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VOLUME III. NUMBER 1.

THE ALLEGHENIAN

OF

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE,

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY

THE SECRET SOCIETIES.

"OH! WAD SOME POWER THE GIFTIE GIE US
TO SEE OURSEL'S AS ITHERS SEE US."

JUNE, 1882.

[ENTERED AT HADES AS TOO HOT FOR THIS REGION.]

SOLILOQUY.

Here we sit us now and ponder,
Scratch our heads, our brains we plunder,
Thinking, asking what in—thunder
We shall write for you to pore.
We're instructed not to borrow;
That has caused us many a sorrow;
And we've put off till to-morrow
Some three dozen times or more,
Hoping that perhaps some thought would
Through our thick cerebrums soar,
And we've wished for three or four.

But we've come to this conclusion,
That if thoughts e'er made intrusion
On our cranial seclusion,
They won't do so any more.
So if this brief explanation
Will excuse procrastination,
For the sake of consolation,
That it may not be a bore,
We will promise in the future
Not t' indulge in writing more,
Nary scribble any more.

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EDITORIAL.

WE hereby offer to an expectant public Volume III, of THE ALLEGHENIAN.

The favor with which this publication has met in former years encourages the present board of Editors to hope for many appreciative readers. If brains be a criterion by which to judge the merit of the work, then it must be of great value, and no one can better promote the civilization of the age than by buying a copy for each of his poor relations. In this way he can bring joy and happiness to many a home and heart now pining in misery and wretchedness.

The present Editors are acknowledged to be the most precocious youth that ever infested these parts. Professors have long since despaired of teaching them anything new. They have been retained here at heavy expense expressly to put out the present ALLEGHENIAN.

They have made the subjects herein presented, a special study, and the reader can depend on the truth of the statements, as well as cultivate a very diverse and beautiful style, by reading them. We have endeavored to make mention of all, and have not maliciously omitted to make special mention of those who have specially distinguished themselves.

Originality of thought and treatment of subjects, has been kept constantly in view. We warn the reader that his life and health are constantly in peril from side-tearing jokes, pungent wit, withering sarcasm, fatal puns, and overflowing humor.

Snatches of poetry are thrown in semi-frequently, that serve to bear the reader aloft on the gauzy wings of fancy, and he must not feel hurt if he is suddenly dropped into a quagmire of the prosiest prose. Special pains have been taken to have the illustrations appropriate and of the finest character. For this purpose, the finest artists of this country and Europe have been employed, at a heavy expense. No one being in the least artistic or æsthetic can fail to see that Art has never attained to such exquisiteness of design and execution as has been reached in these illustrations.

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BLACK BALLED.

THE



College Classes.

SENIOR CLASS.

A posse ad esse.





OUR history has been so truly and vividly portrayed by our artist that it seems surperfluous to write one, and yet a brief glance at the past may not be amiss. We are kickers from the word go. We live in strife and dissension. Harmony is an unknown word in our vocabularies.

Since our earliest memories we were always ready for a fight—of words. But all our minor difficulties fade into utter insignificance before the great honor contest. Ten on a side, we fought for many days and nights—each holding his own and gaining nothing. The heavy artillery of loud words, unceasingly, was heard along our lines; the groans of despairing Professors filled the air; the loud brays of defiance echoed from our throats. The dead lock at Washington was a farce compared to ours. At last a still, small voice was heard above the din of battle, and it said, "Let there be peace." The red flag of battle was lowered, and we were both victorious and both defeated. Then came the cry of reconstruction, and we killed the kicking jackass and had a feast. We buried the hatchet and spoke fair words, but from contentious hearts. A few more days, and we will bid you adieu. The salty tears fall upon our paper and blur our ink. Alas! we can write no more. Adieu! adieu! We are gone.

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Name.	*P. O. Address.*	*College Home.*
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Snyder, Charles McCoy Δ T Δ,	Philadelphia,	E. H.
Stoner, Harry Φ K Ψ,	Berlin,	806 Market St.
Taylor, Thomas Hunt Φ K Ψ,	Richmond, O.	326 Walnut St.

JUNIOR CLASS.

Scientia ad gloriam.



NO one can be more sensible than we of what a curiosity we really are. Our most remarkable feature is our microscopic size. Prof. Haskins has very kindly placed us just back of the Chapel quartette, partly that we may hear the music, but principally that we may not get lost, strayed or stolen. One of our specimens comes from the jungles of India. He is known by the somewhat savory and sweet-scented name of Oldham, sugar-cured. Our big man is Burk-halter. His lineage runs back—in his mind—to England's great son. The latter part of his name foreshadows the terrible end to which he must sooner or later come. Our little man, Mr. Simpson Elliot Ferree, desiring to put his one talent for music out to usury, fills vacant places in the Chapel choir. Though few in numbers, we can boast one youth with "golden locks," and one whose cranial covering is fast disappearing, owing to heredity and undue brain activity.

We each expect two honors apiece next year, and have written to our mothers that they must not think of coming to see us graduate without arranging for three bouquets—two for Class Day and one for Commencement. The Faculty have instructed us in contracting for our graduating speeches to get long ones, so that, if possible, we may occupy the *first hour;* and they will devise some way of amusing the audience for the rest of the forenoon. We will have to charge a small admittance fee of fifty cents, owing to the extra expense of procuring orations, and to reimburse the College for the great falling off in the sale of diplomas. Though we are such a mustard-seed of a class, yet we intend, when free from the restraint of our Alma Mater, to get reckless, and become notorious. The world is gently requested to look out for us. The poet must have had us in mind when he sang:

Oh, ye Juniors so few, but "utter,"
Glory and fame awaiteth you;
For you are a Class so "utterly utter,"
That you must be "too utterly too."

HISTORIAN.

Members:

Name.	*P. O. Address.*	*College Home.*
Best, Wesley Benson, Δ Τ Δ,	Meadville,	280 Centre St.
Blair, Ethelbert E. Δ Τ Δ,	Aurora, O.,	821 Market.
Burkhalter, Charles Marke	Saegertown.	462 North St.
Calder, George Owen Φ Κ Ψ,	Bruin,	25 E. H.
Ferree, Simpson Eliott,	Bloomsburg,	437 Main St.
Frisbee, Ernest Leslie	Union City,	43 E. H.
Guignon, Joseph Adwin	Corry,	568 George St.
Kelso, Charles Corwin	Hadley,	385 Walnut St.
Laughlin, Morris Francis	Millbrook,	27 E. H.
Oldham, William Fitz James	Poona, India,	H. H.
Pond, Edward Herman Φ Δ Θ,	Meadville,	879 Liberty St.
Robinson, Elisha Marshall Φ Κ Ψ,	Parker,	51 E. H.
Vance, Joseph Alexander Φ Δ Θ	Meadville,	353 Main St.

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

He crows best who crows last.



BORN in obscurity, reared in adversity, we now stand, to-day, on the highest rung of the ladder of self-esteem. It is with no pen of fancy we would write. It is with no flaming bursts of irrepressible eloquence that we will paint the brief record of the past; nor with poetic license will we attempt to roll back the impenetrable mystery of the future, and reveal the embryonic United States presidents that lie concealed within its dark folds. No, no! We will be matter of fact—we will write the record as it is, or as it seems to us. Our childhood was spent, as all have been, among the sweet influences of Prepdom; our youth in Freshman equestrian recitations, and now we are among the bright flowers of Sophomoreism waiting for the fruits of the seeds of knowledge.

It is pleasant to take up the pen in such a cause. It is with mingled delight and regret that we look backward and scan the years that have gone, unobserved in their rapid flight, to swell the great tide-wave of time. Our past has been as varied as the expression of a woman's eyes. Our future is as uncertain as the fulfilment of a Chapel promise. But, kind reader, we have a few words to say, and now is our opportunity to spout, so beware! And if you expect anything funny, why turn the page here, or you will be disappointed. We will give plain facts and firm opinions.

Our first misfortune—if so it can be called—was the loss of our Freshman canes.

Honorable rivalry between classes is right. A cane *rush* is a common feature of College life. A cane *steal* is a disgrace to any class of boys who would engage in it. Therefore, our only regret in this matter is, that the Sophomores of '81 were low enough for this act. This year we were unwise enough to trust ourselves to a Jew, who naturally betrayed us, and wandered into the hands of the Seniors. But here our record of misfortune ends. The hat rush is described elsewhere; and, at this writing, our noble bird, the irrepressible rooster, stands uncowed before the eyes of all, prepared to give the final Sophomore crow.

Members.

Name.	*P. O. Address.*	*College Home.*
Baldwin, Ernest Ellsworth Δ T Δ,	Canton, O.,	821 Market St.
Cameron, Markley Connel	Pittsburgh,	43 E. H.
Chapman, Henry	Espyville,	1000 Park Ave.
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FRESHMAN CLASS.



THE peace and tranquility which has characterized the career of the present Freshman Class has been unprecedented in the history of the College. While dissensions and party strife have gnawed at the vitals of the noble Seniors and threatened their destruction, while the Junior Class is not large enough to make a unit on any question, and while the Soph's as usual are divided over their annual performance, '85 has maintained unanimity of feeling and action in every case. When Doctor Hyde requested the bold band of bouncers to disperse from the frightened form of Kling, the Class of '85 *clung* together and went away in humble obedience; and when Black, not yet prepared for his upward flight, so humbly begged the mob of elevators to allow him to decline the honors so persistently thrust upon him, '85, touched with sympathy at the earnestness of his appeal, were unanimous in the determination to disband. In fact, every matter of business, both public and private, with which '85 has had to deal, except wash bills, has been peaceably and amicably settled.

When we consider that among our numbers are found all ages, from the rosy-cheeked, fuzzy-faced youth to the middle-aged, full-bearded man,—all grades of civilization, from the fierce cannibal of the South Sea Islands to the most highly cultured and accomplished representative from the preparatory department,—all stages of temperament, from the meekest Hulingite to the most thoroughly-primed and deviltry-loaded inhabitant of Oriental Hall, this unanimity of feeling is truly wonderful.

This interesting specimen of college curiosities can be seen the next morning after Prof. Haskins announces that those who are not at Chapel

cannot attend class, occupying the Chapel seats just in front of the stove. We are situated at the focal point for Chapel speeches, (all the point they have), and are confronted and confounded every morning by the Chapel choir, of which one of our members furnishes the wind-work and another assists in the *vocal singing*. We are often drawn upon for supplies for the other parts, which facts will cause you to conclude that we represent a very large share of the culture of the College.

With the assistance of the "Second and Third Preps," we presented in the Zoology Class, a series of essays which well show our abilities in the line of original thought. And now comes the sad announcement of this sketch. No doubt the Faculty and all the students will be much shocked to learn that they must lose such valuable protoplasm for Seniors. But the Boston Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, have read some of those essays and have got out a warrant for the arrest of the entire class.

Members:

Name.	*P. O. Address.*	*College Home.*
Beck, Grace Eva	Burg Hill, O.,	H. H.
Blair, Edward S. Φ Δ Θ,	Forreston, Ill.,	543 N. Main St.
Black, Richard B., Φ K Ψ,	New Zealand,	543 N. Main St.
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PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT—HISTORY.



—"When they are young, they
Are like bells rung backwards, nothing but noise
And giddiness."

WHEN we attempt to penetrate such an impenetrable impenetrability as a history of the "Preps" our entire *animus* is filled with utterly unutterable utterances. It is an easy matter to write history when there are numerous facts; but what have the "Preps" done during the past year upon which our pen would delight to linger? We are overwhelmed by the overwhelming thought that we can not recount any superb deeds which would leave their names ever verdantly verdant in the minds of our factious Faculty. They have not gloriously distinguished themselves, but rather ingloriously extinguished the noble examples set by their illustrious predecessors. O, ye of little gall! Why do ye not hasten to break the bonds which bind you? Arise in your might and shake off the lethergy which is surely engulfing you in the sea of know-nothingness and do-littleness. If you heed not the warnings, your epitaph will be written in letters of living light: "Here lies the 'Preps' of '81 and '82. Born in obscurity; reared in the blackness of ignorance, and gone into the great beyond of the hereafter."

