

# COLLEGE MERCURY.



"Hæc Olim Meminisse Juvabit."

VOLUME I.

RACINE COLLEGE, JUNE 15, 1867.

NUMBER 1.

## CLIONIAN SOCIETY.

FOUNDED A. D. 1835.

VITAM IMPENDERE VERO.

President,.....EDWARD REILEY.  
Vice President,.....T. L. SULLIVAN.  
Secretary,.....JOHN COLEMAN JR.  
Treasurer,.....H. B. WHITTEMORE.

Anniversary, July 17.

## MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

FOUNDED A. D. 1861.

VIGIAT RADIX.

Whole number of Members, . . . . . 300.

President,.....ARTHUR PIPER.  
Vice President,.....WM. T. COMSTOCK.  
Secretary,.....W. R. MERRIAM.

## CLASS OF '67.

ALPHA PHI.

DUM VIVIMUS, VIVAMUS.

HENRY MCKEY,.....President.  
L. S. BURTON,.....Vice President.  
ARTHUR PIPER,.....Secretary.  
F. I. KELLOGG,.....Treasurer.  
JAS. APPLETON MORGAN,.....Historian.

## CLASS OF '68.

No Organization.

## THE COLLEGE ELEVEN.

E. B. SPALDING,.....President.  
GEO. S. MEAD,.....Vice President.  
R. W. GRANGE,.....Secretary.  
C. E. ANDREWS,.....Captain.

## R. C. FLEET.

The *UNDINE*, The *BOBBIN BETSY*,  
The *ELAINE*.

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NULLA VESTIGIA RETRORSUM.

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FRANK COMSTOCK,.....Historian.

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JNO. COLEMAN, JR.,.....Secretary.  
L. A. ROWLEY,.....Historian.

## SCIENTIFICS.

CLASS OF '69.

Hunst 1st Gang.

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WM. T. COMSTOCK,.....Vice President.  
JOHN O. SLEMMONS,.....Historian.

## MAGNOLIA SOCIETY.

ARISTON METRON.

FOUNDED A. D. 1867

ERNEST A. BARRINGER,.....President.  
GEO. R. CLARK,.....Vice President.  
F. W. McLEAN,.....Secretary.  
CLARENCE FLEETWOOD,.....Treasurer.

DIRECTORS:

FRED. H. WELLS, FRANK HARPER, MILTON C. LIGHTNER.

## Cricket Clubs.

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Captain,.....R. W. GRANGE.

### THE BADGER CLUB.

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Captain,.....S. M. HUDSON.

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(CLARKSON)

Captain,.....A. L. McCREA.

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Captain,.....F. M. HARPER.

### THE CLARKSON CUP.

Won by Clarksons', 1866.

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### THE HEAD MASTER'S CUP.

Won by Young Americas', 1866.

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C. E. ANDREWS,.....Secretary.  
GEO. PRESCOTT,.....Treasurer.  
MILTON C. LIGHTNER,.....Captain.

## The College Mercury.

"Vigant Hadiv."

RACINE COLLEGE, JUNE 15, 1867.

Jas. Appleton Morgan, } EDITORS.  
Henry McKee, }

The Mercury is issued each alternate Saturday during Term Time, on the following

## TERMS:

College Year.....\$2.00  
Single copies..... 10

Subscribers leaving the College can have their papers sent by leaving with us their new address.

A limited number of advertisements inserted on liberal terms.

Prospectuses of College Exchanges inserted free.

Contributions from other Colleges solicited.

Correspondents must write on *one side of their paper only*. The true name of the writer must invariably accompany the article, whether to be used or not, as no notice can be taken of anonymous communications.

All communications must be addressed to "EDITORS COLLEGE MERCURY, Box 235, Post office, Racine, Wisconsin."

OUR friends will pardon us the delay in issuing our first number. Our steam once up, the MERCURY will make its appearance promptly at its appointed times.

