Library Allegheny College Thesis Mr. C. L. Pappenheimer Date May 5. 1915

THE CAMPUS.

"INTER SILVAS ACADEMIAE QUAERIMUS VERUM."

VOL. II, No. 3. ALLEGHENY COLLEGE, MEADVILLE, PA., NOV., 1877. TERMS, $1.00 PER YEAR.

LITERARY.

AN AUTUMNAL DAY.

BY MRS. EMILY J. BUGBEE.

Mine eyes have opened on a glorious morn,
The early sun hath caught his burnished feet
Within a tangled veil of silvery mist,
Which holds them, struggling captives, in its net
That not so soon, they chase the freshness of the dewy morn.
But see, they conquer, and the airy wreath
Rolls off the bannered folds of yonder wood,
And leaves it like a gorgeous painting there,
Drawn, in its slumbrous richness, 'gainst the blue.
Oh! what a glory robes the mighty hills
That shut the smiling valley safely in
With its Acadian landscape of fair homes,
Through which a winding river gaily glides,
Throwing its silvery ripples to the sun,
As on it moves where bending willows lay
Their soft cheeks on its music haunted breast.
This will be such a day as my soul loves;
A Sabbath time, in wood, on plain, and hill;
The winds will catch and murmur waifs of song,
Within the dim cathedrals of the grove,
Then die away, like the last ebbing of
A holy psalm.
The yellow leaves will idly flutter down,
And rustle to each other sad farewells
Like children parting at the threshold stone,
To wander forth the sport of fortune's wind.
All day the cricket, in the long sere grass,
Will chirp, and the calm sunshine rest
A voiceless benediction on the world.
Oh! there comes up from the forever gone,
Full many a magic day enrobed like this
In Autumn's splendor, and her mystic calm,
Set there, like golden isles in memory's sea,
When youth's ambitious thoughts and restless dreams
Were poised on halcyon wing within the soul
As leisurely we roved the pleasant haunts,
Around the early home.
And wandered where our river of the hilis*
Coils its full tide of silver crested waves,
Oft holding commune with young hearts whose dew
The garish mid-day sun had not brushed off.
The days seemed longer then, and the bright years
Slipped not like knotless threads our fingers through.
And all was far away, and golden haze
Enveloped all, and glorious autumn tints
Were nothing to the splendor of our dreams.
But we have climed, full oft, with weary feet
The once far summit of the mountain brow,
Our lips have pressed the brimming chalice of
Life's joys and woes.
We've watched our white winged argosies go forth
Freighted with golden hopes, but ofttimes looked
In vain for them, with rich fruition filled,
With all on board gone down, and we have learned,
Through all the softening glamour of the years
To count their loss but blessings in disguise;
Yet on the rushing tide of present time,
We sometimes moor our bark on days like this
And dream the swift voyage o'er.
Noting the sunny islands where they lie,
Wand'ring amid their greenness for a time,
Then coming back to watch in calm content
The headlands rise that crown a changeless shore.

*Susquehanna.

SHOULD THE STUDENT READ, AND WHAT?

At the opening of another College year, when we number among us many who are just beginning the college life, it is eminently proper that we ask and attempt to answer the above questions.

The importance of such a discussion is more apparent, too, when we consider the tendency of student and teacher alike to ignore these questions for that other, What shall the student study? The latter inquiry we hear on every hand. The earnest student gives careful consideration to the question of the branches which shall constitute his year's work. Anxious parents confer with teachers on the same subject. We hesitate not, then, to aver that important as the question of what our studies shall be, is, attention is bestowed upon it to the neglect of another, second only in importance to the student. We make the proposition that the aim of a college training implies that every one who seeks such a training should be a reader as well as a student, should pursue a judiciously prescribed course of reading as well as an adopted curriculum of study. This same proposition is silently affirmed by the libraries abounding in works of history, literature and science, found in every institution of worth and character in the land. The college catalogue points out the

branches of study, the college libraries suggest the other department of student work, reading. We do not forget the fact that young men and young women have entered colleges and received their honors by the very reason of devotion to text-books exclusive of all else. We are aware that this exclusive study has sometimes won the smile of teacher and applause of friends. But we venture the assertion that this peculiar success on the field of the recitation room will not weigh against the disadvantages of a partial culture and training on the broader field of subsequent life. The men of the busy world with whom we deal, whatever may be our chosen pursuit, will not pardon in us an ignorance of the men and nations and events of the past, nor will they look with leniency upon him who fails to be abreast with the present. We commit no error therefore in affirming that whilst the faithful student will master his course of study, his work is but partially done if he have omitted to draw frequently and regularly from the libraries within his reach.

The question settled that the student must read, that a portion of his time should be allotted to the acquirement of general knowledge, another question arises: How shall he have time for reading when his every day duties in the recitation room make such large demands upon him? Here is a difficulty which can only be met by the co-operation of student and instructor. Many students undertake too many studies per term. They assume so many as to make it impossible to have time for reading. The average student cannot pursue thoroughly five studies per term and have time left to read. Better have four or even three, and read an instructive, suggestive book every month. Compute the results of such a plan carried out. A library of from forty to fifty volumes, with time to carefully and critically peruse it during the four or five years at college.

But to the attainment of such an end the teacher has a part to contribute. Unless the teachers in our colleges recognize the importance of the student's reading, and inculcate the idea of its necessity—and in their assignment of recitation work leave time in which it may be done, the desirable results which we suggest cannot be achieved.

