THE CAMPUS.

"INTER SILVAS ACADEMI QUÆRIMUS VERUM."

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MY FIRST SCHOOL.

I DON'T mean the first school I ever went to, for that is enveloped in the shadowy mists of the past, and, to use a beautiful simile, is no longer visible to "memory's eye." I mean the first school I ever taught. But as some of my former patrons would probably object to the word "taught," on the score that I was giving people a false impression of what I was doing. I will state it in another way and say, the first school where I occupied the teacher's chair, called the roll and boarded around. This first school of mine was really quite an event in its way, one of the landmarks of my life. The way it came about was this: I wanted to go to the Falls, and I thought I would earn the money myself. Two things, however, very slight in themselves, lay between me and the longed for goal. They were first, a school, and second, a certificate. I didn't know whether I had better get my school first and certificate afterwards, or get my certificate and then advertise for a school. People who didn't know me, suggested the former mode of procedure, and on the other hand, strange to say, people who did know me recommended the best and only safe plan to get the certificate first, and when I had that fast, there would be plenty of time to find a school, for they suggested the idea, one which by the way had not occurred to me, that I might not be able to get a school at all. So I finally acted on this last plan, not because I had any fears, but just because most everybody did that way. I commenced to go to examinations in the spring, intending to teach a summer school, but I came to enjoy the examinations so much, that I concluded I wouldn't teach a summer school after all, but wait until winter, as the wages would then be so much higher. Of course I didn't get a certificate the first thing, I could have done it, but they asked me a great many questions in arithmetic that were hardly fair, at least I couldn't remember ever having seen any like them before in Ray's Third Part. My brother told me afterwards it was because they were in the first part, though I think that was a base fabrication. Then they wanted me to locate places in geography that I had never even heard of, nay, not even dreamed of, unless it was in a night-mare. Asked me what Isothermal lines were and where was the Sea of Saragos a, words and names which struck my ear with a strange and unfamiliar sound. As I remarked previously, I went to several examinations. When the neighbors saw me driving away, they remarked that I must be going to an examination. When they met me walking on the streets they asked me if I was going to an examination; and when callers came and found me away from home, they said, "*There must be an examination somewhere.*" The examiners themselves came to know me and treat me first as a dear friend, and afterwards as a near relative. My brother told methat on account of my punctual attendance at examinations, it was rumored that I had been elected County Examiner. He even dared to stake a great sum of money to the effect that, if I had my health, and didn't lose my memory, I would get a certificate in the course of time, providing they asked me some questions I could answer. And when at last I did accomplish it I felt much as Xenophon must, when he got his 10,000 safely home from their perilous journey.

I shall never forget my first day's attempt to find a school; no, nor my first weeks or even months. I was almost going to say years, for I visited three directors in every district in a radius of ten miles, and at last labor met with reward. When I think of the long anxious night I spent, the last one before school was to open, I don't know whether to laugh at the poor frightened girl who tried in vain to think of a speech appropriate to the occasion, or to cry from very pity of her; for as the time drew near, my courage oozed out at my finger nails and wasdissipated in the surrounding atmosphere. But morning came, as mornings always will, and with a trembling heart I was driven away to school by a formidable being in the shape of a Director, who took it upon himself to tell me that the only way to get along in their school was to begin firm and even and not be afraid to use the "gad," and that he always told his children, if they got whipped to school he would whip them again when they came home. He asked me if I was intending to have worship in school, and if I gave prizes and whether I allowed whispering, and finally struck me dumb by telling me he was going in to see how school started on, and he gussed maybe the minister would be there too, as he was also a director and took a good deal of interest in the school. I told him that he was very kind indeed, but at the same time wished he was on some desert island, and the minister with him offering spiritual consolation. Just then my attention was suddenly attracted by a terrible whoop and halloo,and a cry of "there comes the teacher, come out and see her!" and I saw a little frame school-house, with one door, and no steps in front, the windows broken and the clapboards falling off, and a troop of children who, judging from the widths to which they opened them, could see better with their mouths than with their eyes. Keeping at a distance, capable of affording a good perspective, they followed me in. He was there, the minister, and with a smile on my lips, and a sigh in my heart, I told him I was glad to see him. He suggested the propriety of my calling school at once, as it was late, and so I told the children to "come to order," and a painful silence ensued. My feelings beggared description, as the poet would say. I had forgotten my speech, the only thing that I could think of appropriate to say was, "Worthy President." This didn't seem to strike anybody else as appropriate, for the minister burried his face thoughtfully in his hand, and the other director gazed pensively at the stovepipe, while the scholars looked at me in surprise. So I said "Ladies and gentlemen," and sat down in sheer despair. The directors said they'd have to go as it was late, and as I couldn't hold out any inducements for them to remain I didn't urge them. When night came I had taken the names and the ages and assigned the lessons. I only had 56 classes, and if I had offered a prize for the greatest

variety of school books, I couldn't have hoped for as good a collection. I went to the director's the first night and he had me work some examples for his son, but I was so nervous I couldn't get all the figures right, and they seemed to have an idea I didn't know *how* to do them.

Such a time as I had boarding around! Some of the children told me their folks would let me know when it would be convenient for me to come, and others said their ma wanted me to send word two or three days before, so she could get ready for me. The week dragged along. I tried my best to be good to the children and make them like me. I gave them two hours noon and half an hours recess every day, and always let them whisper if they asked, and, because I thought the little children were too young to study much, I let them play out all the time and just called them in long enough to recite. I did all I could to make it pleasant for them, went wintergreening one afternoon, and then we took a whole afternoon to make flower-beds so it would be kind of homelike. But in the school room I had a pretty hard time. I had never studied that kind of mental arithmetic, and it took a good while to explain the examples so they understood them, and half the time when they did understand them I'd have given my eyes if I could too. Then in the practical arithmetic we had, I never could get the same answers that the book had, there were so many mistakes in it; and they had a new kind or grammar,and I couldn't hear near all the classes every day for I had 56, and I forgot to have them write, and there were always four or five at once asking to pass the water. So I must say I was rather glad than otherwise when the director sent word Friday,that it was going to be such a hot summer they'd concluded just to pay me for that week and not have any more school till witner. I told them we'd have a picnic or an exhibition thelast day, but as I closed school so much earlier than I expected, we did not have time to get up an exhibition and so had a picnic instead, which we all enjoyed very much.

DESIGN IN NATURE.

