

THE CAMPUS.

"INTER SILVAS ACADEMI QUAERIMUS VERUM."

VOL. IV, No. 7.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE, MEADVILLE, PA., MARCH, 1880.

TERMS, \$1.00 PER YEAR.

LITERARY.

THE MOUNT OF TEMPTATION.

I.

O, Quarantania, wild and lone,
No flower is blushing on thy steep,
No veil of verdure round thee thrown,
No springs in silvery music leap ;
All bare and dry in stony death
As blasted with a demon's breath.

II.

Why do I musing linger here
With eyes more set in tender gaze
Than on soft Gerizim or where
The flocks on goodly Hermon graze,
Or where the glowing lilies gem
The tender green of Bethlehem ?

III.

The dimness of the ages flies,
The Tempter, as of old, I see,
Wily and strong before me rise,
Flushed with his wide, long victory,
Fair-spoken, murderous, dark within,
And but one conquest more to win.

IV.

Who is to front him ? Who is He
White-lipped with fasting, faint and worn ?
Is He the champion, ah me !
By whom this day's event is borne ?
O, where was ever battle-field
Where such as these must win or yield ?

V.

Now all is o'er. The wan and pale,
The swart and strong has overcome,
Like sullen cloud upon the gale,
The Tempter seeks his shadowy home,
While angels wipe the Victor's brow
With cheering tones of comfort now.

VI.

O, desert mountain, wild and bare
On thy bleak side such combat came !
Our foe of foes was broken there,
How beams for aye the Conqueror's name !
From fields where war's loud tramp is blown
I turn, *Thou art my Marathon !*

[*Eng. Dep.*]

A SKETCH.

Can you ever think of those lines of Alice Carey's,

"Of all the beautiful pictures
That hang on memory's walls,"

without seeing more clearly defined than all the others some one little scene hung way back in the childhood department of the gallery of time ? And if you were to give "an order for a picture" would it not be for one as simple in itself as that of the two little boys with the stolen nest and the captive mother bird ? For just these little sketches are always the ones to be hung in the clearest light and the most sightly places, and whenever we look back into the "long ago" there we find them lining the walls all about with their bright and cheery influence of every day life and truth.

Set back in niches, or placed in a shadowy corner, or having curtains drawn over them, are the larger, grander, costlier pictures, with their bolder outlines, and their more impassioned scenes, wrought out in the intense moments of the soul.

What a wonderful artist Hand it is that arranges these galleries for us. Who could bear to have always meeting his gaze, out of the past, one of these deeper scenes ever first riveting the attention, and overcoming the influence of the simpler, gentler views ? The slight effect which is necessary in recalling sorrows and cares and unpleasant hours, is that alone which secures the memory of a happy childhood ; for childhood has its troubles and sorrows just in proportion to the later fears of life, and, according to the strength, just as hard to be borne.

Among my collection of pictures there is one that I always see first, whenever I look for pleas-

ing, joyous little scenes. It is perhaps, taken by itself, the simplest of all, and yet for some reason it was painted in rich, warm colors, and in strong and graceful outlines which have never grown dim.

Can you appreciate the joy which "once upon a time" ran riot in the hearts of certain children who had always lived in a city, on being told that the family was going to move to the country? You cannot unless you have experienced it. When the day came at last, and they really set off; when they caught the first sight of the new home, and, later, entered its walls; when day after day they roamed about the fields, played in the barn, and explored the woods; when they watched with deepest interest all the different kinds of work, and the different states of development unfolding as the season advanced; then, all through these times sketches were drawn which now form a group serving to explain, and heighten the attraction of this little scene which they surround.

It was a bright morning, all full of sunshine, in the early harvest time. In the large, cheerful kitchen, the housework was carried on, the quick movements being accompanied by snatches of song, or words of inquiry about the children, who were wandering about at their sweet will. The baby figure, whose little feet had learned to patter round in the new house, was lingering most of the time near the doorway. A little later every one seemed to have become engaged in work or play, and for a time to have forgotten all about the others; and then suddenly the little one was missed. Eager words passed from one to another, but no one had seen her. All around, search was made without avail, and no call was answered. Fear began to deepen, for it was strange how such a tiny little thing could have wandered so far away as to have utterly disappeared. Then it was noticed that Rover, the dog, was gone too.

At length, with a happy laugh, one gave a call for all the rest to come and look. Just beyond the orchard there was a large wheat field, through which there was a path leading to the pas-

ture lands and meadows beyond. Down through the orchard the baby had wandered, far out into this path, and when spied was coming back with hot, flushed cheeks, and disappointed eyes, closely followed by the dog.

There was a breeze stirring, and in "The lovely laughter of the wind-swayed wheat" waving about her head, all other sounds had been lost, and no call had reached her. She had turned back because when half way out in that great sea, as it must have seemed to her, she had grown frightened. The sight of the path had recalled to her mind her father, for down through the wheat he had gone that morning to his work, and she had started to find him.

And this is my treasured little picture; only a nodding wheat field ready for the harvest, and a baby figure with hot, flushed cheeks, and disappointed eyes, toddling through it, followed by a great, noble dog.

* * * * *

Not very far distant from it hangs another, softly, carefully curtained. It was drawn when the same little form had disappeared, but this time forever. The path by which she went then would never bring her back.

And when, some years later, seeking his child, the father went down this way, untrodden by any mortal foot, another picture, connecting itself with these, was hung in one of the largest, deepest niches in "Memory's Wall."