But, assuming that the student has the time, and does read, let us to the question, "What shall he read?" President Porter suggests that every one should read that about which he most wants to know something. The suggestion is certainly a good one if we may assume that every one has an intelligent control of his own intellectual tastes. But to the young man or woman whose greatest anxiety is, how the latest milk-and-water story will end, it would scarcely be a safe guide. It is not the design of this article to furnish a list of books which should constitute the student's course of reading. This would be inexpedient—for all have not the same adaptations and intelligent preferences. But some hints of a general character. Let us go into the library. Where shall we begin? Do we live in America? Then pass by, for the present, England, France and Germany, even Greece and Rome, till we know something of the land of our birth, of the history of our fathers. Bancroft is too voluminous for the student in college, but read Ridpath and Lossing, the Lives of the Presidents, Biographies of the Statesmen and Generals. Read the history of the Church in America, the lives, with the struggles and triumphs, of her devoted adherents. We ought first to learn ourselves. We must know the history of our own country to be in sympathy with her present and her future.

Next to America the American student should study England and Englishmen. Turn your attention to the motherland. Get a general knowledge of English poets, orators and philosophers. Study the progress of English civilization. Become familiar with the great changes and crises of English political and religious history. This done, we shall need to extend our horizon somewhat. To this end read a good work on general history. Tytler's, of two volumes, is an excellent one for this purpose.

We have now passed the preparatory course of our reading. We are ready to submit the work of the future to individual preferences. Hence-

forth we read history, ancient or modern, secular or ecclesiastical, as our tastes may select. True, there are departments other than history, into which the student's reading should extend. But we must urge as the foundation of culture a knowledge of the world's events. There are works of art, science and philosophy; these we are to read, having first studied the historic substratum of them all.

Thus far we have assigned no place to the numerous works of fiction. What shall we now say of them? Shall we read them? Let the question be answered in part by the sentiment; the generation would be better off were half this kind of literature consigned to the fires. That love-sickish, squamish literature, the only product of many modern writers, can only produce a softening of heart and brain. It is not vicious, but soft. Read it your lifetime without meeting a solid thought, anything save softness of sentiment. It is to be hoped that none but the highest order of fiction will find place in a college library. But what of this class? Shall we read all of Scott, Dickens and others of their high repute? No, many times no; we havn't time. College life, human life is too short. Who but the specialist can have time to read Scott's thirty volumes or all of Dickens without ignoring other writers of eminence? Only the *best* works of the *best* writers may we read amid the scenes of an earnest life.

Then only let the student begin to read, let reading enter in as an element of his training and discipline, and it shall be his to experience the sentiment:

> "For books we know
> Are a substantial world both pure and good;
> Round these in tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
> Our pastime and our happiness will grow."

"LOVELY."

This is a word that we often hear. Young, enthusiastic persons exclaim, "lovely moon!" "lovely tree!" "lovely eyes!" "lovely hair!" and "lovely pies!"

Whatever has in itself any good or desirable quality is quite likely to be called "lovely." By such frequent and indiscriminate use, this word has lost much of its real meaning. Imagine, if you can, that Paul had any thought of its extravagant application when he exhorted the Philippians, "Whatsoever things are lovely—think on these things." Upon a little thought it will be seen that lovely means lovable, worthy of being loved, possessing qualities that may invite affection. It differs from the word beautiful, in this, that it cannot, properly, be applied to each object that pleases the senses.

The moons of Jupiter are truly a pleasing sight, but well might he be called a lunatic who would profess ardent affection for them because they are said to be lovely. Perhaps the reason that we use this and other words in so perverted a sense, is, that we are surrounded by so many beauteous objects that we tire of describing them all by the same adjective. The number of things that *are* lovely, compared with those that are so *called*, is infinitely small. It is true, however, that some people's lives may, with propriety, be said to be lovely. We read that "Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives." Also, we daily meet friends of whom the same may be said, and we know that we admire them most of all.

It remains, then, to learn how a life may be made lovely.

OUR SCRIBE.

There is one startling fact coming to us from the pages of modern science that all men would do well to ponder.

It is that in our own minds is written, in fadeless letters, not only every idle and wise word, but, as well, the strongest and the weakest thoughts, every desire that possesses us, every impression that we have received. Our minds become vast libraries, from whose pages we, at last, will read what, through every hour of life, we might have been and what we were. "Memory is Scribe," said Aristotle, long ago, and now Science confirms him when it says, "memory is imperishable."

With an honest, impartial pen the Scribe writes. He records the days which, as Charles Lamb says, "Stand out like mountains forever" and with these the words of kindness spoken when kind words were hard to say, the cheerful look and smile withheld, the noble thoughts lying in our way which we have passed by, the opportunities for heart and mind culture as we have improved them or left them unnoticed. He keeps faultlessly full record and leaves us to dictate as we will. To forget is impossible. At the last we will read jests and scoffs, hopes and fears, the beauties and the stains on every hour.

There is immensity in the fact, startling and terrible as it may be at first, but it holds as well a wealth of enthusiasm.

All the beauties of knowledge, wondrous facts of science, the influence of art and music, the glorious sights of earth once seen, understood and appreciated can not be lost.

We murmur sometimes that we have forgotten, half doubt in consequence, the use in trying longer. There is no forgetting. The fact once learned, the thought gained, the beauty appreciated, though it may be hid in some dark corner of our library, is still there, and our strength of mind, our culture and our beauty of soul is due to its being there.

That all these things are our very own, the thought comes like an inspiration, and no one more than a student can feel its power. In college drill there is a succession of gain; every hour may add something to our store. The thought of holding through all time, this mind wealth, should kindle and inflame our determination of action. In the close friendship of college life there are opportunities constantly awaiting of doing either good or evil, and what greater incentive than to know that they live forever in our memory.

