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ALLEGHENY COLLEGE,

MEADVILLE, PA.,

JANUARY, 1883.



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"INTER SILVAS ACADEMI QUÆRIMUS VERUM."

VOL. VII, No. 5.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE, MEADVILLE, PA., JANUARY, 1883.

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LONGFELLOW.

BY B. C. B.

"TIME," says an American author, "has a Doomsday book, upon whose pages he is continually recording illustrious names." True it is, but while many of these names are soon erased to make room for others, only a few remain in illuminated letters, which can never be effaced. These men, although they may pass from the scenes and associations of this life, still march on grandly in history. "The world talks about them while they sleep." In this record what names stand out more brightly than the names of those who have been Masters in the Realm of Thought, those who by the pen have made conquests and gained victories in the minds and hearts of men!

Among the authors of this century, especially among the poets, none is more beloved and honored at the present time than Henry W. Longfellow, and there is something in his writings which makes us sure that his name will never be tarnished by the rust of time, and that his poems will be held dear as long as the English language is spoken or read.

For Longfellow's writings are not distinctively of the nineteenth century. He has not written alone of the deeds and thoughts and aspirations of the men of to-day, but has likewise made a deep study of the lives and circumstances surrounding the men of the past, and, besides human nature is the same through all the ages and when the chords of man's inner being are struck by the true musician, they will vibrate forever.

Longfellow's life has always been quiet and he did not hasten to join the great crowd of contestants rushing into the battle for fame, but was willing to wait—willing to bide his time;—not in idleness, not in complaining that his efforts were unappreciated; but in thoughtful study, careful preparation and earnest, constant endeavor, so that if the occasion, when he could distinguish himself by service to others came, he might be equal to it. Nor did he wait in vain. When only nineteen years old he was offered a professorship in Bowdoin College; and the excellent service he did here is attested by the invitation which he received ten years later, to accept the chair of Modern Languages and Literature at Harvard. Here he performed his duties faithfully, while at the same time his pen was more productive than ever. From the time when he first went to Cambridge until the time of his death Longfellow lived in what was known as the Cragie Mansion. This house which was shaded by beautiful elm trees and poplars, attracted Longfellow, not only by the loveliness of its surroundings, but more especially by the historical reminiscences connected with it, for

"Once, a-while within these walls,
The father of his country dwelt."

Here Longfellow spent the happiest days of his life; he delighted to gather about him here all sorts of treasures—the books he loved so well; historical relics like the old clock on the stair, of which he wrote. But more than all these, he prized the friends whom he gathered about him; if we can judge at all from his writings, it seems to us that none could have a more sincere and tender regard for his friends, both old and young, than had Longfellow. His love for children is specially marked; he seems so to delight in their innocence and gladness.

"The poets who love children are the poets whom the children love." This was indeed true of Longfellow. he was especially a favorite among the children of Cambridge, not only for his pleasant cordiality with them, but also because he made doubly dear and beautiful all the familiar scenes about them. When the chestnut tree over-shadowing the shop of "The Village Blacksmith," which Longfellow has made immortal, was blown down, the children of Cambridge had the branches interwoven into a great chair which they presented to the poet.

It seems to us that no more pleasing tribute has ever been paid to a poet, during his lifetime, than to Longfellow in the celebration of his seventy fifth birthday, by the school children all over the country. Even the blind children, by means of their sense of touch, read and enjoyed his songs, on that day. Certainly a man has attained to the height of skill, if he can write in such a way that children can comprehend and enjoy the same poems, which most delight those older than themselves. On this birthday of Longfellow's his house was open during the entire day to the children, and he gladly received all who came. It is a very pleasant thing for us to remember that the last visitors he ever received were a party of school boys from Boston. Beautiful as are all forms of external nature to him, none is so beautiful and interesting as human nature.

He says in his Hyperion, "Glorious indeed is the world of God about us, but more glorious is the world of God within us."

Much as he loved to describe the beautiful river flowing peacefully between the forest trees and golden fields of grain, with the flowers blooming and the birds singing upon its banks, more fascinating to him was the broad river of life, bearing along upon its bosom, many a gallant and happy heart and many helpless and sinking wrecks of humanity. Not only did he enjoy the study of the lives and characters of those about him, but the deeds of those who had lived in the days of yore seemed to have a peculiar fascination for him. Perhaps this love of the old and legendary was allowed to crowd out much that might have been written of a more practical and useful nature, but are not the American people of to-day already sufficiently absorbed in the present? Will it do us any harm to

dream for a while that we are mingling with the people of the past?

Indeed! there is much practical information to be obtained and many practical lessons to be learned from his stories; for Longfellow, in writing them, has evidently studied history as diligently as tradition and has brought in delightfully all the proper accompaniments of place and scene.

Longfellow was ever gentle and charitable in his estimate of his fellows. It sometimes seems that he did not censure the evil bitterly enough; scarcely once in all his writings has his pen been used in earnest denunciation of that which is wrong, but if he does not make the bad appear more disgraceful to our eyes, certainly, he makes the good more beautiful.

And are there not many natures which are more easily influenced to accept the right by seeing the beauty of the right, rather than the ugliness of the wrong?

The christianity of Longfellow was as simple as it was earnest. Still in reading his songs "from beginning to end" one would never guess with what denomination he worshiped or in what doctrines he believed. We only know from his Hyperion that in the little chapel of St. Gilgen he first found "that peace which passeth understanding" and that his after-life was one long benediction of love and blessing and comfort to his fellow-man.

And now, the children's friend, the lover of nature and his fellow, the man who felt more proud of the hearty greeting of a British workman who wished to shake hands with the author of "The Psalm of Life" than of all the praise of the queen of England, has passed from among us "to the land of the Hereafter." And his truest memorials and those which will remain longest are his own songs "in the hearts of his friends."

WOMAN'S RIGHT.

BY E. R. N.

ON this age of problems, one which is agitating the American mind is that of Woman's Suffrage—a two-sided question, everyone must admit. Some maintain that woman is deprived of a right which is just as surely her's as man's—the right of voting. She has until within a few years past, been denied the right of competing with her brothers in professional life, and even now is frowned upon by half the world for her presumption in undertaking to do good and win fame in another sphere than that defined for her by conventional customs and long continued usage.