* * * * *

But out where the sunshine always dances over them, hangs the little group of which I told you first, and its bright little center-piece.

HEALTH.

Whatever object a man may have in view, however free from selfishness he may be, one of the first duties which devolves upon him, is to preserve his health, for upon this depends not only his happiness, but his usefulness, and the happiness of those around him. If a man has resolved to devote all the powers of his mind and body to the good of the world, to relieving

the suffering, and elevating the condition of his fellow beings, he can do this ten times more effectually when in the vigor of health, than when laboring under the palsy of disease. Although a man may possess a warm and generous heart, and earnestly desire to be useful, and to have a strong and well cultivated mind, unless his physical system is also in a strong and healthy condition, he will be unable to carry out the promptings of his generous disposition, or the well formed schemes of his fertile mind.

Mental strength under such circumstances is as useless as a strong steam engine when supported by a weak frame. Although it may be perfect in all its parts, and capable of acting with the power of a hundred horses, yet as soon as the steam is applied, and the ponderous piston put in motion, the slender frame trembles and falls, and the engine is buried beneath the wreck.

The case is much the same with many students, who, either by too close confinement to their books, or intemperate habits of living, destroy their health and prostrate their physical powers, so that as soon as they enter upon the laborious duties of some professional life, where the mind is called into vigorous action, their strength fails, and they die. Or if a man is incited entirely by selfish motives—if his only object in living is to seek pleasure and gratify his appetite, the greatest amount of happiness can only be obtained by strict temperance in all things; the true epicurean art consists not only in affording to our senses the highest, but the longest enjoyment.

Much less depends upon the quantity of our food, than upon the appetite with which we receive it. The pallid epicure who spends five dollars for his dinner, derives less pleasure from it than the hardy laborer does from the meal which costs him but a dime. And the inebriate whose feverish stomach constantly hankers for the wine cup, when he receives the draught so much desired, tastes less exquisite sweetness than the temperate man does from the cup of cold water. Also that young man who spends his evenings with friends around the home fire-side, enjoys

more real happiness than they who seek amusement at the theatre, or in the halls of hilarity and mirth. How often do we meet with the wreck of some dissolute man, intellectually and morally dead, though still he breathes and moves. How nature brands with stigma the victim of intemperate habits! The murderer's brand was only on the brow of Cain, but the signatures of infamy are written over the whole person of the debauchee in characters so plain that "he who runs may read" his degrading habits, and know his secret vices. But, on the contrary, how noble is the appearance of that man who has always lived a temperate life, and seldom or never strayed from virtue's path. Although he may have reached the age of three score years, the vigor of his strength is scarcely impaired. His firm, fair complexion, his clear and manly voice, his apprehension and correct judgment, all show that his system has not been corrupted with the drugs of the distiller or the tobacconist. These are all certificates of good conduct with which nature has honored him for his fidelity to her laws.

Let those young persons who desire to live a long, happy, and useful life, carefully preserve their health, and remember that the laws of nature cannot be violated with impunity. However a gracious God may deal with the heart, our experience proves that He never pardons any offenses against the physical organs—these must expiate their offenses.

L. H.

THE HINDRANCES TO A COLLEGE EDUCATION.

BY REV. LUCIUS H. BUGBEE, D. D., PRESIDENT OF ALLEGHENY COLLEGE.

In order properly to estimate the hindrances to a college education, its importance should be established. With college men, especially those in professions, and engaged in literary life, this is not difficult to do. No man who has used well his college days and opportunities, will hesitate to speak in most favorable terms of the utility of college life and culture. Even some men in

mercantile and business pursuits will acknowledge that their success is due largely to the mental power and discipline obtained during their college course.

There are some college graduates in the various walks of life who were sent to college and kept there against their own preferences, and who, hence, never used the drill, or the opportunities of their course as preparative to the work of life, who, in spite of what they absorbed, speak disparagingly of the college, and of the time spent, as wasted. The sentiments of such men operate powerfully in dissuading young men from a college course, and many men have had occasion to regret, all their lives, their meeting and association with such persons, who professed to speak from the facts in the premises, and yet were inspired with hatred for the college because of their enforced attendance upon its duties. This class of men is comparatively small, for many young men who enter the college contrary to their wishes come to honor and prize this instrumentality of culture, and subsequently give due credit to the college, and encouragement to young people seeking a higher education.

The writer knows of many business men, bankers, merchants, mechanics, who are leaders in all these lines, because of the strength of mind, power of thought, and great organizing ability obtained through the drill and culture of the college. The professional, the literateur, are living epistles in the direction of the great utility and importance of a college education. It is a safe deduction to make, when we say that the thousands of young men and women who graduate from our colleges each year become the leaders of thought, of business enterprise, and chiefest and foremost in all literary and social circles throughout the country. The result is inevitable. Mental power will assert itself. There is spontaneity of thought in all thoroughly developed and disciplined minds. Profound things become simple, and greater truths, the beginning of which are merely discussed, are rapidly reached and utilized; and the masses of the unthinking are the inheritors and benefi-

ciaries of what the learned and truly educated educate and practically formulate.

Our colleges in this country are more numerous than in England and Scotland, and on the continent. The educational establishments of Europe are older and more extensive, and are located at great centers; and the number of students at each of these universities is much larger than at the colleges and universities of this country, excepting three or four of our American institutions. There are some three hundred and fifty colleges and preparatory schools in this country, and about 60,000 pupils in them—an average of one hundred and seventy and more in each. It is safe to say that the institutions already existing could accommodate twice the number now in attendance, and not be crowded; the opportunities are therefore ample for the present for the youth who may seek the higher education. There is no hindrance to a college education for want of facilities. Of institutions called colleges and universities, the quantity is sufficient; there may be question about the *quality* in some cases. This will be one of the hindrances noticed hereafter.

