon has been promoted to the editorial chair of the *Pittsburgh Evening Telegraph*.

W. H. Bemus, a former student of Allegheny, is president of the Senior Class at the Philadelphia Medical College.

'81 Miss Emma F. Merchant, who was obliged to leave college on account of the sickness of her mother, intends to return next term.

'82 W. S. Nesbit has quit college for the present and gone to Bozeman, Montana, to recuperate his health. He expects to return in a couple of years.

'78 C. W. Reese was married January 10th, to Miss Bertha Carringer, of Columbus, Pa. Our congratulations, Charlie. Four already from '78. Who'll be the next?

'82 M. F. Compton was obliged to go home the first of the term on account of sickness. He

is rapidly improving, however, and expects to be back next term.

Rev. A. N. Craft, an old student of Allegheny, is stationed at Oil City. He is rapidly achieving a reputation as one of the most eloquent ministers in Erie Conference.

'59 Rev. Henry Mansell, Missionary to India, has an interesting letter in the *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate* of February 6. His address is Gonda Oudh, India.

W. J. Mosier, a student here two years ago, died in Philadelphia, Feb. 6, of typhoid-pneumonia. After leaving Allegheny he studied medicine for a time with Dr. Dewey, of Meadville, and then went to Jefferson Medical College, where he was studying at the time of his death. His death is mourned by a large circle of friends.

TABLE.

Professor—What does Kant say? Senior—Can't say.—*Tripod*.

—Dennis Kearney has been offered the Chair of Profane History at Harvard.—*Ex*.

—A Freshman says: "Between euchre in the barn, and prayer meeting in the house, I had a lively old vacation."—*Vidette*.

Has it come to this? A Seminarian wants a pony to translate his sheep-skin. This settles beyond a doubt the doctrine of total depravity.—*Pa. College Monthly*.

—One of the "fair ones" boasts that her lover in the Junior class is telescopic. She can draw him out, see through him, and then shut him up.—*Ex*.

—We would humbly suggest to the Faculty that, as recitations conflict with our evercises in the gymnasium, recitations be henceforth dispensed with.—*Oestrus*.

—Now that the ice has moved off the Schuylkill river, young men who propose entering Yale or Harvard College in the spring can "cram" for the preliminary examination, by rowing a boat a few hours daily.—*Norristown Herald*.

—They were eating apples together. He—"Wish I'd some cider." She—"Oh, all you have to do is to squeeze an apple." He—"That's so." She—"Let's eat the apple first." The poor fellow nearly fainted.—*Vidette*.

—Prof. in logic, calling for various meanings of ambiguous terms—"Take, for instance, the term glass." "A mirror," shout the girls, while the boys faintly murmur "a beer mug." Ah, the power of association!

—This is the latest from '81's genius: When asked the reason of his chronic impecuniosity: "Time flies; time is money. Therefore Axiom 1st, Euclid; money flies."

—Given a slippery razor, ten minutes to catch the train, and the right side of the face shaved, to approximate the number of jolts the historic tablet of Moses will receive.—*Nirgara Index*.

—This comes from Michigan University: Senioress translating: "Wir sind von keinem Mannes Herzen sicher." "We are sure of every man's heart." Prof.—"Not correct. Try again." Senioress.—"We are safe in every man's heart." Prof.—"Hardly." Senioress (blushing)—"We are sure of no man's heart." Prof. "Correct."

—First Senior:—"I don't know what is the trouble, but every evening after I go out to call, my knee is so lame I can hardly walk home. It must be rheumatism." Second Senior;—"You ought to change knees occasioally." First Senior:—"What? Change—" then as a thought strikes him, "oh, hum, yes. Let's take su'thin."—*Ariel*.

" Full many a roll of pony leaves serene
The dark, unfathomed sleeves and text-books bear;
Full many a crib is born to blush unseen,
Yet shed assistance hidden by the chair;'

Oh, a noble art is chemistry!
Replete with information
Of how to fool with slops and things,
For our great delectation.
Yet still our minds are overfull
With taking "points" on paper;
And I long to be a molecule,
And skip around in vapor.

Acta Columbiana.

ALL AROUND THE CAMPUS.

The Junior select has been abandoned.

A Prep translates *parvos libros*, little liberty.

Why not call faculty roll at chapel exercises?

Senior K.'s moustache needs careful attention.

Bishop Foster's lecture was a master production.

Read the statistics of our exchanges in another column.

No vacation between Winter and Spring terms this year.

A number of the students have had to pay fines for coasting this winter.

How proud they must feel since they have "the finest hall in the United States."

Mr. Geo. Plummer, of Chicago, has established a twenty-five dollar oration prize in Allegheny Society.

Society politics are becoming quite interesting. A number of candidates are in the field for Valedictorian, and Replier.

The Philos are not well pleased with the success of their lecture. It took the whole of the proceeds to pay expenses.

The first declamation contest of the Athenian Society will be held in the College Chapel, on the evening of March 25th.

A certain Senior would do well to look in Webster's Unabridged for the definition of "blasphemous."

The Senior class has made arrangements with Miss Boice, the elocutionist, for a public reading on the evening of March 4th.

A Senior, after listening attentively to Bishop Foster's eloquence, remarked that he "had a notion to go and shoot himself."