But woman, in this country and in all but barbarous countries, has the right of making herself comfortable and happy; the pretty homes are hers as well as the men's; she is granted by society the privilege of dressing as well as her means can afford; the luxuries of life are hers, with one exception—she is permitted to eat as much, as wholesome and as rich food as the masculine portion of humanity; fruits and confectionery are not denied her; she is no more scorned by the wise for drink-

ing wines and liquors than are the men: but even with all this freedom, one avenue of enjoyment, claimed by men to be superior to almost every other, is closed to her. A man can with impunity, sit down after a hearty meal and stupify his brain with nicotine; he can walk the streets with a roll of burning tobacco between his lips; he is free, while smoking, to intrude his presence anywhere—to fill almost any room with a smoke which, to those unaccustomed to its odor, is intensely disagreeable.

Yet the same man who thoughtlessly indulges in the common and vile habits of smoking and chewing tobacco, would shudder with horror, should he see a lady whom he has before considered worthy of the name, following his example. 'Tis one of the many social enigmas, which, when we stop to ponder them, so puzzle us. Is there a solution to the problem? Are we women held so dear by the men that they will not suffer us to injure our physical systems by the use of that which every one must concede is harmful? Do they regard us, with the poet as "something between a flower and an angel," too pure, too sweet to be polluted by the smoke of a poisonous weed? If this be true, how deep, how strong, should be our sense of gratitude!

But we learn, upon inquiring, that most of the men when asked "why not," reply, "well, it would look out of place for ladies to smoke." As we can see no reason why it should look more out of place for us to smoke than for the men, we declare ourselves unsatisfied with this reply.

Others answer out of the generosity of their hearts that it would not in the least displease them to see us enjoy the fragrant weed. Of these, we dare, with all assurance, predict that should we venture on the streets smoking cigars or cigarettes, they would avoid our company.

And so, the enigma—"Why should woman not be granted the right of using tobacco as well as man?" remains an enigma.

With all humility and due deference to our lords and masters, we retire and leave the question for them to answer.

BEAUTY UNIVERSAL.

WE look forth upon the broad field of nature spread out so beautifully before us, and note the different objects there presented for our contemplation, and among her varied works each may find something suited to his particular conception of beauty, and which calls out his admiration.

We descend to the galleries of art and there among the painted pictures, the gilded mouldings, the sculptured busts, and the chiseled monuments, each may feast his appetite for the true and the beautiful.

We investigate the truths of science, and among its varied depths and mysterious paths, each mind will find its appropriate channel in which it can pour out its thoughts, and this it calls beautiful.

Beauty, from some source, makes demands upon every one of us. We may not all see it in the same things, but all are sus-

ceptible to its charms. The farmer finds it in the plants he cultivates, the animals he rears, and the soil he tills; the sailor is not in the least impressed with these; but the mighty ships, the rolling waves, and the broad seas present their beauties, and he appreciates. The soldier finds his beauties upon the battlefield; he sees them in the smoke of the cannon, the flash of the savor and bayonet, the roar of musketry, and the waving banners of victory. The astronomer looks to other worlds and the revolving planets, the sweeping comet, and the spangled heavens enrapture his soul as he gazes and becomes acquainted with their laws. The doctor finds beauties in the diseases he treats. The lawyer in the contentions of his fellowmen.

On every hand we can find objects which have all the qualities required to make them beautiful. Beauty is universal. Nothing is so deformed, that in some of its elements may not be found lingering the marks of true beauty. And although one after another may pass by scorning its unbecoming appearance, at last some one will admire. The painting, which has been subjected to the criticism of a hundred purchasers, will at last be the pride of some man's parlor. The volume, which has lain so long upon the book shelves, will at last find a friend who will dote upon its contents and call it beautiful. The weed, which has evoked the hatred and invective of scores of farmers, when subjected to the analysis of the botanist, unfolds the rarest beauties to his appreciative tastes. The worm, which has been trodden under foot by a thousand people, when brought under the eye of the naturalist, is made to call the attention and elicit the admiration of those who so carelessly treated it before. The lady who has passed the ordeals of a dozen courtships, yet failed to excite admiration, will at last find some one who will notice her points of beauty and act accordingly. So it is throughout nature's catalogue, where one will scorn another will admire, and I do not believe there is anything but what is admired by some one. The whole universe is rife with the rarest of beauties; and if we will but search for them we will be abundantly repaid. It is the high degree to which we push our investigations of anything, which enables us to discover those rare beauties which are to especially recommend them to our admiration.

Then let us show our appreciation of the wonderful field that nature has placed before us by earnest, zealous, and continued effort to descend to those hidden mysteries and beauties which are interesting the great and good of this world. That we may widen our conceptions, quicken our judgments, perfect our minds, and develop our tastes; thus, preparing us for a transfer from a world of beauty to a world of glory.

HOW ARE WE BUILDING?

ACROSS the way a house was building and I watched the process carefully. Preparations were made by removing all the loose soil till a bed was reached that was hard and firm. Then commenced the work of laying the foundation. The

builders selected only choice stones, throwing aside all that were faulty or irregular, and were careful to lay the wall symmetrical and true to the line. Then came the frame work carefully matched and jointed, nothing superfluous or lacking, everything fitted to give either strength or symmetry to the structure. This finished, it was enclosed by the choicest lumber, everything rejected that could detract from its beauty or utility. Finally completed and ornamented, it stands the pride of its builders.

We are all builders, and it is appalling to notice how careless we are in the selection of our materials and how loosely they are thrown together. I see young men at college trying to build a superstructure of education upon a rotten and flimsy foundation. As the builders of the famous campamile at Pisa were obliged to arrange the stones in building and to dispose the seven heavy bells to counteract by their gravity the leaning of the tower, so they must ever be striving to arrange and dispose their materials to keep their building from falling; and though they select the choicest of materials and dispose them with the greatest care, the building can at best be but a leaning and misshapen structure, which some storm of life may sweep away like the house built on the sand.

I see others whose foundations, superintended by watchful parents and instructors, have been laid with greatest care; but the superstructure left to their building is carelessly and clumsily wrought. Some select the best materials, yet the workmanship is so faulty, the materials so unsymmetrically joined, that there can result but an ungainly and deformed building. Others build from poor materials, a frame work of bad habits built upon with a desire for ease and pleasure, and present at last but a painted and puttied exterior which hides for a time their real weakness. But their glitter and show lasts not long when their edifice, crumbling and wormeaten, falls to the ground.