## SALVE!

*Fellow Students*:—We herewith present you the first number of the *Mercury*; we hope you will like it. This is a specimen number, and it is not; it is a specimen of what we can do, but only an earnest of what we will. We expect that our next paper will assume more of a pictorial character, having bespoken plates more suited to the work; still, for the first issue of the first periodical ever established at Racine College, we are not ashamed of our *tout ensemble*. So far by way of introduction, now for our salutory:

Racine College has taken her position among the educational institutions of the country. Her catalogue registers students from every State in the Union. Her faculty owns to no superior in the oldest and proudest colleges of the land, composed as it is, of the best. By the blessing of Providence, and a judicious management, she has—before the first decade of her new regime—arrived at an unexampled degree of usefulness and prosperity. She went to work quietly; she silently procured the best of teachers, the best of systems, the best of standards.

She has to-day the strongest faculty, in quality and numbers, of any college in the West, and as a consequence, patronage unsolicited pours in; that patronage is, like her reputation, national. And this vitality—this vitality, that, taking everything into view; the humble beginning, the poverty, the opposition, the malediction that confronted her, is something less than a miracle—has convinced us that precisely such an exponent as this present, is possible, is practicable, is necessary. So we have ventured, and to you, Fellow Students, we appeal, to support and crown our venture. If we shall find that we have erred, that we were mistaken when we calculated on your co-operation and approval, we shall be grievously disappointed. At any rate, this periodical, this fledgeling, if you please, shall not die on *our* hands; its blood shall not be upon *us* or on our children; we shall claim the honor of its origin, and you, if fall it must, the glory of its dissolution. In our hands, with your countenance, it shall live and thrive, an honor to its and to our alma mater; we do the work—and no inconsiderable work it is—cheerfully, gladly, with an eye single to the interests of the college and your own; you have only to cherish and support it. We have worked out for ourselves the problem, and we have arrived at the solution; we have discovered that the scattered sons of the Nursing Mother, not those within its walls, are those who throw the mantle of honor and renown about her. Her Alumni, the sons who, "tho' scattered, love her still," are those who are never weary of chanting her praises, who delight to recall the days they spent among her classic walks, who bless as much as any mortal can bless her. There is no need of disguising the truth, boys and men at college are always fitful and fretful, longing to be free, hoping and praying for, and counting the hours until the day when they shall have graduated and gone; but when they *have* gone they ever love to linger in fancy among the scenes and companions of their happy tutelage. They forget the rules and regulations, that can never be anything but irksome to the growing man; but they think of the chum and the classmate, the club and the circle, the society and the lyceum; and when their hearts are warm, as only tears and memories can warm them, the dear old associations revert from the lov-

ed ones, to cling about the home they lived in, thicker and greener than the vine that shrouded herbeaten front.

It is for this reason that societies—aye, and secret societies, too—are conducive to the material welfare no less than the renown of the college whence they sprung. Do the gray haired old "boys" of the Alpha Delta, or the Sigma Phi ever come together without a rousing toast and a ringing shout to Alma Mater's praise? Yet to every one of them Alma Mater was a stern and relentless parent then, but now a dear, and gentle, and cherished mother, indeed.

To encourage, to cultivate, and to assist this brotherly love and tenderness, to bind and rivet the affections that have begun to knit together, is the aim of the COLLEGE MERCURY.

We end, then, as we begun; give us your countenance, your encouragement, your assistance, then the seed sown to-day will take root, and the sun cannot burn, or the rivers wash it away; the thorns cannot choke and the shadows cannot stifle it. It is a labor of love. Frown not upon, but follow us.

WE ARE glad to be apprised of the Alumni organization, which we give below. We hope that in our modest attempt toward the establishment of a College journal, we shall be able to more than ordinarily interest the Alumni. We shall always be happy to publish the proceedings of their organization, any items of personal interest concerning them, and hope thereby to make our unassuming columns attractive to the scattered children of our Alma Mater.

Association of the Alumni, organized October 18, 1865.

*President*—Rev. Geo. Vernor, B. D.

*Vice Pres't*—Rev. Wm. Pope, B. D.

*Rec. Sec'y*—Wm. E. Lightnor, A. B.

*Cor. Sec'y*—Geo. Wallace, A. B.

*Treas.*—Rev. Geo. A. Whitney, A. B.

We are obliged to lay over several interesting communications until our next issue from want of space. First come, first served, shall always be our motto.

THOSE interested in boating will be glad to learn that a few shares in the *Undine*, (the only boat of the R. C. Fleet at present in A No. 1 condition, and a thoroughly seaworthy craft in all its appointments,) can be had by applying to L. S. BURTON, Park Hall, N. wing, No. 6.

