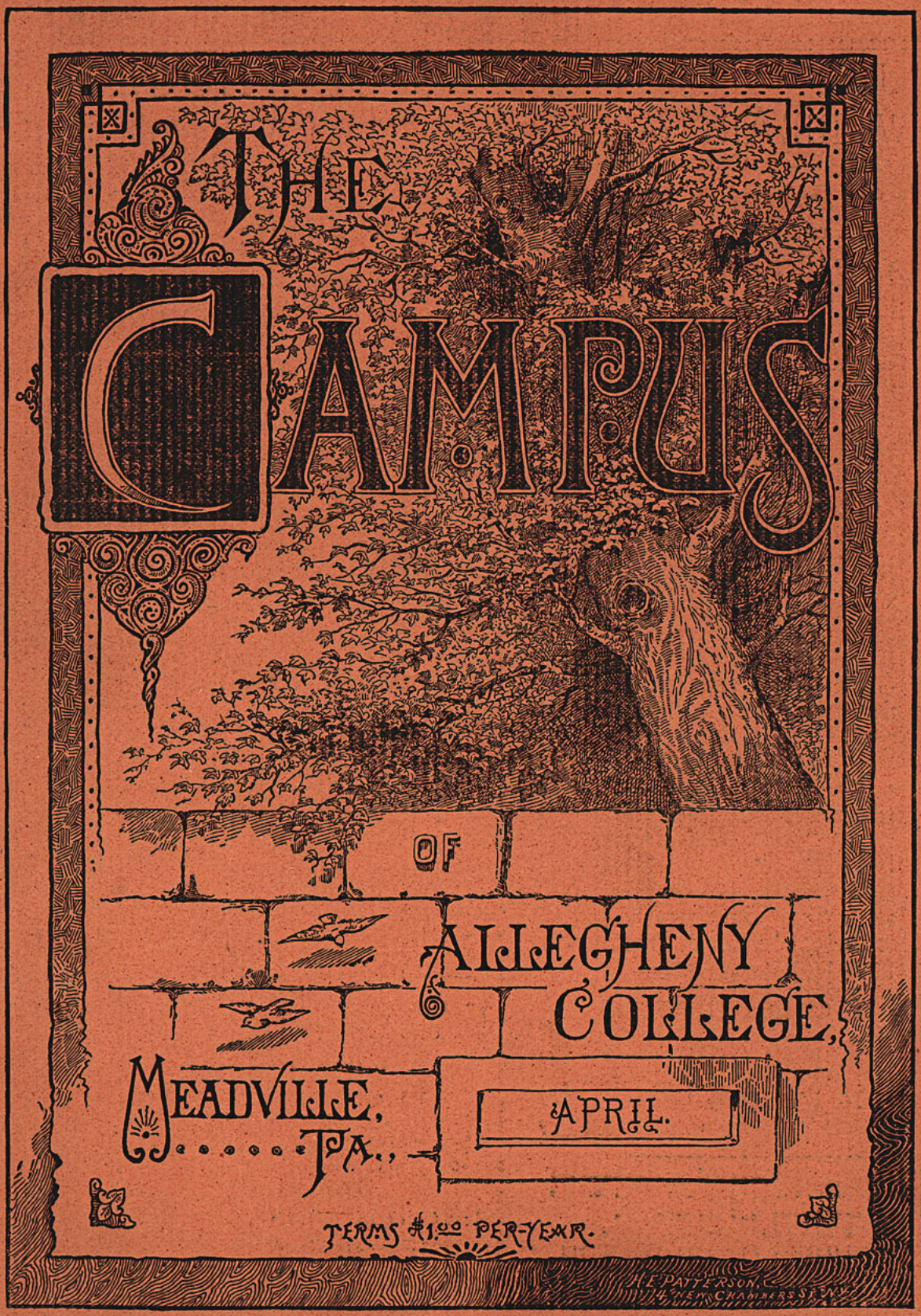
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THE CAMPUS.

"INTER SILVAS ACADEMI QUÆRIMUS VERUM."

VOL. VIII, No. 8. ALLEGHENY COLLEGE, MEADVILLE, PA., APRIL, 1884. TERMS, $1.00 PER YEAR.

Literary Department.

WRITE THEM A LETTER TO-NIGHT.

SELECTED.

Don't go to the theatre, lecture or ball,
But stay in your room to night;
Deny yourself to the friends that call,
And a good long letter write—
Write to the sad old folks at home,
Who sit when the day is done,
With folded hands and downcast eyes,
And think of the absent one.

Don't selfishly scribble; "Excuse my haste,
I've scarcely the time to write;"
Lest their brooding thoughts go wandering back
To many a bygone night,
When they lost their needed sleep and rest,
And every breath was a prayer
That God would leave their delicate babe
To their tender love and care.

Don't let them feel that you've no more need
Of their love and counsel wise;
For the heart grows strangely sensitive
When age has dimmed the eyes.
It might be well to let them believe
You never forget them quite—
That you deem it a pleasure when far away,
Long letters home to write.

Don't think that the young and giddy friends
Who make your pastime gay,
Have half the anxious thoughts for you
That the old folks have to-day.
The duty of writing do not put off,
Let sleep or pleasure wait,
Lest the letter for which they look and long,
Be a day or an hour too late.

For the sad old folks at home,
With locks fast turning white,
Are longing to hear of the absent one—
Write them a letter to-night.

THE PESSIMIST'S REVERIE.

IN order to perpetuate what their fertile brains have wrought out concerning both mind and matter, men have always shown a disposition to utilize every facility to secure this end; we might divide their methods into two classes—the mental, and material. The former antedating the Phoenician alphabet, and the latter including a variety of ways of the subsequent historical centuries. The first method could be revived with excellent success to-day, when the seat of memory is chiefly situated in the Dictionary and Cyclopedia. It has not yet been totally abandoned however. In the fastnesses of Thibet and Northern India, in the monasteries of Bhudda and Brahma, the priests guard and transmit their sacred writings in this way alone. Their inscriptions cover no material thing, and they hold the mysteries of their religions entirely in the memory. It is astonishing the power their minds have attained in this direction. The amount they accurately memorize is many times greater than that contained in the Iliad, and this has been handed down in this way from the remotest ages. The rhapsodists of Homeric times who tuned their pipes in unison with the thrilling words of Troja's siege and destruction could in no wise have been excused, because he had left his music at home; for this noble epic was preserved by the memory alone, until a much later date. The lapsus of a healthy vigorous memory is no more frequent than that of the printer's fingers.