I see some building great, massive structures, strong, unsymmetrical, useful yet devoid of every element of grace and beauty. They seem to stand like great gloomy store-houses whose treasures can never be unlocked and brought forth. I see some going to the other extreme, who seem to be building a monument handsomely adorned to the memory of a useless life.

How are we building? Let us examine the foundations, cull out the useless stones, and replace them by those firm and finely cut; then proceeding with the superstructure, let us select our materials with great care, receiving nothing but will adorn or make more useful the structure; then build industriously and carefully, first to strength and utility, but ever with an eye to symmetry and beauty, that we may stand at last a carefully wrought and completely finished work, strong, useful, symmetrical, beautifully adorned.

From the Wooster Collegian.

ANCIENT CITIES.

WE of the West have obscure ideas of a finished city. A city that no longer echoes to the sound of the hammer, is no longer encumbered by piles of lumber, of brick and of

mortar—in fine, a city with a history, a past. Almost unconsciously we have come to consider all cities of the Western continent as still in embryo, and regard them with just that tinge of contempt which one instinctively feels toward that which is unhallowed by association unmellowed by time. In finished cities and dead towns the Old World takes precedence, of course, yet we possess a few, indeed more than the casual thinker wots of. Among them Middletown stands prominent. It was really completed over half a century ago. A walk through one of its old cemeteries will fully convince one of its claims to antiquity. There are six cemeteries on its immediate borders, four of them very ancient and strangely populous. It would appear to the observer that very many more people lie in these old grave-yards than live in the modern city. "Time's effacing fingers" have wrought sad havoc in these homes of the dead. Many of the inscriptions on the grave-stones are utterly illegible from age. On one stone is a pathetic tribute to a young lady who died over two hundred years ago. What a long, long time to sleep! Two hundred times has Summer come and still she slumbers on unmindful of the return of Spring; unmindful of the turmoil and busy life of the nineteenth century, whose Summer's sun is shining brightly above her grave. Boston is another time-honored city—the home of the Puritans—though it is fast losing the distinctive characteristics marked on it by them. All Boston and its environs is classic ground; even its crooked, irregular streets are hallowed by ancient associations. The far-famed and time-honored Faneuil Hall is sacred to the mind of every American. An old church is still standing which was used for soldiers' barracks during the revolution. After all, there is something sad about a finished city. The American mind is formed for activity, not contemplation, and the dreamy langor, the half listless existence pervading the old towns in the Eastern and Western Continents is foreign to our nature.

A city living out its old age, its youth and vigorous manhood far behind it, is an object appealing strongly to the sympathies of an imaginative mind. The long strife is over, the wine of life drained and listless waiting gets in, a calm standing still while Time is gnawing at the vitals.

FROM CLEVELAND TO DETROIT.

BY F. M. C., '84.

 STEAMER lay at her accustomed dock in "Forest City." Slight waves running along the sides of the piers rocked her lazily to and fro and alternately slackened and tightened the strong cable of the moorings. Workmen hurried up and down storing her lower deck with apples, peaches, strawberries, and fruit of a southern climate. The name "North-West," written high on her pilot house, showed that they were to be served up as delicacies on the tables of inhabitants of a colder region. Presently passengers began to go on board. The time of her departure came. The hoarse voice of the captain shouted "Haul in the cables, men," and the sailors pulled and strained till the muscles of their forearms stood out almost as thick as the cable they were hauling in. The engineer gave a

slight push on the lever—the beam rose slowly and the ship started on her course. Turning to the right or left, here she passes a tug, there a lumber vessel, in one place an old hull laden with coal, in another the steamer "Buffalo" lying proudly at her moorings. Having picked her way like a thing of life, she has cleared the last boat in the harbor, and turning her prow to the north-west, sails proudly out of the bay. It is an evening in the last of June, when the climate of the North Temperate Zone is nearest perfection. The lights of the city grow dim in the distance, the rattling of wagons o'er stony streets, the tread of men upon the pavement, the roar of furnaces, the clamor, clash and clang of manufacturing, the music of festive companies, all the diversified din of an urbane population mingling, come from a distance across the water and fall upon the ear like one harmonious strain. More power is added. Her large revolving sidewheels lash the quiet water into foam. She fairly bounds o'er the waves while she trembles from foward to aft at every stroke of her ponderous beams. Not a cloud is in all the sky; the water is placid almost as a millpond; no large tossing waves with hoary heads, but blue swells diversify its surface. The silvery rays of the moon rising out of the water kiss the blue wavelets, whose ever changing surface, like rocking mirrors, reflect them in every direction. The line of light extending along the surface away to the pale orb, looks like a silver braid with dangling threads gently tossed about by the water. The diamond-like stars in the blue dome above are reflected as stars of lesser lustre by the blue waters beneath. The ancient mariners guide is out in all its splendor. And "Great Orion, sloping slowly to the west," seems to look down and smile on the calm and placed scene. Before, behind, and all around, blue waters and blue sky bound the vision of the straining eye.

The passengers gather in the fore-castle and chat of what they anticipate from their journey in gaining pleasure, health or wealth. Soon becoming weary, one by one they seek the rest of their staterooms, and all becomes still save the stroke of the engine and the ripple of the water along the boat's waist. She keeps on her course, bearing her cargo of two hundred human beings, wrapt in unconscious slumber, and trusting with implicit faith to her good material and the skill of her pilot. As the mist of morning clears away she is steaming up the Detroit river, midway between two sections of the greatest nations of all time. Through the gray mist to the right lies the dim outline of the Canadian shore, to the left may be seen the roofs and church spires of a Michigan city; ahead lies what looks like a green turf floating in the river. On nearer approach it is found to be an island, elevated little more than a foot above water mark, and over-grown with coarse green grass, from which it has received the name of Grass Island. At one side, and covering at least one third of the entire area, stands a fisherman's hut. His nets are spread out on a rack to dry, his boat chained to a stake, lies idly rocking on the water, and a few domestic fowls are the only signs of life. There in that hut, through all kinds of weather, live a fisherman and his wife, worthy examples of the fact that "man wants but little here below." On speeds the ship past Grass Island, past another of similar character, known as Mother Judy, and soon lies firmly moored to the docks in Detroit.