## ONLY A LOCK OF HAIR.

Only a day—and yet how long a story.  
Only a dream—and yet return it will;  
Only a curl from out the Auburn glory  
That crown'd her head, now slumbering so still.

Only a little life, and yet it led to Heaven,  
The home that longer lives may never win;  
Sue had no wanderings to be forgiven,  
Before the golden doors could let her in.

Only a sunbeam, for a moment tinting;  
Only a rainbow on a frowning sky,  
And down so soon, but in our memories printing  
Those soft, sad images that cannot die.

Only a little bird to sing and perish;  
Only a little heart to beat with joy and love;  
Only a lock of hair to fondly cherish;  
But just ONE ANGEL MORE to welcome us above.

## PROSPECTUS.

We take the occasion of our first issue to announce our intentions and our aspirations in founding the MERCURY. It has been determined, in view of the increasing prosperity and influence of the College, to establish a periodical, to be devoted to items of interest, local incidents and reports of Societies at the College, notices of meetings and scores of base-ball cricket and boating matches, and so forth. The editorial department is to be under the control of two members of each succeeding senior class.

The subscription rates are barely equal to the expense of publication, and to enable us to present a paper worthy of the College, we shall ask a yearly stipend from each of the societies appearing upon our first page. Every design, every badge which we intend to blazon there, will cost us from ten to twenty dollars; and when this is generally known, no society will grudgingly meet our request.

Please send us as early as possible all notices of meetings, anniversaries and elections; of changes among the officers of any society or club, scores of matches, etc.; these we will insert gratis.

We expect and shall rely upon contributions from the students. Short articles preferred. No notice can be taken of anonymous manuscripts, though the name of the writer will be suppressed, or superseded by his *non de plume*, as desired.

All articles must be directed to our down town address, P. O. box 238, Racine.

And particularly we request all students, when at home, to procure us advertisements not inconsistent with the nature and scope of our paper, and above all, subscriptions. Let it be known that we intend to make the paper worth reading;

or if they can be instrumental in procuring us exchanges among other college periodicals, we would thank them.

We are happy to recognize the advent of a new society—the Magnolia. That's right; come on; the more the merrier!

WE ARE happy to be able to announce Dr. FEULING, as one of our regular contributors. The Doctor has offered to translate for our columns a German romance. To all who are familiar with the Dr.'s reputation and acquirements, this will be an acceptable attraction. We regret to say that his communication this week came to late for insertion.

So far, our prospects are most flattering; we are perfectly overwhelmed with matter for our MERCURY, and have been compelled to rule out much of interest and importance, after surrendering much of the space we had intended for editorials and locals.

Dr. FEULING and Prof. VANDEUSEN will please accept our thanks for their cordial offers of assistance.

If we could get a hundred more subscriptions we would make the MERCURY a weekly instead of a semi-monthly, and then find room for all.

## STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL.

St. Luke's took a strawberry and cream benefit last Wednesday evening. We went.

Two years ago, Racine was deprived by conflagration, of one of the finest public halls in the state. With commendable prudence, she foresaw that another, if built, would in all probability share the same fate, (*vide* Dr. Cummings,) so she rationally determined to *go further* and fare worse.

Well, the ladies, by courage, zeal, faith, hope, charity and perseverance, had made even Union Hall presentable. We estimated the number in attendance at from one to fifteen thousand. The first was our calculation upon entering; we adopted the second figure while scooping from our broadcloth a layer of strawberries and cream, our saucer having collided with the elbow of some unhappy wretch, and the contents arrested *in transitu*. Fortunately for St. Luke's, its fare was paid. This episode upset us for the evening; under the consequent cerebral excitement we asked a young lady to waltz. She said she would "take just one saucer more."

The allusion to our misfortune was too much, and we departed.

Eventually we heard that the entertainment was a success.

WE HAVE received from one of its editors a copy of the "*Index Universitatis*," published by the students of the Chicago University. The edition is printed on pink paper, in honor of the newly adopted colors of the institution. Our College colors are purple and black, on which account we have thought fit to use *black* ink exclusively in our MERCURY; we are a little puzzled about bringing in the *purple* but are open to suggestions. We should like the *Index* for a permanent exchange.