The real importance of a true college culture is known subjectively. The man who has it appreciates it, and too often fails to use it for the benefit of his fellows. It becomes a conscious charm to himself; it cheers and satisfies him; it is a companion never absent from him. An educated recluse becomes a disparagement to a college education, and is a slight hindrance growing out of the college itself, and must be considered an unnatural, and, in some cases, a morbid result. The hindrances we had thought to speak of grow out of certain prudential causes, or out of the defects of the college itself, and not out of its excellences.—*New England Journal of Education*.

ÆSTHETICS IN MUSIC.

How truly one has said of this art, that it is a kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that. Music is designed

to affect the mind through the ear, as painting and sculpture under similar conditions affect the eye. The eye is the recipient of the impressions of the beautiful, and the ear the chamber of the impressions of melody and harmony.

Light reveals to the eye the beauties and splendors of nature; the air carries on its wings the tones and vibrations of harmonious concord. All that is beautiful in tower, or tree, or winding stream, every passer-by can see and be charmed to his highest degree of ecstasy. So it is with music. Any ear may hear it in nature, as it strikes on the ear in crashes of thunder the one moment, then swells and dies, like the wind of a summer's evening. Whatever may have been the perfection of the music of antiquity, it alone of all the fine arts, is, and must be irrevocably lost. We may gaze on the sculptures and paintings of the most remote period; we may behold the wonderful powers of art to awaken sensations, and to infuse sentiments, if of various degrees of intensity, still of a kindred nature in the hearts of hundreds of generations of men!

But music breathes, and is passed away forever. The solemn hymns of the Egyptian harpers, whose images appear on the walls of their tombs, may be still vibrating, and curling the waves of the air on the verge of infinite space, but they can never again become perceptible to the ear of man. Think for a moment of the power of music! What a dreary world this would be without its rich, mellow tones! Remove from our sphere the thousands of Æolian harps which sing amid the bowing tree-tops of the mighty forest! Deprive the little streamlet of its warbling song, as it hurries along over its pebbly bed on its way to its ocean home; extinguish from the air the song of the bird, as it floats on the wave of the evening breeze, and with what a different feeling would man go forth to his daily task. But not only has man a chord in his soul which vibrates in response to harmonious tones, but the beasts themselves are moved with delight at the sweet strains of music. The prancing of the fiery steed, as he keeps step to the music of the bugle and the drum, is evi-

dence of the influence which music has upon him. The march of armed men would be a toil intolerable but for the nerving impulse of martial music. Like the other fine arts, music never assumes its high character, so as to be esteemed noble, unless it is made the vehicle of high sentiment, and the awakener of practical emotion. There is no art whose adaptation to the production of moral influence has been so studied and guarded as has that of music. Music has its seat in the region of sense, rather than of thought. Under its influence man yields to its mystic passages, and in ecstasy wild is moved to and fro like the swinging of branches of trees in a storm, till in imagination the mind is led up and out until it catches the heavenly music,

"And now, 'tis like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute,
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens mute."

To a cultured ear what power music has upon the calls of memory, when once it has been lodged there.

Pictures, poetry, thoughts, hatreds, loves, all pass more fleeting than tunes! These we may let lie buried for years, and at some unexpected moment they will come back as fresh as ever, yet showing the depth at which they have lain by the secret associations of joy or sorrow they bring with them. The mood we are in, as every one knows, gives meaning to every sound. At times amid the deep and overwhelming silence, there comes to us a rich under-tone—half sound, half whisper—which calls up the pale faces of the dead; and while we listen, there comes to us from the measureless heights and depths of air, the echoes of the vesper hymn which we were taught to lisp while kneeling at our mother's knee in the morning hour of youth. Music can give us pleasures we cannot account for, and create within us feelings we cannot reason upon; she can transport us into a sphere where selfishness and worldliness have no part to play. Music is not pure to the pure only, she is pure to all.

The Kansas State University has 460 students.

AN EVENING PRAYER.

My confidence is now restored,
I do believe thou art my Lord,
Oh, keep me always in thy way,
Nor ever let me from thee stray.

When cunning doubt excites my mind
With fears and feelings undefined,
Oh, let thy mercy full and free,
With its strong arm encompass me.

When Satan with his subtle art,
Seeks to corrupt my trembling heart,
Then give me strength my God to say,
Depart, oh tempter, from my way.

To earthly things was I resigned,
And their false pleasures filled my mind;
But now, Oh Lord, I find in Thee
The joy of heaven's ecstasy.

What earthly thing can I compare
Unto the joy of answered prayer;
Or what below survives the test
Compared unto Thy perfect rest.

I consecrate my life to Thee,
Thy humble follower I will be,
And, Lord, whatever be Thy will,
Oh keep me strong and faithful still.

STUDENT.

A fund is being collected in Texas for the erection of a colored normal school at Austin.

There are forty graduates pursuing the Post-graduate courses at Princeton. Within the last two years \$32,000 has been expended in purchasing books for the library of the college. A large dormitory is now in process of building, and will be ready for occupancy at the beginning of next college year.