DESIGN is considered, by some, as the leading principle of the beautiful, as evinced by the skillful combination of parts in a whole or the adaptation of means to an end. But the pleasure, arising from a sense of design, is entirely distinct from that produced by the other qualities of beauty, as color, figure, smoothness, &c. This causes our pleasure when we contemplate the wonderful structure of the human body, and see with what marvelous adaptation the parts are adjusted to constitute a harmonious whole, and conserve the ends for which it was created. And this it is that makes the contemplation of nature so pleasing, so elevating and so inspiring. This is inspiration. What pleasing emotions thrill the mind, when, standing before some beautiful landscape, we hold communion with nature in her visible forms.

As man becomes acquainted with his fellow man, by coming in contact and communing with him, so he may hold fellowship with God in nature, and learn at least some of his attributes, by studying his handiwork. There is, however, a difficulty in the way of him who would thus "look through nature up to natur's God." The phenomena of nature seem to be caused by various agencies. Water flows, trees put forth their leaves, and flowers bloom without any apparent dependence on a common power. Not only is there a diversity of phenomena, which might be caused by as many different agents, but some manifestations of invisible power are directly opposed to each other. Witness the efforts of nature to cloth) herself in her accostomed garments, while king frost battles in direct antagonism, to be conqured, however, for a time, but finally victorious. Darkness is opposed to light, as mildew is to growth. Hence it is that the forces of nature have been deified. The evil and the good have been worshiped with like reverence and majesty. To the Greek, the thunderbolt was an undeniable evidence of the wrath of Jupiter. He heard his warnings in the thunder's roar, and quailed at sight of the lightning's flash. It is in this view alone that ancient mythology means anything, and it is the only *reasonable* hypothesis of its origin. Their many gods being considered as the personifications of nature, polytheism is the consummation of a wonderful growth of poetic and imaginative ideas.

But in the light of modern science, it is by no means difficult to see that nature reveals an eminently wise and beneficent *plan*. It may not require a thorough knowledge of modern sciences to enable the mind to conceive that a tree is more than a contrivance, that behind the tree and its contrivance there is a *thought;* but it does require an acquaintance with, at least, some of these branches of science to give the tree its proper classification, and, above all, to show its relation to the mineral and animal kingdoms.

The better the earth, and all that pertains to it, is understood, the more admirably it appears to be adapted to the wants of man. Even its position in the heavens is most favorable. Situated about midway between the sun and the outside limits of the solar system, it is neither scorched by the sun's rays, nor entirely congealed for the want of them. It is of no little importance that the sun is more nearly in the center of the earth' orbit than in that of the other planets, thus insuring a greater uniformity of temperature. Moreover, the inclination of the earth's axis is, to say the least, very favorable. Comparatively, very few square miles of the earth's surface are without the warming and vivifying influence of the sun's rays long enough to cause perpetual winter and desolation. Who, then, shall presume to say that there is not revealed in the astronomical conditions of the earth an allwise purpose, which, if it were otherwise, would frustrate the beneficent designs of all other wise provisions to make a suitable habitation for man?

But the earth, in itself, and in its marvelous adaption to the end for which it was evidently created, presents a most interesting subject for study. And the more it is studied the more evident it becomes that it must be studied in relation to that adaption, that its study is not so much a description of its surface, not so much geography as geology, the science of its relief forms and their adaption to the demands of progress. Prof. Guyot has done much to popularize this subject in his famous lectures now embodied in his "Earth and Man." Under his masterly guidance, the earth, apparently devoid of form, portrays wonderous design in the shape, relief and position of its continents. The latter, heretofore supposed to have no regulation, are produced by well ordered *laws*. As, with its diversified and irregular reliefs, is shown to be specially adapted for the cradle of a race. Europe, with its unparalleled coast line

and other facilities for communication, is eminently fitted for the development of nationalities. While America is the open-hearted continent, suited to receive a civilization already prepared, and capable, with its exhaustless resources, of almost infinite development. The continent is uniform and has no well-defined boundaries, which nations may mark as their own. Especially is this true in regard to that portion occupied by the United States. The course of empire has ever been westward, and civilization has received some new impetus at every stage of its journey. Its course was inevitable; it was traced in seas, mountains and plains. And at last, let us hope, has found an eternal resting place in our own favored land. Here the stage was long ago erected on which was to be enacted the last, *grand* scene of human history.

But the subject does not stop here. It is, in fact, capable of almost infinite extension. But let us turn our attention, for a moment, to our peculiar environments, to nature at home, and see what she is doing for us here. It is here that we find those nice adjustments of her laws, any one of which alone might not argue much to our purpose, but all of which, taken in relation to the end sought, have no uncertain meaning. At first thought, it may seem a trifling, unmeaning freak in nature that the specific gravity of water begins to decrease just before the water begins to freeze. But it is in reality a fact of so much importance that it is a necessary condition of life.

Marvelous, indeed, is the fitness of the medium in which we live to the needs of life as it is here constituted. It may not be so wonderful that, out of the gaseous volume of which the earth at first consisted, such a residue and such a combination of its elements should remain; but the wonder is that there is blood to be purefied, and lungs, with which to purefy it, which require just such conditions. It is of no small importance that oxygen exists free, and ready for use everywhere and always. The component elements of the atmosphere might be united chemically in the same proportion, but a great difficulty would have to be overcome, and if they were united in slightly different proportions, results the most disastrous would inevitably follow.

The evidence of design is of great weight and importance. Although it does not conclusively demonstrate the truth, it gives such indications, and creates such probabilities in its favor, that the conclusion is almost inevitable. A good rule for belief is, "Never accept a proposition unless it is more reasonable to believe than not to believe it." Hence we are to accept a proposition unless it is more reasonable to not believe than to believe it. Few truths are, indeed, strictly demonstrable. How many things we are willing to accept without rigid demonstrations on evidence which makes them so probable that we cannot consistently deny them. Any one of the many marvelous regulations in nature would be insufficient in it self to avail anything of importance. But it shows that there is a *possibility* of design in the construction of the universe, if not a *probability*. But when all are taken into consideration the probability becomes so strong that any other conclusion is simply absurd. It has been truly said, "One could as readily believe that the Iliad was formed by the fortuitous coming together of the letters of the Greek alphabet, as that the universe was formed without a design."

BROAD IDEAS.