At the end our Scribe will open our library to us and we will read what we dictated to him, will find how well we have filled the cases, how noble and elevating have been our thoughts, how pure and true has been our heart experience.

WHAT GOOD DOES THE MILITARY DO?

We have not gone into ecstacy over the sight of cannon and musket. We are not an enthusiast on the subject of military. Neither are we a fanatic on how the boys should walk. From an unprejudiced standpoint we look. The military department is good enough in itself. The Professor is a man whom to know is to respect. It fits men for active service in case of emergency. As military tactics and engineering are taught, it prepares men for drilling a company at any time. It gives muscle to them that have become so lazy that they hardly move from their rooms. The exercise is good. It straightens those who have become crooked, through years of toil in extracting old Latin and Greek roots. It gives a genteel and manly bearing to all. The head must be kept up. The arms must not be swung. The clothes must *be on*, not half on. Slovenliness is excluded from the ranks. Every man must be brought to his place. And at least once a day the *saucy* boys are obliged to keep their mouths shut for an hour.

Since it does all the above, and much more, we must admit that it does good. Again, it is a compliment to our college to have "Uncle Sam" take such an interest in us as to make us one of the chosen thirty. To send us such an officer, and lend us the accommodations. This has done our college good service, as the large increase of students this fall shows. But, after all, what do we go to college for? We must remember that we only drill a short time per day. That engineering and tactics do not recite every day, and, therefore, this does not occupy all our time. If a young man come, thinking that he can graduate without some knowledge outside that of the military he is mistaken; and yet we find those, who, before we had such department, were good students, now attend more to tactics, than to Greek or grammar. Some care not to caress the gentle Minerva, but fall down and kiss the feet of stern Mars.

If this be carried to excess it will certainly lead to bad results. This department is cata-

logued as a "*School.*" Yet we do not think it is a school exclusive to all others. But as it is now any one may come, and come for nothing else. He may say, "I came to take a course in the 'School of Military Science and Tactics' and that is all I shall take." If any should come with such a motive we cannot see what good this department will do the college. Such as would take such a stand might be of dissolute habits. The reputation of the students generally might be injured by the actions of a few who have nothing else to do, because all are dressed alike (and most all are fed alike) and folks away from here do not know the most saintly, reserved, sedate and grave Senior from the strutting Prep, or the Student of Biblical Literature, from the Student of Tactics.

What do we understand by "The School of Military Science and Tactics?" Will some Trustee or member of the Faculty please rise and explain?

IMPORTANCE OF LEARNING TO OBSERVE.

The perceptive faculties lie at the foundation of all our knowledge. All our ideas come to us directly or indirectly through sense of perception. Even those ideas which are denominated intuitive have their basis in data taken by the observation. Considering these facts, then, the importance of the cultivation, and a proper use of the powers of perception become evident. If perception is the necessary condition of reason, judgment, imagination and thought generally, and if these exercises of the mind depend, as they probably do, for their fulness and energy, on the perfection of this previous condition or action, then the effectiveness of reason, the reliability of judgment, the vividness of imagination and the force of thought generally must largely depend on the acuteness and ability of the perceptions. Bearing in mind these thoughts, let us consider briefly the importance of cultivating and developing a habit of observation. Observation might be defined as the voluntary direction and control of our perceptive faculties. It relates not to sight only, but we may observe, *i. e.* perceive, take notice of a thing through the senses of taste, smell, touch and hearing. But it is probably through sight and hearing that we receive our highest and most important impressions. Nature is the great school in which our grandest lessons are to be learned. But how learned unless by observation? She forces none to be her students. She compels none to learn her truths. We may, if we choose, walk through this beautiful world with eyes open and yet not seeing, with ears open and yet not hearing. The utility of our powers of observation depends on the manner in which we use them.

The ordinary observer sees in the landscape nothing but trees and rivers and hills and clouds, very commonplace objects indeed. He passes men and women on the street, meets them in his place of business, converses with them in the social gathering, and yet he sees only so many human beings, differing not very much one from another—nothing at all remarkable or deserving of particular notice. But let the eyes of one like Turner, or Constable, or Cozens, look upon the same scene. There are trees, but not trees only. There are tall, solemn pines, pointing upward like tapering spires. There are slender birches, graceful as the fairest maidens. There are lights and shadows playing upon the trembling foliage. There are clouds, but such as only few ever see. The sky to him who *observes* is one continuous and ever changing panorama of beauty. "The noblest scenes of the earth," says John Ruskin, "can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them; he injures them by his presence, he ceases to feel them if he be always with them; but the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not

> "'Too bright nor good
> For human nature's daily food;'

it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, for soothing it and purifying it from its dross and dust." He who looks at nature as the sick man vacantly

stares at space, sees nothing; but he who looks and thinks and admires, sees the wondrous works of an infinite mind. So, also, when a Dickens, or a George Eliot passes in and out among the crowds of men and women, distinct in individuality, moved by many and various passions, each one possessing something peculiar, something attractive. Many a man could paint a face or figure; but no one whose power of observation had not been cultured to the highest extent could paint it as Raphæl did. Many a man could describe to us something of human character, but it took the keen perception of a Shakespear to analyze and exhibit the secret passions and emotions of the soul. We have everything to gain by observation. It furnishes material for thought, and such material as the great master thinkers have used in all ages. It enables us to see things as they are, to discover nice relations that, without careful and thoughtful scrutiny, would escape our notice. It awakens a general activity of the intellectual powers and thereby conduces to the strengthening and perfecting of our minds.

OUTSIDE THE COLLEGE WALLS.