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THE petition, sent in last term by the Editors, received the immediate attention of the Faculty. The result has been as was expected. The claims of the Staff were so fair, that, when presented, their justness was straightway conceded. The decision was that editorial work on the CAMPUS for the whole year is an equivalent of any study, which work can be substituted for it, subject to the approval of the Faculty. This action, if not abused, and the strictures are such as to make that impossible, is bound to have a good influence on the future of our college journal. This and all Boards of Editors to come, will feel that their work on the CAMPUS will call for their most earnest attention. We also think that it will lead our students to give more serious thought to original composition and general literary improvement, as a means by which they can more readily attain to positions on the CAMPUS and gain the substantial returns which flow therefrom.

THE comparison between those who direct our college affairs and the *ignis fatuus* is not exactly a correct one, because the latter is never given the credit of being stationary, while the former may generally be found unmoved and almost unmovable. And yet when the Board does start there is a similarity as to the delusive and furtive movements which both have in common. The Official Board has a flickering, unsteady motion which is very deceptive and discouraging to the institution's earnest friends who look on and hope for the best. It was confidently expected that the Trustees would meet on the 27th of last month. To their credit, it can be said they did. But now it appears that from somewhere, a certain Board of Control is to appear and set the ball to rolling. It might be suggested to

re-christen this visionary body and give it a name consistent with its action. We can, however, reanimate our despondent friends by stating, that early in February our fitful government will again convene, and that as yet we have no knowledge of any other advisory Board whose necessary presence will then be wanting.

THE Librarian has made another move toward a further improvement of the library. The small room opening off the third floor hall, which has been used heretofore for a storeroom, has been connected with the main library by a door and properly shelved and arranged for unbound periodicals and newspaper files. The magazines will thus be no longer stacked around, incapable of access, but will be systematically disposed in this new annex. This happy thought on the part of the Librarian will be most heartily appreciated by those who frequently refer to the rich stores of knowledge within their covers, and which, while in waiting for the binder can yet be easy of reference. We had hoped to give some information of more extensive improvements, mentioned in our last issue, as most desirable and needful, but are unable to do so. But in talking with one of the carpenters he casually informed us, that the partition between the library and Prescott had sunk to an alarming extent. Thus the day may not be far distant, when the whole third floor of Ruter Hall will be thrown together into one grand library and reading room.

OUR college term has happily closed and we are again in a new year and have turned to a clean, fresh page. On taking a glance at the past term's doings, we can see no very large nor disfiguring blot on its fair record. It opened auspiciously and has closed likewise. In scanning the collegiate life of various institutions, we see much that is unbecoming of collegians, and although we were made no better than other people, yet for the last three months what is most proper and becoming seems to have been uppermost in the minds of our students and faithfully acted out in their daily conduct. The Faculty makes no attempt to meddle with Fraternities or the private affairs of any one, yet are not slack in their government and its enforcement. Rabid class spirit is far below par, yet each class sustains the dignity suitable to its year. It is true the Preparatory School bubbles over now and then, but after examining the vivid portrayal of its character in the yearly *Alleghenian* one can quickly smooth vexation from the forehead and gently say "it is its nature so to do." But no rebellions of upper classmen or futile sympathies sent to such can be chronicled. Yet that we may not mislead any as to our superiority for this world, we must openly confess, that we are perhaps congratulating ourselves too soon; for that dreadful Sophomore class rises in spectre before us. Its ominous silence may be suggestive and yet may not be. The Senior, however, sustains the latter view of the case and looks forward with much complacency. Nevertheless we anticipate a pleasant term's work and associations.

OUR greetings for the New Year have been so long deferred, that, with interest added, we can almost overwhelm you with them. They are hearty and sincere, and we hope you will realize to the last degree all the happiness we have wished you. It is generously extended to all; Alumni and Faculty, upper and lower classmen, students, old and new. May '83 be a year of joy and prosperity for you to its close. And as Time, with hour-glass in hand, runs its ceaseless course, may its glittering sands, indeed be golden grains to you, well spent—but hold! we are forgetting ourself, you are smiling and we are piqued to thus lose our better judgment. We are all right now and plodding soberly along with the rest of you. The New Year's joy and pureness are scarcely unalloyed. The clutches of the Old Year, dead and gone, have left their imprints on us all; and there are deep and fiery scars which years cannot remove; and many a pure and gentle brow has care too harshly touched. Still we look earnestly forward, not backward; up, not down. The cheerful entry of '83, with all its attending pleasures and bright hopes, illumines the path before us all. And, like travellers, when well started on their way, with trials and weariness still unthought of and only their goal in mind, in common with you, we hasten onward and wish each one Godspeed.

THE stolid indifference, with which our students and Alumni look upon our endeavors to build up this paper, stirs conflicting emotions within us. Pleasure, that they look so lightly on our shortcomings, which, if we did not realize them ourselves, they would almost lead us to think we did not possess. Regret, that they care so little to further their own paper. Our alumni think that their doings in the world should be noticed by the paper of their Alma Mater, and so they ought. But it is impossible for us to keep track of their constantly increasing number. They are the ones in the wrong and should bestir themselves to send in items of interest concerning themselves or former students. These personals are always heartily welcomed, as well as their subscriptions. As to the students—well, we feel like, giving them a chapel lecture revised and improved, if possible, for the occasion. We are dumbfounded to behold so many refrain from accepting the cordial invitations extended them to see themselves in print. It is a little thing, we know, to ask of you, but yet we urge you to look with compassion on our Literary Editors and give them your timely assistance. Then pertinent communications on topics of general interest would be next in order. Open up some important discussion through the columns of your paper. Talk up its interests and increase its popularity. Make it the fashion to subscribe for it, and we assure you that all this prosperity will not go toward lining the Business Manager's pockets, but to enlargement, improvement and prizes.

IT is pardonable in us, and we are impelled by our position as conducting this paper, the organ and mouthpiece of our students, to dwell particularly upon the various changes to be made in our college affairs by its governing

Boards. When our best students think the time has come to memorialize the Trustees and their advisory committees on the necessity of immediate action as to filling vacancies in the Faculty and making radical improvements in the English Department, it is a state of affairs worthy of their most earnest consideration. There are three things that are urgently requested of them: to elect a President, known beyond the patronizing conferences, who, besides his personal ability, can add to the college a reputation already gained, and that a worthy one; an able professor to assume the duties of the important chair of Modern Languages; and to thoroughly reorganize and enlarge the English Department. These are actual requirements and must be met. On the completeness with which they are fulfilled, all know how much depends. No personal desire or preference, nor any petty jealousies should be present to warp the good judgment of influential members of the Board. The further success of the college, which is the Alma Mater of many of these officials and has freely showered her benefits on them, and which with open hand scatters the same especially on Meadville and this section of the state, is assured by their unbiased judgment and generous liberality.