IF there is any one thing in this glorious universe that is extremely detestible, it is a narrow and contracted mind. A mind whose ideas are no broader than its skull, or to be less extravagant, are bounded by the immediate range of vision. One of the commonest errors of logic, made by the common people is this, "I *think* such a thing is so, therefore *it is so*," and acting upon this very logically unlogical conclusion, they look down with superiority upon the course that incited their homespun mental apparatus to work, and withdraw into their narrow shell like the snail, with feelings very similar to the man who said, "O Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men." These persons, like the toad, think that the furrow or grass blades that bound their vision, the entire world, all unmindful that the lark as it soars above the earth, sees the Universe from horizon to horizon. Such mental capacities remind one of an oyster sitting cross-legged on its shell, at the bottom of the deep, chewing sea weed and spitting the juice in the lobster's eye, and thanking Heaven that the ocean was made salty for its especial benefit. Such minds as these have but little activity, and after many years have flown, may be found clinging tenaciously to some barbarous tradition, like a barnicle to a rotten plank.

No! boys and girls, our thinking a thing is so, does not make it so, any more than a fool thinking himself a wise man makes him a member of the French Academy. Yet how frequently do we see this species of ignorant, conceited insanity displayed, not only out in the world, but occasionally, we are sorry to say very occasionally, in college. Here while feasting upon the musty wisdom of Cicero and Plato; while showing the mistakes that Heaven has made, and revelling among all kinds of superior knowledge, we frequently see mental phenomena contracting their brains, under the impression, that, what they think *is* right, *is right*, and pluming their incipient wings for a flight to the realms of bliss, on the strength of their opinions, the Shades of "Old Soc," and Plato look down upon us and tell us again that old, old truth, that 'the more we know, the less we find out we do know, and that the wisest man is the one, who knows himself to be a fool.' The old man who said to his sons—"Boys, there are three mental ages of man. First, when he does not know anything. The second, about your age—when he thinks that he knows it all; and the last, when he is as old as I am and finds that there are heaps of things in this world that he don't know, and heaps of people, who know more about them than he does"—was a man whose head was as level as the green parallel grain, o'er whose surface the polished iveries sport.

One of the points we aim at is this—never condemn a fellow student for doing any thing that does not seem right to you, until you are sure you know his motives, and as you are never *sure* of the motives that actuate the man, why never condemn him at all, even though you think that he is doing himself an injury, and having an evil influence over his fellow students; for your thinking that he is injuring himself and fellow students does not necessarily *make it so*. We have kown deeds to be performed which, although they seemed outwardly *evil*, yet were prompted by a truly moral principle way down in the mystic

human soul. In other words we have seen bad done from a principle of good. Is that paradox? Can not good come from bad? Cannot a mildly immoral deed be prompted by a deeper principle of good? We are no disciple of Loyald and we know that one does not gather figs from thistles, yet everybody knows that good may come from bad and *vice versa.*

The next principle we aim at is allied to the first. It is, always respect a man for his opinions, even though they do not agree with your own, for he may be right, and you wrong; impossible though it may seem, yet it is not entirely without the range of probability. One man has been right, and the whole world wrong ere this, (see ordinary Freshman oration regarding to Gallileo, &c.,) and it is liable to happen again. There is a little too much of this bigotry in college life, and it excites much laughable self-glorification. Many reason this way: "I think that man does wrong, therefore he is bad, therefore I can glorify myself above him." This is an absurd process; so let us always bear in mind that many men have many minds, and they can no more be bound down to go in one common rut than you can cut up lightning into tallow dips.

And now having thrown out our skirmish lines we follow again with the main idea. Boys and girls! Let us cultivate broad and liberal ideas! Let us be above a narrow and contracted way of thinking! Let us not climb over on one side of a fence and then say that every one on the other side is going to the devil. Always have broad and liberal ideas about your fellow men. Believe them good till they prove themselves undoubtedly bad, and if there is any doubt about it always give them the benefit of the doubt. Build your religious beliefs upon a foundation so broad that when you set it down it will cover all moral creeds. Swing your free flag from the topmost turret, and stamp upon its folds the one word, *morality*, which is the undiluted essence of all true religions; and do not taint its surface with the bastard bars of creeds and dogmas. Then, when the sun raises its broad disc in the east, and glistens on the dew-drops, it will throw a golden halo upon such a banner, and when the Great President of the Universe raps with his mighty gavel to call the worlds to order, you can go forward to the eternal judgment, not burdened and trembling over some doubtful dogma, but with a creed as broad as the Universe and taking in everything from an atom to a planet.

RAPHEL AEBEN EZRA.

WALTER SCOTT AND HIS NOVELS.

TO an observer it would have seemed incredible that the yelping, noisy boy, wrapt in the warm skin of a sheep just killed, crawling over the floor of his uncle's home at Kelso; with a little shriveled leg dragging behind him, attracted by nothing except some tale of chivalry or an old heoric ballad, was destined to be the most versatile writer of the nineteenth century and one of the greatest and most popular authors of his age. But amid such surroundings Sir Walter Scott, the critic, historian, poet and novelist, grew up and fed on romantic lore that genius which was destined to create for the world a happy and useful literature, and for himself an imperishable fame.

Outside the stories of errant knight-hood he was an indolent, wavering student, having no zeal for the hard, dry facts to be learned in the schools. Percey's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry was the food of his ardent soul. When he became a man once every year for seven years he traversed the wild district of Liddesdale, exploring every stream, ruin and forest, sleeping in shepherd's huts, listening to the songs of rustic maids, and every where gathering the legends which have electrified the world. At Abbotsford he built a castle after the manner of the ancients where the gayest parties of his time were held and in them Scott was gayer than all his guests.

He is known to us principally through his poems and novels. He ceased to write poetry when the brilliant genius of Byron eclipsed his own, and confined himself to the field of the novel where he has shown wonderful ability if he has not proven himself a complete master. From history and family legends he gathered the material for his works, which with varied success he has pictured for us. Sometimes the execution of his work was very neat and exact, but many times his pen constructed the heaviest sort of sentencies. He treated his mind like some inexhaustible stone-quarry, drawing from it in a single year as large a number of volumes as many great men have written in a life time. He wrote by the volume. So many hundred pages must be produced in a certain period of time, and every character must cover a certain number of those pages with his talk or actions. Long introductions, extensive descriptions and trifling conversations worry the reader. Alice Bridgenorth and young Peveril meet in the evening behind a rock at Goddard Crovan, when Peveril tells his darling all his love in forty different ways, makes vows like Jupiter, exhorts her like a preacher, and reasons with ber as a lawyer, while her father lies hid in the bushes listening to all they say and watching the young lovers, all of which consumes the space of twenty pages. Much of The Pirate is consumed in trifling descriptions and when one has read it he wonders how so few events can make so large a book. Many of his works were almost without a plot and when he made a plot he forgot to follow it.