WE to-day had the felicity of seeing the new class picture of the '67's; a very pretty group; they wear the air of martyrs, about to be ground on the wheel, roasted on a gridiron, or exercised in a barrel of spikes. They will please accept our sympathies; we have been in their predicament; we well know the awful pause, that agonizing moment ere the black pall has fallen, when the cyclops eye is ogling us; when we feel that we *must* wink if it costs a kingdom.

## NEW BOOKS.

(Books to be reviewed in this column must be sent to the MERCURY office.)

Messrs. TICKNOR & FIELDS have at last published something that everybody wants—the Globe Edition of Dicken's works. Here, in elegant binding, in pure, legible type, we have the masterpieces of the great Shakespeare of romance. If Messrs. T. & F. will confine their press to such works as this, and not ruin the optics of the nation by any more "Diamond" editions of authors everybody wants to read, (the authors, not the books,) we predict them an overwhelming success. The principle of "*multum in parvo*" is a brave one, but it's not always safe to develop it too far. We have seen the Lord's prayer inscribed in the compass of a dime. It was very pretty and very curious, but we would not set our Sunday school scholars to learning the sublime sentences from that edition. We'd rather pay more and fare better.

\* \* \* We may be overstepping the bounds; yet we would like to see a match between the Racine College Eleven and some of the celebrated clubs of the United States. We have the utmost confidence in the Eleven; they have never yet been defeated."—*Racine Journal*.

would be glad to receive occasional contributions from any one of the Alumni of this College.

THOSE at the College who can more conveniently transact their business with us there, will find a receptacle for all MSS. in the main hall, opposite the library.

TAYLOR HALL is working up slowly. The workmen—we speak in the plural, which is, perhaps, pardonable—seem to enjoy the prospect and take things very leisurely. Time is evidently not money to the contractors—though it may be to the College, who have pledged themselves to materially augment their accommodations next fall—so they have placed upon the structure *three* benighted laborers; but we draw the veil.

WE hope the Michigan women's rightsers are not in earnest in their proposals to turn their glorious University into a district school. That institution has grown to be an honor to the West, the miracle of her universities, as Chicago is of her cities. She is a great, liberal power in the land. But, although Mr. T. TILTON is right in a measure about the little dears, we can't see why Oxford, Cambridge, Ann Arbor or Racine should remodel their internal economies, and have a "girls' side," where we boys couldn't intrude. If the ladies are going to vote, run for office, electioneer—if lady policemen are going henceforth to gobble up offending men, carry young gentlemen over the muddy crossings and between the impending eabs, accompany us home from *soiree* and sociable, and oh, Pharaoh! offer us their hands and hearts, and shoot us if we don't accept—if they are going to do all this, we don't see why they shouldn't have a classical, scientific, and liberal education; but why can't they let us be exclusive while we're young? Why can't they let us grow up in modesty and retirement? Why can't they content themselves with sealing the outer walls of our "boarding schools," of lurking in the shrubbery, and tossing us bouquets, and bon bons? We certainly never marched up to a seminary door and demanded of the duennas to be admitted on equal terms, because, forsooth, we could vote if we chose! If all this comes about, let us petition congress for protection! Let us have an "Act for the protection of Bachelors," for if we haven't got any papas or mammas to stand up for us, what shall we do? Oh, my!

## BISHOP UPFOLD, OF INDIANA.

### His Golden Wedding.

From the Indianapolis Herald, June 5.