S. E. WINGER.

College life has its half monkish and half military forms of narrowness. It is not a little suggestive to see our collegians outside "the walls," many of them look so bookish and wise. One not accustomed to the mein of those *in*-side the college walls might think they were waiting for some one to ask them to say something in Latin or Greek. Or that they were shocked, indeed astonished that no one recognizes their scholastic majesty in life's hurly-burly. And the *dis*-crowned king challenges Omnipotence to ask him *something*. Being a student, I may be privileged (without fear of bouncing) to say that students are full of the Ego and prejudice. They are given to the weakness of *over*-rating their own ability and *under*-rating that of others, and to measure brain power purely by a bookish standard. That the severe school and rigid discipline of the world give a superior strength and point to the practical, over a merely scholastic training, students have to learn. Saw mills and stores, wharves and factories, courts and exchanges, *all* have valuable lessons for the careful student. An acquaintance with the soil and the tiller, the hammer and the tongs, the needle and the culinary art, in short *contact with the world and its work*, or the student becomes hopelessly scholastic. The pale cast that sicklies over the face is not so much the stamp of the *presence* of *thought*, as the *absence* of *active force* and *practical aim*. The man that wins must take tone in the practical school. The *subjective* turn of thought and fancy is below par in the great world. But the *objective* manner and matter is the downright hard common sense which hits the nail on the head—and if struck there it must drive or break. Every student must have observed that the great classic writers, Homer at the top of them, have a remarkably direct style of utterance. They who would understand and win anything of their power must learn to look as they did, to the great world of *facts* and *deeds*.

We would have students and others know that the columns of the Campus are by no means closed against contributions, but are at all times open to whatever its patrons are disposed to contribute, provided it be of a suitable character. We are especially desirous of making this a paper for the students. Its greatest advantages are to those who would improve in their composition by writing for it. It is not at all impossible for the editors to fill its columns from their own brains, but there are others among the students that are as able to write as we. We are willing to extend its benefits. So, if any one wishes to see his thoughts in print, let him put them into the best shape that he can, taking it into account that brevity is a very great merit, and pass them in. All contributions will be received gladly, and given due consideration. Who will respond to our call?

THE CAMPUS.

Published 1st of each month, Aug. and Sept. excepted.

MEADVILLE, PA., NOVEMBER 1877.

Editorial Committee.

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Subscriptions received and copies for sale at the Book Stores of Ingham & Co., and Clarke & Chesbrough.

Papers will be sent until ordered discontinued, and arrearages paid.

TERMS:

One year, - - - - - - - $1.00.

Single Copy, - - - - - - - 12c.

THE course of lectures that Professor Sheppard has been delivering under the auspices of the Senior class, proved to be successful in every way. They were attended and listened to by audiences that could appreciate them. The chapel was filled, or nearly so, on each of the five evenings. Financially they have paid for themselves, and left something of a margin besides. It is unnecessary here to refer to the character of these lectures. The lecturer is so well known, and has been so often listened to in this place that his reputation is well established. He is always welcome at the college and among the lecture going public. He goes away this time, we think, esteemed more than ever.

EVERYONE had begun to feel anxious about Prof. Tingley and to wonder whether he had been overtaken by the dangers of the sea. But all fears suddenly gave way to rejoicing, when he again appeared among us. He comes back from his European trip, after a stormy voyage of eighteen days. Twice all hope was abandoned, but the vessel finally made its way through the storms. The Professor looks as though he had enjoyed the trip, as (with the exception of the rather vivid prospects of a submarine voyage) he says he has. He is welcomed gladly by all, and with feelings of gratitude that he has been spared to return. It is said, however, that some of the boys in his classes are troubled with misgivings about the future lessons.

ALTHOUGH the College Library has been closed for good reasons, now that the Librarian has returned we shall expect that it will soon be opened and the Reading Room reorganized. The latter was discontinued last year partly because its finances were in a low condition. Since the trustees have made it an appropriation its resources are sufficient to keep it up. The students have felt the loss of the Reading Room deeply enough, we think, to appreciate its advantages if they should ever have an opportunity. We hope that its benefits will soon be within reach of all. Haste ye faculty, spread wide the doors that lead to ye hall where sleeps ye thoughts of ye sages. Place the flying news upon the tables. The students will rise with uncovered heads and call you accommodating.

WE heard this question asked not long ago by one of the citizens of this town: "How can students going to college, and with as much to do as students should have, find time to attend lectures with profit to themselves?" We thought this an appropriate and very pertinent question; for when a student is really studying, he can find but little time for outside things, while those who do not study are the very ones who will not be benefited by a lecture, as they go to be entertained and hence remember very little after it is over. But, some persons may say, lectures are not outside things, they come in the routine of all college work. We admit that every college of any note whatever has courses of lectures, but they (and here is where the difference is) are all on themes relating to some department of study pursued in the college, while not one of those lately delivered here could be said to bear a relation to any study engaged in.

We would not have it understood that we are declaiming against lectures or that we would de-

bar students from attending them; we simply advise against courses of lectures, on subjects foreign to college work, being delivered under the auspices of the faculty or students.

Nor would we be understood as depreciating in any way whatever the ability and unquestionable merit of Professor Sheppard. He is one of the most entertaining and instructive lecturers it has been our privilege to hear. In his line he is unexcelled, and he shows himself to be a close observer of the motives and actions of people. However, in our estimation his lectures are more of a benefit to the citizens than students.