Courses of afternoon lectures are delivered at Johns Hopkins University, to which the public are admitted. The courses this winter are: "British Thought and Thinkers," by Prof. Geo. S. Morris; "The Philosophy of Physics," by Prof. John Trowbridge, of Harvard; "The Life of Christ and the Exegesis of the Gospel," by Mr. John W. Cross; "The History of Local Government and Town Life," by Dr. Herbert S. Adams; "Methods of Historical Inquiry," by Dr. Scott.

THE CAMPUS.

PUBLISHED THE FIRST OF EACH MONTH, AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, EXCEPTED

MEADVILLE, PA., MARCH, 1880.

EDITORS.

W. C. WILSON, ... Chairman.
J. D. MARTIN, ... } Literary.
EMMA F. MERCHANT, ... }
A. FLEMING, JR., ... Exchanges.
F. F. LIPPITT, ... Locals and Personals.

Address all communications to THE CAMPUS, Meadville, Pa.

No anonymous communications will be noticed.

Subscriptions received and copies for sale at the book stores of Ingham & Co., and Geo. P. Clarke.

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

TERMS:

One year,	- - - - -	\$1.00.
Single Copy,	- - - - -	12c.

THE Societies are filling up—elections are at hand.

It will be a boom for Grant and a relief to the country to know that the Allegheny Society has decided that third-term-ism does not tend toward imperialism.

It is notable the great preponderance of Republicans in almost every college in the country. It seems to indicate that the great mass of the learning and culture of the land is to be found in the ranks of the Republican party. If our Democratic friends can draw any other conclusion from this fact, they are at liberty to do so.

Allegheny has an able and energetic President. Dr. Bugbee, besides performing the regular duties which pertain to his office, is often called upon to deliver lectures and addresses in various parts of the country. The increasing frequency of these calls testifies to the reputation and popularity which he is gaining in this field of work.

THE unmannerly, and at times positively rude conduct of some in pushing and crowding each other in the halls, frequently utterly ignoring the presence of ladies, and often seriously inconven-

encing them, is something that should be stopped. The halls, at bell time, are necessarily crowded, and these worthies seem to take delight in making them almost impassable.

It has been suggested that Mr. A. B. Richmond be invited to speak before the students on the subject of Temperance. A more interesting or instructive lecturer could not be obtained than Mr. Richmond, and his extensive experience as a lawyer enables him to present the practical effects of intemperance with peculiar force. Let us give him a call.

BLAINE is the popular candidate at Allegheny, and the enthusiasm here will be great if he is nominated next June at Chicago. Many of the older students will remember the stirring times of '76, when the college Wide-awakes "tramped through the dusty town" to the admiration of the populace, and to their own satisfaction. There is no doubt but that a large company will be formed next fall; and the knowledge of parade manœuvering, already obtained by the cadets, will enable them to make a splendid appearance in such a procession.

THE Humorous Declamation Contest is the next thing on the programme. This is something new, and bids fair to become one of the most popular entertainments in connection with the college. The arrangements are being carefully conducted by a joint committee appointed from the three societies. Applications must be made, by all wishing to enter the contest, to this committee. The number of contestants is limited to nine, and the judges are to be appointed from among the students. This will be no laughing matter for the contestants, as it promises to be a hard fought battle, and he who carries off the belt must tickle the judges immensely.

WHAT has become of the old Scientific club? Perhaps it has gone off on an expedition to gather relics, or dissect frogs, and been in turn dissected by some ravenous beast; or perhaps it

has lost itself in some Cussewago jungle, where the owls hoot, and the bleak winds roar. But it is more probable that it has died a natural death from inactivity and lack of attention. We believe that the club was accomplishing great good in stimulating scientific investigation, and infusing a scientific spirit throughout the college. Its meetings were always well attended, and very profitable, and we must deplore the neglect which will allow such a good institution to be so completely disregarded.

WHEN a college admits ladies to its curriculum, it takes upon itself the responsibility of affording them opportunities to attain a full and rounded culture. Allegheny furnishes abundant facilities for intellectual development, but this is not all that is necessary for a woman's culture. We hold that mere mental strength is not the only thing requisite to a young lady as she steps out from collegiate training, and enters the active scenes of life and society. Among other things music is an indispensable adjunct to her education, and if she has any talent in that direction it should be cultivated. Most of our young ladies enter college with more or less skill in rendering instrumental music, but on account of their arduous duties, and more especially from a lack of an opportunity to continue practice, they are forced to neglect this essential element in their education.

We are aware that Allegheny is purely a literary and classical institution, and that it does not pretend to give any but a literary training, and yet we believe that to make it broader in its scope, and more liberal in its character, would not be to its detriment; nor would a musical department in the college compromise or interfere with its high literary standard. It is not necessary that a chair of Music be endowed, or that the matriculation fee be raised. But a musical department, with the probable increase of lady students next year, and the number of gentlemen who would avail themselves of it, would be self-supporting. Why, then, if such a department is desirable, can it not be instituted?

THE most idiotic sheet that has yet graced our exchange table is the *Fonetic Techer*. The Salutatori says: "The *Fonetic Techer* apers in its nu form. Its colums wil be devoted to the simplif-cashun ov inglish orthograft, and in the interests ov ejucashunal reform. Without making our colums the vehicl ov impracticabl theoris, we shal giv du considerashun to the sujestions ov speleng reformers ov al shades, and shal subject all theoris tu a careful egzaminashun." All of which is printed with letters strange and mystic, and with signs and configurations resembling Egyptian hieroglyphics. This is nothing new. Billings and Nasby have spelled that way for years. A correspondent remarks, "Tu much ov the preshus tim ov the schul-child is wasted in van eforts tu lurn tu mispel the languæg tha spek."