The other method of transmitting knowledge, which we term the material, has assumed various forms. The cuniform characters on rocks and burned bricks outranks all others in their indestructibility. Centuries have rolled by, the seat of civilization has changed, their places of safe keeping have been razed to the ground, armies have surged above them, fertility has fled and the sand heaps of the desert now grow deep above them, but still the Scythian, Assyrian and Persian writings remain to tell the history of their national life and pen before us to-day. the scenes enacted 8,000 years ago. The Egyptians wrote upon papyrus rolls and, enclosing this perishable material in the eternal pyramids, we have to-day full records of their times. The treasures of the Greek and Roman tongues have largely survived the shocks of contending armies, the disruptions of empires, the subjection of civilizing elements, and the flood of barbaric devastation. The sacred precincts of abbey wall and convent mysticism turned the destroyers' fury into awe and homage, and precious vellum and parchment scrolls rested unharmed. But the conditions of preservation have changed. Knowledge, has leaped the bounds of monk and abbott, and the harvests of the brain are now stacked in depositories, thrown open to the people and controlled by them.

The above train of thought was started recently, after reading an article in which the writer propounded the utter destruction of our vast world of literature. No wonder was it that my mind was bewildered, and filled with solicitude for posterity. As the volume dropped lower and lower and my head fell farther and farther backward, its weary brain took a wild flight into the ages to come, lived them through to the uttermost and partook of all their wretchedness. The writer had spoken of a future glacial epoch which was to work out all this ruin. Geology told him of one that had been, when our thickly inhabited

and fertile countries of to-day were bound in icy chains of incredible length and thickness. It will be but a small matter of 10,000 years perhaps, until these same lands will again be infolded in a glacial embrace. The glistening fronts of insidious glaciers will creep out from the regions of eternal cold. The germinating heats of Spring and Summer will flee before them. The warm showers that sustain all verdant life will turn to pelting hail and blinding snow storms. The great imigrations of the race of man will then begin. The domicile of the human family will be changed. The bleakness of ice bound lands will be shunned by every living thing. When into the confines of the civilized world, the impassable and irremovable barriers of frost silently push their way, then will nation draw nearer to nation, and the surplus of population in one part of the globe will overflow into the more thinly inhabited portions of it and cover it like destroying hosts of grasshoppers. The race in its efforts to survive will seek every possible means to escape its stifling death. Uprisings and wars, plagues and famines will quickly follow. Like prisoners of the Black Hole, the rush will be for exit, for life, for survival. What heed will then be given to the amenities of life or the labors of brain, much less, what it has already wrought out and stored up. In this universal woe, the flower of genius will parch up, civilization will sink away; the records of past time will be obliterated by flames, rushing tide and lurking worm; the strongest brute will rise above the ruins as the survival of the fittest, and humanity will set itself to work to scale again the ladder of existence. Close upon the abandonment of the ancient seats of human knowledge will follow the overthrow of the work of man's hands and intellect. The palaces of kings, figures of bronze and marble, cathedrals reared to the God of the universe, and every record of human genius will partake in this entombment. How much can future time expect to possess of our treasured literary wealth! Except writing them upon the shifting sands and flowing waters, there could not have been devised a more perishable medium of perpetuating our book knowledge than paper itself. It is the very tinder of the civilized world. Its most remorseless enemies are fires and water, and these two elements make up the "gnawing tooth of time." Water dissolves paper into a pulpy mass, and fire almost annihilates it. How futile are the means we are using to aid the laudable researches of post-glacial scientists! The printing press may prove a curse rather than a blessing to them in their investigations. In multiplicity there is perpetuity, is the motto of the press. But still, we ask, what will become of our great Alexandrian Libraries? Will not their vast accumulations but serve to heat the baths of some barbaric conqueror? Or may not Nihilistic and Communistic frenzy pile high their funeral pyre and apply the torch? The tendency of this age and those to follow imitate the waters, and if not naturally, then will the grades of society be forced to seek a common level. That which creates rank or caste will first be sought out and throttled. The causes which impel men to raze the noblest architectural specimens to the ground, and overthrow the memorials of human achievement will have easy work upon the destructible treasures of the alcove. Realize the frailty of the printed page in the 19th century, in the land of freedom, in the Paris of America. The vandal mob knew well the affinity of their flaming torch for the records of their city. The consuming flames of intangible but inestimable wealth rose high above the stilted pride of the city of lard and hams, the boasted center of art and music in America. This is what happens to-day. If this is a slight foretaste of human wrath upon printed literature now, what utter annihilation awaits it in the dread upheaval of coming time! The archæologist of some remoter geologic age in unearthing the mouldering architectural remains of our time will reap but poor reward for his efforts. His ingenuity will be taxed to its uttermost. He will struggle to conform the cuniform brick, upturned in his excavations, with the remains of an age denoting a more advanced progress. The very clay on which these characters, still clear and distinct, was impressed was steeped in antiquity, when the later ruins, in which he finds it, were in there original form, fresh from the builder's hand. In vain will he seek for any literary remains of the ancients of the 19th and 20th centuries. A great chasm will oppose his progress here. In its depths he will find dusted an impalpable powder. It will be pronounced the remains of some material once made from rags and straw.

THE LAST OF THE MORISCOES.

BY E. S., '87.

THE traveller in Spain is struck with the magnificent yet mournful ruins of ancient grandeur which everywhere meet his eye. On all sides the wanderer beholds remains of old temples, palaces, mosques, and hospitals, now solitary and deserted, and which indicate a civilization, power and culture evidently long since fled from Spain. As he wanders among the tall arches and splendid pillars of the far famed Alhambra he wonders how it is that the gloom of fanaticism and superstition should be so thrown over these lovely regions which seem to be the natural abode of festivity and pleasure. Four hundred years ago these ruined and deserted cities and villages were teeming with an industrious and intelligent population whose very memory seems to have almost faded from the minds of men. The southern part of the Spanish Peninsula was occupied by the ancient kingdom of Granada, embracing a region about 180 leagues in circumference, bounded on every side by rugged mountains and cut across and broken into steep hills and valleys by the Alpujarras. Granada was celebrated all over the known world for the proficiency of her people in the arts and sciences, for the manufactures, her splendid cities and her institutions of learning. The treaty of capitulation made upon its conquest by Ferdinand and Isabella, after a long and bloody war, especially stipulated that the Moors, or Moriscoes, as they were called from that time, should rest in undisturbed possession of all their religious rites and customs and that no threats or force was to be used to hasten their conversion to Christianity. For a few years only the Spaniards respected their agreement and made no attempt to convert the Moslems except through the legitimate means of preaching and the exposition of the Scriptures. But the work of proselyting went on so slowly that in 1499 the iron-hearted Cardinal Xaimenes was sent to Granada where he instantly set about compelling the Moriscoes to profess Christianity, and under his unscrupulous measures the Musselmans pretended to be converted by thousands. At last, exasperated by the shameful and open violation of the treaty, they broke

out into a fierce rebellion which soon spread all through the Alpujarras. This was the thing most desired by the Christian sovereigns, as by placing themselves in an attitude of rebellion, the Moriscoes forfeited all the advantages secured by the treaty, besides incurring the penalties of death and confiscation. The insurrection was quickly crushed with great severities, and they were given their choice of either immediately receiving baptism or leaving the country. But few of this unhappy people were prepared to forsake their homes and kindred for the sake of their faith, and in a short time almost the entire Moorish population was brought within the pale of Christianity, or more correctly speaking, before the altars of the Inquisition. That infernal monster had so completely crushed heresy out of Spain that it might have been suffered to rest for want of fuel to keep it running had not new and ample materials been discovered in the unfortunate Moriscoes who were now consigned to its tender mercies. Such conversions are never genuine. Nothing less than a mighty miracle could have worked an instantaneous change in the convictions of a whole nation, and soon the agents of the Holy Office reported that under an outward show of obedience the Moriscoes were at heart as much infidel as ever. Persecution was unavailingly kept up for many years. Numerous oppressive laws, not strong enough to crush, but severe enough to enrage, were passed. The Cortes prohibited the Moriscoes from employing slaves or having any arms in their possession. In every conceivable way they were reminded of the distrust and aversion they were held in. So long as the accursed son of Ishmael possessed the fairest provinces of the south he was looked upon with hatred and envy by the Christian.