A very pleasant affair took place in this city on Monday evening, the 3d instant. It was the commemoration of the 50th anniversary of the marriage of the Rt. Rev. George Upfold, D. D., the Episcopal bishop of the diocese of Indiana, and his wife. During the evening a large number of the friends of the bishop and his estimable lady met at his residence to congratulate them upon the auspicious as well as extraordinary occasion. The bishop graduated as a doctor of medicine when 20 years of age. For about two years he practised his profession in Albany, N. Y., and was married in that city on the 3d of June, 1817. Not being satisfied with that profession, he studied for the ministry, and, at the age of twenty-two years, he was ordained deacon in the Episcopal Church. For many years he was rector of St. Luke's and St. Thomas' churches in New York city. From thence he removed to Pittsburgh, Pa., and, for nearly twenty years, he was rector of Trinity Church in that city. While in charge of that church he was elected bishop of this diocese, and was consecrated as such, at Madison, on the 15th of December, 1849. In 1850 he removed with his family to Lafayette, and, for seven years, discharged the duties of rector of a parish in that city, in connection with his arduous labors as bishop of the diocese. In 1857 he removed to Indianapolis, and until his health failed him, he devoted himself exclusively, but with singular zeal and ability, to his Episcopal duties. During this long period he attached to himself many warm and devoted friends, and, upon the occasion of his golden wedding, they manifested their appreciation of him, as a man and a devoted servant of the church, in many appropriate and most touching remembrances. The ladies of Christ Church, in this city, prepared a most elegant and beautiful supper for the occasion and some of the members of the same congregation decorated the room, in which the bishop and his lady received their guests with large and beautiful festoons of evergreens, with a medallion in the centre, containing the initials of the couple, G. S. U., and on each side, in gold leaf, the figures 1817—1867. On the table, in the reception room, were spread many beautiful, appropriate and costly presents. We cannot enumerate all, but among them were the following: An elegant solid silver ice pitcher and salver, from the children of an old friend in New York, associates when young men and vestrymen in St. Luke's church when the bishop was the rector; a pair of gold napkin rings, and *Beatitudes Illuminated*, from two old friends in Philadelphia; a beautiful gold thimble and box of cigars, from friends

of Beachwood, N. Y.; an elegant edition of the bible, with gold clasps, from a lady of Christ's church, in this city; a \$100 check from a churchman in Evansville, and large photographs, framed, of exterior, interior and parsonage of St. Paul's church, in that city; golden wedding card and photographs of James S. Smith and wife, of Philadelphia, celebrated in 1858; \$25 from an old friend in New York; several dozens of Longworth's golden wedding wine, from a valued friend in Pittsburgh, Pa.; a box containing books, stationery, cigars and many curiosities, with a racy letter from Prof. S. R. Johnson, of the Theological seminary, New York; a gold pen from a gentleman in this city; a card-basket from the children of Rev. Mr. Ingraham; several appropriate presents from the children and grandchildren of the bishop; \$50 in gold from the ladies of St. Paul's church in this city; \$25 from the church at Terre Haute; about \$530 from the bishop's old friends and parishioners in Lafayette. \$100 of which was in gold from one gentleman, \$350 in paper from several other friends, and several gold coins from others, and a number of gold coins from gentlemen in this city. The money gifts amounted to about \$1,100, and the other remembrances amounted to fully \$600 more.

Among the contributions was a substantial gift from Mrs. Cyrus Ball of Lafayette, accompanied with a graceful and appropriate poem for the occasion, a copy of which was printed on satin, in gold letters, for the bishop.

Among those present at the wedding were Bishop Talbot and Rev. Messrs. Russ, Turner, Wakefield, H. W. Spaulding, Hager, Martin, Ingraham, Ingalls, Avery, Tate and Stringfellow, of this diocese, Rev. Mr. Loveridge, of New York, Geo. Shea, Esq., and lady, of New York, Gov. Baker, Gen. Mansfield, and a large number of the members of the Episcopal churches in this city and from other parts of the state. Never was there a more delightful assemblage in this city, and it was made joyous and happy by kind words and appreciated tributes of respect and affection.

## CONGRESS HALL.

E. Raymond, Prop'r.

Corner 3d & Chatham Streets, Racine.

THIS LARGE, FIRST CLASS HOTEL IS BEAUTIFULLY situated upon the banks of Lake Michigan, commanding the most picturesque view of the lake and surrounding scenery. Guests at the College, and the traveling public generally will find the best of accommodations. The rooms are large, airy, and well furnished.

Table always supplied with the Delicacies of the Season.





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Printed at the Office of the Racine Journal.

## The College Mercury.

"Sicut Judex."

RACINE COLLEGE, JULY 1, 1867.

Jas. Appleton Morgan, } EDITORS.  
Henry McKey,The Mercury is issued semi-monthly during  
Term Time, on the following

## TERMS:

College Half Year.....\$1.00  
Single copies.....10Subscribers leaving the College can have their papers  
sent by leaving with us their new address.A limited number of advertisements inserted on liberal  
terms.