The recitation contest of the Ossoli Society takes place on the evening of March 21. An interesting performance may be expected.

Professor—What is Part I. of Geology called?

Senior—Physiological Geology. Professor remarks that that is somewhat like Theological Surveying.

Professor—What is the form of the earth? Student—About three-fourths water and one-fourth land. Prof.—Is that its *form*? Student—Oh! It is about 25,000 miles around and 8,000 in diameter.

A Glee Club has been organized in the college with the following officers, viz.: Musical Director, W. C. Wilson; President, S. M. Decker; Secretary, Miss Henderson; Vice President, Miss Saeffer; Treasurer, Miss Calvin.

The present officers of Philo-Franklin Society are: President, Fred Shellito; Vice President, C. L. Pappenhagen; Secretary, C. W. Miner; Treasurer, W. J. Armstrong; Critics, A. J. Maxwell, O. B. Moss, A. M. Shellito.

The Ossolians have just furnished their hall with an elegant new Brussels carpet and window curtains, thus adding much to the beauty of the room.

Prof. Woude was recently elected an honorary member of Allegheny Society, and acknowledged the same by being present at their next meeting, making a speech and presenting the society with two fine chromos.

The "Pickwick" boarding club has discounted the Hall club in price, and have a much better bill of fare. The former's expenses for the first month, including room rent, fires and light were \$2.36, and for the second month, \$2.25 per week.

The Philo oration contest will be held in the Chapel on the evening of March 11th. A number of contestants are in the field, and he who wins the prize must have a fine production.

In the *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate* for February 27, appears an article entitled "Shall We Have a Pittsburgh Conference Seminary?" which our Faculty and the Trustees of the college would do well to read.

Considerable complaining might have been heard after President Bugbee announced that the

Chapel would not be left open longer to accommodate those wishing to remain there during vacant bells. But students who will not conduct themselves as gentlemen should not be allowed privileges.

Prof. H—, eloquently discoursing on the greatness of Roman ability and cultivation, even when without a literature for five hundred years, said: "Let us put a case; what literature of this community will survive *one hundred years*, much less *five hundred?*" "THE CAMPUS," responded the only lady editor of the same, who chanced to be a member of his class.

EXCHANGES.

Where are the *Carthaginian*, *Chrestomathean*, and *Volante*?

The editors of the *Niagara Index* lately indulged in a sleighride. While speaking of the *Index* we would like to call attention to an excellent editorial in No. 10 on the subject of "Ponies." We wish every student would look at this abuse as sensibly.

The *Dickinson Liberal* is always welcome. The relative size of its several departments could hardly be improved. No other exchange suits us better in this respect. We are inclined to make the common suggestion that the style of the personals be changed. But that is a matter which more especially concerns the students of Dickinson Seminary. If they can endure it, we can.

Says the *Kansas Collegiate*: "THE CAMPUS omits its stereotyped suggestion that the Kansas University ought to support a better paper." After carefully examining the files of THE CAMPUS, we are nearly prepared to say that THE CAMPUS *never made any insinuation of the kind*. But, then, we are not going to quarrel about trifles, and if the *Collegiate* really insists on it, we are ready to make the remark it suggests, whenever it may be necessary in order to preserve peace between us. But since the appearance of the *Pastime*, we *will not* say that Kansas University ought to support *more* papers.

We have no objection to informing the *Un. Courier* that "Social Culture" was written by a lady.

Beg pardon, Mr. *Oestrus*! We had failed to appreciate the "Emersonian thoughts" of your three pages of advertisements. We acknowledge our error.

The *Tripod*, published at the N. W. University, is changed from a monthly to a fortnightly, and also improved in shape. We are glad to note this evidence of prosperity with the *Tripod*. It is one of our most interesting exchanges.

The *Colby Echo* presents a bright and welcome appearance after the refreshing influence of its long winter's nap. We notice particularly an interesting editorial about some of the peculiarities of student life. If all our other exchanges become weary and sleepy after their long work, we shall expect the *Echo* to furnish us wide-awake and vivacious reading the rest of the year.

REVIEWS.

The *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate* is always welcome. It is either improving or our appreciation of it is gaining. The *Advocate* is one of the five newspapers which have published Bishop Simpson's late lectures at Yale, in full.

It is doubtful whether the *N. E. Journal of Education* has a superior in its sphere. It seems to be especially adapted to common school teachers, but is invaluable to all interested in general education. It is not, as might be inferred from the title, a sectional paper, but has a national reputation and a national interest. It will henceforth be still more interesting to the West, since a publishing office has been established in Chicago. The *Journal* is the best source we have for educational news.

Several articles in *Lippincott's Magazine* for March, are noticeable alike for their timely interest and their fine illustrations. We might mention "A Day with Hudson's Bay Dog-Sledges;" "Pottery and Porcelain at the Paris Exposition;" and "Live Wood in our Whipping-Post." Under the title of "My Village in the South," Miss Annie Porter begins what promises to be a very entertaining series of pictures of Southern life. "Joseph's Adventure," which is a glimpse of the ruder and more adventurous life of California; "Women's Husbands," of which the opening tale is concluded in this number; "Through Winding Ways," and many shorter contributions preserve the usual variety and piquancy of the Magazine.

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