The constancy with which the people clung to the customs and traditions of their fathers gave great offence to clergy who insisted that the backslidings of the Moriscoes should be harshly dealt with. At length, by a law, which for absurdity and cruelty stands without a rival in history, and which never before disgraced any court, Christian or Pagan, they attempted to accomplish the work of generations at one stroke. This law commanded that the Moriscoes should exchange their national costume for that of the Spaniard, that after three years either to speak or write Arabic was a crime to be punished by the severest penalties, that they should drop their family names and take Spanish names instead, that the women should go abroad with their faces uncovered, that after weddings they should leave the doors of their houses open three days so that any one might enter and see that they did not have recourse to unhallowed ceremonies, and finally this master-piece of tyranny forbade the use of baths, so essential to health and cleanliness in the warm climate of Granada. This monstrous edict was an attempt to destroy not only the religion and language of a whole people, but an attempt to blot out all their recollections of the past and of their very nationality. The Moriscoes immediately sent one of the most respected and learned of their countrymen to the court where he plainly demonstrated the cruelty and impracticability of the measure proposed by the government and offered a vast sum of money to buy off the law. The envoy was told that the law was too just and holy and had been made with too much consideration ever to be repealed, and that the salvation of a single soul was estimated as of greater price than all the revenues drawn from the Moriscoes. All negotiation was at an end. They had to choose from the dreadful alternative of slavery and degradation on the one hand, and almost certain death on the other. They chose the brave and patriotic course, and like a wild beast which had been hunted and driven to bay, the whole Morisco population turned savagely upon their oppressors. Abeu Humeya was elected king and the unequal struggle was conducted with horrible barbarities on both sides for three years longer. The Moriscoes were driven into the mountain fastnesses and killed with as little mercy as so many wolves. By the end of 1571 the subjugation was complete and the feeble remnants of the Moors were taken from their homes, divided into separate companies and scattered in all parts of the Peninsula. If one was found ten miles from his assigned parish he was put to death. The gulf between the races grew wider and wider. The Moriscoes hated the Christians for the multitude of wrongs they had received, and the Christians hated the Moors the more that they had themselves inflicted these wrongs, and with these sinister passions rankling in their bosoms the Spaniards were gradually prepared for the consummation of their long train of persecutions. In 1611 the entire Morisco population was expelled from Spain. This final act deprived her of nearly a million of the most thrifty and ingenious of her people and gave her a fearful impetus in the course of decline, which has left Spain the most insignificant nation in Europe.

We cannot contemplate the melancholy fate of the Moriscoes without feelings of indignation, that in the name of the religion of Jesus Christ—a religion which teaches gentleness, love and mercy—it should have been thought necessary to exterminate a whole enlightened and industrious people, nor without a sense of shame that the religion which should have advanced the cause of truth and light and liberty, was made to sanction and uphold the foulest engine of human persecution that ever existed in any nation or any age. The followers of Mohammed showed a mild and tolerant spirit which may well cause the historian of the early Christian Church to blush at the degrading contrast. With all allowance for the ferocity of the age and the laxity of its principles there are passages which every Christian who cherishes the fame of the Church would be glad to see purged from its history, passages which can neither be defended on the score of humanity nor necessity of any kind, and which must forever leave a dark spot on the annals of the Church. Can America, can Pennsylvania, can Allegheny college boast that the spirit of bigotry and intolerance "which forms the very breath of persecution" is altogether extinct in its bosom?

LETTER FROM JAPAN.

BY REV. M. C. HARRIS, A. M., CLASS '71.

To the Editors of the Campus:

In response to your kind invitation to write you a letter from the "Far East," I send you a few notes of my journey. On the afternoon of the 22nd of November, our good ship, the "City of Pekin," steamed out of the harbor of San Francisco, famed for its great beauty. The weather being all that could be desired our passengers, including eight hundred Chinamen, were on deck enjoying the surrounding scenery with a pleasure heightened by the anticipation of the vast desert of waters before them, and the in-