THE destruction of what was familiarly known as Culver, but by a more recent dubbing as East Hall, some say has been a great loss; others, that it will result in good and be beneficial; and still others withhold their opinions until they can, at least, see the beginning of the end. As some of the more knowing ones declare, that, from the first, there had been preominated for it, at a more or less remote period, a fiery death, from very obvious reasons, we concur with those who see it as a benefit. As was remarked by President Hamnett, "Phoenix-like there will arise from the ashes of the old hall a more convenient and beautiful building to be a greater adornment to the campus and more comfortable to its inmates." Those who wisely peer ahead and foresee coming events have confided to us that they already see it rearing its stately stone walls to the height of three stories, with a lofty tower containing chimes and a clock, with the very peak of its vane tipped with an electric light, and a French cook in the culinary regions. It is hoped that these seers are not visionaries, nor why should they be when the long line of successful Allegheny Alumni are considered? Whether the prognostications are exactly realized or not, it is thoroughly understood that there must be a new boarding hall erected immediately. The success of the institution depends on it. Good reasonable board, attained by the co-operative plan, draws many young men here who would otherwise seek other institutions. This fact is appreciated, and hence, we are going to have a new hall on the campus by next September. It will, of course, be a substantial edifice with all the modern appliances for comfort. None need be "taking time by the forelock" and considering other colleges with a design of leaving here permanently; because next year this college will offer better inducements than ever.

REVIEWS.

It is with pleasure that we place on our exchange list the *Beacon*, from Boston University. This paper seems to be heartily devoted to the interests of its Alma Mater and anticipates for her a bright future. The December number comes out in holiday apparel; and well it may, for it commemorates the removal to the new buildings of the university. An excellent portrait of Pres. Warren appears in it, and also a short sketch of his life. The editorials are for the most part upon subjects connected with the new surroundings. One contributor furnishes an account of the opening exercises, in which President Eliot, of Harvard, Gov. Long, Rev. Joseph Cook, and other prominent men took part; another one gives an interesting description of the new buildings.

The *Asbury Monthly* believes in solid reading. The literary department is filled with productions on such subjects as "The Kantian Philosophy" and "Right of Trial by Jury." A short poem of more than ordinary merit appears upon the first page. A column devoted to fraternity news is an interesting feature of the paper. The last number contains words of praise for the hospitality of Kentucky. The cause of this gratitude was the cordial reception with which the Senior class met on a recent excursion to see and learn of the "practical workings in the science of wealth." So says the *Monthly*.

The *University Herald*, from Syracuse, N. Y., has come so regularly that its appearance is quite familiar. College subjects having apparently been exhausted, the editor indulges in an article on New York politics. The *Herald* offers as a prize for the best essay contributed, the complete works of Washington Irving; and for the second best, the poetical works of Bryant, Holland and Longfellow. There seems to be a need of a prize to procure well written, sensible articles. The two articles in the December number certainly lack the important element of reason. One writer, treating of the inconsistencies of temperance reformers, takes the ground that no one should remonstrate against sin, until he is himself perfect; attempting to emphasize his point by asking how a person who drinks one or two cups of coffee every morning can consistently proclaim against the use of wine. "Trial by Jury" is handled with about as much skill. The writer seems to have obtained all his ideas of the practical workings of the jury system, from one of those "croakers" who are always finding fault with the existing condition of things. And yet, after he has pictured the average jury as devoid of all ideas of justice, he says that he favors the system. An interesting feature of the paper, is the Alumni Letter Box. Others might follow with advantage the example of the *Herald* in this respect.

In the editorials of *Rutgers Targum* a suggestion is made that a literary magazine be published by the college, and that it be edited by the Alumni, many of whom are writers of no little influence. It also speaks favorably of the short chapel talks on interesting topics, which have been given by Pres. Gates. The suggestion made by the exchange editor, that college papers publish only news which comes directly from the paper of the college concerned, is a good one.

The *Northwestern* advises us in regard to the improvement of the appearance of our paper. Thank you. We have long

been waiting your opinion, and knew that when it did come it would be of incalculable value.

Co-education seems to be the great question among eastern colleges at present. Methodist institutions have taken the lead in this respect. At the Wesleyan and Boston Universities, ladies are admitted on equal terms with gentlemen, and at Boston University the per cent. of ladies in some classes has been as high as 75. Dr. Eliot, of Harvard, said recently that he was glad co-education was an established fact in Boston University, but did not commit himself to either side. Columbia is strongly opposed to it. But the best thing comes from Washington, D. C. The Professor of Greek in an institution there, said that as the boys were accustomed to come to recitations smoking their cigars, and immediately after recitations were finished, to light their cigarettes and go away wrapped in a cloud of smoke, ladies might be led into similar habits. For, he said, the Vassar girls have their banquets and respond to toasts, just as male students do in other institutions. The experience of Allegheny in co-education is to-day one of the most satisfactory of her history.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Talmage, Cook, Tourgee, and Gough will lecture at Ann Arbor during the winter.

The degree of LL. D. has been conferred on Chester A. Arthur by Union.—*Beacon*.

"Alcohol will clean silver." Yes, alcohol well stuck to will clean all the silver you have—out of your pocket.—*Ex*.

The catalogue of the University of Michigan reports 513 students in the collegiate department, and 1021 in the professional schools.—*Ex*.

At a recent oratorical contest in the Ohio Wesleyan University, two ladies won the highest honors; and, besides, they were the only ladies among seven contestants.

The *Spectator* states that C. A. Arthur, Jr., son of the President, left Columbia in order that he might not be dropped from his class, and has now entered Princeton.—*Beacon*.

The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but the sand; and angels come to visit us, and we only know them when they are gone.—*George Eliot*.

For the first time for many years—it is difficult to say how many—Cambridge is filled with the excitement of a parliamentary election. M. Walpole, M. P. for the university has resigned.—*Varsity*.