FIRST PREPS.—CHIEF NURSE, FREDDY CHAMBERS.

The tenderly tender young kids,
The brought-up-on-milk young kids,
Whom Freddy gives pap,
As they sit on his lap—
The carefully-nursed young kids.

SECOND PREPS.—KEEPER OF HOBBY-HORSES, GUSTIE BABCOCK.

The fearfully intemperate young boys,
The billiards-and-beer young boys,
They go down the street,
And never stand treat,
The longing-for-something young boys.

THIRD PREPS.—WILLIE HOOVER, PRESIDENT.

The awfully nice young men,
The handle-with-care young men,
They go to the hops,
(What terrible fops!)
These peaches-and-cream young men.

Summary.

SENIOR CLASS,	20
JUNIOR CLASS,	13
SOPHOMORE,	28
FRESHMEN,	39
PREPARATORY,	156
TOTAL,	256

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IN THE

ORDER OF THEIR ORGANIZATION.

Allegheny Literary Society.

"Scientia, Amicitia et Virtus."



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Marlatt, Jos.
Miller, J. H.
McQueen, G.
Minnigh, E. O.
Peck, Ed. W.
Ridge, W. N.
Stoner, Harry.

'83.

Blair, E. E.
Burkhalter, C. M.
Chapman, Henry
Ferree, S. E.
Guignon, J. A.
Oldham, W. F.
Thayer, D. W.
Vance, J. A.

Kelso, C. C.

'84.

Currie, F. M.
Grant, W. P.
Newlin, A. W.
Stull, J. B.

Jackman, W. S.

'85.

Chase, A. L.
Deane, Chas. W.
Dice, W. J.
Everett, C. E.
Gallup, W. H.
Hamilton, Thos. J.
Terwilleger, G.
Merrick, Duff
Scoville, J. M.
Wolff, B. F.

Smith, A. L.

PRAPARATORY.

Benedict, C. W.
Croasmun, C. G.
Linna, E. C.
Lynch, C. P.
Stephenson, R. J.
Walker, W. J.
Miller, C. M.

OSSOLI LITERARY SOCIETY.

"To the best thou knowest be always true."

ORGANIZED 1870.

OSSOLI LITERARY SOCIETY.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

—'82.—

Clemma Calvin, Mary Darrow,
Emma Powell.

—'83.—

Cassia Patton, Grace Beebe.

—'84.—

May Folmer, Martha Hyde,
Helen Hayes, Marion Jordon,
Sophia Pappenhagen, Cora Staples,
Hattie Woods.

—'85.—

Belva Burnam, Mabel Douglas,
Bird McGrew, Ida Rhoad,
Edith Rich, Clara Snyder.

PREPARATORY.

Leta Baker, Kattie Carroll,
Madge Bliss, Alice Cope,
Rubie Blackmarr, Iantha Densmore,
Cherrie Briggs, Alice Gardner,
Helen Giddings, Edith Guignon,
Nannie Jones, Arlie Mead,
Virginia Miller, Verna Newman,
Maria Oldham, Cassie Shatto,
Mary Smith, Fffie Southworth,
Lydia Wood. Minnie Yates.

ATHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

"ΘΗΣΑΥΡΟΥΣ ΑΘΑΝΑΤΟΥΣ ΔΙΖΗΜΕΘΑ."

ORGANIZED 1877.

ATHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

—'82.—

G. W. Kling.

—'84.—

M. C. Cameron.

—'85.—

G. E. Bellows,
E. S. Blair,
W. B. Jameson,
C. W. Proctor,
A. L. Williams.

PREPARATORY.

W. C. Beck,
G. B. Covell,
F. E. Christy,
A. W. Decker,
W. R. Graves,
W. Hoag,
F. A. Lane,
E. O. Leberman,
C. W. Loveland,
*Will. Post.
L. M. Loveland,
F. E. Linn,
W. C. Lindsley,
H. J. Muse,
J. H. Paterson,
L. Perkins,
E. Shellito,
H. W. Swaney,
W. G. Whitney,
W. M. Wilson,

*Deceased.

Military Department.



ORGANIZED 1877.

MILITARY DEPARTMENT.

Peace first, Gore afterwards.

The most important event of the year 1877 was the establishment of the School of Military Science and Tactics, at Allegheny College. Since then the Star of Liberty has swept more proudly toward her zenith. The Ship of State has glided more safely over the white-capped breakers. Future generations now send up a howl of joy from their embryonic throats. American statesmen, by this act, touched the highest point of political sagacity, since, with the light of experience and a profound knowledge of the present, they forecast the exigencies of the future, and wisely provided for them. Ye powers of earth, do not now set hostile foot on Columbia's soil, or it may drink your vile blood! Look not wickedly on the "Fair Goddess," or you may feel the broomstick of her authority.

Great prosperity has attended this department of the College, and many a seedy, pigeon-toed, knock-kneed, hump-backed and otherwise deformed "searcher for truth" has been better equipped for the battle of life.

Major Geo. O. Webster, the present instructor, has succeeded in bringing the battalion up to a high degree of excellence. The uniform has been remodeled, and a Drum Corps added. One disadvantage about the increasing attractiveness of the battalion is, that it works sad havoc among the hearts of the girls. When they appear on the Diamond or Chestnut street, safety demands that parents hide the sight from their daughters. Even kitchen girls have to be put on extra duty.

This department has already accomplished much, and there can be no dobut but that it has a long future of usefulness before it. What reason the groaning millions have to rejoice at the discovery of this palladium of liberty!

MILITARY DEPARTMENT.

ORGANIZED 1877

GEO. O. WEBSTER, First Lieut. 4th U. S. Infantry,
Instructor in Military Science and Tactics.

Battalion Staff.

Adjutant, - - - - - - - First Lieut. Will A. Jackson.
Quartermaster, - - - - - - First Lieut. Thos. H. Taylor.

Non-Commissioned Staff.

Sergeant Major, - - - - - - - - - Frank Kœster.
Quartermaster Sergeant, - - - - - - Simpson E. Ferree.

Drum Corps.

Drum Major, - - - - - - - - - Will J. Hoover.
Leader, - - - - - - - - - - John Remer.

Frank C. Fowler, Evan L. Livingston,
Wm. A. McClurg, Chas. J. McKean,
Harry D. Patterson, Matthew B. Taylor,
Frank B. Wood.

Color Guard.

Color Sergeant, - - - - - - - W. H. Martin.
Color Corporal, - - - - - - - - E. E. Baldwin.
" " - - - - - - - - H. S. Bodley.
" " - - - - - - - - J. A. Thompson.

COMPANY A.

THIS body of men have all the precursors of greatness. Their captain was discovered at an early period of his existence. He very soon evinced a pugnacious disposition by jamming his fists into his nurse and kicking most frantically, when it became necessary to rinse his corpus. His eagle eye has ever been potent to disarm all opposition. We are no prophet, but are not afraid to bet the price of a Senior oration that he will climb up and sit on the pinnacle of fame beside Napoleon, the first opportunity. His under officers and privates are brave to a fault. Their veins are enriched by such blood as crimsoned the soil of Saratoga and Bunker Hill. Look out for them, for they are bad men to meet. They won't hurt you unless you make faces at them, or speak disparagingly of the "Goddess." It is rumored that the Czar of Russia has asked President Arthur to let him have this company for a body guard; but he thought the safety of free institutions demanded their presence at home.

OFFICERS.

Captain	Chas. E. Richmond,
First Lieutenant	Walter J. Guthrie,
Second Lieutenant	Ewing W. Day,
First Sergeant	Wm. B. Smythe,
Second Sergeant	Jas. M. Scoville,
Third Sergeant	Chas. M. Snyder,
First Corporal	Wm. A. Pitton,
Second Corporal	Harry C. Flood,
Third Corporal	Duff Merrick.

PRIVATES.

Wm. C. Beck,
Robert C. Bole,
Henry Chapman,
John D. Croasmun,
Percy Densmore,
Wm. J. Ford,
Weldon P. Grant,
Willis K. Kerr,
Frederick A. Lane,
Frank E. Linn,
Jas. W. Patterson,
LeRoy Porter,
David M. Wise,
Ira J. Dunn.

COMPANY B.

WE feel utterly incapable of doing justice to this company. It must be left to posterity and impartial history. Though mostly young, yet many of them bear scars—of a shingle—which the grave alone can efface. It is a melancholy sight to see them at the return of each Springtime, strewing the early flowers above the graves of their comrades who rest beneath the fertile soil of the melon patches of the neighborhood. They never run 'till the blood flows, and hence it is not a matter of surprise that they have contributed seven buckets of blood to enrich the barren soil about Meadville.

Noble boys! You are now little appreciated, but you will be when your own dear little ones, tired of marbles, mud pies and other street sports, shall climb your knees, wipe their feet on your good pants, hold up their nice, clean (?) faces, pull your beard, and listen to the story of your soldier days. On! boys; just think of it! Just stop and think of it, and you will enjoy it all.

OFFICERS.

Captain	Edgar P. Cullum,
First Lieutenant	Glenroie McQueen,
Second Lieutenant	Edward H. Pond,
First Sergeant	Harry M. Hyde,
Third Sergeant	Wesley H. Martin,
First Corporal	Ernest E. Baldwin,
Second Corporal	Homer S. Bodley,
Third Corporal	Wm. R. Greaves.

PRIVATES.

Montello E. Blystone,
Hiram C. Bush,
Frank N. Brown,
Chas. F. Fox,
Wm. H. Gallup,
Robert C. Hoage,
Norman M. Johnston,
Chapin E. Linn,
Chas. P. Lynch,
Clayton L. Moore,
Chas. J. Menges,
Herbert N. Swaney,
L. Benton Long.

COMPANY C.

THIS company can look more danger in the face than any set of men of their inches in America. They love to hover in the battle smoke, and march to the cadence of minnie balls. They prick up their ears frantically when the deep diapason of cannon balls and bursting shells rolls over them—especially if they are in a ditch or behind a rail-pile. They are awful strong—as to their breath. This comes from their daring and inhuman charges to capture onions. One example will show the severity of their charges. The captain having smelt an onion patch, prepared to charge. The cohorts rushed frantically on the enemy; but the old woman, who was determined to save her fruit, broke their centre; and, after having lost half their number—by desertion—they winged their way from the crimson field with scarcely onions enough to sweeten their breath. Though young, and vividly recollecting mother's "rock-a-bye baby," &c., yet they take to war as naturally as to walk. Oh! be joyful! With such men, American liberty is safe. Come on, ye down trodden of earth; we welcome you.

OFFICERS.

Captain,	Marshall J. Hovis.
First Lieutenant,	Jas. Collard White.
Second Lieutenant,	Elisha M. Robinson.
First Sergeant,	Walter W. Case.
Second Sergeant,	Charles P. Robinson.
Third Sergeant,	Harry W. Plummer.
First Corporal,	Crawford R. Thoburn.
Second Corporal,	Jas. H. Thompson.
Third Corporal,	Willis W. Huffman.

PRIVATES.

Easman C. Christy,
Frank M. Currie,
Clifford W. Fuller,
Will. A. M'Cartney,
Lafayette Perkins,
Chas. W. Yarnell,
Fred. N. Chambers,
Ernest L. Frisbee,
Willis Jordon,
Charles Miller,
Frank L. Wells,
John H. Henderson.

COMPANY D.

THIS is a very deceiving company. To look at the men, you don't see any blood in their eyes, but it is there. Appearances are very deceiving. If you get smart, and give them any "gags," you may get punched full of holes. They have not had the opportunities for blood-letting that have fallen to the lot of the others, because acting more in the capacity of home guards. But you can't scare them a bit more than a cow can back up a tree. They will go out the darkest nights, all alone; play hide and seek with the ghosts in the cemetery, and hurry the unsuspecting fowl from the repose of life to the tranquility of a nameless grave. If this company does form the caudal part of the battalion, it is a bloody caudal. It would "swim a *sea* of slaughter," if necessary, and shake its bloody rags in the face of the foe, shouting loud for Grant and victory.