MANY elements combine to make success in business, in professions, in life. The fact that man is preëminently a social being, points to sociality as an important element of success. Perhaps the real philosophy of the matter is, that to succeed well in anything one must have a certain measure of popularity, in short, must have the good opinion of others. In order to possess this a person must have and present to his associates and society agreeable qualities. Sociality properly used is one of the most pleasing qualities of our nature. Hence its importance as an element in the success of all our undertakings. It is an aid to the scholar. True, he is to rely chiefly upon solid attainments in his studies. These are his foundations. But however necessary these may be, something else is often required to place even a talented man in the position he justly merits. Even in college many a student fails in being justly considered and in being assigned, in the opinion of others, to the place for which his other endowments may qualify him, simply from the non-development of a pleasant social disposition. There is a golden mean to all extremes. One student may neglect everything else and give his whole time and energy to his college duties. In the end he may come out a thorough scholar, a very walking encyclopedia; but he has done so at a great expense. Take him into company and he is either dumb, or ridiculous, or both. We leave our best impressions on those with whom we associate; but he who has always for his company only himself and his books, and who knows nothing of the refinement and ease which good society imparts, no matter how great his acquirements, will, when called out, as he afterwards must be, into the presence of strangers and the gatherings of the refined, make but a very poor exhibition of himself. Students, as a general rule, are of that class which have not enjoyed to much extent the privileges and advantages of society, and they cannot afford to pass by every opportunity for social improvement. True it is that we may carry this, as all other things, to excess. A student may give so much of his time to the pleasures as to virtually neglect and abuse his studies. This is far worse folly than the other extreme. One better know *something* and have the credit of knowing *little* and appearing awkward, than to know *nothing* and yet by reason of a kind of outside polish and ease have the credit of being wise and worthy. The best way is to attend to college work first; make that the all important duty; then, whenever opportunity for social improvement presents itself, seize it and use it and use it not carelessly, but carefully and judiciously, and the development of our social nature, and the culture thus gained will be an effective aid to our success in life.

SCIENCE.

THE FUR SEAL.

ITS MATRIMONIAL PROPENSITIES.

Continued from Number 2.

There is a strong contrast between the male and female both in size and shape, the latter being only 4 to 4½ feet in length, much more shapely in proportions, and weighing only 60 to 80 pounds. The small, well-formed head, with its large lustrous eyes, presenting a gentle and intelligent expression, renders the female quite attractive, and when perched upon some convenient rock with an opportunity to quietly fan herself, she exhibits such apparent benignity and

satisfaction that she must appear very amiable, not to say entrancing, to the sterner sex, and it is not much wonder that he should put forth such efforts to win her, or that he should desire a goodly number. The Fur Seals are the most eminent polygamists of the brute world. But unlike their illustrious imitators they do not marry even for *time* or eternity; and being, in one sense, the inhabitants of two worlds, they maintain their family relations only while upon terra firma. But while *upon* earth they are model masters of their "harems," and present such an example of self-sacrificing devotion in the protection of their family as the followers of Brigham Young would do well to imitate.

Early in May the males begin to come on shore to locate themselves in the most advantageous positions to receive the females, which do not come till four or five weeks later. Each one selects a rock or peice of ground about ten feet square, which he guards with untiring vigilance never leaving for an instant, night or day, for three or four months. This of course must necessitate his abstaining entirely from food or drink for that length of time, which of itself is *remarkable*, but when we come to associate it with his unceasing activity and restlessness, it becomes indeed wonderful. He must evidently be sustained by the absorption of his own fat; but what provision is made to prevent the torpidity of the stomach, which, from a supposed physiological law, would necessarily result from being so long empty, is a question which scientists have as yet failed to answer.

Investigation in this direction has, however, led to a probable reason for another strange habit of this animal. It is a commonly known fact these animals are accustomed to swallow pebbles and even stones of two or three pounds weight. As high as ten pounds of these boulders have been taken from the stomach of a single animal. Naturalists have been unable to assign any reason for this remarkable habit; being of the highest type of carnivora, they would not need them for such purposes as birds which feed upon grains and have no other means of mastication.

Numerous dissections of the stomach have invariably revealed the presence of a snarl of worm like insects called *nematoda*, which fact seems to give some reason for this great passion for stones, for certainly the grinding of these stones against one another in the stomach, must in a great measure destroy intestinal parts.

The labor of locating and maintaing a position upon the breeding ground is often a very serious business, especially for those males who come last, for they must either take back seats, or, by dint of superior strength and courage, drive some one more favorably located from his position, and it is no uncommon thing to see an old male, delightfully situated, after victoriously holding his position against fifty or sixty desperate attacks, at last driven from it, by an antagonist, perhaps inferior in strength and courage, but coming fresh to the contest. Nor does the fighting cease upon the arrival of the females, for immediately upon landing they are introduced into the families of those nearest the water line; consequently there is no alternative for those in the rear but to abduct from the "harems" of their more favored neighbors. This is comparatively easy to do, as it is utterly impossible for the lord of the "harem" to guard his numerous family upon every side, and it is an established rule with them never to pursue beyond the boundaries of their own domain. The sound arising from one of these "hauling grounds," where millions of all ages are congregated, is said to be indescribable. The roaring, growling and hissing of the males, with the continuous blaating of the females and young can be heard for miles around, and often serves as a fog-bell to warn approaching ships of their proximity to land.

EDUCATIONAL.

The number of freshmen that have entered some of the colleges are as follows: Harvard, 219; Yale, 209: Princeton, 102; Williams, 80; Dartmouth, 63; Union; 60; Bowdoin, 55; Amherst, 105; Colby, 50; Hamilton, 50; Smith, 50; Bates, 40; Trinity, 35; Lafayette, 47; Tufts, 20; Cornell, 150.