To a thorough-bred Englishman the idea of mutilating his mother tongue to such an extent as these reformers would have him is positively repugnant. Not only would they change the spelling, but they are introducing new letters and signs, thereby rendering translation difficult in many places. Reformers, those who advocate new ideas and systems, are apt to become extremists, mere hobbyists. Now, there are few but that will admit the fact that the English orthography is capable of improvement, and that certain changes here and there might be made advantageously. It is the unchallenged lesson of history that all languages are constantly developing new forms, and being modified as experience, higher culture or necessity may dictate. But these changes are not to be effected by the fine-spun theories of an individual, or the edicts of a convention of fanatics. It is improbable, to say the least, that a convention of spelling reformers meeting in some corner of the globe, manufacturing a kind of system whereby the complexion of English orthography is almost entirely changed, and throwing it, full-fledged, upon the world, will exert any appreciable influence on the millions of English speaking people. A reform in this matter, to be successful, must be conservative. The English language is not a

new thing. Away back in those misty ages when England was yet a wilderness, this grand old language was even then forming and developing. And along through the centuries as they have come and gone, it has remained, enlarging and beautifying, until it exists to-day the best and most perfect language spoken by man. Thus it has developed, and any radical change attempted, either in its articulation, or in its orthography, will be inevitably defeated.

Ernest Renan will visit England in April, to deliver lectures in London, and will be the guest of Prof. Max Muller, at Oxford.

COMMUNICATIONS.

ED. CAMPUS:—Havin' been through college, and knowing what a boar it is to rite, as well as to deliver, a speech; also, knowing the want of a source from which to obtain them "items" when pressed fer time, I take these opportunity of offerin' my services, not as a means of over-reaching the requirements of the college, but as a means to help they who kneed it, as we all do, at certain times.

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Hoping to hear from you, I remain,

Yours Respectfully,

M. E. A——WS,

Catskill, N. Y.

P. S. All correspondence strictly confidential.

[Comment is unnecessary. The magnanimity of the above named individual is positively overwhelming. It must take a man of immense conceit and supreme self-complacency to advertise himself to be able to write up, in adequate style, orations and essays suitable to all occasions.—Ed.]

THE COMMISSARY'S BUTTER.

Of all the mortals in this world—
Especially in this college—
Who work their way by sleight of hand
Along the road to knowledge;
Who live upon what others lose,
And yet so sly and wary
That one can find nought to abuse—
The chief's the commissary.

His business is to buy and sell—
A trader by profession—
He buys the grub—and students tell—
He sells them as to rations.
Concoctions strange and mixtures queer
He sets before the student,
Who eats by faith, and knows, I fear,
Not what there is stewed in't.

His hash's all right, no one can swear
That cats are used to cater,
The catalogue includes a hair—
An honest commentator
Would add potatoes to the list—
But these begin and end it,
'Tis mete, if libels will exist,
Meat's absence should defend it.

'Tis not the general run of fare
That calls forth this epistle—
Juvenile muscle can repair
On buckwheat cakes and gristle—
But muddy coffee muddles boys,
And oleomargarine—
A butter of a butt to joys—
Will make them swear like sin.

The youthful stomach stomachs all
That any other beast's can,
From buckwheat cake to codfish ball—
All his appetite will fan,
But one exception students claim
Though lying in the gutter,
Bound in starvation's iron chain,
They *will not* eat bad butter.

So commissary you can't be
A *Martinet* of eaters,
Don't think the sheep, who sheep ne'er see,
A flock of timid bleaters,
For else they see you change your path
And the strong butter vary,
They'll butters be from very wrath,
And butt you, commissary.

Only one-half of the students in the Harvard Medical School have college diplomas.—*Ex.*

PERSONAL.

Information concerning Alumni and former students of College earnestly solicited.

'76—Mr. Earnest H. Koester, Attorney at Law of Bradford, Pa., was warmly welcomed, a short time since, by his town and college friends, of whom he has a host.

'77—Mr. A. S. Morrison has lately accepted a call to the Disciple Church of Minerva, Ohio.

'78—Mr. John A. Bolard has left the Dental College of Philadelphia, and gone into equal partnership with an old practitioner at Millville, N. J.

'79—Mr. E. M. Wood, who has been teaching the Cortland, O., public schools, spent a few days of his vacation among his college friends.

'80—Messrs. W. C. Wilson and A. L. Bates, spent a week in Washington, D. C., as delegates from the Chapter Beta to the triennial Convention of the Phi Kappa Psi Fraternity, which convened there February 17.

'82—Miss Emma F. Harding, of Oil City, made her friends in the college a flying visit lately. Miss Harding intends returning to the college in the spring.

Messrs. Geo. S. Davis and W. B. Stewart are attending Duff's Commercial College, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mr. O. F. Nodine finished his medical course and received his diploma from the Wooster Medical college, Cleveland, Ohio, March 4th.

Mr. W. E. Shepler spent a few days among his college friends lately. Mr. S. has been attending the Pharmaceutical College of Philadelphia, and was on his way home to Monongahela City, Pa.

President Bugbee lectured at Centerville, Pa., February 24, and at Cortland, O., February 25, on "Living Questions of the Day." He is to lecture at the Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J., during the current term on some theological subject.