evitable stomach-ache, an experience which unhappily, only the few among the many, who "go down to the sea in ships" are fortunate enough to escape. Before night came upon us, we were riding on the tremendous "ground swell" always felt after leaving the harbor, and our leviathan of a vessel, so vast in proportions rolled and tossed about, as though she were but a small, helpless thing. Among many things for which I am bound to be grateful, is that I'm "a good sailor" and thoroughly enjoy life on the "ocean wave." Among our thirty or more passengers, only a half dozen or so were visible. The fate of the others you can surmise. One of the first inquiries after getting out to sea is "who have we on board." Altho' a little late in the season, we were fortunate in having a goodly number of people of our own kind, most of whom proved to be exceedingly desirable companions. Among these, I may mention Admiral Davis of the U. S. Navy, going out to assume command of the U. S. squadron in Japan and China. He met his family in New York, whom he had not seen for two years, just five days before he was ordered to sea; but like a true soldier he was ready for duty at the appointed time, making little of his privations. Bishop Roole, of England, just appointed to Japan, young in years, ripe in scholarship, very modest, and affable with all, was a great addition to our number. I was delighted when I heard, before leaving, that Mr. Protass Mozoomdar was to be one of our number. The generous hearted President of the P. M. S. S. Co., had provided him with a free pass from New York to Hong Kong; a kindness which produced a profound effect upon him. He is striking in appearance, possessed a large well proportioned physique, swarthy countenance, fine pair of eyes full of eloquence and spirituality. In manners, dignified but extremely kind, and very approachable. He surprised and delighted us all with his perfect knowledge of good classical English. It being a rare thing to hear any one express themselves with such elegance and without seeming affect to do so. His deep spirituality and intense religiousness impressed us profoundly. Our Chinese passengers spent the time in playing dominoes and gambling. Their gambling propensities are well known. Usually they are very quiet, but one evening, quite a row occurred forward; growing out of the fact that one man had been found guilty of cheating; about two hundred undertook to despatch him on the spot with knives and clubs; order was soon restored by the officers. All these Chinamen were returning to celebrate the New Year with their relatives and friends, not one of whom expects to remain in China, since they are, without exception, provided with passports, authorizing them to land in U. S. Five of these Mongolians died on the way, and were embalmed by the ship's surgeon, placed in air tight Chinese coffins, sealed and laid away in one of the boats on the hurricane deck. To throw overboard a dead body would create a mutiny among the passengers. Our voyage was a delightful one, and made in about eighteen days, by the Southern route—50,200 miles in length. On the afternoon of the 12th of December, the bold, beautiful outlines of the Japan coast became visible. All were glad to see "land," though, to most of us a strange land. A residence of several years in the country, had made Japan only second to my native land, and I felt as the vessel drew nearer, that I was getting home again. The clouds hung around the horizon, obscuring nearly all of Fuji, the peerless, kingly mountain of Japan,—sublime in his isolation,—a great disappointment to us all. I have now been a month in the "land of the Morning." Christmas and New Year festivities are among the past. It may surprise many to learn that Christmas is fast becoming a popular holiday in Japan. Ten years ago the name was hardly known by the Japanese; now the day is celebrated in many places and by thousands of the population. New Year is the great festive occasion in Japan. It overtops all their numerous holidays. Preparations for this begin a month before hand, and these are on a grand scale. Great expense is incurred in the decorations, &c. Before the old year goes out all accounts must be settled, books squared, ready to begin the New Year. On the first day the Emperor receives the Foreign Ministers, Princes of the Blood, His Ministers, &c. This year, a great innovation was made. For the first time in the history of Japan, the Empress received with the Emperor, thus making another step in the elevation of the women of the land. The custom here is for the men to receive until the 14th of the month. Then the decorations are removed, and women can make and receive calls upon each other. Two of the young ladies educated in U. S. have been married during the past year, one of them to the Minister of War, General Oyama, and the other to a Naval Officer. The latter refused to marry the gentleman whom her relatives had provided for her, and carried her point. I hear they are both very happy, and though in U. S. for ten years or more, quite long enough to become Americanized. They are still true to Japan, and in full sympathy with their own people—a fact which demonstrates their good sense. One of these also, Miss Ume Psuda, is now in the family of Minister Ito, acting Foreign Minister, and is studying the Court language, with a view to acting as interpreter for the Empress in receiving foreign ladies. She is a pronounced, sensible, Christian girl, and is doing mission work in these influential centres.

This letter, already too long I fear for your columns, must not be extended, yet I venture to send you a verbatim copy of a letter, just received from a business man here, which will give you an idea as to the way Japanese write English:

My Dear Gentleman, Mr. ———.

I am very sorry that I must beg your pardon for two things, on times and price of the visiting cards which I have promised you to make them within one week on the price one yen. But they are all mistaken because within the last one week, there were for laborers 3 holidays; therefore the visiting cards are not yet made; then I beg your pardon and beg your permission to give me the time 2 day more that is until the evening of the 19th day, and second is the mistake of the price. The common price of the visiting cards you promised me to make is 3 yen; but it is quite my fault, I will reduce the price to 2 yens I beg your pardon with all my heart of the two things and if you will be so kind to excuse me and acknowledge my desire, I am very happy indeed. Yesterday thought I went to Trukiji and *searched* your house, it was quite in vain because I had not heard what street you live.

We are very anxious of the matter.

Your humble servant,
KEI RADO.

Not all merchants are so conscientious.

With unchanging love for my "Alma Mater," and kindest greetings to the students I had the pleasure of meeting.

THE CAMPUS.

PUBLISHED THE 1st OF EACH MONTH, AUG. AND SEPT. EXCEPTED.

ENTIRELY CONTROLLED BY STUDENTS.

MEADVILLE, PA., APRIL, 1884.

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THE Seniors have listened with great relish to the lectures of the fall and winter terms. Those of the spring term promise to be as full of interest and profit. It is a decided improvement over the dry recital of narrow text-books, so long practiced in college.

WHEN we see the ladies between Bentley and Hulings Hall skipping along from block to block, as though they were playing "wood-tag" on an extremely safe plan, we are reminded that the walks about the campus and especially in this locality are in need of immediate and careful attention.

IMAGINE a measurement made with a chain wanting two or three links at each end, the deficiency being made up by guesses, and you have a fair illustration of the accuracy and completeness of the work of some of our students. The habit of lopping off from three to five days at each end of every college term has been most perniciously indulged at Allegheny. It has come to be recognized as a very great evil, and being so regarded, it is safe to conclude that steps will soon be taken to remedy it. Would it not be much better for those who are guilty to quietly correct the evil, than to be subjected to the chagrin and inconvenience of being forced to do so?

Now that vacation is over every one has settled down to business and affairs are moving along as quietly as an Athenian election. The Faculty, notwithstanding their extreme age, attack the work of the term with all the vigor of youth. The Senior, buoyed up by the thought that this is his last term, gives every evidence that, unless too severly attacked by "spring fever," he will be able to "pull through" to the Senior vacation. The Junior, nursed by a careful mother, has sufficiently recovered from the effects of the banquet to resume his duties. The Sophomore, so tired and sad at the close of last term, really begins to look mischievous. The Freshman is so much refreshed by the week's rest as to imagine himself capable of carrying at least six studies. And the festive "Prep." in the dawning light of the fact that he is soon to be a college man casts a shadow as long as the sixth bell recitation.

EVER since the admission of ladies to the college, there has been felt the need of a special course for them. The Latin and Modern Language course was founded with a view to partially meet this want. But the mere substitution of German and French for the four years of Greek goes a very short way toward satisfying the needs in this direction. We will make no attempt to discuss the subject of woman's liberal education. We believe that she should be permitted to pursue the same course of study as her sterner brothers, provided that her tastes and talents point her in that direction; but we believe, too, that we very imperfectly provide for her wants unless we offer facilities for her to acquire culture in the fine arts, which seems to be her most natural line of development.

Steps have recently been taken toward the accomplishment of this purpose. A movement is on foot for the establishment of a music school in connection with the college. It will be in charge of Mr. F. C. Wade, whose ability as a musician and efficency as an instructor are known and recognized by all. Ample provision will be made to meet the wants of the widest and most fastidious patronage.

This will be accepted by the friends of the college as a grand step in advance. It means much more to us than the mere establishment of a musical department. It means that Allegheny is waking up; that she is dissatisfied with plodding along in the old ruts; and we may confidently expect the most approved changes in her government and facilities.

Other great improvements are in contemplation. Provision for instruction in art, and a wider course in literature will soon follow; and the future ladies of Allegheny will graduate from a live course of music, painting, literature and modern language, instead of from a dry and lifeless classical course. May the new departure receive hearty encouragement and meet with marked success.