Yet with these faults his novels possessed many great qualities and have a wonderful fascinating power. Scotland and Chivalry are perfectly pictured: "Sceneries, monuments, houses, cottages, characters of every age and condition, from the baron to the fisherman, from the advocate to the beggar, from the lady to the fishwife," are painted so well that we see their beauties, appreciate their thoughts, and feel as they did. Yet he is chiefly given to the exterior; he describes forms and customs more than he reaches the depth of his characters. We see the saving, patient, "rannie," "pawky" Scotchman, with all his religious scruples, bigotry and love for his country, a land of barren hills; a true picture of that generous and thrifty people. Many of his characters are comic, and the author in a facinating manner brings out their fooleries, deceits, vulgarisms and the ridiculous habits men acquire in the lower states of life, Who has not laughed at the jokes of Wamba, the fool? In the Antiquary a barber moves heaven and earth about his wigs and declares that the French Revolution and many other calamities were caused by a lacking of this exquisite ornament.

Scott is never bitter, but he loves men with all his heart. He excuses their whims, tolerates their follies, and unmasks their vices in a truly sympathetic manner. His moral principles are firm and pure. Certainly Carlyle was unjust when he said that Scott was only fit for a lazy man to read, and the testimony of a legion of other able critics goes far to disprove the ungenerous and perhaps selfish criticism. But yet we may say, in the words of the same great author. "He for whom Scott is great, many most innocently name him so, may with advantage admire his great qualities. and ought with sincere heart to emulate them."

THE CAMPUS.

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THE returning spring and summer has brought with it the completion of the fifth volume of the CAMPUS. With this number the present Board of Editors lay aside their well-worn quills,—we suppose that is the way to speak of it, although ours have been nothing but steel pens,—and retire (?) to private life. It has been said that there is always more or less of regret connected with the thought of the last time. We must admit, however, that our grief is not very poignant. We have found our positions far from sinecures, and our responsibilities have been heavy upon our unaccustomed shoulders. The CAMPUS, financially, has been a success. Still it has not received the support from the students it should, We have endeavored to make the paper, so far as in our power, a true exponent of the college and its interests. Of our success our readers must judge. During the past year a drum corps has been added to the battalion, and other improvements made; foremost of which is the stand of colors, presented by the ladies of the college. Hulings Hall has been completed and formally opened. A project for an armory has been under discussion and laid upon the table, from which it is hoped it may be called and acted upon before the close of the present year. Death has removed but one of our number. Time has driven on and the goal is a year nearer than when we began our labors. With kindest feelings toward all we lay down our pens and,—you can supply the rest.

THE EDITORS.

WE clip the following from a contemporary, believing that there is altogether too much truth in the statement! "Ralph Waldo Emerson tells his daughter that it matters little what she studies, but everything with whom she studies. Our modern manipulators of educational appliences have made it appear that the reverse is true. Let the system and method be perfect and it matters little who guides these children to the knowledge fonts. Out of this policy has come (1) the degradation of the teacher, (2) the overburdening of children with school work, (3) to show, brilliancy at the expense of thoroughness,(4) too much supervision."

WE have heard of no innovations in the commencement exercises for this year, but think it safe to say that they will be fully as interesting as in former years. The experiment of last year will be continued, the societies holding their anniversaries jointly. There will be a lecture before the united societies; one before the alumni; an address before the Young Men's Christian Association, and a class concert, besides the Baccalaureate sermon and graduating exercises. The society and fraternity unions, the alumni festivities, Class Day, President's Levee, review of the batallion, &c., will be interspersed.Owing to the size of the graduating class, there will be two sessions, beginning at 9 A. M., and 2 P. M. Everything indicates a very interesting commencemement.

AMONG the other exercises of commencement, this year, will be the quadrennial meeting of the Alumni. We are assured that this will be one of the most interesting exercises of the week. An address of welcome will be given on Wednesday, June 22d, at 10 A. M., by the Hon. Pearson Church, '56. At 11 A. M., the Alumni of the various literary societies, will hold their reunions in their respective halls. At 1 P. M., a banquet will be given on the CAMPUS, in which the citizens of the city will participate. In the evening there will be an address before the Alumni by the Rev. J. W. B. Clark, D. D., of '52. The quadrennial meetings of the Alumni are always attended with much interest; that of the present year bids fair to equal or excel any former occasion. The committee, who have the matter in charge, consists of Frank P. Ray, '62, Homer J. Humes, '69, Herschel L. Campbell, '79, and are doing everything in their power to make it a most enjoyable occasion. They have received letters from a very large number of the Alumni, promising their attendance. It is to be hoped that all or the Alumni who can possibly attend will be present, and so participate in the festivities and renew their allegience to their alma mater. Many important changes have been brought about in the last few years and the best way to understand them is to come and see them. Any one wishing information can obtain it by addressing Frank P. Ray, P. O. Box 1581, Meadville, Pa.

IT has been suggested that it would be an improvement if instead of flowers, books of equal value, were given to the performers during commencement. There doubtless are arguments upon both sides. The books would be of permanent value and a constant reminder of the donor. We must, however, admit our partiality for the old custom. While costing as much, perhaps, as many books, there is in the presentation of flowers, an apparent concealment of the fact which can but add very much to the pleasure of the receiver. It is not the value nor the practicability which is, and should be most prized, but the good-will and esteem of the donor. Again, while many of the baskets of flowers are expensive, there may be others which come perhaps with as much or more true good will, which are of much less value and would hardly purchase a book of real worth. We think this innovation, which may be practiced in some places, is an outgrowth of the intense practicibality of our age and people. Every one is looking and watching for an opportunity to turn to some practical use, even the most trivial of nature's gifts. Utility seems to be the watchword. There is enough scramble for personal advantage. Let us stop now and

then and scatter flowers in the paths of our friends; not alone flowers from the garden, but flowers of human kindness of which the former are but symbols. There seems to be something very appropriate in the flower as an emblem of friendship and esteem, which other things, however valuable, do not and cannot possess. Distant be the day when this custom shall cease to be a feature of our commencements.

During the present year a dissertation contest between the members of the senior class has beeen inaugurated. We believe this is a step in the right direction and that it is worthy the earnest and hearty co-operation of the members of each senior class. Although the successful competitor may not receive a money prize, it will fully repay his labor. It is to be hoped that a prize may be provided before next year's class leaves college. We must admit, however, that it is not so much the money or even the honor, as the practice and skill acquired in such a contest, that is the great desideratum. In this respect each one may be successful and gain the prize of perfected powers. It is a false sentiment too often entertained by those competing that there is nothing but the honor at stake. We believe that there is no exercise which calls forth the full powers of a man to such an extent as a contest for preeminence. It is not safe however to cherish too warmly this desire for superiority and neglect the true aim and mission of life. And yet, what is life but a great contest? Some of us are striving for honor, some for renown, others for wealth, and still others for popularity, all for something. We may all gain something; but many, in fact most, will never reach the particular prize we are striving after. We may all appropriate the benefit gained from the struggle; we may all become stronger to resist temptation and to fulfill duty; we may all acquire the perfected and enlarged understandings; although we may not have fame, popularity, or wealth.