The students at some of the Russian universities are again revolting in consequence of the severity of the police regulations. A student and a policeman seem to be two unharmonious souls the world over.—*Varsity*.

This seems to be a year of Faculty victories. With the history of the college wars of Geneva, Monmouth, Adelbert, and now the Ohio Wesleyan, it would be a bold class that dare rise in rebellion against the "powers that be."

The University of Toronto has a Modern Language Club. The exercises consist of essays in German or French, selections from the writings of celebrated foreign authors, and discussions of subjects connected with the languages. A criticism of all the work completes the programme.

Censure and criticism never hurt anybody. If false they can't hurt you unless you are wanting in manly character; and, if true, they show a man his weak points and forewarn him against failure and trouble.—*Gladstone*.

A student in the Chicago University, Dec. 11, had trouble with a fellow student. President Anderson, of the university, reprimanded him, and he replied with impertinence. Dr. Anderson undertook to remove him from the room when he drew a revolver and tried to shoot the president. He was disarmed and the faculty subsequently expelled him.—*Badger*.

Boston University has just established sixty-four scholarships of one hundred dollars each in the College of Liberal Arts, to be awarded to meritorious students. These scholarships are to be divided equally between the young women and the young men, and reduce a student's expenses, including board, to \$200 or \$250.—*University Herald*.

The Junior class of the O. W. U. sent resolutions of sympathy to the expelled Junior class of Adelbert college, Cleveland. Our faculty do not approve of the action and ask them to retract the resolutions. The Juniors hesitate, squirm, make windy speeches, and finally in sack-cloth and ashes throw themselves at the feet of the faculty and say, Thy will, not ours, be done.—*Transcript*.

TO MUCH PEPPER.—A very wicked man became converted, and in due time it came his turn to pray in class meeting. Not being accustomed to speaking in public, as a matter of course he was considerably embarrassed. This is the substance of his prayer: "Oh, Lord, Thou giver of all good things look down with pity on poor people. You are rich and can spare them plenty to eat while on earth. Send every one of them a barrel of flour, plenty of lard and a side of bacon, a ham or so, and a pound of butter. Send each one of your starving human creatures a barrel of sugar, a barrel of pepper—oh, h—l, that's too much pepper. Amen."—*Society Scroll*.

Messrs Moody and Sankey, the American revivalists, have been holding meetings in Cambridge during the past eight days. On Sunday, the 5th, the evening meeting was attended by about 2,000 undergraduates—two-thirds of the University—and the interest does not seem to have slackened much, for although meetings have been held every night in the week, the attendance last Sunday must have numbered over 1,500. The graceful conduct of a small minority of the audience at the first meeting interfered with the pleasure of the rest, but since then the meetings have been conducted in the most orderly manner.—*Varsity*.

The Lick Observatory, in California, is well under way. It is on Mount Hamilton, thirteen miles from San Jose, and nearly 4,500 feet above sea level, with an unobstructed view of the heavens, except a small part of the northeastern horizon, shut out from view by a neighboring mountain peak. There are to be two domes, in one of which a twelve-inch equatorial telescope is now erected. The other is to contain the great thirty-six inch telescope, the glasses for which are now being ground at Cambridgeport, Mass. The observatory is of the most substantial character, and will be completely equipped.—*Transcript*.

SCISSORINKTUMS.

A young lady that was squeezed between two freight cars, says it felt just like trying on a pair of new corsets.—*Transcript*.

Teacher (to small boy)—"What does the proverb say about those who live in glass houses?" Small boy.—"Pull down the blinds."

A prep. closes his patriotic oration thus: "Yes, our country shall remain till Gabriel plays his last trump, and orders up the universe."

Enterprising Sunday School Teacher: "Frank, have you been baptised?" Frank: "Yes'm, last winter, but they said it didn't take."—*Tech*.

If you want a man to linger in your room "let him talk about himself;" if you want him to "dust" just talk about yourself.—*Dickinsonian*.

One man asked another man to define honor. He could not, but said if a woman went to church and sat behind another woman, she could tell what was on her.

A little boy quietly watched a bee crawling on his hand, till it stopped and stung him, when he sobbed: "I didn't mind its walking about, but when it sat down it hurt awful."

"Were you guarded in your conduct while in New York?" said a father to his son, who had just returned from a visit to that city. "Yes, sir: part of the time by two policemen."

A bunch of shingles fell from a boat on the head of a negress, who sounded back, "Y'oughter b' shame to muss a cullud wom'n's har dat way. I wish de shingles fell ovahboard."

"What is the greatest charge on record?" asked the professor of history. And the absent-minded student replied: "Seventeen dollars for hack hire for self and girl for two hours."

An inefficient Detroit choir scored a hit the other day by singing a hymn, the closing lines of which were:

"O Lord, we give ourselves away,
'Tis all that we can do."—*Detroit Every Saturday*.

"Are you certain of securing the diadem?" asked the minister of the dying-man, and when the man said he didn't "want to diadem bit," the minister and the doctor both flew, and as a natural consequence the man got better.

Teacher—"Miss S., with what do you breathe?" Miss S., who is a Junior, replies—"With my epigram." Teacher—"Oh, no! you are thinking of the epiglottis." "O yes," says Miss S., "I mean my diagram."—*Lassell Leaves*.

A Senior (reciting psychology outside)—"The unification of the apparent dualism of things can be prognosticated by the sentient susceptibilities appertaining to the convergent lines of evident damfoolishness."—*Bowdoin Orient*.

Mrs. Israel Aaron—"Aaron, Aaron, was ist der matter mit der leetle Karl—he can no preakfast eat?" Aaron—"Can no preakfast eat, Katrina? Gott sei dank! der dam leetle schamp, he yust haf eat up mein new cake berfumed shaving soap."

"Wilt thou?" came the manly voice, as he shed an amorous, fire-eating glance into her lustrous eye—and she wilted. "Dost thou?" in stentorian tones from the owl-eyed car-driver to the adventurous kid on the rear platform—and he dusted.—*Detroit Chaff*.

PERSONALS.

A. J. Newell, '80, passed the holidays in this city.

W. C. Davis, ex-'85, is Freshman at Delaware, Ohio.

C. E. Everett, '81, still "wields the rod" in Glendale, O.

L. O. Mead, '81, is pastor of the M. E. church in Hutchinson, Kan.

S. M. Decker, '81, now holds a position in the Exchange bank at Bradford.

Ed. Hughes surprised his friends in the city and college by a short visit during vacation.