OFFICERS.

Captain	Jas. K. Cubbison,
First Lieutenant	Edward W. Peck,
Second Lieutenant	Wesley B. Best,
First Sergeant	Jas. B. Stull,
Second Sergeant	Chas. W. Hollister,
Third Sergeant	Ethelbert E. Blair,
First Corporal	Jas. B. Stewart,
Second Corporal	Geo. B. Lovell,
Third Corporal	Chas. W. Benedict.

PRIVATES.

Orange W. Braymer,
Wm. J. Bryan.
Chas. W. Deane,
Lander R. Fox,
Tracy F. Hawley,
Wilson Hoag,
Wilbur S. Jackman,
Edward O. Leberman.
Harry J. Muse,
Wm. F. Oldham,
Mayne R. Stephenson,
Wilford M. Wilson,
Geo. W. Blystone,
Jesse W. Carey,
Thos. J. Horner.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

The College branch of Y. M. C. A. has been very successful this year and has been doing some good work around Meadville and in the College. It has its own work and besides this has supported during the year Sunday schools at Vallonia, South Meadville and North-pole. Its officers and committees are as follows:

Gen. Secretary—S. P. LONG.

President—J. W. KINNEAR. *Treasurer*—J. W. NEWLIN.
Secretary—J. A. BALLANTYNE.

JAIL COMMITTEE.

R. J. STEVENSON: C. P. LYNCH. D. W. THAYER.
Sunday afternoon.

VALLONIA S. S. COMMITTEE.

C. M. MILLER, *Superintendent.*
H. S. BODLEY, C. R. THOBURN, D. S. THOBURN, R. A. BUZZA.

NORTH POLE S. S. COMMITTEE.

JOS. MARLATT, *Superintendent.*
J. W, NEWLIN, C. W. HOLLISTER, E. C. LINN.

SOUTH MEADVILLE S. S. COMMITTEE.

C. R. THOBURN, *Superintendent.*
J. D. CRAUSMAN. J. C. CRISTIE.

Young Ladies' Temperance Society.

The young ladies of the College have organized a Temperance Society, which, during the year has done some good work, both in home missions and by engaging the best lecturers in the country. It has also carried on a Children's Sunday School. On the whole, the ladies may well be proud of their year's work.

COLLEGE PUBLCIATIONS.

THE ALLEGHENIAN.

EDITORS.

W. T. Guthrie, Δ T Δ. E. W. Peck, Φ Δ Θ.
T. H. Taylor, Φ K Ψ. W. A. Pitton, Δ T Δ.
W. W. Case, Φ Δ Θ. C. W. Deane, Φ K Ψ.

Published annually by the Fraternities.
Price, One copy, 40 c.; Two, 75 c.; Three, $1.

THE CAMPUS.

EDITORS.

W. F. Oldham. Miss Mary E. Darrow.
J. A. Vance. C. M. Blair.
J. W. Kinnear. C. W. Hollister.

Published monthly. One dollar per year.

THE CRESCENT.

M. J. Hovis, Editor-in-Chief. H. W. Plummer, Vice-Editor-in-Chief.
Published monthly by Δ T Δ Fraternity, through Chapter Alpha at Allegheny College.

THE MOSAIC.

Organ of Ossoli Literary Society.

Base Ball.



COLLEGE NINE.

Captain—E. P. Cullum.

c Day.	1 b Wilson.	l f Baldwin.
p Dice.	2 b Best.	m f McCready.
s s E. E. Blair.	3 b Cullum.	r f Chambers.

DELTA NINE.

Captain—Jackson.

c Day.	1 b Pitton.	l f Best.
p Blair.	2 b Baldwin.	m f Plummer.
s s Cullum.	3 b Jackson.	r f Guthrie.

SOPHOMORE NINE.

Captain—White.

c. Best.	1 b Pitton	l f McCready.
p Baldwin.	2 b White.	m f Plummer.
s s Blair.	3 b Jackson.	r f Guthrie.

FRESHMAN NINE.

Captain—Day.

c Day.	1 b Huffman.	l f Porter.
p. Dice.	2 b Stewart.	m f Case.
s s Merrick.	3 b Koester.	r f Flood.

FACULTY NINE.

Captain—Bugbee.

c Miss Linn.	1 b Hamnett.	l f Tingley.
p. Haskins.	2 b Williams.	m f Hyde.
s s Reid.	3 b Montgomery.	r f Bugbee.

Musical Organizations.



Phi Delta Theta Quartette.

Tenor—Vance. *Alto*—Lynch.
Soprano—Case. *Bass*—Dice.

Delta Tau Delta.



Pianist—E. P. Cullum. *1st Guitar*—W. A. Pitton.
Flute—C. M. Blair. *2d Guitar*—E. E. Baldwin.

VOCALISTS.

1st Tenor—W. B. Best.
2d Tenor—W. A. Jackson.
1st Bass—C. M. Blair.
2d Bass—E. E. Blair.

The Helmet Orchestra

OF THE

PHI DELTA THETA FRATERNITY.

1st Violin—Pond.
2d Violin—Compton.
Flute—Johnson.
Guitar—Scoville.
Harmonica—Webb.
Piano—Wells.

Chapel Choir.

Pianist—Kate Carroll.
Cornet—C. M. Burkhalter.

VOCALISTS.

Miss Clementine Calvin—*Soprano.*
John H. Miller—*Tenor.*
Miss Clara B. Snyder—*Alto.*
Charles Miller—*Bass.*

Phi Kappa Psi Glee Club.

R. B. Black, *Cho-rooster.*

1st Tenor—G. O. Calder.
1st Bass—F. M. Curry.
2d Tenor—C. T. Fox.
2d Bass—W. M. Everett.
Organist—W. P. Grant.

EATING CLUBS.



McClintock Eating House.

Three meals four times per day, and one visit to the pantry before going to bed. When you see what you don't want, speak out. Boarders eating more than they can hold are requested to go back to their pen. Children can have milk. Ladies fed on the same terms as gentlemen. Boys *must* keep their hoofs on their own side of the table; girls ditto. These rules are few, simple, superb, peremtory, obligatory, mandatory, culinary, magnetic, comprehensive and final. It may be interesting to notice some of the "grub" preservers of the House. Day has no criterion by which he can tell when he has enough. He eats away as long as there is anything within reach, and finally leaves, not being exactly certain whether he was at the table or not. Patterson comes down sharp at the tap of the bell, and with short but measured strokes lays back the aforesaid "grub" with frightful rapidity. Instead of the waiter waiting on him, he has to wait on the waiter—for more grub. Ford's abstemious habits are a great saving to the House. He very seldom gets outside of more than one loaf of bread, a "hunk" of meat, a setting of eggs, two cups of liquids, and a few smaller articles to fill up the æsophagus. Eating is Taylor's hold, and he can hold as much as the man next to the right. He likes dessert so well that he never deserts the table until he has to. This account would be incomplete

Cunning Card Circulators.

"We play the game of life with many tricks."

Poker.

Bunnie
Frankie.
Cubbie.
Willis.
Brownie.
Saunkey.

"And the Printers."

Euchre.

Day. Ford. Patterson. Taylor.

7 Up.

McCready. McCready.
Taylor. Brown.
Stull. Martin.

Don Sanche.

Hollister. Thoburn, 1. Thoburn, 2.

Casino.

Miller. Long. Oldham. Ballentyne.

Jugler Jacks.

Barney. Ammi. Johney. Jimmie.

Jack Pot.

Huling's Hall Girls.

Whist.

Muckle. B-y-t. Flecty. Nance.

Solitaire.

Kling.



EAST HALL.

EAST HALL.

As the Keystone State is the connecting link which joins the "Strength of the West to the culture of the East," so the other college buildings are the keystone of our little world that joins the hilarious, unrestrained boisterousness of the Western Hall to the refined, intellectual influences of our Oriental home. Standing in the midst of a beautiful grove of whispering maples, and winding walks piercing the shade on all sides, and here and there a monumental stone peeping from among the green foliage, birds of strange tone telling of their distant homes, the placid call of the cow as she reclines within her sacred enclosure, and the sweet voices of the little pigs as they sing their vesper hymn to the coming shadows, all make up a picture never to be forgotten. When, in after years, we wander back again, to live once more in memory all the past, thy classic walls will recall many, many scenes, and will expel all remaining obstacles of forgetfulness.

* * * * * *

At this point we felt a shadow settle down upon us, and a frightful demon, with large, burning eyes and clinging, snaky hair, stood before us, and thus he spoke: "Oh, mortal, how doest thou dare thus to belie me?" I am the Demon of East Hall. From deepest hell have I come. 'Tis I who torture the poor students into curses, and in their stomachs plant the seeds of sin. *I* put the hair in the butter, the flies in the "dobpt," the soap in the potatoes; 'tis *I* who put molasses on the sheets and roll the barrels and cans down the stairs; 'tis *I* who loosen the boards in the old board walk; 'tis *I* whom you hear singing when the night-wind plays through the broken windows."

"Who are you?" I cried.

"I am the Demon Greed," he answered.

"And how come you here?"

"Well, I will tell you," he said. "The management of this hall is under Prof. R——, and I am monarch of his heart, and every action of his life is governed by my presence. Too stingy to run the hall *right*, I am put in charge; nails are costly, so the walk is unrepaired; glass is scarce, so the windows remain broken; careful work is expensive, and he will not afford it. This is the secret, and now you know it. But I must to work; so, farewell."

I was there The lamp had burned out and I was sitting by my table, the pen still in my hand and the moon-light streaming through my window, while just outside I could hear a strange catalogue of sounds. I sprang to the window. It was only a chorus of female voices, and the words I heard wafted on the evening air were—

Lads of Culver, we love you so;
Can we cease to love you? No.



HULINGS HALL.

HULINGS HALL.

Hulings Hall is no longer an experiment. It has become one of the main wheels in the machinery of the College. Originated in oil speculation, fostered and reared through fat pocket-books and subscription lists, it stands the pride and hope of the College. Its magnificent columns, its massive walls, its beautiful porticos, its lofty cupolas, catching the last, lingering rays of the setting sun, its tall windows, spangled with handsome faces, all bespeak the grandeur and beauty of the structure. Truly, it is an institution of which we all *heart*-ily approve. How well I remember my first visit to its pleasant interior, at one of those enjoyable temperance socials given by the ladies. How, as I stood at the front door and rang the bell, my circulatory engine whacked most vehemently upon my fourth rib, almost fracturing it; but when the door was opened, and from four to a dozen fair Hulingites stood to welcome me, gosh! it went beyond all bounds, capered all over my thoracic territory, and threatened violence to the confining walls. I don't think I'd been there more than ten minutes, though some said it was two hours, when the president of the meeting, with tears in her eyes, announced that the time to retire had come. We all went home with sad hearts, mine beating leisurely away on my vest pocket,—and went to bed to dream of the time when we and ours can occupy a whole pew at church. There are two occupants of the hall who are envied by all the boys in the college. Now, do not think for a moment, dear reader, that I refer to the favored Asiatic who roams through its sacred halls. No, indeed! for I apprehend that occupancy under like conditions would be extremely harrassing to most of us, and very dangerous to domestic happiness. But I refer to the honored preceptress and the trusted "Lucy." Now, I wouldn't like to be a precept*ress* very well, but yet I think it is a *position* that all young men can look upon with excusable envy. Nor would I enjoy the fire-building on winter mornings, nor the arousing at midnight to chase fancied phantoms and imaginary ghosts through the dark and gloomy corridors to insure the quiet slumbers of the fair inmates; and yet to engage in pillow fights, to pet them, vanquished and pouting into smiles and good humor again, and to sit all alone with them, under the pretense of mutual assistance in lesson getting, must be pleasant, indeed.