It seems to us not out of place to say a few words in reference to the relation which should exist between student and teacher. The feeling is too often indulged by students, and we are sorry to say in many cases not wholly without cause, that there is a certain enmity or opposition between themselves and their instructors. This we believe does not exist at Allegheny, or if it does, is very quiet in its manifestation. But the troubles which yearly arise in many of our higher institutions of learning, show the propriety of the consideration of its causes. One reason may be that the student very often leaving home for the first time, is filled with a feeling of his own importance, and looks upon all resiraint as an abridgment of his rights and privileges. In fact there is at the present time a strong tendency in all quarters to become impatient of and to resist restraint. Again, the student hears and reads of the ways in which his predecessors out-witted their teachers, and wishes to prove himself their equal or superior, in this respect at least. But we believe in some cases part of the blame properly falls upon the faculty. There is too much of a tendency upon the part of many instructors to treat and address the students as you might children, while they are for the most part merging into manhood, and some are thoroughly prepared to meet and weigh the questions of practical life. It is a question worthy of consideration, whether it would not be better for all schools if the pupils were treated as if capable of thought and self direction. We believe the best student, both in deportment and scholarship, is such because he has learned to see why a regulation is made or an operation required, and performs it because he understands its purpose. An arbitrary requirement is irksome to every one and arouses a spirit of opposition in the most obedient. In all government the greatest amount of freedom compatible should be granted and good and adequate reasons given for any abridgement of the same. But perhaps the greatest cause of this insubordination and opposition arises from the too common habit of suspecting mischief. It is not to be presumed that a teacher is to be blind to the conduct of the student and pass by grave offences without rebuke, but it is desirable to place those with whom we have dealing upon their honor. The student has more or less of this opposition whether we grant the truth of all or none of these causes, and before the highest advantage can be gained it must be removed. We believe that there is no relation of society where both parties should labor more in harmony than that of teacher and scholar. This perfect harmony may be attained, on the part of the student, by showing himself worthy of confidence; on the part of the teacher, by meeting this confidence half way, by meeting every issue fairly and squarely, and by an entire lack of insincerity and cunning. We believe that but few things will quicker rouse hard feelings than the suspicion, that those whom we have trusted have tried to deceive and trick us.

THE PITTSBURGH ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF ALLEGHENY COLLEGE—ANNUAL BANQUET.

The first annual banquet of this Association occurred at the Seventh Avenue Hotel in Pittsburgh, Friday evening, May 27th, Eighty ladies and gentlemen sat down to a sumptuous repast at about 8:30 P. M. There were many graduates, a number of old students who spent a year or more at Allegheny, and who look upon the college as their Alma Mater; there were quite a number of honory members, and friends of the institution, well-known in Pittsburgh, and Western Pennsylvania. Judge Ewing and wife, Judge Kilpatrick, Revs. Dr. Wheeler and Horner, and many others. The *menu* was rich and varied. After the company had enjoyed the good things, Judge White, the President of the Association, introduced the sentiments and speakers responding to the same. Judge White made brief introductory remarks and then called upon Stephen Quinon, M. A., of the class of '71, who spoke to the sentiment, "The Pittsburgh Alumni Association of Allegheny College," Rev. N. G. Miller, M. A., of '61, to the sentiment, "College Days," Hon. J. F. Dravo, to the sentiment, "The Past of Allegheny College," and President Bugbee to the sentiment "The Present and the Future of Allegheny College."

The Pittsburgh *Te.egraph* says: "The college has a large number of graduates in this city and vicinity, who were anxious to renew the associations of student days, and prove the interest which they feel to the welfare of their Alma Mater, and so formed this Association, which at its first meeting gave promise of fulfilling all the hopes of it. The meeting was one that will be remembered with pleasure, and will kindle anew the affections which former students and the patrons of Allegheny College here feel for that institution"

Certainly no college ever started out with better promise in its first annual banquet than has Allegheny. May this Association long live to foster the college and extend its fame and usefulness.

Local.

The Dissertation Prize was awarded to James M. Thoburn.

Question for the Natural History Society: "What kind of eggs are they?"

M. F. Compton, spends his senior vacation at his home in Gratton, W. Va.

One of the members of the botany class claims to have several families in this vacinity.

The Resident Alumni prize of the Allegheny Literary Society was awarded to A. D. Colegrove.

The Senior Class found some valuable specimens while on their recent geological exploration.

It is expected that His Excellency Gov. Henry M. Hoyt, will attend the commencement exercises this year.

The Allumni Association, of Pittsburgh, held their anniversary banquet on the evening or May 17th.

The Senior Class met on the campus last Wednesday, P. M., and planted an ivy on the south side of Ruter Hall.

We are creditably informed that the gentleman from India has invented a new and improved form of plunge-bath.

S. P. Long, '85, has been obliged to leave college on account of sickness. May he speedily recover is the wish of all.

The Beth Gimel Lamed Oration contest of Allegheny Society was held May 31st, in their hall. The prize was taken by A. D. Colegrove.

Prof. Haskins left college, June 1st, for a two months trip through the west. He goes in the interest of the Tohanna mining company.

Base ball has received considerable attention this year from the boys. Several games have been played the last of which is given below.

Class in Ethics. Prof.—"When a man blunders into position, what usually becomes of him?" Mr. C.—"He usually blunders out again."

The new telephone in Dr. Bugbee's office is quite a curiosity. By its use a conversation may be carried on with persons in any part of the city,

It has finally been decided that the encampment shall be on French Creek, two miles above the dam. The battalion will leave the college Monday, June 6th.

One of our precocious preps, while relating to his wondering companions what he had seen at the circus, affirmed that one of the strangest animals was the hypotenuse.

One of the leading features of the coming commencement, will be the senior concert. The committee has engaged the services of Miss Cranch, of Cincinnati, Mr. Bishop of Cleveland, Miss McClintock and Prof. Andrews of this place.

The Senior Reception was held at the residence of Dr. Bugbee, on Thursday evening, May 19th. It was heartily enjoyed by all present, and is another proof of the kindness and interest which the Dr. and Mrs. Bugbee always manifest toward the students and their friends.