THE struggle, now being carried on in the educational world, with scientific men on one side and college faculties on the other, is not so much a question of whether Greek and Latin shall be

studied, as who shall study them. Scientific men have little time to quarrel over what they do not care to overthrow, so long as it is kept at the proper distance from their affairs; but when they are required to learn the trade of digging out Greek roots for discipline they think they prefer to have some choice in the matter. Our observation on the learning of trades amounts to about this; when a man learns a trade he is crystalized, he has chosen his work, he toils away at it with the spirit of a slave and accomplishes about as much as a man who has been banished for five or six years and returns to his country so far behind the times that he is a fossil.

In college we work for culture and we are told that this consists in getting enough Greek to be able to read it, with a grammar in one hand and a dictionary in the other. Science is very good for us, they say, but has no power to polish up our minds. This polishing process seems to require something hard; something that will grind the very life out of us. Possibly we could find the task of remembering tables of logarithms, lists of patents, dates of illustrious births and deaths, quite as hard and dry; and there are those who say this kind of work would do us equally as much good as Greek.

Four or five years, put on the study of our own language would be considered a monstrous waste of time, all would exclaim against this kind of education. Suppose, however, that a student thumbed his English dictionary half as much as he does his Greek and Latin, any one will grant that he would improve very much. Suppose he were to read as many hours per day, in books printed in his own tongue, as he is required to spend on his Greek and Latin, how broad his culture would be. Graduates often find, that after they leave college, there is a long pull of heavy sea before them. They do not understand their own language, they are behind the times in literature, in science, in politics, and, indeed, in everything. They look back with regret at the time wasted in the study of something that will be of no use to them in earning bread and butter. Now this is not as it should be. It would be well to require more study in our own history, language, literature, institutions, laws, politics and all that relates to the science of the arts, and less of the dead languages. There is no objection to any who wish to study Greek—let them study it and may they enjoy the fruit—but to oblige a student to spend his time at what he does not care a straw for and force him to wade through four or five years of hard study, to obtain that which he expects to forget in half the time, is hardly fair. Allow students to substitute modern languages and science for ancient literature and languages, giving them an equal amount of work to perform, and a great advance will be made in education. Those who enter certain places in life need these languages and should take them; others have no more need of such culture than they have of knowing how to pick rags and should not study Greek and Latin. The only plea made for these languages is that of discipline. Can we not find discipline in something more suited to our times? M.

THE THREE FOOLS.—AN OLD TALE VERSIFIED.

BY CHARLES M. SNYDER, '82.

'Twas in the year—no matter when, that Von De Blitzen fell
Upon a pleasant streak of luck that turned out monstrous well.
For by some adulteration which he practiced in his beer,
He realized enough to quit the business in a year.

So, selling out his brewery, less the secret of his trade,
Which for one or two ingredients, was better left unsaid;
He settled to a private life and kept a private vat,
And got to be respectable and an alderman at that.

He had one daughter, Gretchen, as the family record shows,
Who knew but little that transpired beyond her ruby nose,
Whose only occupation was—the next door neighbors say—
To light her father's meerschaum pipe and drive the flies away.

Well, Gretchen had a lover,—the inevitable Hans,—
Shrewd, and consumately deep in mercenary plans.
For he knew that once the father had piped off to lands unknown,
All the glittering pile of guilders he could safely call his own.

That is, of course, provided they had previously wed.
To which event most studiously he set his scheming head.
And Gretchen yielded to his love, as wax upon a stove—
Excuse the simile, I mean, she melted to his love.

Well: in the old man's cellar, in the centre of the floor,
There was a well a few feet deep uncovered by a door.
And on a state occasion as she went to draw some beer,
Poor Gretchen, as she gazed thereon, let fall a shining tear.

For thus she mused unto herself, "Fen Hans and I vas vun
And ve might haf some shiltren, might be dot favorite son,
Dey gomes town in de cellar and dey falls town in dot pit"
And overcome by fancy she bewailed to think of it.

Her weeping reaches her fathers ears, there sleeping off his cares,
Who throwing off his lethargy, quick hastened down the stairs.
Oh mine daughter! Oh mine daughter! vat makes you veep so now
Vat makes dese trembles of your hants, dose wrinkles of your prow"?

Then in the old man's patient ear, she told her woeful tale.
And together they in sympathy began to weep and wail;
Until the discord of the twain made such a fearful din,
That it struck the heart with terror of poor Hans who'd just come in.

Then hastening to the cellar just as fast as he could run,
He found them, who at sight of him afresh their wails begun.
And in the intervals of sobs—for Gretchen bhoo-hoo'd so—
He got in tearful extracts at the cause of all the woe.

Said Gretchen to explain to him the state that she was in,
"Hans fat if dey—de—shiltren gomes and tumples dot hole in"?
"Shiltren" said Hans "fat chiltren now? I dond know vat you mean."
"Vy don't you know—dot is if you and"—short sobs in between;

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Among the Colleges.

All mankind are students. How to live
And how to die forms the great lesson still.

—BAILEY.

EXCHANGE CHAT.

Owing to the refusal of the students of Kingston Medical College to allow women to share its advatages with them, the ladies of Canada, incensed at their action, have founded female colleges in Kingston and Toronto in which a lage number of students have entered.

A number of Yale students are thinking of making a tour of France, on foot, the coming vacation.

A citizen of New York has advanced $60,000 toward the establishment of a school of fine arts at Princeton.

One of the best Greek scholars in the country, during a recent lecture on the benefits of a classical education, said that there does not exist a graduate of an American college who can properly affix the accents to a page of printed Greek.

In the Harvard Annex there are 48 girl under-graduates, whose average scholarship is much higher than that of the young men in the University. The coming girl will probably be eligible to the Presidency.—*Ex.*

The Northwestern College students, at Naperville, Ills., are having trouble with the faculty. The boys adopted a uniform similar to that of the bicyclers, and the faculty refused to allow them to be worn in the class-room, while the boys claim it does not belong to the business of the faculty to superintend their dress.—*Ex.*

Oxford, England, is now honored with the presence of the first learned Brahmin who ever crossed the ocean. Ramobhai, the Sanscrit poetess, decendant of an ancient Brahmin family is visiting the home of Max Muller. She is a prodigy in the pronunciation of Sanscrit.—*Hobart Hearld.*

After much opposition on the part of both the professors and the students of the Canadian universities, the Ontario Legislature has decided that women shall be admitted as students in the Toronto Provincial University, which is the leading seat of learning in Canada, and it is looked upon as a certainty that most of the universities in the other provinces will follow the example.

The University of Oxford has appointed Prof. Sylvester, of Johns Hopkins' University, as professor of Mathematics. The London Spectator thus speaks of him: "Prof. Sylvester is, with perhaps some question as regards Prof. Coyley, the most brilliant and original mathematician of his time. * * Oxford has chosen outside her own University and has undoubtedly made a brilliant choice."—*University Quarterly.*

One of the most interesting and valuable features of the Johns Hopkins University library is the newspaper bureau. A trained editor and a staff of assistants read all the representative dailies and mark superior articles upon economic, political, social, educational, legal and historical subjects. These are afterwards clipped, arranged in newspaper budgets, kept in large envelopes or oblong boxes, which are marked with lables. The list of subjects includes every thing of value that finds its way into the columns of the press. Bulletin boards are covered daily with the best clippings from the latest papers, arranged under the leading heads of current topics."—*Badger.*

At Hamilton College the members of the entire Senior class of fifty three men absented themselves because two of their number were expelled. The Faculty made overtures toward a reconciliation, which the class did not choose to accept. They therefore applied for admission to other colleges. Failing to gain entrance, they have returned to Hamilton and resumed their duties, wiser if not sadder men.