There are institutions connected with the hall that must not be overlook ed. There is the Temperance Society, which offers to save young men from lives of drunkenness and crime, at the low price of twenty-five cents each, or four for a dollar. Just think. The whole college could be saved at an outlay of only about thirty dollars. Truly, it offers a mathematical problem worthy t he consideration of every thoughtful young man. Then, there is the society formed for the training of children in the ways of temperance and economy, at half price. Besides this, they have a regularly organized and thoroughly disciplined Pillow Battalion, commanded by Major Rachel ———, U. S. A. The battalion drills every Saturday, at 11 o'clock P. M. No visitors allowed. The *cadetesses* always appear in full uniform, for a more technical representation of which, see Rev. vii: 9. They also wear helmets. Special lessons in tactics are given by Oldham and Long, at 7 o'clock P. M. These are open to the public.

Several of the inmates of the hall have desired me to state, since there has been some misapprehension in the matter, that this is not the "Museum of Antiquities," for which many of the students are expecting to canvass during the coming summer. They wish it distinctly understood, however, that, while they object to being disposed of in that way, they still offer themselves in lots of one, at reasonable rates. All lovers of relics are requested to call and look at the specimens before obtaining elsewhere.

without noticing our distinguished masticator, Prof. M——. Prof. thinks one should live to eat, and not eat to live. He eats, moreover, by the scientific method; arithmetically, algebraically, and hygenically. The rest of the boarders grind away *ad lib.*

Snow-Flake Museum.

Wonderful curiosities.—To be seen only at Snow-Flake Museum, North Main street. Open day and evening; admission free. Great attractions for this month only. Animals fed 7–8 A. M., 12–1 M., 6–7 P. M. Jumbo, a trained B(l)air; a Senior Guy; a Hard Case; Butler County's "What is it?" A New York Hyd(e)ra; Two imported Curs; a Cute Fox; a Sacred Long-ipennate; a Well-devised Yankee; a Gallup-ing Camel; (S)Coville and Guiteau; a Love-lorn-Land Lubber; a Hottentot; the tent lit at night by a Firey Cald(e)ron.

Beach House.

We had just got this far preparatory to writing a short sketch of the above, when our conscience smote us direfully and we were sore, for it is said, "Avoid even the appearance of evil," and surely if we wish to obey this command, we will omit to mention this house of naughty, naughty boys. Little Frankie Koester, irrepressible Bunnie Silver, loquacious oratorical Cubbison and Baby Flood make up a team that the least said of rhe better. But they are mighty eaters. We would also mention Snyder in this connection but his temperament is so uncertain that it is a question whether he boards here or at the hall. But wherever he is, his eating propensities remain the same. Since the change in the city water they have had polliwogs daily and small (?) sections of tongue a la Cubbison. On the whole a description is impossible. Call and see the tiger.

Independent Grinder Huffman.

Kling's Cage.

Just beyond the bounds of civilization. It has a few other inmates but the principal and chief of all is the long-legged, long-minded, long-faced Kling. Go out and take a look at him. This is his last year. You will never have another such opportunity. Don't stand back, walk right up and see this wonderful man. He ain't soft, he's only mashed.

SENIOR CLASS STATISTICS.

NAMES.	AGE.	BREED.	STRONG POINTS.	FUTURE OCCUPATION.	FAVORITE EXPRESSION.	ENGAGED?	FRAT.
Ballentyne,	7½.	Mixed.	Socks.	Sky pilot.	Oh, jing!	Long ago.	Δ T Δ
Blair,	Uncertain.	Sorrel.	Mustache.	Lay figure.	By dad!	Well, I—.	
Calvin, Miss,	Excuse me.	Alderney.	Blair.	Lobbyist.	Jemeny!	Oh-h-h.	
Cubbison,	Ask the cooks.	Brindle.	Hoyle.	Mormon.	Golly!	You bet.	
Cullum,	Stein.	Cross.	Fraternity.	Wire puller.	Hang it!	Ain't I though.	Δ T Δ
Darrow, Miss,	Suggestive.	Golden fleece.	Kling.	Blue stocking.	Drat it!	I hope so.	
Davis,	Rosicrucian.	Missed fire.	Onions.	Desk hand.	Bedad!	Yes.	Δ T Δ
Kinnear,	Albumen.	Shanghai.	Tivola Garden.	Patent medicine.	Great balls!	Yes, sir.	
Kling,	63.	Graft.	Length.	Circus.	Dogone!	Oh, yes.	B'k full.
Marlatt,	Little Jow.	Jerusalem posy	Seven up.	Fee Jee stew.	Chew me!	Certainly.	
Minnigh,	Fossil.	Imported.	Annual bath.	Cock-pit.	Shew!	Four times.	Φ Δ Θ
McQueen,	Prospective.	Al to mk.	Fraternity pin.	Three balls.	Le Diable!	Tell you soon.	Φ K Φ
Miller,	Ask ma.	Sioux.	Mouth.	Crank.	Oh, boys!	I—I—I—.	Can't.
Powell, Miss,	?	Amazon.	Aurora rouge.	Reverie.	Do tell!	Oh, go away.	K A Θ
Peck,	He forgot.	Durham.	Babies.	Expectations.	Darn!	Yes, and married.	Φ Δ Θ
Ridge,	Bible lost.	Alabam.	Pork.	Disinfectant.	Bebe!	All over.	
Richmond,	So, so.	Silver Poland.	Billiards.	Getting left.	— awful!	Got left.	Δ T Δ
Snyder,	Unknown.	Experiment.	Jingle.	Jeduker.	No?	Completely.	Δ T Δ
Stoner,	3 years.	Phlegm.	Hasn't any.	Weaning.	Oh, my!	I don't know.	Φ K Φ
Taylor,	Doubtful.	Kikimic.	Spring poetry.	Ring master.	Jerusalem.	Won't tell.	Φ K Φ

HOW I GOT "MASHED"--C—M—R--N.

I am by nature a timid lad,
Thoughtful, and grave, aud very sad.
Seldom think I of aught but books,
Caring but little for others' looks.

2.

I came to College to store my head
With wisdom and knowledge and brains, instead
Of spending my precious, fleeting hours
In wasting and blasting my noble powers.

3.

But, reader, I'll tell you *how* it was,
And *what* it was that became the cause;
Why I, against my firm intent,
Am so early wilted, and "mashed," and bent.

4.

I had each day a vacant bell,
When I forsook my accustomed cell,
And spent the hour in the reading room—
And here it was that I met my doom.

5.

For laughing Kate, (most unlikely, you'll say),
Would come and sit, and buzz me each day.
And, though at first I thought to repel her,
I soon found out I was getting quite "meller."

6.

And now my poor heart is most thoroughly crushed,
My conscience for books is completely hushed;
I think not of friends, of fame or of Heaven,
For what can compare with this life I am livin'?

7.

And now, kind reader, I've told you the reason,
The very time, the place and season,
Why I, against my firm intent,
Am so early wilted, and "mashed," and bent.

8.

To you let me say, while it's nice to be "crushed,"
To have your poor heart all mealy and "mushed,"
"It's a bad thing in college—it injures your life;
So wait 'till you're out, and then get a wife."

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is Gallup like a man run over by a wagon? Mashed on the Road.

Why is Miss D—— like a tipsey man? Because she is always Klinging to something.

Why is one of the Huling's Hall girls like a criminal fleeing to the city of refuge? Because she will Hyde herself when she gets Thayer.

Why is Charlie B——, of the Senior Class, like a dried up runt of a cabbage head that has stood out over winter? Oh! because he *is*.

A Limber.

And in the days of March, nigh unto the fourteenth day thereof, the wicked came up out of the land of Quid Est and gathered their forces together round about the Hall of Culver, wherein dwelt one Remer, the Newarkite. And they put their heads together and said one to another, "Let us take his goods and substance and bear them southward; aye, even to the street Water that runneth through the city; for this man hath cast his eyes upon a woman and she holds him a captive, even by the force of her smile, and he goeth and cometh from the rising to the setting sun"; and they bore his trunk away, even to the street of Water whereof it was spoken; and the young man went up into his house, and lo! it was gone! And he mourned many days; but in the third day from the happening of these things, a voice came to him saying: Arise; go to the south, and when thou hast past far unto the freight depot, stop and knock at a door and it shall be opened unto you; ask and ye shall find. And he did that which was ordered, and found that which he sought.

Here endeth *his* first lesson.

By Our Reporter.

While wandering listlessly around the town, on the evening of the 23d of March last, our attention was aroused by hearing cries for help issuing from a house on—(well, never mind what street,)—and rushing to the assistance of the unfortunate parties, we broke in upon the privacy of a scene which beggars description. (We hesitated to make this public, but hoping that it will be a warning to some other of our students, we proceed.) On reaching the house, our eyes met with a strange apparition of destruction. The light was out, but by the beams of a flickering moon we saw two human forms prone upon their backs, whose groans told of agony beyond control. Standing near them was a fair girl, her sleeves rolled back and her eyes flashing fire from under their "jetty fringe." Another fair one was hovering in the background, and from above could be heard the cries of another who was, without doubt, the mother of the girls. This was the scene. Here are the facts: Bunnie and Frankie took a couple of girls home. Frankie blew out the light. Bunnie put his arm around his girl to keep her from being frightened, and she "sent him to grass." Frankie took his friend's lead and followed suit. The mother hearing the noise, awakes. Exit students. Curtain. Next day Bunnie says: "Oh! t-t-that? I-I-I fell, an- I hi-hi-hit my h-h-head!"

PRIZE POETRY.

Wishing to make use of the extensive poetical resources of our College, and call into existence much latent genius that might otherwise sleep on unknown, we, the Editors of the ALLEGHENIAN, decided to offer a prize of a beautiful engraved ink bottle for the best poem on America.

If the kind Preserver of the universe will stay his wrath for this most vile offence, we solemnly promise never again to offend. But, since we have suffered, prepare, oh, unsuspecting mortal, to do likewise.

Just here we would say, if you have any business to settle up, or any farewell messages to send to any friends, do it now; if not, read on.

Among some five thousand that we have received, we will present only a few of the very best.

AMERICA.

Oh, land, where first my gentle eyes
  Ope'd to receive the light—
Where first I drank the lacteal fluid
  All in my mother's sight;

To Thee I now devote my powers,
  Matured 'neath Freedom's light,
And bow low at thy sacred shrine,
  All in my mother's sight.

Let others all, like cravens, flee,
  And leave Thee all alone,
I'll stay till every crimson drop
  Has spilled itself and gone.

—Aristople.

How beautiful, how touching, how sublime. With what tenderness the poet has discribed the sweet care of his mother as she administered his daily food—typical of the unbounding milk of human kindness that the fair Goddess is ever ready to give to her loyal sons. But here is another—

AMERICA.

Come all ye imps of darkness,
Come lend your aid to me,
  For I will make
  The whole earth quake
With shouts of liberty.

Come twine your laurels round my brow
Give me a leather medal, too,
  For I will bray,
  In tuneful lay,
The song I'm asked to spew.

What fair renown, what honor bright,
Is half so fair and bright as mine,
If all my life,
In peace and strife,
I worship at Columbia's shrine?

Words fail me now—my task is done;
I could not more, if I should try.
But, never mind,
All ye, mankind,
I've said to her, Hello—Good-bye.

—*Longtimefellow.*

This one shows more poetic fire, and more lofty flights of imagination than the last, but is greatly lacking in that winning tenderness of manner that is so taking in poetry. However, as every one who is cognizant of poetry can see, it shows marked ability and power.

Another—

AMERICA.

(1)

a hundred Years has came and went
Since Uncle sam the english did sent
from u. s. and Ever the eagle with piercing eye
shakes his Tale and Yells when danger is nigh.

(2)

o America! our Hearts are filled with emotion
To think how our antecedents with Patriotic devotion
fought for you; Died for You; bled For you
to uphold The Honor of the red, white and blue.

(3)

o, liberty! we charge thee to Speak
and deliver us from another Such "musical freak."
forbit It! may it ever be fair columbia's care
when anything 's to Divide that we get the biggest share.