The members of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity, and their ladies, were entertained at the First M. E. Church, by the ladies of the first ward, on the evening of May 20th. After a bountiful supper, they all repaired to the chapel of the church, where the evening was spent in a manner enjoyed by all.

The nicknames of the members of the senior class are, "Doc," "Stub," "Parson," "Senator," "Seed," "So," "Pap," "Fiddler," "Dubbins," "Goody," "Major," "Dad," "Bub," "Lengthy," "Shorty," "Jim," "Big Twin," "Bijah," "Jud," "Don," "Keezie," "Jo," "Puggie," "Blondy," "Gummy," "Big Doc."

The following is the result by innings of the base ball game between the Keystones of the city and the college nine, played May 31:

Innings, - - - -	1–2–3–4–5–6–7–8–9–10.
College, - - - -	4–2–1–0–2–0–0–0–1–1—11.
Keystone, - - - -	0–0–0–0–1–4–0–0–5–0—10.

One of our lady students, a member of the junior class, recently challenged a lady of the freshman class, to walk a race of ten miles. The challenge was accepted. The arrangements were quietly made, and on the morning of May 13th, the two pedestrians set out for Cochranton. They both walked well but the freshman came in ahead.

A temperance meeting was held in the chapel on Thursday evening, May 12th. Speeches were made by Messrs. Richmond, Osborne, Thoburn, Miller, and Long. An essay was read by Miss Pierce. Familiar songs were sung, and the occasion was one of profit and enjoyment. The active interest which the students of our college are taking in this great work is one of the hopeful signs of the time.

The Philo Franklin Literary Society gave its annual select performance, on the evening of May 10th, in the College chapel. The entertainment consisted of a declaimation, essay, two orations, a debate. Suitable music was furnished by the college orchestra. A song was rendered by Miss Hattie Woods, and a chorus by the Philo quartette. The entire programme was full of interest to those present, and demonstrates the fact that the society sustains its merited reputation.

On the first Monday evening of each month, the Allegheny College Missionary Institute meets at the residence of Dr. Hyde. This society was quietly formed at the beginning of the present term, to meet a long felt need among the students of the biblical department Its object is to unite and organize, the efforts being made in the department of Christian work, and to give its members a more definite idea of the success of the missionary laborers now in the field. The entertainment consists in essays, select readings, music, and the cordial hospitality of the Dr. and his family.

The second annual comic declamation contest was held in Library Hall, on the evening of May 17th. The audience filled the hall to over flowing, and notwithstanding the herculean efforts of the presiding officer, showed many symptoms of suppressed merriment; but it was impossible to suppress the large and well-trained orchestra. The leader succeeded in controlling it during the greater part of the performance, but it finally broke from his command and inundated the audience with "strains" of the most heartrending pathos. One of the leading features of the evening was Dr. Armstrong's new invention, called the "Oddophone," which surpassed Mr. Edison's instrument, both in intelligent conversation and in the power of magnifying tones,

Mr. Harry Hyde was awarded the prize, and in conclusion those more intimately connected with the management of the affair, repaired to Pentz's restaurant, where they indulged in a generous banquet.

Thursday evening, May 26th, the Senior Class called upon Dr. and Mrs. Bugbee, and presented, as a slight token of their esteem, a water pitcher of neat design, the presentation was made by Miss Barr, who spoke as follows: "Dr. Bugbee, it may seem a little unceremoneous for us to take you so by storm, as it were, but that is one of the characteristics of our class. We are now on the threshold of the world and expect to enter soon and take it also by storm. Before we went, we all wished to turn back and pay one last tribute to our ruler on the hill. We have had our trials and disappointments in a college life, but the joys and pleasures have over-balanced these and we now recognize them as the spice necessary to flavor the whole. Our gift is not much, but it comes from the heart. Accept it as so doing and know that with it go the good wishes of the class of '81, and receive it as a token of their appreciation of the favors and kindness which yourself and lady have shown them.

Owing to the weather, Field Day was postponed until 2 p. m. June 2d. The weather was favorable and the result quite gratifying. There should be a greater number of contestants next year and so keep up the interests in the sport. The following programme was followed out with good success.

A mile walk; entered by Tarbell, Decker, and Campbell. It was decided a tie between Tarbell and Decker and the prize of $4.00, was divided. Time given, 9 min. 17¾ sec.

A mile run; contested by Day, Hall, Hoffman and Coville; won by Hoffman in 6 min. 1½ sec. Prize Shakespeare's works or pair of Indian clubs, given by Frank Fisk.

Throwing base ball; contestants, F. White, Shugart, Babcock, McCready, and E. E. Blair; won by White; distance- 316 ft. Prize $2.00.

Standing jump, (with weights); contestants, Plummer and Apple; won by Plummer; distance 10 ft. 7½ in. Prize $2.00.

Standing jump, without weights; won by Plummer. Distance 10 ft. 7½ in. Prize, $2.

Long running Jump: contestants Watson and Plummer, won by Plummer; distance, 15 ft. 10 in. Prize $2.00.

100 yds. dash. Contestants, F. White, Decker, Apple and Harrison. Won by Decker; time, 10 ¾ sec. Prize, $2.50 gold piece given by Orris and Gaskill.

Hurdle race, (120 yds). Enterred by Hoffman, Tarbell, Decker and White. Won by Decker; no time kept. Prize $3.00.

High jump. Entered by Decker and Calvin. Won by Decker; height 5 ft. Prize $2.00.

Jump and kick; entered by Calvin, Filer and McCready. Won by Calvin: height, 8 ft. 10 ½ in. Prize $2.00.

Three-legged race. Entered by Filer and McCready, Cullum and White; won by Filer and McCready. Prize $2.00.

Wrestling. Entered by Brown and McCready; won by McCready. Prize $3.00.

PROGRAMME OF COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

Saturday, June 18th, 8 p. m.,—Literary Anniversaries of the Societies. Orators, Allegheny Society, Arthur D. Colegrove; Philo Franklin, Lynn O. Mead; Ossoli, Emma F. Merchant.

Sunday, June 19th, 10:55 a. m. Baccalarueate Sermon in First M. E. Church, by President Bugbee.

Sunday, June 19th, 3:00 p. m.—Students' Love Feast, college chapel,

Sunday, June 19th, 8:00 p. m,—Sermon before the Y. M. C. A., of the college, by Rev. H. A. Buttz, D. D., of the Drew Theological Seminary.

Monday, June 20th, 8:00 a. m.—Commencement Concert, under the auspices of the Senior Class.