The first number of the *School Supplement* has come to our table. A bright, attractive sheet, it is filled with interesting literary articles, bits of wisdom and sparkles of wit. The first page contains the portrait, and a sketch of the life of Peter Cooper. The aim of the *Supplement* is to add interest to the study of both teacher and pupil.

Earnest students of the French and German Languages will be glad to learn of the publication of a new monthly magazine which will afford them an excellent opportunity for continuing their reading after completing the class room course. We refer to *The Foreign Eclectic* which is devoted entirely to selections from the standard periodical literature of Europe. These selections are culled from recent French and German periodicals, are choice and tastefully arranged. The magazine is published in two parts; part 1st French, part 2nd German, and these parts can be had either singly or combined thus obtaining to its readers the greatest possible convenience.

Amherst students are marked on gymnasium practice, as on any recitation. President Seely says of compulsory exercise in the gymnasium: "By close statistics, carefully kept for twenty years, it appears that the health of an Amherst College student, is likely to grow better in each year of his college course. The average health of the Sophomore class is better than that of the Freshman, and of the Junior better than that of the Sophomore and of the Senior best of all. This average is shown to come from an improvement in the physical condition of the individual student, and not from a dropping out of the course of those who might be too weak to complete it."—*Ex.*

The University of Pennsylvania has issued a challenge to all the crews of colleges in the United States in consequence of the refusal of Harvard and Yale to accept its challenge in 1882 and 1883, and it announces that if its challenge is not accepted this year it will "claim the championship of American college rowing, and call upon public opinion to sustain its claim."

"Longfellow's class in college was one of the most remarkable that ever graduated at Bowdoin. There were, among them, Nathaniel Hawthorn (who spells his name Hathorne in college); Franklin Pierce, afterwards president of the Uniited States; Jonathan Cilley, who was shot while a member of Congress, in a duel, by Mr. Graves of Kentucky; George B. Cheever, a distinguished clergyman and author; Stephen Longfellow, the eldest brother of the poet, rapidly rising to distinction at the bar, when his earthly career was cut short by death; John S. C. Abbott, a somewhat famous writer; James W. Bradbury, an able lawyer, who has been in the United States Senate."

WIT.

Query: "What are the wild waves saying?" Answer: "Let us spray."

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it, never in the tongue of him that makes it.—*Shakespeare.*

The following legend is written in a Leadville church: "Please don't shoot the organist, he is doing the best he can."

Professor in Biblical department—"How did Elijah die?" "He didn't die. He was translated from the original Hebrew."

Ben Franklin discovered how to catch lightning, but one of our preps says he is ahead of Franklin, he has discovered how to catch thunder.

"An' that the pillar of Hercules!" she said, adjusting her silver spectacles. "Gracious, what's the rest of his bed-clothes like, I wonder?"

A smart young man picked up a flower in the ball room after the girls had gone, and sang pathetically, "'Tis the last rose of some her."—*Lafayette Journal.*

"I am afraid to go botanizing this spring," a Sophomore exclaimed. "Why?" asked a companion. "Because," was his reply, "I may get wounded. The professor said in recitation to-day that everything begins to *shoot* at that time."—*College Student.*

Senior recitation in Ethics. Professor—"What is an act of will called?" Senior C——e—"A volition, from *volo*, I will." Professor—"Exactly. Cicero says *voluntas est, quae quid cum ratione desiderat.* What is that?" Senior C——, triumphantly—"That is Latin, sir."

A Frenchman learned the English language complained of the irregularity of the verb "to go," the present tense of which some wag had written out for him as follows: "I go; thou startest; he departs; we lay tracks; you cut sticks; they absquatulate or skedaddle."

One of the Preps took the following method of bringing around the old man: "Dear Father—I like this school very much. I mind the rules now, and the teachers say I am doing very well. I have been thinking very serious for a long time, and I have almost decided to be a minister. I wish you would send me some money; I want to get some books. Your loving son, etc."—*Ex.*

Definitions by a Prep. Dust—mud with the juice squeezed out. Fan—a thing to brush off warm with. Ice—water that staid out in the cold and went to sleep. Pig—a hog's little boy. Salt—what makes your potatoes taste bad when you don't put any on. Wakefulness—eyes all the time becoming unbuttoned.—*Ex.*

"Ode to Night?"

"The evening for her bath of dew is partially undressed,
The sun behind a bobtail flush is setting in the west;
The planets light the heavens with the flush of their cigars,
The sky has put his nightshirt on and buttoned it with stars."—*Ex.*

WISDOM.

Discretion in speech is more than eloquence.

"The foolish and the dead alone never change their opinions."—*J. Russell Lowell.*

It is well to think well. It is divine to act well.—*Horace Mann.*

No fountain is so small but that heaven may be imaged in its bosom.—*Hawthorne.*

Wit is dangerous, eloquence is dangerous, a talent for observation is dangerous, everything is dangerous that has energy and vigor for its characteristics; nothing is safe but mediocrity.—*Sidney Smith.*

SIR GALAHAD.

If I were a painter I would limn the stainless knight thus. The picture would be a young fair face in a visorless helm. The first thing a man should see as he looked at it would be brightness, light streaming from it as from a sun. Just the head, but that should have an upright, gallant poise; the features not small, but decisive and strongly chiselled; not full in flesh, but hardened, clearly and lightly bronzed as becomes a knight of vigils and the enemy of unmanly softness. Then a profusion of crisp yellow beard upon red truthful lips, full but firmly closed as those of Leighton's 'Sansome.' But it would be upon the forehead and the eyes that I would concentrate all my art. Around an open smooth forehead should cluster short golden curls with a frank space between well-marked brows. And underneath these dark, deep-set, dauntless blue eyes, filled to the brim with the steadfastness of a great purpose and a high resolve, should look straight out at you from the canvas meeting yours, and seem to look past you and far, far beyond you.

. . . . . .

'All arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the Holy Grail.'