Prospectuses of College Exchanges inserted free.

Contributions from other Colleges solicited.

Correspondents must write on one side of their paper  
only. The true name of the writer must invariably accom-  
pany the article, whether to be used or not, as no notice  
can be taken of anonymous communications.All communications must be addressed to "EDITORS  
COLLEGE MERCURY, Box 233, Post office, Racine, Wis-  
consin.

## "GRATULANDUM EST."

Human nature is weak.

Having started with the foregoing irrefutable principle, blame us not, considerate reader and patron, should we, perchance, step beyond the bounds of common sense or conventionality, and unintentionally advance a small distance into the realms of vanity, in pluming ourselves upon our success; say, rather the grand appreciation and aid you have so cheerfully advanced us in realizing our "fond ambition." We say *plume*, but we shall beware that we make it not the feathers of the peacock in the tail of the jackdaw, having a vivid remembrance of the fate of that miserable fowl.

When we quote "with all our blushing honors thick upon us," perhaps, to some observant friends, it may account for the peculiarly "blushing" tinge of the editorial whiskers. However, we sincerely and heartily thank all for the munificent patronage bestowed upon our efforts, not alone for the personal pleasure which was insured to us, but for the deeper and more general gratification in the solution of the problem whether or not Racine College could support a periodical publication entirely upheld by the students.

Far be it from our intentions to claim it as a *personal* success. No. We congratulate you, fellow students, upon your success; upon your unhesitating adoption of an idea which you could not fail to see to

be a good one, as beneficial to our interests as a College, both at home and abroad. That you have met us half way, we feel to be a sufficient reward for all trouble, and a most effectual and acceptable incentive to renewed exertions to do all in our power toward making our paper a true exponent of the principles on which the College is founded, as well as an humble agent in contributing to the advancement and amusement of the students.

Now let us talk a little more seriously. We wish to answer, if we can, a question that was propounded to us when we started our undertaking; a question as to the use of a publication of this kind. There is no necessity in descanting upon the worn out theme of the degeneracy of the man of the present into a miserable, hard working utilitarian animal, animated only by the "*Auri sacri fames*," and oblivious of all pursuits upon which Plutus has not pressed his seal. (When we say "man of the present," we mean the generality; assuredly, there are numerous and important exceptions; were it not so, most deplorable would be the situation.) To a great degree, then, have we reason to be thankful to our supporters, who have so well enabled us, practically, to answer the sarcastic "*cui bonos*" aimed at us by the utilitarian spirit mentioned above. Those whose narrow views did not allow them to "see the use" of publishing a College journal, and hence argued "*a priori*," that it would be a failure. Now, if you make "utility" the "standard of good," you involve yourself in many inconsistencies which the most acute sophisms cannot dissipate. Some such thing has been the foundation of philosophies ere this, which have exploded long since, although men of ability and erudition have clung to the idea with a persistency worthy of a higher cause. While we would not condemn to such a degree as to ignore the pursuit of the "useful" and lucrative, we cannot adopt the idea that we should give our aid to nothing, that we should *praise* nothing, and consider nothing worthy of attention which promises no golden harvest, but tends, rather, to the development of the moral and intellectual "talents," which, whether we possess in a small or large degree, we are responsible for, and whose increase is an imperative and superlative duty.

The term "use," although comprehensive, is not the infallible criterion by which we are to judge all things, and the "*cui*