Tuesday, June 21st, 10:00 a. m.—Class Day; exercises at the First M. E. Church.

Tuesday, June 21st, 3:00 p. m.—Meeting of the Board of Control.

Tuesday, June 21st, 4:00 p. m.—Annual drill and inspection of the college battalion.

Tuesday, June 21st, 8:00 p. m.—Oration before the literary societies and the public by John P. Newman, D. D., of New York.

Wednesday, June 22nd, 10:00 a. m.—Annual meeting of the Board of Trustees.

Wednesday, June 22nd, 10.00 a. m.—Meeting of Alumni in college chapel.

Wednesday June 22d, 3 p. m.—Banquet on the college campus.

Wednesday, June 22d, 8:00 p. m.—Address before the Alumni Association, by Rev. J. W. B. Clark, of Haverhill, Mass.

Thursday June 23d.—Commencement.

9:30 a. m., 1st session.

2:00 p. m., 2d session.

8:00 p. m., President's Reception.

Personal.

R. C. Bole Jr. has returned.

H. S. Campbell, '79, was recently admitted to the bar.

C. E. Everett, '81, expects to spend the coming year in teaching.

B. F. Beazell, '68, is pastor of the M. E. Church at Mount Union, O.

J. A. Wann, '81, will spend the summer at his home in Deerfield, O.

L. O. Mead, '81, expects to enter the Erie Conference at its next session.

D. W. Hume, '81, will continue his commercial enterprise here in Meadville.

E. Y. Fullerton, a former student, called on his Meadville friends recently.

N. R. Steadman, '65, has been elected president of a bank in Melbourne, Australia.

C. W. Fish, '81, will remain in Meadville, for the purpose of studying medicine.

W, F. Compton, '84, was awarded the Kalamathean Essay Prize of "Philo" society.

C. W. Miner, '81, has assumed his labors as pastor of the M. E. Church, at Clarendon, Pa.

C. L. Pappenhagen, '81, attended the Y. M. C. A. convention, recently held in Cleveland.

J. S. Throckmorton, '81, intends to complete his theological studies at Garrett Bibical Institute, Evanston, Ill.

J. H. Granger, who was a student during the fall term, made his many college friends a short visit last week.

Rev. Whitman of the Baptist Church of this city, conducted the chapel exercises of the morning of May 13th.

Prof. T. D. Sensor, '77, has completed his year's work in the Conneautville schools, with many evidences of success.

Capt. F. W. Hess, A. M., former professor of military science in Allegheny College, recently visited his many friends.

M. F. Compton, '81, has been appointed pastor of the M. E. Church at Crawford, N, J., where he expects to go immediately after commencement.

Will Cornwell, a student of '77, is visiting friends in Meadville and vicinity. He has been traveling in the south during the past year.

J. M. Thoburn, '81, who has been preaching at Warren, Pa., during the present year, will continue his pastoral labors in the Erie Conference.

A. Fleming, Jr., '81, will spend the summer at Chautauqua, reporting for the *Chautauquan*, after which he expects to attend the general Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church in New York city.

W. E. Moore, a former student, has graduated at the Baltimore College of Physicians and Surgeons, and received an appointment in the hospital of that institution. He expects to attend commencement.

J. W. B. Clark, D. D.,'55, a graduate of the Rochester Theological Seminary, will address the Alumni Association on Wednesday, June 22d. Rev. C. is well-known in this vicinity, being a native of Mead township. He obtained his education through his own efforts, and has made himself an honor to the college which graduated him. At present he is pastor of a church in Haverhill, Mass.

Miscellaneous.

Harvard has had 14,000 graduates.

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge—*Shakespeare.*

The campus at Cornell is lighted with electric light.

Yale is to have a model athletic ground at a cost of $39,000.

Education should bring to mind the ideal of the individual.—*Richter.*

I dare do all that may become a man; who dares do more is never—*Shakespeare.*

Instruction ends in the school-room, but education ends only with life.—*Robertson.*

Cambridge University has opened her gates to all women who will enter therein.

Blessed are they who have nothing to say and cannot be persuaded to say it.—*Lowell.*

Gravity, generosity of soul, sincerity, earnestness and kindness, constitute perfect virtue.—*Confucius.*

An old proverb says, "As the good woman saith, so say we, but as the good woman saith, so must it be."

The faculty, at Hartford, Conn., have decided to close college for three weeks on account of a case of varioloid.

The author of "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," was Lawrence Sterne, in "The Sentimental Journey."

President Porter of Yale, says that on account of the institutions of learning scattered so liberally over the state of Ohio, is the reason that Ohio is preeminent in furnishing the nation with leading men.

Moral Beauty comprises two distinct elements—equally, but diversely beautiful—justice and charity, respect and love of men. He who expresses in his couduct justice and charity, accomplishes the most beautiful of all works; the good man is, in his way, the greatest of all artists,—*Victor Cousin.*

Gail Hamilton has said, "Wildness is a thing which girls cannot afford. Delicacy is a thing which cannot be lost and found. No art can restore to the grape its bloom. It is the first duty of a woman to be a lady. The natural sentiment of man toward woman is reverence. He loses a large means of grace when he is obliged to account her a being to be trained into propriety. A man's ideal is not wounded when a woman fails in worldly wisdom, but if in grace and sentiment, in delicacy, in kindness, she should be found wanting, he receives an inward hurt.

The stars keep their secrets, the earth hides her own,
And bold must the man be who braves the unknown!
Not a truth has to art or to science been given,
But brows have ached for it, and souls toiled and striven;
And many have striven, and many have failed,
And many died, slain by the truth they assailed.
But when man hath tamed nature, asserted his place
And dominion, behold! he is brought face to face
With a new foe—himself!
Nor may man on his shield
Ever rest, for his foe is forever afield,
Danger ever at hand, till the armed Archangel
Sounds o'er him the trump of earth's final evangel.

—*Owen Meredith.*

Table.

When some politicians are weighed they are found wanting—every office in the country.

There are three things I have always loved and never understood: Painting, music and women.—*Fontenelle.*

The difference between dancing and card-playing is just exactly the difference between the reel and I-deal.—*Ex.*

Cain preceeded Abraham as a pitcher, for it is well-known that he gave Abel the drop and retired him on three strikes—*Brunonian.*

"Pa," said a little four-year-old, "there's a man out there that would give anything to see you." "Who is it my son?" "It's a blind man."

"My son," said a tutor of doubtful morality but severe aspect, putting his hand on theboy's shoulder, "I believe Satan has got a hold of you." "I believe so, too," replied the boy.