Mr. E. S. Blair, shortly after returning to college last fall, was taken suddenly ill, and confined

to his room, until a few weeks since, when he had gained sufficient strength to start for his home in Forreston, Ill. We understand he will return next year, if his health permits.

Mr. W. A. Cochran died at his home in Cochran, Pa., on Friday evening, February 13th, aged nineteen years. Mr. Cochran finished, last spring, his preparatory course, and was prevented from returning the ensuing fall on account of sickness. The disease which carried him away was that painless, but none the less fatal one, consumption. He was an earnest christian worker in college, and beloved by all who knew him. He died as he lived, with unwavering faith.

ALL AROUND THE CAMPUS.

An Athletic Association should be organized at once.

"Old Probabilities" has resigned in favor of *Improbabilities*.

A Park Avenue girl calls her fellow "long drawn out sweetness" because he stands six feet three.

There is a man in college who has so much time on his hands that he can't find time to spend it.

Professor—"What are the constituents of quartz?" Student—"Pints." A bland smile creeps over the class.

The Chesbrough Recitation Prize Contest of the Ossoli Literary Society will take place on Tuesday evening, March 30th.

The first robin of the season was heard during those days which Prof. Vennor predicted would be the very coldest of the winter.

Class in Roman History: Professor—"What important personage was confined on the Island of St. Helena?" Mr. H.—"Robinson Crusoe."

Scene, Political Economy recitation. Junior—"Suppose a man has no wife, should he consult another man's wife?" Professor gives it up.

Professor—"What kind of breathing apparatus have the Ascidians? You can answer it negatively." Student—"They haven't any." Class weeps.

The volubility with which a certain Senior, (C.) discourses on the jurisdiction the United States holds over Mexico, is surprising in the extreme.

Class in elocution: Miss B.—"Now put your hands on your floating ribs." Mr. O., (*soto voce*)—"My floating rib is now somewhere in the Indian Ocean."

Lost, strayed, or stolen, from Sol's room, No. 58 Culver Hall, a left-handed, two-bladed knife. The finder will be the recipient of an elegant chromo as a reward for its return.

A certain Prep., in Culver Hall, is developing unmistakable signs of Hydrophobia; and we would advise for the safety of himself and the other inmates his immediate removal.

One feature of the religious wave which has swept over the college, is the inauguration of daily class prayer meetings, which will probably result in the establishment of regular weekly meetings.

The Freshman will rise and explain who translated thusly: "The arrow pierced him in his head and his bowels gushed out." Now, if this arrow had pierced the Fresh. in the bowels, but we forbear.

President Bugbee is writing a series of articles for the *National Journal of Education*, Boston, Mass., on "Hindrances to a College Education." We reproduce the first article in this edition of the CAMPUS.

At a regular meeting of Allegheny Literary Society, Friday evening, March 5th, Mr. W. W. Shilling was elected to represent the society as orator, on the occasion of the Inter-society Anniversary, to take place on Tuesday evening of Commencement week.

Mr. W. F. Oldham delivered a highly interesting and instructive lecture on "India, and her Inhabitants," at the college chapel, on Thursday

evening, March 4. A large number of town folks showed their appreciation of Mr. Oldham's effort by their presence and attention.

There will be an inter-society comic Declamation contest held in the Library Hall, on Thursday evening, March 18th. To the successful competitor will be presented the championship belt of the college valued at \$1,000! Let a goodly number of society men and *ladies* compete.

Scene in English department: Professor, (turning to his neighbor)—"What is it Mr. F.?" Mr. F., (confusedly)—"What say, Professor? I don't quite understand you." Prof., (severely)—"I say Mr. F., *what is it?* A plain, simple question." Mr. F.—"Oh! *it*. *It* is a pronoun." Class convulsed.

Our Juniors are practical. The other day when the professor observed that the speed of the earth at a certain point was nineteen miles per second, Junior M. turned to his companions and explained, *sotto voce*. "Good gracious, boys! just think of it! Every time a fellow tips his hat to a lady he travels nineteen miles in his bare head. It's enough to ruin any constitution!"

The four Literary Societies which hitherto have each had an evening of commencement week for their respective anniversaries, have passed joint resolutions to combine in one evening, each society electing one member to represent it as valedictorian; and also to further unite with the college in procuring a speaker of national reputation to deliver an address on one of the evenings of commencement week.

A party of students were coming up the hill on a certain Saturday evening, not long since, and encountered a town party who were settling some little disagreements by a hand-to-hand encounter, in which the smaller party was getting the worse. They sought to interfere, but the gentle click of a "persuader" in the hands of a *local tonsorial artist* unsettled their former humane determinations, and they resolved to seek a higher latitude.

The following dialog was overheard the other day between two Juniors whom we will designate as H. and T. T.—"Say, H., what is the fifth commandment?" H.—"Wh-y, y-y, I don't recall it just now, but you can find it and the others in the Old Testament, for they were spoken of in the Evidence lesson to-day." T.—"Why of course, and I remember now they are in the 'Book of Moses.'" H.—(self-deprecatingly) "O yes!" Whereupon the two worthies having settled a difficult biblical question entirely to their satisfaction, and experiencing a delightful feeling of complacency gradually steal over them, arising from the consciousness of their extensive knowledge of Scripture, resumed the even tenor of their way.