And through the noble gravity and seriousness of the face should play the light of a joy within like a child's, for with him there is no continual struggle between the powers of good and evil; his is an innocent nature strong in its almost unconscious virginity. E. C. in the *Varsity.*

"When you find an unwillingness to rise early in the morning make this short speech to yourself: I am rising to the work of a human being. Why then am I dissatisfied if I am going to do the thing for which I exist and for which I was brought into this world. Or have I been made for this, to lie in the bed clothes and keep myself warm? But this is more pleasant. Dost thou exist then to take thy pleasure and not at all for action or exertion?"—*Marcus Aurelius Antonius.*

"When the Poet is your host, his verses are sure to charm."—*Bulwer.*

"To-day is not yesterday; we ourselves change; how can our *works* and *thoughts*, if they are always to be the fittest, continue always the same? Change, indeed is painful; yet ever needful; and if Memory have its force and worth, so also has Hope. Nay, if we look well to it, what is all derangement and necessity of great Change, in its self such an evil, but the product simply of *increased resources* which the old *methods* can no longer administer; of new wealth which the old coffers will no longer contain?"—*Carlyle.*

Ligan.

Spring, spring, ubiquitious spring.

The preps are passing through the annual examination in orthography—and some are not passing through.

It was very naughty of the Ft. Douglas boys to excite the city by the rumor that one of the students had been killed.

The students, who were agents of Blaine's book, will soon commence the delivery of the first volume, which has just appeared.

Currie secretly slipped off to Saegertown one night last week. The result of such trips is well known. Another marriage notice may be looked for.

Major Fuller will, probably, reach Meadville next week, and will immediately take charge of the battalion. Meanwhile Capt. Day is in command.

A friend of the gentleman tells us that Goodfriend's new spring hat is a reward for excellence in the book business, from the Dickinson Publishing House of Detroit.

Dr. Carnachan, pastor of the Park Ave. Congregational church of this city, was chosen to deliver the Commencement sermon before the Y. M. C. A. of the college.

A "straw" vote for president in Allegheny Society resulted in 23 votes for Blaine, 1 for Edmunds, 2 for Lincoln, 6 for Randal, 1 for Tilden, 1 for Thurman, and 1 for Hawley.

Students seem to have a mania for applauding. They should, however, remember that excessive applause is sometimes anything but complimentary; it becomes annoying and is often very rude and ill-timed.

The following officers of the Y. M. C. A. were elected for the present term: President, Sam'l P. Long; Vice President, Miss Alice L. Heath; Executive Secretary, C. W. Proctor; Cor. Secretary, Homer S. Bodley; Treasurer, C. W. Fuller.

Arrangements have been completed by which a department of music will be opened in connection with the college at the beginning of next year. The instrumental part of the new feature will be in the charge of Mr. Frank Wade, who is well known as a musician of remarkable power and ability.

A severe accident happened to Dougal, while he, with some others, were exercising in jumping on the campus last Tuesday. He took a long hop, in the "hop, skip and jump," and fell upon the side of his foot, fracturing the bone in the ankle. He will probably be confined to his room for the balance of the term.

Capt. John W. Pullman with his family departed on last Sunday for Fort Wingate, New Mexico, where he has been assigned to duty in the Quartermaster Department of the Army. He had been expecting orders for some weeks, and was prepared to leave immediately on their receipt. Captain Pullman takes with him to his new field of work the hearty good wishes of the entire battalion and all who became acquainted with him during his residence here. On Friday, the 19th inst., he met the battalion at the armory for the last time in his official position, and read his farewell order, resigning the command. He thanked the cadets for their careful attention to duties and the respect which had always been shown him, and complimented the corps on their excellence in drill and deportment. In all his army life, he said, the past year had been the pleasantest and he regretted that his duty called him away. At the close of his remarks, Capt. Day in a few fitting words presented to the retiring officer a handsome set of books, "Campaigns of the Civil War," in twelve volumes. The recipient was much surprised and replied, "Boys, I am no speech-maker, and could only read the order over again." The gift was a slight mark of the esteem and high regard in which Capt. Pullman is held by the students, and he will ever be remembered by them as an able and worthy officer and a very pleasant gentleman.

TWO MORE BENEDICTS.

We have two weddings to chronicle this month. The first is that of Rev. Joseph Marlatt, of class of '82, at St. Louis, Mo., on Thursday Apr. 3, '84. The following notice is from a paper of that city:

Eunice L. Field, eldest daughter of Mr. James A. Field, of the firm of J. A. Field & Co., of this city, was married at 8 o'clock last evening to the Rev. Joseph Marlatt, pastor of the Goode Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, formerly of Beaver Falls, Penn. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. F. S. Beggs, pastor of the Carondelet Methodist Church. The bride wore a costume of white India mull, with garniture of embroidery and white bridal veil confined by a half wreath of orange buds. The attendants were Miss Annie Hunter as bridesmaid, and Mr. Charles Marlatt as groomsman. Miss Hunter wore white India mull and natural flowers. The bridal pair will remain for the present with Mr. and Mrs. Field. A handsome supper was served by Pechmann. There were some nice presents received, among them silver of various kinds, berry bowls, plated silver water-pitcher, plush albums, etc.

The other is the marriage of Mr. D. W. Thayer, junior of '82, to Miss Martha J. Hyde, '83, at the bride's home, Lennox, Ohio, on March 21, '84. Mr. and Mrs. Thayer will shortly make their home in Atlanta, Ga.

The congratulations and well-wishes of their numerous friends here and everywhere will follow both couples in their new life.

BASE BALL.

The first game of the season was played Saturday between a nine from Douglas Hall and one selected from the remainder of the students. A very fair practice game was played, resulting in the defeat of the Douglas nine by a score of 8 to 9. Another game by the same parties will probably take place soon.

The seniors are waiting an opportunity to cross bats with any nine from the other classes. Come on.

With sufficient practice there is no reason why the college should not have a very creditable club this season, one that will excell any we have ever had. There is plenty of the raw material if it is only worked up by thorough training and practice. Let us, by all means, have a thoroughly organized club.

Last Saturday a practice game was played by the college nine with the newly organized club of the city. The game resulted in a victory for the college, but cannot be considered a fair contest. Another game will follow some time this week, when both clubs will be in better shape.

An effort will be made to bring Babcock, our old and expert pitcher, here when any important games are to be played.

FROM HULINGS.

"Will some one rise and attempt to elucidate the wherefore-ness of the thusness, and explain the relation between the ubiquity of the mathematical professor and the scarcity of boys and girls in vacation."

STARTLING HEADLINES!

One Night's Experience.—A Succession of Calamities.—A Great Flood.—A Strike at Hulings.—Nine Young Ladies in Danger from the Flood.—The Young Men Frantically Search for Gossamers.—Gossamers at a Premium.—Rescued at Last! Those beyond the Flooded District Perishing from Hunger.—The Pantry not Accessible.—A Committee sent to their Relief with small Supply of Oranges and Apples.—A new Element of Tenor! A Mysterious Organization.—It's Name Suggestive, the K. K. K.—Rooms Devastated.—Doors Blockaded.—F—r to the Rescue.—S——n on the War Path! Grand Finale.—The Young Ladies Interviewed in the Parlor after Tea.

The junior member of the faculty and his wife, says Dr. ——, now *move* in higher circles; Mrs. M. now gives *tone* to the third story of Hulings Hall.