A lady asked a friend in a street car: "Annie, is it proper to say, 'this 'ere, or that 'are?'" "Why, Kate, of course not." "Well, I don't know whether it is proper or not, but I feel cold in this ear from that air."

Tutor—(dictating Greek prose composition)—"Tell me, slave, where is thy horse?" Startled Sophomore—"It is under my chair, sir; I wasn't using it!"—*Acta Columbian.*

"Musing on the infinite, eh?" said a facetious fellow to a meloncholy looking person who was walking along the roadside with bowed head and serious countenance, "Well, yes; same thing,—thinking of my debts."—*Ex.*

A senior saunters in. Dean: "Mr. ——, you have been to morning prayers only six times this year." Senior: "Have I been six times? I thought it was only four." (Collapse of dean)—*Harvard Advocate.*

A woman, returning from market, got into a South Hill street car the other day with a basket full of dressed poultry. To her the driver, speaking sharply, said, "Fare!" "No," said the woman, "Fowl!" And everybody cackled,—*Hawk-Eye.*

A countryman from New Hampshire, who had never heard of a bicycle, came to Boston, and when he beheld a youth whirling along upon one of those airy vehicles, he broke out into a soloquy thus: "Golly! ain't that queer? Who'd ever 'spect to see a man ridin' a hoop-skirt?"—*Gazette.*

A Galveston darkey rushed into a doctor's office and breathlessly exclaimed: "Come on, doctor, right off. Dar is somebody in my house who is in an awful fix—laid up in bed agroanin' and agroanin'." "Who is it?" "It's me. You see, boss, I didn't hab no one to send, so I come myself."

"Benjamin!" shouted Mrs. Toodles to her husband, who was going out of the gate, "bring me up five cents worth of snuff when you come." "Snuff! Mrs. Toodles, Snuff!" he ejaculated, as he paused with his hand on the latch. "No, no, Mrs. Toodles, the times are too hard to admit of such extravagance; you must tickle your nose with a straw when you want to sneeze."

The late Senator Carpenter used to tell with much gusto a remark made by his son Paul several years ago, when the youth was more of a juvenile than he is to-day. At a social evening gathering at the Senator's house a guest inquired of the boy, "Paul, what do you intend to do when you grow to be a man?" "Well," answered the boy, "I should like to drive a hack, but I suppose I shall have to be a senator."

An Irishman the other day (God help the poor heathen, how they are misrepresented,) was staggering home under the burden of a heavy load of the "crayter," which for safety's sake he carried inside, when on turning the corner of the street he met a military band playing a soul-stirring national melody. Leaping into the air and shouting, "Hurroo for ould Ireland!" he alighted on the pet corn of an officer. "Hurroo for H——!" said the latter in tones of anguish. "Shure, and yer honor's right: every man for his own country."—*Varsity.*

Exchanges.

We take up our pen to write the last words for the CAMPUS, and it is with pleasure we look over the year. The acquaintances we have formed have been most agreeable and we have a high regard for a greater part of our brother exchanges. To us they have ever been courteous and we say heartily success to you all.

The faculty of Boudoin College did not give them Memorial day as a holiday and the Boudoin *Orient* says: The students must, with honest sorrow, see their holidays float away into the unceasing whirlpool of hard work. Washington's Birthday and Memorial Day are already gone. Fast Day and Day of Prayer are rapidly losing their grip and if the term were in session at that time, we should to a moral certainty lose our Fourth of July. We must be martyrs to the march of progress, however. As college youths we must out-grow such plebian joys as remembering our soldier dead, and attend strictly to business, while the great world in general marches reverently to the cemetery and lays its tributes of love upon the graves of the country's defenders.

A writer, in advising youth to abandon slang and acquire the habit of writing and speaking good English, says: "The longer you live the more difficult the acquisition of good language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper time for the acquisition of language, be passed in abuse, the unfortunate victim of neglected education is very probably doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure this education. Every person has it in his power. He has to use the language which he reads instead of the slang which he hears; to form taste from the best speakers and poets of the country; to treasure up choice phrases in his memory, and habituate himself to their use, avoiding at the same time that pedantic precision and bombast which show rather the weakness of vain ambition than the polish of an educated mind.—*Penn. School Journal.*

THE AMERICAN REVISED NEW TESTAMENT.—The Literary Revolution is prompt with its edition of the Revised Testament. The British monopolists "unchained" their edition on the morning of May 20th, and at 8:30 p. m., the same day, the American edition was all in type, and of the various editions of the entire Testament and the Gospels published seperately as many as 50,000 copies a day will be manufactured till the demand is met. The prices for the very handsome editions, in type nearly double the size of the British edition, are as rollows:

The New Testament complete for 10 cents.
The Gospels complete for 7 cents.
The Gospels seperately, each for two cents,

And in various forms and styles, up to fnll Turkey Morocco, gilt edges, for the new and old versions on pages facing for $1.50.

This edition is for sale by the leading booksellers of the United States, or they will be sent by mail on receipt of price. Liberal, terms are allowed to clubs. Address, American Book Exchange, 764 Broadway, New York.

At Trinity college, the class of '81, on Class Day, presents to the most popular man of the class, a cup as a token of their esteem and regard, and the *Tablet* speaks of it in this manner: "How useful it would be to have this custom, thus carried out, continued through succeeding classes, and, by publishing a record of these men each year in the college annual, thus have a list of the men who had been most popular in college, the men, in fact, who had been the great powers among their contemporaries. This is what might be; but, we are sorry to say, we fancy it will never be until the Utopian day's of Plato's Republic will shed the charming influence of perfection around us. The most popular man never has been, and, we think, never will be chosen. Such are the influences at work around us in college, and the respective classes, that it is highly improbable, if not impossible, that the members of the class would each cast their vote controlled by no other feelings but those of esteem, admiration and justice. Considering the principles on which the respective college organizations are managed, it would be folly to expect or imagine that this plan could be carried out. There are ties which bind us closer than does the spirit of class feeling, and until this principle, which underlies the whole systemof our college politics, can be changed, we fear no man will have the felicity of knowin gthat he has been conscientiously chosen as the most popular man of his class.

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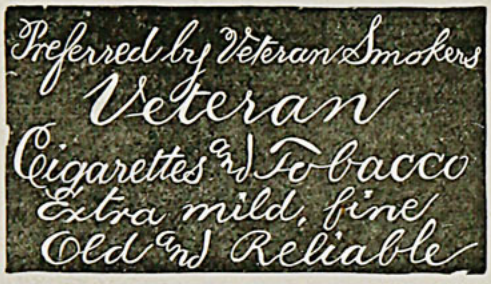

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