On Saturday, February 21, an interesting and amusing trial took place at Culver Hall, in which the plaintiff, Mr. G., sued the defendant, Mr. N., for one dollar, about which they had had some slight altercation. A jury of three was impaneled by Judge W——, who proceeded to take evidence pro and con. It consisted mainly in showing the disreputable character of both parties, and several ludicrous and amusing traits were brought out. The case was argued by the learned counsel, B. & E., in a very satisfactory manner; but the amount of legal lore displayed by the "Judge" in his charge to the jury far surpassed anything heretofore known to have taken place under the shadow of the Goddess of Justice. The jury went out, but reported shortly a disagreement; they were sent out again under a heavy threat if they did not agree, and soon returned with a verdict of "not guilty."

Not wishing that the friends and contemporaries of Allegheny should think that she is lacking in interest on the vital subjects of the day, we have taken the following "straw" of the professors, and four college classes. The question invariably propounded to each was: "Who is your choice for the Presidency for the coming term?" The answers elicited are as follows:

The Faculty. Pres. Bugbee—"I consider Grant to be the best prepared man, but Blaine is un-

doubtedly the popular man. My first choice is Grant." . . . Prof. Hamnett—"I am not anti-Grant, but decidedly anti-third term. I am for Blaine or Sherman." . . . Prof. Tingley—"I am for Blaine." . . . Prof. Haskins—"I am in favor of Blaine, but am afraid he cannot carry N. Y. State. Edmunds is my favorite, but he cannot be nominated, his State being politically insignificant. Am strongly opposed to Grant and third-term." . . . Prof. Reid—"I am undecided, but favorable to Blaine." . . . Prof. Williams—"Neither Grant nor Tilden, but any other decent man." . . . Prof. Hyde—"I am for Garfield." . . . Prof. Montgomery—"I am for Blaine." . . . Major Hess—"I am for Grant first, last, and all the time, but will support the Republican nominee."

College Classes. Senior class—Blaine, 11; Grant, 4; Sherman, 1; Bayard, 2; Seymour, 1; Thurman, 1; best Democrat, 1. . . . Junior class—Blaine, 10; Grant, 2; Garfield, 1; Bayard, 1; undecided, 2. . . . Sophomore class—Blaine, 14; Grant, 4; undecided, 8. . . . Freshman class—Blaine, 16; Grant, 2; Sherman, 6; Tilden, 2; Seymour, 2; undecided, 3.

EXCHANGES.

Volume I, No. 1, of the *Occident* is the first new visitor we notice. It is a neat, tasteful looking sheet, and bids fair to be a good paper.

The *Sligo Monthly Progress* hails from a rural village of Clarion Co. One of the best features of our country cousin is the Educational Department, edited by W. A. Beer.

The past month has been remarkable with us for the number of new exchanges we have received. We are glad to become acquainted in this way with colleges hitherto unknown to us, and hope our fellow quill-drivers will never feel bored by the society they have solicited.

Church and School is a neat little monthly published under the auspices of the Unitarians of Meadville. The January number contains a ser-

mon by Rev. James T. Bixby, in which he considers "What is Religion, and How to Get It," from a Unitarian stand-point. This little paper is well edited.

We cannot tell how our acquaintance with the *University Quarterly* was dropped, but we renew it with pleasure. The January number opens with a well considered article on "Agitation." We admire the energy displayed in getting up seven pages of local news. Considerable space is justly given to "Other Colleges."

We take pleasure in placing *The College Cabinet* on our exchange list. We are favorably impressed with all we have read in the *Cabinet* except that poem "Lines on the Death of Miss Myra Quinn." We do not wish to say the author cannot make poetry, but we think this particular piece was not sufficiently touched up with the "file." We hope the *Cabinet* will be a regular visitor.

Another new venture in college journalism is *The Emory Mirror*, from Oxford, Georgia. We believe the editors are capable of getting up a creditable paper. We think, however, the senior editor went out of his way when he introduced politics as he did in his salutatory. College papers should leave politics to statesmen, and partisanship to politicians. We hope to see the *Mirror* shine as an able representative of Emory College.

Number three of the *Polyhymnian Monthly* comes to us with the polite request "Please Exchange," and the request is printed, not written. That's something different from the eager visitors who rush into the sanctum with no introduction but the time saving, algebraic symbol. We venture to say that assistant lady-editor got up those labels. We won't criticize until we know what department she edits. Thank you, we'll exchange.

Among the pleasant visitors to our sanctum we have classed the *Hobart Herald*, since its first appearance. With the February number it attains the age of one year, and its editors and founders retire from the worries, responsibilities

and honors of editorial dignity. We congratulate them on the success of their effort to establish a college paper. We are not aware that there is any age fixed at which a paper reaches its majority, but our observations of the *Herald's* growth during the past year would lead us to rank it with many of its older contemporaries. There is some truth, and poetry too, in those verses about "The Country Girl." A spirit of genuine devotion to the interests of the college has been conspicuous in every number of the *Herald*, and the present number is no exception. We hope the new editors will win laurels for themselves and their paper.

REVIEWS.

Harper's for March is an unusually attractive number. The opening paper on "The New School of Italian Painting and Sculpture" is illustrated with fine engravings from the paintings and statuary of the great masters. "Pinafore's Predecessor," by J. B. Matthews, is a readable account of English Comic Opera in the days of Gay and Sheridan. Very interesting is the article by C. C. Coffin on "Dakota Wheat Fields." The most charming paper of the number, on account of its illustrations, as well as its graphic word painting, is the "Winter Idyl," by Wm. Hamilton Gibson. The poets of this number are Longfellow, Philip O. Sullivan, Paul Hayne, Mrs. Frances L. Ware, and James T. Fields. Owing to lack of space we have mentioned only some of the most prominent articles. The Editorial Departments are full of interesting and instructive reading.