Prof. G. F. Metzler, of Bellville College, Bellville, Canada; visited friends at the college during the March vacation.

In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. And it was early in the Spring time that Dr. H—— dedicated the following euphuistic little poem to Vanderbilt:

"He wants to smoke a cigar
In his private car,
And whirl over the railroad track
And then whirl back."

LITERARY CONTESTS.

The ladies of Ossoli Literary Society gave their annual Rec itation contest on the evening of March 25th. The program was as follows: The Healing of the Daughter of Jairus, Lydia Wood; The Witch's Daughter, Ruth Laubender; The Dying Alchemist, Clara Snyder; My Garret, Nellie Scott; The Pilot's Story, Gertrude Merchant; The Death-bridge of the Tay, Arlie Mead. The decision of the judges, Miss Ida Tarbell, Mrs. S. P. Bates, Rev. T. D. Logan, awarding the prize to Miss Nellie Scott, was highly satisfactory, both on account of the admirable style and delivery of the young lady, and in that the selection was a particularly happy one. It differed from the usual highly sensational or melo-dramatic; and it is to be hoped that this decision will turn the tastes, not only of the ladies but the gentlemen as well, into a new direction. All the other recitations were exceptionally excellent and, compared with former entertainments of the kind, show a marked improvement in Ossoli Society.

The College Chapel was uncomfortably crowded on the evening of Philo-Franklin Oration Contest, April 17th. The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. J. G. Carnachan, followed by the subjoined program: Quartette—"Corn Bread," Messrs. Stevenson, Wood, Lynch and Miller; Our National Crises, Chas. W. Deane, '84; The Power and Possibilities of Oratory, K. T. Mead, '84; The True Student's Pleasure, W. Irving Dice, '84; Solo—"The Village Blacksmith's Bride," Mrs. J. H. Montgomery; Man's Domain, A. W. Newlin, '84; The Indian, Will. M. Everett, '85; Duet—Harmonica and Guitar, Laubie and Agnew. The prize was awarded to the oration, "Man's Domain," by Mr. Newlin, and met with general approval.

A common fault of the orations was their length, not one requiring less than twenty minutes for its delivery, and as a consequence the audience became restless toward the end of the program. The entire performance was exceptionally good, as the Philo performances always are, and the delivery of several of the speakers showed a high degree of cultivation in oratory and great care in preparation.

The music was particulary pleasing. The quartette in "Corn Bread," a genuine recipe, never sang better, but failed to reply to a hearty encore. Mrs. Montgomery rendered "The Black smith's Bride" in her happiest style and in responce to an encore sang "Three old Bachelors of Lee." Messrs. Laubie and Agnew, accompanied by the pianist, Mr Wade, were also very well received.

PERSONAL.

Chas. McKean holds a position in a bank at Mercer, Pa.

'82. Rev. J. H. Miller, of Pittsburgh, is visiting in the city.

Harry Hyde is in Oswego, N. Y., pursuing a course of training in stenography.

'77. Lewis Walker, Esq., has recently opened a law office on Diamond square, this city.

'83. E. H. Pond has returned from the medical school of Michigan University, Ann Arbor.

Ex-'86. P. M. Spear and J. M. Ward are attending Westminster College, New Wilmington, Pa.

'82. Rev. T. H. Taylor, Bellaire, Ohio, was a heavy loser by the recent floods in the Ohio valley.

L. B. Long has gone into business with his father at Brookville, Pa., and will not return to college.

W. J. Hoover, has just been admitted onto the floor of the Oil City oil exchange. Will. now lies in wait for the lambs.

'72. Mr. A. W. Harbison, of New Castle, was in the city last week. He is extensively engaged in the coal business at present.

Miss Emma F. Bates, a former student and lately a teacher in Clarion county, Pa., was in the city last week on her way to Springfield, N. Y.

'57. Very flattering accounts have just reached us of Rev. J. N. Pierce, who is now engaged in the Missouri conference, and is located at Lebanon.

'84. A. W. Newlin will spend the remainder of the spring term at his home, engaged, we presume, in writing that graduating (five minute) oration.

'80. G. A. Nodine occupied the chair of Prof. T. D. Sensor, principal of the Conneautville school, during a weeks' absence of the latter gentleman.

'82. J. K. Cubbison, a law student at the Venango bar, while on his way to New York stopped in the city to shake hands with a few of his many friends.

'79. W. M. Beyer visited the college and friends in the city lately. Mr. Beyer is City Attorney of Altoona, Pa., and is a prominent young lawyer of the Blair county bar.

'80. F. S. Chryst, remembered by some of the older students and many friends in the city, has deserted the law and entered upon the more lucrative banking business in Nebraska.

'85. Duff Merrick, our genial Business Manager, has returned from a trip among the schools and colleges of Western Pennsylvania. He reports the book trade as in a flourishing condition, and also a good time with old college boys, whom he met on the way.

'83. Miss Hattie A. Woods of Union City, has been chosen assistant teacher in the high school of Corry, Pa., in the place of Prof. Yates, resigned. Miss Woods' numerous friends will be pleased to hear of her success in securing so important a position, and will wish her the greatest prosperity in her educational work.

We regret to announce the serious illness of W. V. N. Yates, on account of which he has been obliged to resign his position as teacher in the Corry High School. Prof. Yates has hosts of friends wherever he is known, all of whom will be sorry to learn of his sickness. We hope to very soon chronicle his entire recovery.

Resolutions of Respect.

WHEREAS, In the Providence of Almighty God it seemed good to Him to summons at an unexpected hour from his earthly friends our friend and fellow-student Harvey S. Getz, and

WHEREAS, In his death we recognize the loss of one, who in his short stay among us, has shown himself to be true, generous and noble hearted, pure and unsullied in character, deeply sensitive to right and greatly averse to wrong; we, the faculty and students of Allegheny College, do offer the following resolutions:

Resolved, That although we deeply mourn his sudden death, still we bow submissively to the Divine summons.

Resolved, That, as an expression of our sincere sorrow, we extend to the parents and friends of our departed brother our deep and heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family, and that they be published in the College CAMPUS and the Akron papers.

Committee: { E. S. BLAIR, D. L. THOBURN, W. H. GALLUP.

Ruskin's Advice to Picture Buyers.

From an Essay:

Never buy a copy of a picture. All copies are bad, because no painter who is worth a straw ever will copy. He will make a study of a picture he likes for his own use in his own way, but he won't and can't copy; and whenever you buy a copy you buy so much misunderstanding of the original, and encourage a dull person in following a business he is not fit for, besides increasing ultimately chances of mistake and imposture. You may, in fact, consider yourself as having purchased a certain quantity of mistakes, and, according to your power, being engaged in disseminating them.

This advice can be very aptly applied to Cigarette Smokers. The original Straight Cut Cigarette is the RICHMOND Straight Cut brand, and purchasers are cautioned to observe that the Signature of Allen and Ginter is on every package, and not be deceived by gross imitations.—*Exchange Paper.*

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