*bono*," although considered, in its wide sense, a question very advisable to ask on many occasions; still, in its narrow, utilitarian sense, but the exponent of an illiberal spirit. What extraordinarily high opinions, one would feel it his duty to cherish for the individual who, in looking upon the Apollo Belvidere, instead of being influenced by admiration for the triumph of human genius exhibited in this "inimitable masterpiece" of art, should propound the question, "what use is it?" Or, if prevailed upon by the opinion of others to think it something great, would enquire, with purse-proud air, for the card of the maker! With what infinite awe (?) would we regard the appreciation of noble historic relics, shown in the man who thought not, when he beheld the pyramids, of the advanced civilization which once clustered around their bases, and the thousand solemn memories of nations and times long since passed away, but while he styled them "a big pile of stones in an almighty pile of sand," had the liberality to acknowledge that one of their long slopes would make a pretty good place upon which to emblazon a flash advertisement. Still, such a spirit as this, which appears so despicable and ridiculous, is too frequently to be met with in our age. Much may be said upon the fallacy of making utility and gain the pre-eminent object of pursuit in every undertaking and enterprise. Yet, if we have even in one respect answered the cold, "for what use," which has been asked, we are satisfied for the present. True even upon the principle that nothing but the useful should be sought for, we confidently assert that we have a host of arguments to prove that the publication of a College paper, when properly directed, is an especially "useful thing" to each and all who may be inhabitants of the Alma Mater that nourishes it.

## ASSOCIATION OF THE ALUMNI.

President—Rev. Geo. Vernor, B. D.  
Vice Pres't—Rev. Wm. Pope, B. D.  
Rec. Sec'y—Wm. E. Lightner, A. B.  
Treas.—Rev. Geo. A. Whitney, A. B.

## AMATEUR BASE BALL CLUB.

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Field Captain—Henry Plant.

TO THE NATION.

MORRICE'S ODE TO THE REPUBLIC.

O ship, who hast the angry waves eluded,  
New billows bear thee back unto the main;  
Be not by safety and success deluded,  
To proudly tempt the wrecking waves again;  
Thy sail-yards rattle in the whirling blasts,  
The oars are swept from off thy naked side;  
Look at thy shattered hull and broken masts,  
And in this friendly harbor deign to ride.  
'Tis le avails it now that thou canst boast,  
From Pontic pline they hew'd your timbers firm;  
When sails are torn and guardian gods are lost,  
The sailor trusts not in a painted stern;  
Beware O ship, sail not the fleckle seas,  
Lest as they still in restless fury rave,  
Around the blue, far-shining cyclades,  
They plunge thy splendors in an ocean grave.

LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF TAYLOR HALL.

IMPRESSIVE CEREMONIES.—ADDRESS BY BISHOP ARMITAGE.—CONTENTS OF CORNER STONE.—INCIDENTS.—THE CHOIR BANNER.—INTERESTING REMINISCENCES.

Saturday, the 22d inst. witnessed the impressive ceremonies attending the laying of the corner stone of Taylor Hall. (the princely gift of the late Mrs. ISAAC TAYLOR of Racine.) beginning with the morning service in the beautiful Chapel. at which were present, in the chancel, Bishops Kemper and Armitage. Drs. Breck, Shelton and Rylance. Revs. Bonner, Locke, Porter, Davis, Leffingwell, Fleetwood and Brainard, from abroad, besides the College clergy.

THE PROCESSION

then formed in front of the Chapel, as follows:

- Dr. DeKoven, Rector, and Rev. C. J. Machin, Precentor of Racine College.
- Surpliced choir, bearing the College banner.
- Students of Grammar School, in uniform.
- College students, in caps and gowns.
- Trustees of Racine College.
- Clergy of the College in surplices.
- Clergy from abroad in surplices.
- Bishops Kemper and Armitage.

The procession proceeded eastward, down the broad walk, thence north, thence west to the site of Taylor Hall. Immediately upon starting, the choir commenced the beautiful hymn, No. 125 of the College collection, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," followed at an interval by the 23d psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd," and again by the 122d, "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord," which, solemnly and beautifully chanted, occupied the time until the

choir halted before the corner stone. The procession then opened, and the bishops and clergy were conducted by the marshals to the dais prepared for them.

LAYING THE CORNER STONE.

At ten o'clock, the venerable Bishop of Wisconsin began the impressive order of the church. The Rector announced the contents of the stone as follows:

Statutes of the College, last Register of Racine College, the COLLEGE MERCURY for June 15, last will and testament of Mrs. Isaac Taylor, Bible and prayer book, and last Journal of the Convention of the Church in the Diocese of Wisconsin.

BISHOP ARMITAGE

then pronounced a brief, feeling and eloquent address.

As this stone was placed with all the precision of the builder's art; as every line was true, and every angle good; and as every stone here laid to the topmost, and every angle to the outmost, would conform to this stone and to its angle, so, as long as this building shall endure, shall every word here spoken, and every precept here delivered, conform to Him, who is the chief corner stone of His Church, our blessed Lord, in whose name we lay this, to-day.