(4)

O america! You are o. k. don't Give up the ship
but let the chinese and other Nations rip;
sail, O, sail, sail On and Make your future bright,
until The world Is ended and comes Eternal Night.

—*Hum Bug Bee.*

The patriotic grandeur of this sweet little ballad moved the hearts of

the Editors until a pearly tear was seen to shine in Tommy's eye and Peck had an awful running at his nose. How vividly the author paints his pen-picture. How vividly we can see the tail of the old eagle wave the zephyrs and away, echoing among the green hills, we can almost hear his cry of danger. Yet the author has stuck too close to his subject, and his poem seems cramped and restrained. He should spread himself more.

But another one we think worthy of publication is as follows—

AMERICA.

America, I'd gladly sing
Thy praises and thy fame,
Were it not for this awful cold,
For which thou art to blame.
I'd tuned my harp and cleared my throat,
Prepared for something rare,
When some mad weather-bureau clerk
Dished up a change in *air*.

I could not catch the strain at once—
The crooks were manifold;
I madly caught at what I could,
And got this fearful cold.
Thou art a very various land,
Five weathers in one day;
A special climate for each man,
And extra gusts in May.

—*Joel.*

We can fully sympathize with the poor author as he wrote. How sad to think what a masterpiece he would have given us if he had been in good health. Poor fellow! Try again. Go to the doctor, and—well, if he gives you poison, why—we won't be glad, for we don't believe in kicking against fate, and you are, unquestionably, intended for the halter—marriage halter. But, look here—

AMERICA.

Hurru! hurrie! hurra! This is America,
The land of the old eagle bald.
Hurru! hurrie! hurra! blest be the happy day,
When first a baby in the land I squalled.

I love America, and every night I pray
That she may ever be the best of all;
I love America, and when I'm far away,
I thank Heaven for that first baby's squall.

Then let all others bow, or there'll be the biggest row
That any one has ever heard or knew;
For when I to her shrine bow, I never could allow
Another to stand off and not bow too.

—*Terwilliger.*

This poem echoes the right spirit, and appeals to every patriotic heart. Yet it has its faults, which are principally the tameness of the production. How any man could write so wonderously on this great subject, I can not see. The last, and prize poem, is by Mr. Joe Marlatt, the defeated candidate for poet in the Senior Class. He is a gentleman of unquestionable ability, as this sweet, little poem will show. It speaks for itself—

1. Caliope begin! Up, ye sacred nine,
2. Inspire your poet in his high design
3. To sing of America—freedom's home,
4. Over which the savage was wont to roam.

5. Columbus did a very immense act
6. When he, with a large crew, got on our track.
7. You might have remained unheard of—unknown—
8. To all save the Indian, who over Thee did roam.

9. A mighty nation the gods ordained,
10. Which over the western world has reigned.
11. Disastrous wars, terrible and gory,
12. Have often been passed through with great glory.

Our task is over. Our decision made. Mr. Joe Marlatt can have the prize, which he so richly deserves, by calling at our office—later. Peck took the bottle home for the baby.



CHAPEL SPEECHES.

The things that should have been and yet were not.
The things that should be but will never be.
The dirge for opportunities passed by.
The Presidential chair to be attained.
A mass of words as thin as empty air.
To tell what *would* be if ther's again could be.
The chances which they carelessly let slip.
The hopes,—the prayers,—the warnings,
Made palpable with praise. The salty tears
Of tender female eyes, and the wild thunder
Of Remorseful man. A mass of mingling screeches;
All these make up the stock for Chapel speches.

21 THINGS FUNNY TO SEE.

1. Frisbee thirsting for "hon-ah!"
2. Long without a smile.
3. Keoster when he blushes.
4. Webb as Oscar Wilde.
5. Kinnear with his eyes shut in debate.
6. Hyde getting ready to go calling.
7. Sore-heads talking Anti-Frat.
8. Marlatt when he didn't want an office.
9. Martin as Little Mascotte.
10. Smythe in a hurry to get to Chapel.
11. Kid as King Richard the Third.
12. Jim McCready going to church.
13. A better ball player than Babcock.
14. Clemmie telling the time.
15. Marthia with a young gentleman.
16. Cherrie and Prof. H—— on good terms.
17. Cub. Thoburn not debating.
18. Guthrie refusing to appeal from the Chair.
19. Baldwin having a lesson in Trigonometry.
20. Peck having a performance in society.
21. A better ALLEGHENIAN than "I" can get up.

Wanted---To Know.

How Porter and McKain felt when they got left at the "Whoop-'er-up" Church?

Why Willie J—— carried a "Sliver" down hill on his back?

Why Black left College so suddenly?

Why the Y. M. C. A. did not return the delegation money?

Why the Bishop house boys scattered from a case of sore throat?

Why Ike and Charlie don't ring door bells on Liberty street any more?

Why Ridge found his girl in bed when he went to call on her?

Why Winney feels so weak in the morning?

Why McQueen bought his girl a new hat?

Why the boys smiled at Gallop's sentiment?

Why did not Hollister prevent Ford from signing the constitution election night?

Who sent Remer's trunk down on Water street?

Why Thoburn can't rust? "No substance."

How many subscriptions "Shanks" and "Cub" took at Titusville, and "Ammi" at Franklin?

Who were the happy six that wanted to but couldn't, last fall?

Why are these things thusly?

Why Jim. S—— ran down the hill?

When the Armory will be built?

When Dr. Bugbee will fulfill his Chapel promises?

What Kinnear did at Pittsburgh?

Where Cubbison was the night of the party?

How soon Richmond's mustache will be visible?

Something that Dr. Hyde can't "explain?"

Why the boys did not bounce Black?

What the Sophomore performance will be?

Why Babe Taylor is called "Speculator"?

For Boys Only---Girls Not to Read.

Ha! ha! ha!! Now don't you feel green? I knew you would turn it over to read! Woman's curiosity will carry the day every time. Take my advice and don't do it again; for

Those who seek to know what is forbid—
Who wish to read the page whose words are hid—
Who would uncover what is covered o'er,
Who always long and seek for something more
Than they should know—whose curiosity
Leads them, unruled, to much perplexity,
Become, at last, to each and everyone,
The greatest nuisance known beneath the sun.
And when they pry around for something new,
Or when a secret flees—or scandal, too—
Sooner than loose a word of what is said,
As *you* have done—they'll stand upon their head.

A Retort.

One night in March, not long ago
A lad and lassie—don't you know?
Set out to take a little walk,
And on the way they thus did talk:
Says he to her, "*I* see a tear—
You'r very sympathetic, dear."
Said she to him, "Yes, that is true,
You tell me nothing that is new.
My heart is large." "Ah! true," said he,
"So large that anyone could see
'T would hold as much as a slop jar."
A little thing, you think, to mar
Their happiness; but yet 'tis true,
For she turned around, and e're he knew
What to expect, she said to him,
"Yes, Mr. Gr-nt, I do not doubt
Your words are true, when you'r about,
If it could hold such trash as you,
A slop jar it would be, most true."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. X. Y. Z., etc., Yates, Akron, O.

The following touching "ode", signed "Prep.," was left at this office for publication:

"Dear old Fatty, you have left us,
And your voice we hear no more.
Our staunchest friend has gone and left us,
And his fights for "Preps" is o'er.

J. W. Kinnear, Tidioute, Pa.:

At present the stage is overrun with second class actors, but think we can get you a position at the "Garden" as low commedian.

New Zealand:

In the name of the American people, please recall your representative, or it is feared he will be foully dealt with. He can not be civilized, but still retains his cannibal manners and goes armed to the teeth. We think the climate too hot for him.

J. K. Cubbison, Harrisville, Pa.:

We don't know why the spirit of mortal should be proud, unless it is over lost contests. 2. Your face and general make up reminds us of Gen. Grant. 3. Don't worry about your hair; the P. R's never care for that.

"Anxious Mother," Deerfield, O.:

Winnie has been a real good boy this year, and is the best man behind the bat in this part of the country. If he should happen to be killed in a game, he will be escorted home in great shape. Rest assured, dear madam, he and the College would get a big "send off." All such expenses must be paid in advance.

Senior Kling, Meadville, Pa.:

You did wrong in not speaking to the young lady because she refused to go to the concert with you. Remember that "faint heart never won fair lady." 2. We refer you to Prof. H—— for all sporting topics. 3. We advise you not to substitute etiquette for the military.

To "Bible Student," U. S. of A.:

There is a branch of the Y. M. C. A. at this place. Bro. John Miller is President; Bro. James Ballentyne is Secretary, and Bro. Charles Miller is Treasurer. The above three constitute a quorum and do all the business. Bro. John M. nominates Bro. James B., who declines, and suggests Bro. Charles M., who appoints Bro. John M., etc. No room for anyone outside of the triplets. No moneys ever refunded.

Bishop Marlatt, State Street Conference, Pa.:

That is right; get all the offices in society you can. If you don't, some one else will. 2. Your own conscience must tell you whether or not it is wrong to write orations on Sunday. 3. Good ones cost from $5 to $10, according to the composition.

"Anxious Enquirer," Brocton, N. Y.:

Dr. H.—— offered his services to escort the remains of Mr. Post home. 2. The Bill was $17.50. We suppose that included the remarks. Yes, it helped the College then, but "murder will out." 3. He has withdrawn from the ring. 4. We almost forgot to mention that among the many inducements Allegheny offers, is a frog pond and a small matriculation fee.

"Smiles," Parker, Pa.:

It is not considered æsthetic to slide down banisters with young lady students, unless strongly pressed to do so.

Percy Cullum, Meadville, Pa.:

Judging from photograph, you must be a real "masher." Do not your Senior friends envy you? 2. You are solid. It would be a good plan to present a brass medal to each of the ten noble patriots who saved their cause from dishonor.

To "Whom it May Concern." World:

At a meeting of the ALLEGHENIAN Editors the following was unanimously carried 'midst applause and much cracking of peanut shells:

WHEEEAS, We, the Editors, are liable to get into some trouble on account of our journalistic abilities;

Therefore, we, all, collectively, individually and separately, do not desire to get our faces into any more cenceivable shapes, be it

Resolved, That Bro. Black be appointed a committee of one, with full powers, to act as dueling Editor.

Resolved, That we put all such duties on the aforesaid Black and his heirs, now, hereafter, and forever.

Resolved, That these minutes be given to McQueen, and also to the ALLEGHENIAN.

Quotations.

Honi soit qui mal y pense.

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at its flood leads on to fortune.—*Gentlemen.*

There is a tide in the affairs of women
Which taken at its flood leads—God knows where—
Those navigators must be able seamen
Whose charts lay down its current to a hair.—*Ladies.*

Who shall decide when doctors disagree?—*Faculty.*

Order is Heaven's first law, and this confessed,
Some are and must be greater than the rest.—*Senior Class.*
[And some *must* be left.—Ed.]

Ye little stars, hide your diminished rays.—*Junior Class.*

Witty as Horatius Flaccius;
As great a Jacobin as Gracchius;
Short, though not as fat as Bacchius
Riding on a little jacchius.—*Sophomore Class.**

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.—*Freshman Class.*

At first the infant
Mewling and puking in its nurse's arms.—*Preps.*

For virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
The worst of mad-men, is a saint run mad.—*Dr. Bugbee.*

Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mocked himself and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything.

* * * * * * *

I pr'y thee take that cork out of thy mouth.—*Dr. Hyde.*

I never keard so musical a discord—such sweet thunder—

* * * * * * *

Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Makes the soul dance upon a jig to Heaven.—*Chapel Choir.*

Long and lean, lank and thin—
One of Satan's cherubim.—*Kling.*

[* The editors spent seven and one-half sleepless nights searching for the relation that this quotation bears to the class. On the eighth night light came. Chaos followed for three seconds. We appointed a new editor to fill the vacancy. No funeral notices.]

'Tis said that white swans sing before they die.
'Twere no bad thing, did certain persons die before they sing.—*J. Miller.*

'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.—*E. W. Day.*

It is not poetry but prose run mad.