Harvard distributes $42,000 a year to meritorious students.—*Ex.*

The following, it is said, are the per cents. required at the various colleges to pass an examination-paper: Havard, 40; Yale, Amherst, Brown, Dartmouth, Boston, Trinity, and Williams, 50 each. Wesleyan, 60.

The University of Moscow recently celebrated the one hundred and twenty-second anniversary of its foundation. The number of students during the past year was over fifteen hundred. It has a library of 175,000 volumes.

German Universities have 1400 American students. Educational statistics show that in Saxony one out of 1,194 of the total male population is in actual attendance upon a university, while in Prussia the proportion is one to 1,328.

The entire sophomore class of Kenyon College has been suspended for four weeks, for hazing. The Princeton faculty says hazing shall be crushed out; and at Dartmouth the sophomores profess willingness to let the freshmen carry canes. At Amherst the freshmen were victorious in the "friendly trial of strength."

The University of Berlin has, at the present time, 2490 matriculated students against 1977 last year,—and a larger number than the university has had at any time during the sixty-six years of its existence. A large majority of the students are Prussians, but the other German states are well represented, and 45 are Americans.

The second year of instruction began at Johns Hopkins University, Tuesday, Sept. 25. The examination is a severe one. In addition to mathematics, including a full knowledge of arithmetic and the metric system, the student must be familiar with algebra, plane geometry and trigonometry, solid geometry, Latin and Greek, French and German, natural science, and the history, structure and usage of the English language.

THE TABLE.

A certain Senior was lately seen running about in search of his "shaving brug and mush."—*Berkeleyan.*

Prof.—"Mr. B., what is a whale?" Mr. B.: "It's a large, ambiguous animal, covered all over with no hair."—*Ex.*

Professor in Greek—With what does the Isthmus of Corinth connect the Peloponnesus? Student (promptly)—Asia.—*Ex.*

Prof.—"Thus saith Bacon—*great* Bacon." Juniors smile audibly. "Stupendous porker!" says one.—"Descendant of Ham, I think," murmurs another.—*Ex.*

A Baltimore belle, just home from Vassar College, when told by the waiter that they had no gooseberries, exclaimed: "What has happened to the goose?"—*Ex.*

Scene, Ladies' Hall steps. Time, evening. Society adjourned. Miss A——. "We had a pleasant session, but rather late." Miss B——. "Yes, an improvement, it looks more manly."—*Oberlin Review.*

Prof. to student:—"Well, I wouldn't think anything of those headaches!"

Smart Stud.:—"No, nor I either, Professor, if you had them."—*Ex.*

"He is a man after my own heart, Pa," said Julia, reverting to Charles Augustus. "Nonsense!" replied old practical. "He is a man after the money your Uncle left you." And then all was quiet.

A man innocently spoiled a sermon and prayer by exclaiming, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, "Lord, thou knowest I have been an awful sinner—the chief among ten thousand and the one altogether lovely."—*Ex.*

A remarkably dirty man stepped in front of a small boy sitting on a fence, expecting to have some fun by chaffing him. He said: "How much do you weigh?" The answer was, "Well, about as much as you would, if you were washed."—*Ex.*

The following incident happened in one of the public schools in this city: Teacher—"Define the word excavate." Scholar—"It means to hollow out." Teacher—"Construct a sentence in which the word is properly used." Scholar—"The baby excavates when it gets hurt.—*American Journal of Education.*

The professor in Physiology "got off" his regular joke upon the unsuspecting Junior this year. "Man is composed entirely of cells. In short, man is one great cell." After the recitation a lady student remarked to Mr. R., "Remember you are a *sell.*" "Yes," he replied, "remember you are a *dam-sel.*"—*Volante.*

Scene—(Recitation room at Theological Seminary.) Inquiring student—"Doctor, at what season of the year was Adam supposed to have been created?"

Doctor—"The general impression is that it was some time in autumn."

I. S.—"Why I thought it was before the fall." (Theologues wood up.)—*Ex.*

An English undergraduate at examination on being told to repeat the parable of the "Good Samaritan" thus did it: "A certain man journeyed from Jericho to Jerusalem and fell among thieves." Then he stopped. "Go on, sir," said the examiner. "And"—he stopped again. "And what? Go on, sir." "And the thieves sprang up and choked him," triumphantly ended the youth.—*Ex.*

EXCHANGES.

The *Bowdoin Orient* is a very neat little sheet. Evidently it is not the intention of the editors to carry the editorial columns to excessive limits.

The only objection we have to *The Simpsonian* is its form. Most college journals have adopted the pamphlet form, which seems to be at once the most convenient and most tasty.

The Dartmouth proposes to furnish each month, a photograph of some well known alumnus. This is something entirely new for a college paper. We commend it for its enterprise. Let others "go and do likewise."

The Volante, in its editorials, gives us short, and generally, well written articles, and on subjects that are of interest to students. "Does a Liberal Education Pay?" is well discussed at some length in the October number.

The Dickinsonian, for October, has a very good paper on "The Study of the Classics." The article, "Natural Laws," would have been more suitably placed in the literary department than in the editorial columns. Evidently locals were scarce, and what there were "went a great way."

The Berkeleyan comes as usual, its three column pages filled with solid fine print. We don't like the "looks" of it quite as much as we do of some of our exchanges, but the contents are all that could be desired. The Literary department is especially interesting. Four pages of close print are given to it.

The New England Journal of Education is giving a series of articles on the subject of drawing. The press of the country can do much to make popular this long neglected branch of education. The October issue devotes a page to "Art Education in America," treating, in particular of the house of Prang & Co. and their educational enterprises.