"Coll" White, formerly of class '84, has now a good situation on the Pittsburgh *Leader*.

W. E. Rice, who was present at college last Spring term, is teaching school at Enterprise, Pa.

R. B. Black, a student last year, has embarked in the newspaper business at Experiment Mills, Pa.

Will Hoover has accepted a good position in a bank at Oil City, and will not be in college this term.

Fletch White, formerly a member of the present Senior class, is attending medical lectures at Cleveland.

R. C. McNeish, ex-'85, is meeting with success as a commercial traveler for Reno & Co., of Pulaski, Pa.

Jim Stewart is attending Washington-Jefferson college this term. He writes that he likes the institution.

Jack Watson, who is now on the reportorial staff of the Pittsburgh *Times*, visited his friends in college last week.

Burton E. Greene, who was at Allegheny a couple of years ago, now occupies a position on a paper at Bath, N. Y.

Rev. J. W. Miles, class '74, who is now preaching at Blairsville, Pa., paid his friends in this city a short visit last week.

Richard Riley Ross, formerly a member of class '83, occupies a position in the Standard Publishing House at New York city.

Tom McFarland, one of Pittsburgh's enterprising young attorneys, spent a portion of his holidays with his parents in this city.

E. M. Wood, '79, who was for three years principal of the schools at Sinclairville, N. Y., now holds a similar position in Lancaster, Wis.

"Bige" Tarbell, class of '81, who has been engaged in business in Dakota, returned to the realms of civilization, and spent the holidays with his parents in Titusville.

Captain A. C. Nutt, cashier of the Pennsylvania State Treasury, who was shot and killed at Uniontown, by N. T. Dukes, was a graduate of class '61, and valedictorian of his class.

Mr. Chas. W. Fish, class '80, who has been pursuing his studies in medicine at Cleveland, spent part of his vacation in the city. He reports himself well pleased with the medical profession.

Harry Flood returned from Albany, N. Y., where he has been in attendance at Law School the past three months, to spend his vacation with his parents in the city. He is the same "old Harry."

S. Jules Fleming, who was formerly a student at this college, is editor of the Chihuahua, Mexico, *Enterprise*, a monthly journal, devoted to the material interests of the city and state of Chihuahua in particular, and Mexico in general.

There is an Erie student at Allegheny college, Meadville,

who has been christened "Doty Dumble" by his fellow-students.—*Erie Observer*. We are not personally acquainted with the gentleman alluded to, and would like the pleasure of an introduction.

Mr. Harry Hughes, who was at one time a student at Allegheny college, was united in matrimony to Miss Gertrude Cunningham on the evening of January 3d, at the parlors of the Commercial hotel, Rev. Townsend officiating. We understand that the newly wedded couple intend settling in Nebraska in the near future, and the CAMPUS wishes them the highest degree of prosperity in their Western home.

The marriage ceremony of Chas. Edward Locke and Miss Mina J. Wood, was performed at the residence of the bride's father, Pittsburgh, on the evening of the 27th of Dec. The young people are well known in Meadville social circles, both having been students of the college. Mr. Locke was a graduate of the class of '80, since which time he has been preaching at Mineral Ridge, O. Dr. W. H. Locke, father of the groom, officiated at the wedding, assisted by the Rev. R. T. Miller. Mr. and Mrs. Locke will leave for an eight months tour of Europe and Palestine in a few weeks.

COLLEGE BRIC-A-BRAC.

"LE ROI EST MORT—VIVE LE ROI!"

Sleep well dead year, we welcome now

Our monarch of the sunny brow,

And resolutions fair we make,

To serve him well for love's sweet sake

And—horrors! breaking thro' my rhymes

What sound is this? No New Year's chimes

Can quench this wild, discordant cry,

'Tis he, or may my "Pony" die!

With howls and snortings like a grampus,

He shakes at me the New Year's CAMPUS,

"More copy, more"—be quiet there,

My golden fancies fade in air;

You printer's devil, stop your grinning,

You'd set an angel's soul to sinning,

You've knocked my poem into pi.

SUB.

We notice a few new students this term.

A man of many mashes—Ethelbert E. W. Blair.

We miss the bewitching countenance of Willie Hoover.

Many of the newly appointed officers sport nobby new uniforms.

We ache to lay hands upon the correspondent of the *Morning News*.

Contrary to our expectations, we again see the smiling faces of the Taylor Bros.

Visits from old college boys have been occurring with pleasing frequency lately.

The burning of East Hall proved a bonanza to the boarding house keepers in the city.

We would like to know who the party is that writes so many letters to Bert Blair. Confectionery letters.

Sleighting parties are numerous, and the shackles of the festive student diminisheth in consequence.

After the quick departure of the Winter vacation, no one is ready to dispute the quotation that, "time flies."

Frisbee is Commissary of Hulings Hall, and Lynch at the Douglas house. Both are equal to the emergency.

The Seniors growl and grumble, but all to no purpose, at having to recite Political Economy at the sixth bell.

There seems to be a disposition on the part of the students to settle down to hard work. It is a commendable resolve.

The Declamation Contest of Philo society was held on the 9th inst., and that of Allegheny one week from that date.

The Douglas house which has been procured for the boarding hall, is equalled in beauty of location by few places in the city.

The class in Political Economy this term is very large. Under the instruction of Prof. Haskins, it is a most interesting study.

Wanted, actors. All persons wanting lucrative situations apply at once to James Henri Thompson, B. M. of the "Sheeney" Opera Co.

The probabilities are that we will have four small dormitories, instead of one large hall. *The plan is a good one and should be adopted.*

As far as we know there is not a solitary married man attending college this term. What is the matter, are the boys learning wisdom or what?

R. R. Rush, of New York city, has presented to the Phi Delta Theta Fraternity of this college a handsome red plush album for the photos of his Fraters.

The many parties constantly occurring in the city and different parts of the surrounding country, account for the heavy eyes and blank looks so often seen in the recitation room of late.

Dr. Hamnett will not hear his classes this term, but will be engaged in other duties connected with the college. His classes have been divided between Profs. Tingley and Hyde.

Plummer and Martin have at last shaved off their mustaches. They made an heroic effort but, verily, the fates were against them. It's no use boys, you will have to wait until you are Seniors.