* * * * * * *

Who shames a scribbler? Break one cobweb through,
He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew;
Destroy his fib or sophistry in vain,—
The creature 's at his dirty work again.—*Snyder.*

I have performed my duty—I'm a father now.—*Peck.*

Ah, me! How weak a thing
The heart of woman is.—*Cameron.*

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.—*Minnigh.*

God made him, therefore let him pass for man.—*McQueen.*

When the devil was sick
The devil a saint would be;
When the devil got well
The devil a saint was he.—*Hugh Thompson.*

'Tis sweet to court,
But, oh, how bitter,
To court a gal,
And then not git her.—*C. R. Thoburn.*

What honor dost thou seek?—*Cubbison.*

Wisdom personified and *sawed off.*—*C. M. Blair.*

Anti-fat and anti-up.—*Keisler.*

I am a delegate, I'd have you know.—*Kinnear.*

Come, thou slim thing, come.—*Silver.*

Our Maker bids increase; who bids abstain?—*Roberts.*

Conceit in weakest bodies—strongest works.—*Thoburn II.*

Then a soldier, full of strange oaths and fearded like a pard.—*Jackson.*

He was so fresh that the new, green blades of grass
Turned pale with envy as he passed.—*Wise.*

RECORD OF THE PAST YEAR.

"Truth needs no flower of speech."

SEPTEMBER—1881.

20—Trouble commences. Tuition, $5 lower; matriculation, $5 higher.
27—Yates skips College and attends Conference.

OCTOBER.

5—Juniors happy. Each receives an office.
7—Sey-mour coats introduced into the Battalion.
8—Ferree responds with the "Old Oaken Bucket."
9—Kerr brings his shadow to Chapel.
13—Plummer dyes his moustache.
27—Hyde, Hollister and Thoburn go canvassing, and return—*sub rosa*.

NOVEMBER.

1—Appointments made. "Kid" telegraphs the news to his girl.
3—First snow. Preps send home for soothing syrup.
4—Ladies meet with Alleghenians. Richmond puts on a clean collar.
10—Dice jubilant. Gets a letter from his heifer.
15—Gallup gets into the wrong sleeping room.
16—Gallup evolved a joke. Point not yet seen.
22—Dr. H——e requests the Seniors to wash their feet.
22—Tom Taylor takes six degrees. Mo-ah!
28—Ed Blair unconsolable. "Empty is the College, she has went."

DECEMBER.

2—Chase does not ask a question. Bad cold, and can not talk.
15—Kirk comes to classes. Skating rink closed for repairs.
21—Term closes. Seniors in hot water.

JANUARY—1882.

4—Preps all on hand.
20—Ossolians give a yum-yum-yum party.
27—Freshman class "not dead but sleepeth."
27—"Kid" tells the Alleghenians "How to spark."

FEBRUARY.

2—Blossom goes down street sans cuffs, sans collar, sans tie.
7—Smythe slightly off his horse—Prof. H—s.
17—Hear Calder's crow story and die!
20—Best makes a hit as Edwin Booth.
21—Charlie Blair in style with his sunflower moustache.
21—Dice goes to see Merchant of Venus.
22—Jamison celebrates. He eats 22 buckwheat cakes and five plates of oyster soup.
27—Grant goes barefoot.

MARCH.

1—Kinnear goes serenading and gets ducked.
2—Ku Klux Brien on the war-path.
6—New Zealand calls in her Ambassador.
8—Bishop House quarantined.
12—Christy takes his first puff and emits his shoes.
17—Cub Thoburn punctured and collapses. Election night.
20—Smiles falls into Lake George and takes his annual bath. Frogs die.

APRIL.

5—Dr. B. requests students playing billiards not to wear their uniforms.
7—'Lish brings out the first light pants of the season.
10—'Lish puts on his overcoat.
16—One good squeeze deserves another—Ke.rr
23—Seniors embrace. Which part is the lion and which is the lamb?

MAY.

10—Laughlin goes to the circus and beholds the hypotenuse!
11—Prof. W. threatens to give the next "skipper" 1,000 off!
11—Senior banquet with the Wandering Jew for desert.
11—Kling licks his knife and cuts a cake!
12—Sophs tumble. "Sly, De-e-vlish sly." Wandering Jew found.
19—Freshman straws show which way Sophomore breezes blow.
26—Sure sign of summer. Dr. H——e gets his hair cut.
30—McCartney keeps step ⅔ of the time.

JUNE.

2—Cadets at Conneaut. Huffman sets "her" up to the boys.
4—Prof. H——s goes to sleep in church.
5—Back Long engages a room at the P. O. for next year.
9—My dressing-gown looks well on me. It always does on a green back-ground.—Covell.

PROPHETICALLY.

20—Alleghenian comes out. Kling refuses to recognize Ye Editors.
21—Editors sent home C. O. D.
26—Rideat optimus qui ultimus.
26—Twenty Seniors step down and out.
29—Pickets O. K. Dr. H——e orders his ascension robe!

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

When McKain hits his thumb with a hammer, look out for a cold snap followed by hail.

Warm and pleasant weather will be followed by cool and variable weather after election time.

If you ask Remer about "Susie," look out for rising thermometer, with an occasional blow.

French Creek region, look out for a heavy thunderstorm accompanied with blasts of wind, when all the Seniors meet.

Stormy weather at Hulings Hall during the week, followed by fair weather with westerly winds for Saturday night.

Northwestern Pennsylvania, look out for a terrible hurricane when the ALLEGHENIAN comes out.

After a "hazing" scrape, don't be alarmed if a stiff breeze comes from the rostrum, for it will be immediately followed by a dead calm.

If you see Roberts rush out and cut a peach twig, look out for a squall; if you see him going home late at night, through a back alley, there is a storm brewing.

If Pitton leaves his overcoat in Society Hall, it is a sure indication of Spring and calm weather.

The barometer is the lowest in the western part of the Chapel. North-easterly to south-northerly winds will bring breezes. If eastern or western winds don't bring rain or snow, and the sun shines, look out for fair weather. Indications are that the Senior class troubles will blow over; the Junior class will blow up; the Sophomore class will blow out; the Freshman class will blow—bubbles, and that the "Preps" will continue to blow—penny whistles.

"MASHES."



We are happy to observe that there have been fewer "mashes" this season than usual. It seems to be due to the cold weather. Although it may be difficult to see what affinity there is between "mashes" and warm weather, yet close observers say they are more frequent in warm weather. It may be that the heat acts as a molifier, and the individual being much pressed by —— atmospheric influences, gradually goes off into a "crushed" state. It certainly cannot be due to the fact that the ladies of the College are less attractive than formerly, for that would be an unwarrantable departure from the truth.

But, in spite of the cold weather, we have a few genuine "mashes"—soft "mashes," having about the consistency of butter on a hot day; in other words, the running kind. If you were to beat them up with a stick and run them into a mould packed in ice, you might have something novel. "Mashers" of this kind regale themselves before the students by spooning in the Library, walking together from Chapel to recitations, lying pronely "*inter Sivas Academi*," and looking and acting soft generally. The janitor would confer a favor by removing these eye-sores from the Campus, whenever found. It is very noticeable that these individuals, who seem to have such an affinity for one another, never have sufficient mental equilibrium to discover how unsavory they are to others. We very much commiserate these poor unfortunates, and would hold them up to others as an example of the folly of such a course of action. Do not let the great object of your College course be frittered away in this manner. Remember it is time enough to hurl yourself into the bedlam of domestic life when you have to. Your success as a married man does not depend so much on how soon you can find some one simple enough to go "shucks" with you in the battle of life, as on how well you are prepared to feed, clothe, and sustain the dear thing after you have her. You must not overlook the

important fact that a woman has a few necessities that must be looked after; and it may be that the interest on your debts will not be adequate.

Girls must remember, also, that it is not such a heavenly job to act as waiter *per force* on that strange conglomeration of conceit, tobacco smoke, hair and boots, called man. Remember *he* has some necessities, also; not least among which are blacking boots, making fires, removing salivary secretions from the floor, darning socks, &c., &c. Oh! ye "spooning," "cooing," flabby, "smashed" ones, think of these things, for they are solemn facts that you will have to meet. Better take warning in time, before the padlock of matrimony closes around you forever, when there will be a "weepin' and a wailin' and a feelin' bad generally."

Modern Fables.

THE SWAIN AND THE FOX.

THERE was once a certain rural Swain (ey) who had rented a small farm, and also kept a very fine Hen(ne)ry. But he was exceedingly vexed to find it's treasures being stealthily made use of by night. He was much wrought up, and resolved to watch it closely and find out and punish those nightly thieves. One clear, moon light night he hid himself near by to wait for these unknown visitants. Soon he saw a lank, cadaverous red Fox sniffing around to make his way in through a secret aperture. But as the countryman moved the cunning Reynard took to his long legs and scurried hastily away. He laid in wait for him night after night, but with no better success. At last, one time, as the sly Reynard was making off, the Rustic cried to him to hold a little, as he would speak with him. He then proposed, and the Fox acquiesced to it, that he should take him in and treat him equally as good as himself; for, said the Swain, it is not right that you should have all that is young and tender and I take what is left, when I have all the bother of keeping it up. So all went peacably for about two days, and the Fox waxed so bold and uproarous that the owner of the farm ejected them all straightway.

MORAL.

If you want to be a Fox and steal forbidden pleasures, don't stay around a Hen(ne)ry two days, or the master will hear of it and you will be sent with speed away.

THE BOY AND THE LADDER.

Once a boy, in his attempt to see his beloved one, was surrounded by a *flood* of difficulties; yet he persevered in his undertaking, using all means that he could, but wary to avoid the father of the fair one. On a certain night,—grown more bold than common—he took a ladder and placed it against the house, and quickly mounted to the window, hoping to hold a hurried conversation with her; but as soon as he was ascended, the father, hearing a noise, runs to the spot. The boy seeks to remain unseen, but the father says: "I will take the ladder and put it away." But the boy cried out: "Wait until I descend," and he came down. The father receives all explanations, and the boy goes home, foiled in his attempt.

MORAL.

Never climb a ladder to talk to a girl.

ALLEGHENY ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.



President, C. E. Richmond. *Secretary*, M. J. Hovis.

Vice-President, W. B. Best. *Treasurer*, H. S. Bodley.

Contests.

Mile walk, square heel and toe.
Swinging Indian clubs.
Mile run.
Throwing base ball.
Long standing jump.
Long standing jump with weights.
Long running jump.
Boxing.
One hundred yards dash.
Wrestling,
One hundred yards hurdle race.
High jump.
Throwing heavy weight.
One hundred yards three legged race.
Jump and kick.
One hundred yards hop.
Tub race.

NOTE.—On account of lack of time and pressure of college duties, Field day was postponed until too late for publication.

ANECDOTE.

Poor McQueen! We sympathise with you in the troubles, trials and tribulations attendant upon your efforts to propitiate the fair sex; and our clammy heart awakes from its torpor, and more especially bleedeth as we recall that evening in April, when you, gay Lothario that thou art, attempted to show your gallantry, and safely conduct those two crockery-smashing, biscuit-slinging kitchen-mechanics from the church to the respective scenes of their daily labor, from whence they nightly emerge to rake and torture the susceptible apology for a heart which beats in bosoms such as yours, O, Mac!

How sad the finale! As the aforesaid C.-S., B.-S., K.-M's perceive the design of our hero, they fold their draperies about them and silently steal away in the darkness, on a dead run. O, the despair of the crushed spirit so cruelly left behind! O, the anguish of that moment! Briny pearls we drop with thee.

Phi Delta Theta Foot Ball Team.

Umpire—Blair.	*Captain*—Dice.	*Lieutenant*—Lynch.
Rushers—Minnigh.	Long.	Covell.
Hyde.		Pond.
Half Back—Johnson.		Thayer.
Wells.		Kerr.
Back—Proctor.		*Goal*—Warner.