We have neither space nor inclination to notice all our exchanges, and, indeed, if we had, we should probably say about the same things concerning many. Consider yourselves fortunate if you escape unnoticed. We acknowledge the receipt of the following: *Trinity Tablet, Niagara Index, College Herald, Oberlin Review, Denison Collegian, The Besom, The Earlhamite, University, Magazine, The College Transcript.*

The College Olio is a neat, well conducted sheet. Its various departments are well proportioned. It gives us six pages of literary, one and a half of editorial, two and a half of local, one of science, and one of exchanges and personals. We like its plan of placing the advertisement with the cut of the college on the first page. We only wish the faculty had arranged THE CAMPUS in the same style. Why should our own advertisement come last of all?

The University Herald comes out in a new style of paper. We quote the following from one of its editorials as being worthy the thoughtful attention of our readers. Speaking of the hindrances which students meet with it says: "There are many men of strong minds, whose force, nevertheless, wastes itself in reflection, anticipation and castle-building. It is astonishing what imaginary barriers a half discouraged young collegiate will construct, to hinder the completion of his course. * * * Doubtless in some cases there are real hindrances to the completion of a full college course, such as poor health, difficulties with the eyes, bankrupt guardians, and unhampered matrimonial proclivities; but, aside from these, how frequently does it happen that the lack of practical application dooms many a mind to insignificant development."

PERSONAL.

'53. Rev. J. C. High is preaching at Springdale, Pa.

'80. J. W. Craig has left college and begun the study of law at Crete, Neb.

'58. George Elliott is established in Madison, Ohio, as pastor of the M. E. church there.

'49. Rev. D. A. McCready is located at Beaver Falls, Pa., where he has a promising congregation.

'76. George A. McAlpine writes to the CAMPUS from Broad Ripple, Marion county, Indiana., where he is residing at present.

'76. C. M. Cobern has been allowed a few weeks vacation by his congregation at Spring, Pa. He intends making a trip to the West.

'21. Meadville can boast of having the oldest graduate of Allegheny College, in the person of Judge D. Derickson, who is also the only member of his class now living.

'76. J. C. Marcy, who has recently been admitted to the bar at Jacksonville, Florida, was in town for about two weeks lately. It is said he was up looking for a partner. How much truth there is in the report we cannot tell.

'72. W. S. Foltz, of New Castle, was married lately to Miss Scofield, the prettiest girl of Greenville; they took a short wedding tour, joining Lew Walker and wife at Chicago.

'74. M. C. Bailey was in town not long since. He had been attending Synod at Greenville, Pa., and could not resist the desire to come and revisit old scenes again. Mr. Bailey graduates from the Allegheny Theological Seminary this year.

The Faculty and students of the college were much pained and grieved on Thursday morning, the 18th of October, by the announcement of the death of the Rev. Wm. Hunter, D. D., in Cleveland. Dr. Hunter was born in Ireland, coming to this country in 1817 at the age of six years. He graduated from Madison College in 1833, and became a professor of Greek and Hebrew in Allegheny College in 1856, continuing his connection with the college in that capacity until 1871. His poetical abilities were of a high order, and many powerful and beautiful hymns were written by him. Memorial services were held in the First M. E. Church of this city, and in Christ Church, Pittsburgh, on the same evening. He was buried from the Scoville Avenue Church of Cleveland.

'58. Rev. J. W. B. Clark, who graduated from Allegheny College in 1858, and afterwards from the Rochester Theological School, N. Y., has recently had the degree of Doctor of Divinity conferred on him by Rochester University. Rev. Clark is well known in this vicinity, being a native of Mead township. He obtained his education through his own individual efforts, and without the assistance of wealthy friends, and, as is generally the case with such persons, he shows it to be solid, and is an honor to the college which graduated him. At present he is pastor of a flourishing Baptist church at Albion, Orleans county, N. Y., and the *Republican*, of that town, says of him: "This is something more than a mere compliment in Mr. Clark's case, it is a well deserved recognition of one of the ablest preachers and most conscientious Bible students in the State."

ALL AROUND THE CAMPUS.

Cardinal red is a popular color with some of the Sophs.

Military makes business for the tailors of Meadville.

This is a fast age—just go to the Hall and see the boys eat.

A Junior and a Prep. regulate their digestion by drinking castor oil and eating wormy chestnuts.

—A very popular question, and one hated worse than the Shorter Catechism is—"When will the Campus be out?"

It is amusing, when the command "right oblique" is given, to see a *sergeant* on the left flank turning "left oblique."

A new society is started, called the Critique, with Mr. Sherwood, President. We members of other societies bid them "God speed."

Prof.—"Mr. ——, what is a metaphor?"

Junior—"Why, a-ah, metaphor is a-ah, is ah, a thing-ah," but he didn't finish his sentence.

One of the Sophs says that he and his girl don't care about stepping to the music of a brother Soph., who follows them down the hill with a mouth organ.

A Prof. asked his class what Milwaukee was noted for. Several things were given, when one put up his hand and said it was noted for "Milwaukee lager."

Dr. Carroll sent a kind invitation to the students to visit his chestnut ridge. All who went came home well supplied with *the luscious fruit.* (*?*) Thanks to the Doctor.

If the cadet who trots his horse down hill so rapidly were obliged to take the horse's place once or twice, perhaps he would have more mercy on the faithful animal.

The most ridiculous thing we have witnessed was a pair of Seniors beginning to ask a blessing at the same table, and at the same time. You may imagine the applause from the other side of the table.

Fifty-two students are in the zoölogy class.

He was walking down street. A gentle voice said, "Here Major, come in." He tipped his hat politely and said, "Madam, did you speak to me? She replied, "No sir, I was calling my dog."