The hard and troublesome work of the Sophomores in preparing their annual show will soon begin. The question arises, does the fun and profit pay for the trouble and worryment. The Sophs answer, yes.

Rev. Dr. A. B. Hyde has received from Rev. Dr. F. Gardiner, Secretary of the Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis, information of his election to membership in that body, which is of the highest standing in this country.

The sanitary condition of the college is good at present, but we have fears that the Beech house boys will ruin their constitutions by hard study before the end of the term. Be careful, boys, for you have many friends who are watching you with great anxiety.

There seems to be more confusion in the arrangement of the different classes this term than ever before. In some instances two recitations in the same year occurring at the same hour. It is doubtless, owing to the fact, that some studies out of their regular departments are being heard by the Professors.

Place, college campus—time, 11:30 A. M., dramatis personae. X. and Y. X. suddenly slips and gracefully assumes a sitting posture. Y. gallantly scrambles forward to assist X. and awkwardly assumes a similar position. Result of catastrophe—no broken bones,—but a pleasant acquaintance. Moral, slip.

The Declamation Contest of Philo Society was held in the college chapel Tuesday evening, Jan. 9th. The performers were Messrs. Guinon, Deane, Murray, Lynch and Meade. All the performers acquitted themselves very creditably. Mr. Deane, who spoke "Parrhasius and the captive," was awarded the prize.

The Declamation Contest of the Athenian Literary Society, which was held near the close of the last term, was the best that has ever been given by this society. To Mr. Buzza, who gave the selection entitled "Shamus O'Brien," was awarded the prize, a set of Dickens' works. The verdict of the jury was in accordance with the sympathy of the house.

Class in Geology.—Professor—Mr. B.—, by the way where is the Ganges river located. Mr. B.—In South America, I believe, Professor. As a half suppressed titter went around the class; the young man breathed in an agitated manner, and as his face slowly assumed the color of his hair, he turned away in a dejected manner, muttering something about the length of time since he had studied Geography.

The time has now arrived for paying subscriptions for the CAMPUS, as will be seen by the touching appeal of the Business Manager in another column. The Business Manager of the CAMPUS is a modest man, and dislikes to be continually asking for money. Of course he has no use for money, and like all managers of papers, never needs any, but in order to have things carried on in a business like manner, we guess you had better pay up.

What has become of the prizes which were to have been offered for the best literary productions appearing in the pages of the CAMPUS? The plan is a most excellent one, and why do not some enterprising students take hold of the matter? The great difficulty has always been in procuring interesting matter for the literary department of the CAMPUS, and this will not only greatly facilitate the work of the literary editors, but will lend an additional charm to this department of the paper.

A number of improvements have been made in the Library this term. New shelves have been added and a neat railing placed around the Librarian's desk. The stove which has been substituted for the old one is the greatest improvement of all. Students will now be able to study and read in a room as comfortable as if they were at their own homes. The books left to the college by Dr. Day have been placed on the shelves, and with the beginning of the new year many new periodicals have been received. Students are now enabled to find papers and magazines treating on any and all topics of the day.

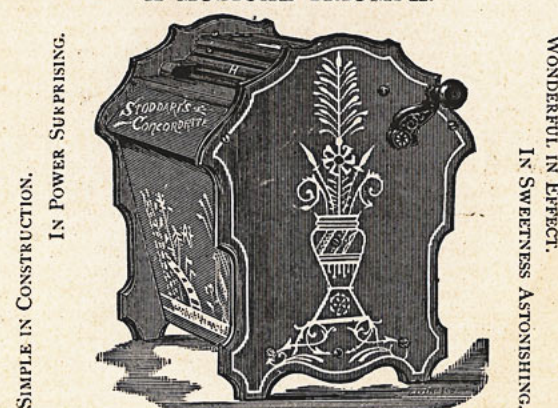
Every college has its characters. Boys, who by some peculiarities, common only to themselves, are conspicuous among their fellow students. When such an one shuffles off the scene of college life, he leaves behind him a vacant place which is hard to fill. He may be admired for his intellectual attainments, loved for his fine social qualities, or distinguished for both. Allegheny has always had her characters. When Cubbison, the man of "monumental gaul," departed, we experienced a severe shock, likewise when our poet Snyder. And now Stewart has gone and the scenes, which were made merry with his genial countenance, will know him no more. However, we console ourselves with the thought, that we still have Silver, if he leaves, we are irretrievably lost.

The following officers and non commissioned officers have been appointed for the year: Co. A.—Capt., Walter J. Guthrie; 1st Lieut., E. E. Blair; 2d Lieut., E. S. Blair; 1st Serg., Duff Merrick; 2d Serg., C. R. Thoburn; 3d Serg., John Remer. Co. D.—Capt., Wess. B. Best; 1st Lieut., F. E. Ferree; 2d Lieut., W. B. Symthe; 1st Serg., Willis W. Huffman; 2d Serg., Charles Benedict; 3d Serg., Harry D. Patterson. Co. B.—Capt., E. H. Pond; 1st Lieut., C. P. Robinson; 2d Lieut., Harry W. Plummer; 1st Serg., Jas. B. Stewart; 2d Serg., Homer, J. Bodley; 3d Serg., Beck. Co. C.—Capt., E. M. Robinson; 1st Lieut., W. W. Case; 2d Lieut., Jas. B. Stull; 1st Serg., J. H. Thompson; 2d Serg., Will McClurg; 3d Serg., not appointed. We understand the appointments of Corporals have been made, but they have not yet been published.

As, in response to our appeal in the last issue, a very limited number saw fit to send in the amount of their subscriptions, we are obliged again to call the attention of our delinquent subscribers to the fact that we are in need of money to pay necessary bills. THE CAMPUS is conducted with no pecuniary benefit to any one, and needs the prompt payment of its subscriptions, to defray expenses. Let this receive your immediate attention. THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

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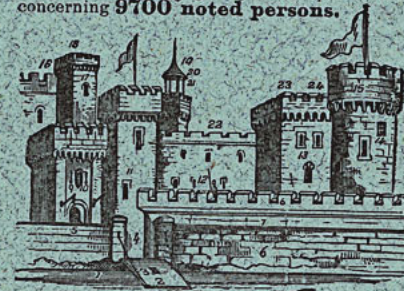
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