THE BATTLE OF '82.*

Hearken, ye readers, while I shall write
A true account of a terrible fight,
That happened on one election night,
In eighteen hundred and eighty-two.
Each for their choice the parties stood true,
And battled for Truth and the Right.

For weeks the rumors were flying about,
Of schemes for putting each side to rout,
And the leaders were showing how weak and how stout
Was the side they represented;
While the doubtful were almost demented
By plentiful water, sandwiches and sourkraut.

The night came at last, with each member on hand.
How eager they were; how artfully manned!
How nobly they marched at their leaders' command!
How quickly they entered the door;
As thick as the sand on the shore
They came to be slaughtered for "their own native land."

"Smiles" had opened Society with Scripture and Prayer,
And the Stalwarts were willing to end the affair,
But the Half Breeds did not dare;
They remembered the date—"The Ides of March"—
That warning took out all their starch,
If it was intended to scare.

After performance a Half Breed was rushed in;
So was a Stalwart,—there commenced such a din
As if it was made by the Legions of Sin
Breaking forth from the regions of Hades;
The noise did not cease for the presence of ladies,
Who never heard of objections so thin.

"Mr. Speaker, I object," came from all over the room,
"To be bull-dozed by any such kind of a boom;
As sure as you do it, it seals tight the doom
Of the Stalwarts who do it."
They lost. Right nobly did Ford pass thro' it,
In the Spring of his life, when high hopes bloom.

*Patent applied for on metre.

There sat Chip, as cool as you please,
And answered the questions with so much of ease
That his questioners trembled as to their knees—
The knees of the noble two dozen.
Yet he paid no attention to their buzzin'
Than if they had been so many fleas.

The member from Union, with fire in his eye,
Praised the honor of his side up the sky,
Till we all thought it tasted of lye—
Although the source was well known.
He hem's and haw's, with yell and moan,
And wriggles and twists, as if he would fly.

Up rose Mr. Baldy, with wrath all aflame,
And thundered that justice alone did we claim;
For doing the elegant we wouldn't take blame,
Or be spit on by any such clan;
For he didn't care a cent for any other man,
And he'd have all his rights just the same.

Our member from India—a true case of inflation—
Kept rising each moment to seek information,
Was suddenly brought down from his elevated (?) station
By a sarcastic *man*, *rich* in knowledge.
Too bad for Cub. to come so far to college,
And receive such condemnation.

You know the result. The electors have said
How quickly the Half Breeds fired and fled;
How the Stalwarts gave them word for word,
Beating them back like any herd;
Catching them up on every clause;
Showing their weakness by showing their flaws.
Far in the night was the battle fought, and the sun
'Rose on a victory gloriously won.
Through coming ages, until the last,
We'll remember the ensign at the winning mast.
Yes, high above on the mast did they nail 'er,
The victorious name—the name of Taylor.



IN MEMORIAM.

DIED.—On the 16th of May, 1882, The Wandering Jew, from the result of a fatal stab administered by the Senior class of '82.

The College had safely passed through two exciting elections; the Senior class had been united as close as oil and water; and, it was hoped, that the remaining weeks of this College year would be spent in peace and quiet. But no! A crime greater than the Assassination of Lord Cavendish has been perpetrated in our midst, and the entire community stands aghast! We refer to the infamous murder of the Wandering Jew. The event is too well known to repeat, but let us pause in the midst of life's pleasure and weep with those who weep. The vile deed has been committed and the avengers are after Senior scalps. "To Arms, To Arms, they cry." Woe unto you, or stately Seniors, it were better ye had never reached the college pinnacle of fame, for the ghost of the Jew will haunt you till time shall be no more. O ye of little foresight, beware the bottomless pit you have dug. Beware the wrath of '84 for it goes about seeking to devour Senior guys. Guard well your actions or they will be scattered abroad as the wind scattereth the chaff. Sophomore anger has "riz" and blood is in their eyes. Farewell, Beloved Jew. Gone but not forgotten. Dead yet lives. May his memory ever be as green as the grass which now grows above his grave. Requisecat in pace.

Loud and long were the curses they said which came from hearts full or sorrow;
As they solemnly vowed to break the one's head who yelled Wandering Jew on the morrow.

* * * * * * * * *

Tenderly and carefully they laid him away,
In the minds of the Sophomores, few;
With tears 'twill be told for many a day
Of the fate of the Wandering Jew.

WAR! WAR! WAR!

BLOODLESS ENCOUNTER.

THE CAMPUS STREWN WITH THE WOUNDED.

THE LATEST RETURNS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

The forces of the two contending armies joined battle Friday, May 19, in a terrible engagement on the College Campus. During the previous night all arrangements had been made for the battle, and in the hazy morning fierce mutterings along the dark horizon told of the coming strife. About eight o'clock the work was begun, Smith's brigade being captured by a scouting party of the Sophomores under the command of Hollister and Martin. Soon after this the Freshmen formed in solid body and prepared a stubborn resistance, their commander, Day, made them a thrilling address after which they waited in undisguised rage for the attack. It soon came, the Sophomores threw out several skirmish lines, incessant fire at last provoked a return. This was the first step in the defeat, had the Freshmen remained in body, the Sophomores, far inferior in numbers would have lost the day, but it was not so to be. Day charged to the right and Koester to the left leaving the center of the Freshmen unsustained. The Sophs now united and charged breaking the center and completely routing the "straw boys", they ralied but in vain, the Sophomores were everywhere successful. Not a Freshmen hat being left to tell its sad, sad, story and to weap over the dear departed; they were gone, silently they had come, quickly they had disappeared, and the place thereof knew them no more forever.

Where are the hats now,
Where have they gone,
Sophomores would not alow
One to remain,
Gone are they all away
Lost on that glorious day,
When Sophs—the Freshmen gay
Routed and beat.



The above cut plainly represents the actions of a certain Hulingite one night last winter, when Lake George was frozen over. Under the beautiful starlight, while all around was quiet, not a person near, except our Artist. She went down never to skate any more, for further particulars enquire of S. A. M.



The beautiful little sketch represents the relation of sweet familiarity between the College and the Preparatory School; with fondest joy we look down upon the dear little Preps, and tell them that years after we have departed they may rise to the eminance of a college student. Sweet little festive Preps, long-eared sleepy old College, may thy sweet unity ever remain unbroken as now.

THE END.

The room is growing dark. The sanctum light, that all these weary hours has played in fitful shadows on our work, is going out. The eyes grow heavy; and the night-winds, sighing through stars, play a sweet anthem of farewell as the immortal muses, that have breathed their heavenly inspiration over us, pick up their skirts and take their eternal departure. The grinning devil in the corner is preparing to wash his hands—a sure sign that the work is over.

It is sad to say farewell. Our palate has an unpleasant way of climbing up into our mouth and tickling the end of our tongue. There comes a depressing, hollow feeling in our stomach, and our eyes feel watery. The time to part has come. We say, Farewell. We may not meet again; in fact, I don't think we will, as I shall do all in my power to prevent it. But if we ever do, why, let us forget our former acquaintance and begin anew.

But it grows darker as I write. What is that? A pistol-shot, and the devil lies still and black before me. My turn next. I am the only one left. My life is a burden, and I seek release. My work on earth is almost over. Farewell! farewell! We'll meet—in—h-e—. [*Bang.*]

The sentence will forever be unfinished and the place uncertain.



WHICH WE WISH TO REMARK

IS to call the special attention of our readers to the advertisements in the following pages. They have been selected, with great care, from the most responsible firms in Meadville and abroad. Let our motto be

"I'll tickle you and you tickle me."



JOHN HAMMER,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

FINE CIGARS

AND

TOBACCO,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

Cor. North and North Main Streets, Meadville, Pa.



NEW McHENRY HOUSE,

Near R. R. Depot and Business Centre,

Col. JOHN M. CLARK, Prop'r. MEADVILLE, PA.

EDWARD T. BATES,

303 CHESTNUT ST., NEAR THE DIAMOND,

Offers for sale, at very low rates:

Essay Paper, large octavo, 40 sheets, 10 cents.
Sermon Paper, quarto, 10 cents a quire.
Legal Cap, 14 lb., 12 cents a quire.
Authors' MS., very heavy, 20 cents a quire.
Note, cream laid, 20 cents a quire.

—ALSO—

Artists' Materials, Engravings, Frames, Sheet Music, Music Books and Musical Instruments.

DUNN'S

ART GALLERY

Is the place to get

FIRST-CLASS PHOTOGRAPHS,

All styles and sizes, finished in the highest style of art from *Cartes de Visite* up to life size.

Special Facilities for Making Babies' Pictures.

We invite our old customers and solicit new to call on us as we are better prepared to serve them than before.

217 Chestnut Street,

MEADVILLE, PA.

COLUMBIA BICYCLES.

TO RIDE, or not to ride, that is the question:—
Whether it is nobler in the man, to suffer
The pains and bothers of pedestrian travel;
Or to take wheel against the scourge of horses,
And, by bicycling, leave them?—to mount, to ride.—
Ay, more;—and by a ride, to find we end
The headache, and the thousand ills
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a recreation
Devoutly to be wished.

This modern vehicle has brought health and vigor to many a pale-faced student, and, has elicited enthusiastic description and recommendation from physicians, lawyers, clergymen, artists, merchants, editors and literary men. Rev. Marcus D. Buell, refers to it as "a conveyance as romantic as the Boston mail coach of our grandfathers, and as novel as Sieman's electric car."

Many find their only exercise in a morning run or evening spin on the bicycle; or, perhaps, an occasional holiday excursion. To them the country within a radius of fifty miles around them becomes an eldorado.

But the summer vacation, by the seashore or at the mountains, around the lakes or down the valleys,—WHEREVER one may choose to go—the bicycle bears the wheelman through all the beauties and diversities of natural scenery. It is the land yacht, ths canoe of the overland highways.

THE COLUMBIA BICYCLES.

have earned the formost popularity of any in the world. Thousands of them are already in use in this country. The finest implement of gun manufacture does not excel in mechanical finish and scientific accuracy the fine bicycles of the largest and best appointed bicycle manufactory in the world.

DESCRIPTIVE literature, testimonials, etc., and an elegant 36 page *ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE* sent to any inquirer.

Address (with 3 cent stamp enclosed)

THE POPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
507 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

FASHIONABLE HATS.
CAPS, STRAW GOODS,
—AND—
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
CADET CAPS HAMMOCKS, &c.,
—AT—
Bard's Hat Store,
209 Chestnut Street, - - Delamater Block.

J. B BOOTH,
MANAGER OF
Subscription Book Department.
AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA,
OUR FAMILIAR SONGS,
THE GRANDEST BOOK PUBLISHED,
THE IMPERIAL HIGHWAY
MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITY,
And other valuable books. Students and Teachers will find profitable employment.
No. 296 CHESTNUT ST., MEADVILLE, PA.

A. M. FULLER,
NO. 3 AND 4 WATER ST., OPERA BLOCK.
SPECIAL DEPARTMENT IN
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,
"CELLULOID" COLLARS AND CUFFS,
Laundried and Unlaundried Shirts, Etc., Etc.
Special Prices in Gents' Furnishing Goods.

R. B. SMITH'S RESTAURANT,
177 CHESTNUT STREET, - - - - MEADVILLE, PA.

BILL OF FARE.

Porter-house steak, fried potatoes, coffee, bread and butter,	25 cents
Ham and eggs, fried potatoes, coffee, bread and butter,	25 cents
Fried eggs, potatoes, coffee, toast, bread and butter,	25 cents
Fried tripe, potatoes, coffee, bread and butter,	25 cents
Park and beans, bread and butter,	15 cents
Pickled pig's feet, bread and butter,	15 cents
Pickled lamb's tongue, bread and butter,	15 cents
Pickled tripe, bread and butter,	15 cents
Boiled ham, per plate, with bread and butter,	15 cents
Pressed corned beef, per plate, bread and butter,	15 cents
Sardines, per plate, bread and butter,	15 cents
Bologna, per plate, bread and butter,	15 cents
Sweitzer cheese, per plate, bread and butter,	15 cents
Bread and milk,	10 cents
Tea and coffee, each,	5 cents

Oysters and Clams, when in season, at wholesale and retail.