Some ladies trying to monopolize the sidewalk when a small boy was trying to pass, were surprised to see him rushing through their ranks, saying, "git out o'here or I'll knock the bustles off of ye."

Passing along the street we heard a Junior say, "without money" and "without friends," at the same time striking a Soph. Soph. replied, "Yes, and if you do that again you will be without a nose."

One of our friends was asked, whether or not a certain Prep. boarded down town? He is seen there so much that it is hard to know whether he boards at the Hall, on North Main street, or at No. — Liberty street.

A poor little innocent kitten strayed into the chapel one morning and was gently removed. After the exercises the Commissary was seen looking for it and was heard to remark, "We'll run 'im through the Boarding Hall hash mill before dinner."

A second-lieutenant, whose squad had gone wrong, called out, "Whoa! where are you goin'?" That reminds us of the sergeant who winked at his squad and said, "Come on boys." And that reminds us of the Senior who tripped with both feet and fell. And that points out to us the grins which were wasted on him at this juncture.

He cometh to college. He joineth the cadets. He getteth a blue suit with brazen buttons. He putteth it on and feeleth immense. He monkeyeth down street and studyeth not. He spendeth his evenings loafing, and keepeth others from their studies. The faculty calleth a meeting. John receiveth an epistle to John, from home. His father saith, "John come home." John goeth and sleepeth the sleep that knoweth no awakening as a student of Allegheny College. "Thus endeth the first lesson."

The present lecture course was a success. The class came out ahead financially. We fear, however, that the low rates at which they sold their tickets will injure subsequent lectures. 25 cents is certainly very cheap, but we fear from past experience, that lectures will soon be down to "three for a quarter," and *then* some will want a dime for going.

The Ossoli Society was surprised the other Friday to find in their hall a good base-burner, hard-coal stove, presented by Messrs. McKay' George, Lauderbaugh, Montgomery, and Campbell. We see that the above are all Philos except the last named. May this be a peace offering between them and us. May the heat of that stove warm their affections toward us, and may the old "book story" be buried in eternal oblivion, *because* the books have been taken from us.

If you want to take a few lessons in resignation, study German or French a few weeks, and be resigned while the Prof. "marks off." – – – –

Prof. to Senior—"Mr. ——, who was Mars?"

Senior—"The God of War.

Prof—"Who was Minerva?"

Senior—"Don't know her."

Prof.—"Well, she was the Goddess of Literature."

Senior—"Oh! I thought perhaps she was the Goddess of Love and we were never *introduced*."

—We take great pleasure in announcing to the students and general public that the Ossoli Literary Society will give a literary entertainment, followed by a supper, on the Friday evening following Thanksgiving, Nov. 30th. The programme is as follows:

Prayer; Music, Minnie Hyde; Recitation, Anna Carter; Music, Emma Merchant; Essay, Ida Tarbell; Music, Belle McClintock; Select Reading, Miss Lynn; Music, Belle McClintock.

The supper will now be served. Here is a chance for real enjoyment. Not like the "Philoghenians," who treat us to "stuff" which they call a literary festival. The ladies will give us a mental and physical feast, both served in the best style, suited to the most refined mind and prepared for the most stubborn digestive organs. The proceeds shall go to refitting their Hall. Come, gentlemen, show your generosity and gallantry on this occasion.

BOOK NOTICES.

"The Dear Old Homestead" is a new song by Miss Anna C. Hilts, and published by F. W. Helmick, Cincinnati, O. Price 40 cents.

To point out the excellencies in the November St. Nicholas would be to go over the whole table of contents. Every number of this popular young folks' magazine seems to surpass the former. "Just for the children's sake" send $3 to Scribner & Co., New York, and get it for a year.

The November *Galaxy* is especially valuable for "Five Days in the Tuscan Marremma," "Army Organization of the U. S.," "Administration of Abraham Lincoln," by Gideon Wells, "Civil Service Reform," and "The Irrepressible Conflict in the East." No magazine excells the *Galaxy* in the discussion of the political questions of the times.

The November number of Scribner is the first of its fifteenth volume. Edward Eggleston's new novel, "Roxy," is begun, with an illustration by Walter Shirlaw. The scene is laid in Indiana, where lived "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" and other interesting characters with whom Dr. Eggleston has made the world familiar. "The Career of Thiers," "The Canvas-back and Terrapin" and "The Erie Canal" are valuable articles. Dr. Holland writes about "Women's Winter Amusements," "The Bondage of the Pulpit," and "Indications of Progress."

Lippincott's, for November has the following pleasant bill of fare for its readers: Chester and the Dee. Concluding Paper. Illustrated. Baden and Allerheiligen. Illustrated. Song. By Oscar Leighton. "For Percival." A Story. Illustrated. The Dream of St. Theresa. By Epes Sargent. The Flight of a Princess. A Kentucky Duel. A Story. Part I. By Will Wallace Harney. The Doings and Goings-on of Hired Girls. By Mary Dean. The Chef's Beefsteak. A Story. London at Midsummer. A Sketch. By Henry James, Sr. Sven Duva. By C. Rosell. A Law Unto Herself. By Rebecca Harding Davis. The Church of St. Sopha, &c.

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II. The lectures on "Biology and Transcendentalism," delivered in Boston last year, by Rev. Joseph Cook, re offered as a premium, in book form. The Lectures are published by Jas. R. Osgood & Co., in two splendid volumes, at $1.50 per volume.

III. Educational subjects will be ably discussed in our "School and College" department, which should be seen by every student and teacher.

An astonishing offer. Worcester's Unabridged Dictionary, price $10, bound in Library Sheep, 1854 pages, over 1,000 illustrations, issue of 1877, *given away* free for three new subscribers and $9.00.

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