Lippincott's Magazine for March opens with a description of the Lakes of Minnesota, with their healthful and picturesque summer resorts, which, judging from this article and its attractive illustrations, deserve to be better known. There are two other illustrated papers in the number—the IXth Chapter of Dr. Oswald's "Summerland Sketches," and the conclusion of Edward King's account of "Old and New Rouen." "The American Suez," is the title of an article which will be

read with special interest. Another timely paper is devoted to the "Ute Matter." "At the Foot of the Sierras" contains some capital sketches of life and manners in the most beautiful region of the West. The well written and suggestive description of "Decorative Art and its Dogmas," by M. G. Van Renssalaer, is concluded in this number. There is a fresh instalment of "Adam and Eve," by the author of "Dorothy Fox;" a very pathetic and realistic story, entitled "A Mother's Vision," by Sarah Winter Kellogg; and a bright little Italian Sketch, by the author of "Signor Monaldini's Niece." "Playing a Part," by J. Brander Matthews, is a witty and neatly constructed comedy. The poetry is by Paul Hayne and Howard Glyn-don, and a large space, as usual, is devoted to the "Monthly Gossip" and the "Literature of the Day."

Although the New York *World* has a rather strong political bias, we like it for its fresh general news, its always entertaining "London Letter," its book reviews, and literary gossip. We think, however, that it misrepresents Dr. Talmage to some extent, in fact, we are sure the reporter who reports him for the *World* does not know much about religion, personally, else he would not handle anything connected with it in the sarcastic, ironical style he uses in describing the services at the Tabernacle. The columns headed "College Chronicle," usually contain more about the muscular performances of a few institutions than about anything connected with mental progress. Physical development, it is true, has been greatly neglected by our literary institutions, and it is a subject of prime importance to students, for without the "physical basis," of which Hamerton writes so earnestly, intellectual training is of little avail. But intellectual work is supposed to take up most of a student's time, and "College Chronicle" for a column of matter which reads like an extract from the New York *Clipper*, or the London *Sporting Magazine*, seems altogether a misnomer. With these exceptions we regard the *World* as a first class paper.

The Orator's Manual by GEORGE L. RAYMOND, M. A., Professor of Oratory in Williams College, Mass. S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago.

This book is, as its title sets forth, "a practical and philosophical treatise on vocal culture, emphasis, and gesture." This is not a collection of arbitrary rules on the various points usually embraced in a work on elocution. The author discusses in a philosophical way the general principles underlying correct and elegant expression by voice and gesture, and furnishes numerous illustrations in which these principles are applied. The foundation for genuine and thorough vocal culture is laid in valuable directions how to use the vocal organs and a series of graduated exercises for practice. The instructions given in connection with these exercises are so full and explicit that even those who are "obliged to study without an instructor," are in little danger of falling into bad habits of practice. Emphasis, time, pitch, force, volume, and gesture, are each treated of in a way at once brief, comprehensive, and clear. The charts analyzing and illustrating the "elements of emphasis in combination" will prove serviceable to all who desire to improve their style of speaking or reading. The treatment of gesture is especially full and satisfactory, and the cuts illustrating various movements of the hands and arms cannot fail to be of service to the self-teaching student. A complete guide to dramatic gesticulation is furnished in a "chart of dramatic gestures." Not the least noteworthy feature of the work is the selection of exercises marked for declamation. The selections occupying the last half of the book are the very best of their kind. Whether taking lessons or not, those of our students who are interested in elocution will derive much benefit from a study of Raymond's Manual.

EDUCATIONAL.

President Seelye received, last January, for Amherst College, gifts amounting to \$106,000.

A bill abolishing the normal school and establishing a chair of pedagogics in the State Uni-

versity has been introduced in the California Legislature.—*Ex.*

President Warren, of Boston University, and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe discussed "Co-education" in the parlors of the Rev. Joseph Cook, Monday evening. Dr. Warren said in his essay that the moral influence of co-education, the mutual watchfulness of brother and sister, are of great importance, and that the disjoint system is the enemy of the home, and the foe of civilization. The new age, he declared, demands the impartial education of every child and every man. Mrs. Howe urged that girls should have an equal education with boys, and that they shall be educated together. As we go away from the military ideas of society, she said, so we leave the monastic idea. Mr. Cook read a letter from President Chadbourne speaking emphatically against co-education in the University; and another from President Bascom, of Wisconsin University, as emphatic in its favor. He declared that the young women were the best scholars in his institution, and carried off the most prizes. A young woman can get an education in Wisconsin for \$175 a year. President Seelye wrote, advocating the disjoint system in the higher education. Miss Mary Eastman said she had little faith in the Harvard Annex, "which chiefly furnished work for jaded professors." Professor Smith, of Boston University, said that his pupils in the medical department were benefited by co-education, and the men behaved more like gentlemen. Does not the fault lie with the professor, a man of years and experience, rather than with the heedless young vulgarians of the class? Professor Smith concluded his statement by saying that he had never, in seven years, known an instance of scandal. The Rev. A. D. Mayo said that no schools in this country were of so high an order as those where co-education exists. The Rev. Dr. J. W. Tucker, of Andover Theological Seminary, said—strangely enough—that he had found more skepticism among women than among men. He thought equality of education would help to train women to rise above this unbelief.—*Tribune.*

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