J. W. Miles, Jr,
Successor to D. W. Hume,
DEALER IN
Chromos, Mouldings, Looking Glasses,
PICTURE FRAMES OF ALL KINDS MADE TO ORDER.
LOOKING GLASS PLATES ON HAND.
No. 231 CHESTNUT ST., - - - MEADVILLE, PENN'A.

JULES DELAUNAY
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN FINE
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
Fish, Tobacco and Cigars, Fruits, Etc.
Special prices to Hotels, Clubs and Restaurants. Roasting room, foot of Dock St., MEADVILLE, PENN'A.

MEADVILLE CIGAR WORKS.
H. DREUTLEIN,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
CIGARS, TOBACCO, PIPES, ETC.,
NO. 242 CHESTNUT STREET, MEADVILLE, PA.
All orders promptly attended to.

BATTALION
—OF—
ALLEGHENY COLLEGE

ATTENTION!

ATTENTION EVERY READER OF THIS JOURNAL.
AND KEEP IT IN VIEW.

That if you desire fine fitting garments and clothing that are made up strictly reliable and fashionable, call at the

NEW MERCHANT TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT OF

Thomas J Doyle,

No. 250 Chestnut St.,
MEADVILLE, PA.



After twenty years of experience and engagements with most of the prominent firms of this city, I have embarked in the Merchant Tailoring business exclusively for myself at the above location. My work needs no extended comment, most of you have tried it, in point of fit, in point of good workmanship, as well as style. I am convinced I can still suit you better than any tailor in this city, being under light expense and doing my own cutting, I can save you on every garment a good percentage.

Students, Cadet Suits a Specialty.

THOMAS J. DOYLE,
250 CHESTNUT STREET.

J. N. McCOY,

DEALER IN

Carpetings, Lace Curtains, Oil Cloths, House Furnishing Goods, Mattings, &c.

Awnings and Tents Made to Order.

NO. 961 WATER ST.

PETER KRESS,

PRACTICAL BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER,

RICHMOND BLOCK.

Hair Cutting done in all the latest styles. Students wishing to speak German are always welcome.

F. D. DENNY,

AT HIS TONSORIAL PARLOR, IS PREPARED TO DO THE Finest work in the city.

As a Hair Cutter he can not be excelled. Customers will receive a pleasant shave and gentlemanly treatment.

Students desiring to speak Hindustani please call.

Derickson Block, Chestnut Street.

J. F. ROSS,

The Fashionable Boot Maker.

Custom-work made and repaired in a strictly First-Class Style. Ladies' fine Kid Boots and Shoes—Common Sense or French heels—a specialty.

MARKET STREET, SOUTH OF CHESTNUT, - - MAEDVILLE, PA

H. C. DAVIS, AGENT,

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

Boots and Shoes, Rubbers, &c.,

NO. 55 Chestnut Street,

MEADVILLE, PA.

J. M. ROBINSON. C. F. THOMAS.

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

ROBINSON AND THOMAS,

Sole Agents for the Celebrated

Snow--Flake Flour,

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MILITARY SUITS OUR SPECIALTY.

We challenge every house in Western Pennsylvania or Eastern Ohio to equal in variety, quality and freshness, our surpassingly fine exhibit of PIECE GOODS.

Newest Novelties in Foreign and Domestic Scotch Goods, Elegant Pantaloning and unequaled Suitings.

Our Cutter has made a reputation for himself which needs no comment. His fits are the delight of our patrons and the envy of our competitors.

The most complete line of GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS in the city.

All the latest styles in *STRAW AND FUR HATS* as soon as they appear in the Eastern Markets.

M. OHLMAN & CO.,

WATER STREET. MARKET SQUARE.

A. R. FOWLER,

Photograph Gallery.

I am prepared to do work equal to any in the city, at the most reasonable terms.

SPECIAL DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS.

☞Give me a trial, I guarantee satisfaction.

COR. PARK AVENUE AND CHESTNUT ST.

BOYLS & McCLINTOCK,

LIVERY STABLE.

Students will find the Best Rigs in the City at our Stables.

BETWEEN NORTH AND LIBERTY STREETS.

LOUIS TORDELLA,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUITS,

Confectionery, Tobacco and Cigars.

OYSTERS AND ICE CREAM DURING THEIR SEASON.

230 Chestnut Street, Meadville, Pa.

FRANK BEACH,

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

Men's, Women's, Misses' and Children's

BOOTS AND SHOES.

CURTIS & WHEELER SHOES A SPECIALTY.

248 CHESTNUT STREET.

M. H. REEFER,

Clothier, Merchant Tailor

And Dealer in Gents' Furnishing Goods.

STUDENTS CADET SUITS A SPECIALTY.

SHRYOCK BLOCK, WATER STREET.

J. F. FRAZIER,

DRUGGIST,

A FULL LINE OF

Fine Perfumes, Soaps, Tooth Brushes, Hair Brushes and Cigars,

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THE REPUBLICAN

JOB PRINTING ROOMS,

CORINTHIAN BLOCK, WATER STREET,

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First-Class Equipment,

Newest Styles of Type,

Experienced Workmen.

THE COLLEGE PUBLICATIONS ARE PRINTED AT THE REPUBLICAN JOB ROOMS

Job Printing. Ruling. Book Binding.

Come and see us; we aim to please.

CHAS. W. MILLER,

DRUGGIST AND APOTECARY,

255 CHESTNUT ST., MEADVILLE, PA.,

DEALER IN

PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES & CHEMICALS,

Patent Medicines, &c. Surgical and Dental Instruments, Fine Toilet Soaps, Brushes, &c. Perfumery, Fancy Toilet Articles.

☞"Physicians' Prescriptions Carefully Compounded."☜

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GILL & SHRYOCKS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

FLOUR, FEED AND LAND PLASTER,

Also Dealers in all Kinds of

Grain, Clover and Timothy Seed, Grain Bags and Paper Sacks,

MEADVILLE, PA.

WM. WALSTER,

DEALER IN

MEATS OF ALL KINDS,

LARD, GAME, POULTRY, &C.,

224 CHESTNUT STREET.

W. H. CARMAN,



Proprietor of

Park Avenue Livery Stable,

Between Chestnut and Arch Sts., - Meadville, Pa.

First-Class Rigs at Reasonable Rates. Good Sample Wagbys.

☞ Carriages to and from the Depot: Orders Received by Telephone.

EUGENE BEIERSMITH,

DEALER IN

BOOTS AND SHOES,

249 Chestnut Street, MEADVILLE, PA.,

Has now the largest stock of Gents', Ladies', and Misses' Fine Shoes to be found in the City. I keep nothing but the best makes, and warrant all goods.

☞ HEADQUARTERS FOR STUDENTS' FINE SHOES. ☜

DR. G. ELLIOTT,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Office and Residence,

COR. CHESTNUT STREET AND PARK AVENUE, - MEADVILLE, PA.

J. L. WILLIAMSON,

DRUGGIST,

COR. WATER AND CHESTNUT STREETS, - - MEADVILLE, PA.

Patronized by the Elite.

PICNIC LUNCHES A SPECIALTY.

For Fine Candies,

Fresh Fruits,

Elegant Lunch,

Delicious Ice Cream,

Home-Made Cake, &c,

Go to

Pollock's

New

Confectionery,

283 Chestnut Street,

Meadville, Pa.

FINE IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC CIGARS.

Finest Ice Cream Parlor in the City.

THE CHILDREN CRY FOR IT,
AND THE OLD FOLKS SIGH FOR

S. S. PENTZ'S

Ice Cream Parlor.

PARTIES AND PICNICS SUPPLIED.

The best place in the City for Parties and Banquets.
Nice, large and well ventilated room, always
cool in summer, and in first-class style,
and OPEN AT ALL HOURS.

Ice Cream and Water Ices a Specialty.

Parlors, 943 Water Street, Up Stairs.

S. S. PENTZ.

FOR FINE PHOTOS,

GO TO

Dennington's New Fine Art Gallery,

947 Water Street, Opposite Dock.

EVERYTHING NEW, NICE, AND PLEASANT, AND THE BEST WORK IN THE CITY.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

INGHAM & CO.'S BOOK STORE,

Post Office Building, Meadville, Pa.,

Is Headquarters for all College Books and Supplies, and everything in the Book and Stationery line. A liberal discount made to Students. Come and see us.

Refitted and Newly Furnished Throughout.

FINE, LARGE SAMPLE ROOMS ON FIRST FLOOR.

BUDD HOUSE,

A. STRIFFLER, Proprietor,

J. W. ROGERS, Clerk. MEADVILLE, PA.

E. W. TANNER,

Merchant Tailor and Clothier.

Gents' Furnishing Goods, Fine Neck-Wear, Hosiery.

HATS AND CAPS A SPECIALTY.

220 Chestnut Street - - Meadville, Pa.

IRVIN & NISBET,

DEALERS IN

COAL, ICE, LIME, CEMENT,

Stucco, Fertilizers, Terra Cotta Ware,

Sewer Pipe, Drain Tile, Charcoal, Fire Brick, Etc.

Corner R. R. and Dock Street,

MEADVILLE, - - - - PENN'A.

HENRY WEBER & SON,

Leading Boot and Shoe Store.

J. T. Cousins' Ladies' Fine Shoes.

969 WATER STREET.

Meadville, Penn'a.

S. H. JOHNSON & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Anthracite & Bituminous Coal,

Office and Yards—Corner Poplar Street and Railroad,

MEADVILLE, PA.

THE ONLY PLACE

In the City where the Students get Value Received for all purchases made by them, is at

TONY BARCKY'S

I sell Whitman's Chocolate Creams and Reymer Bro's Fine Candies, put up in boxes, for 60 cents per pound. Warranted strictly pure.

All the Fruits of the Season Constantly on Hand.

My ICE CREAM is known as the best in the city. Vanilla, Chocolate, Banana and Strawberry always on hand, and served in the only private ladies' parlor in the city.

ICE CREAM

Prepared for Picnics or Parties, on short notice. Large or small orders Promptly Delivered.

F. MILLER,

Largest and Best Assortment of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

ALWAYS ON HAND.

5 OPERA BLOCK, MEADVILLE, PA.

FOR

ARTICLES OF TOILET,

Students of both sexes will find the largest, freshest, and everyway most desirable stock at

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W. E. WYGANT,

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Crockery, China, Glassware,

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948 Water Street, MEADVILLE, PA.

CHARLES VEITH,

Merchant Tailor,

AND DEALER IN

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

No. 943 Water Street, Meadville, Pa.

COMPLIMENTS OF

GEO. P. CLARKE,

DEALER IN

BOOKS, WALL PAPER, CURTAINS, FRAMES,

And the Finest Stock of Stationery in the City.

COLLEGE SUPPLIES.

CLARKE'S BOOK STORE,

CHESTNUT STREET, MEADVILLE, PA.

THE ONE PRICE

CLOTHING HOUSE.

201 & 203 Chestnut Street.

It is not necessary to be rich to dress well. Style makes the clothes, and clothes make the man, at least they give a good lift in that direction. Our style in making up clothing is so neat and tasty that you can not make a bad appearance if you want to. In fact, the old military suit, which the cadets so much disliked to wear, except upon drill, we are now making up so nice that many of the students wear them for dress suits; and, in fact, they are a most elegant looking uniform. Not only is our Merchant Tailoring Department complete and first-class, but the

READY-MADE CLOTHING, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS AND CAPS, ARE COMPLETE.

We make a specialty of goods for students, both in military and citizens' clothing, and always keep a full assortment of nice and desirable goods. We keep the measures of all students which we have made goods for in 1880–81, and can always make them a perfect fit without seeing them. You can order samples and make your selection from them.

☞Students are always welcome at our store, whether wishing to buy or not.

REMEMBER THE PLACE,

201 *and* 203 *Chestnut Street.* - *Meadville, Pa.*

ORRIS & GASKILL.