The choir then sang the 244th hymn, "Christ is made the sure foundation," which was followed by a collect, read by Bishop Kemper.

HALLELUJAH CHORUS.

The entire choir of nearly a hundred voices, under the direction of Rev. Mr. Machin, then struck up the magnificent Hallelujah Chorus from Handel's Messiah. This masterpiece of sacred composition was never more effectively rendered. We heard numerous and enthusiastic commendations of this feature of the exercises from many musical *connoisseurs* upon the grounds.

FINALE.

As the glorious music of Handel's Chorus died away, Bishop Kemper pronounced the benediction. The procession re-formed in reverse order and proceeded *via* the chapel, where the surpliced participants left the ranks, to the rear of Park Hall where the students broke up for the cricket field.

THE CHOIR BANNER,

which was then unfurled for the first time, is of purple silk. On the face is embroidered a sun, with its rays illuminating the legend I. H. S.; the reverse is of white silk. It is hung on a staff mounted with quartered circle and cross.

MUSIC.

Great credit is due to the Rev. C. J. Machin, Precentor of the College, formerly chorister of Salisbury Cathedral, England, for the excellent music of the choir on this occasion. We heard but one expression on all sides—that it was admirable.

INCIDENTS.

Although the morning was excessively sultry, the grounds were covered with spectators. "Ambulances" full of gayly dressed ladies stood drawn up *in agmine longo*, and the awkward piles of building material around the rising walls, for once, became attractively picturesque, as their ungainly sides were dotted with *chignons*, parasols, and pretty faces. The young men composing the procession heroically endured, with uncovered heads, the scorching, vertical sun, unapproachable, even by dainty offers of parasols from the sympathising beauties around, (the lady who tendered us one of the latter, about the size of one of the peg-tops the second form boys sport, we hope will accept our thanks as benignly as we *didn't* accept the sunshade; we were led to the refusal by our well known stoical principles, not from any want of appreciation of the donor.) all of which reminded us of the Spartan boy at the sacrifice, who lost a red hot coal down his back, yet would not wince, for fear of causing a disturbance at the sacred rite.

RETROSPECTIVE.

This is the fourth corner stone we have seen laid on these College grounds. When of tender years, one day in 1850, we grasped the paternal hand, and saw Bishop Kemper consecrate that of Park Hall, the original edifice, which in '64 we were to see swept down before the besom of fire and restored in greater glory than before.

Again in 1857, we were present when the Bishop of Wisconsin laid the corner stone of the stately pile which bears his name—Kemper Hall. And yet again, on the 19th of August, 1864, that of Racine College Chapel, indisputably, with its chasteness of architecture, with its pictured windows and its vaulted nave, the most beautiful house of worship in the West, dedicated to the daily praise of God with the best and richest of His gifts. And this, to-day, will not be the last, for christian men and women are everywhere rousing to the work. Here, strong hearts have reared a christian College of the everlasting church, and the sons and daughters of the faith will not forget its needs.

May the venerable Bishop who has sanctified these four, be spared to plant another, and another yet; and may we—in our modest capacity of editor of the MERCURY—the MERCURY, safe for posterity in yonder leaden box, in yonder stony sepulchre—may we "be there to see!"

## BISHOP COXE.

The morning services in the chapel, of Tuesday, June 25th, will long be remembered by the students of Racine College. After the full choral service, the Rt. Rev. A. CLEVELAND COXE, D. D., being at at the time a guest of the Rector, addressed the students.

To one who has not heard the Bishop, no description can give an adequate idea of the fervor, eloquence and beauty of his remarks. Such a treat, suffice it to say, we never enjoyed; nor expect we to, again, until the Bishop makes us the second visit he promised. We regret the impossibility of giving our readers a report of the address; but to those who heard it, (as a majority of our readers did,) the following bare outline will be welcome to refresh their memories of an hour of unalloyed enjoyment.

The Bishop said "he thanked God that he had seen in a country that, when he studied geography, was unmentioned because unknown; what he believed to be the greatest and truest Church School in the land. He had not seen such a sight as he had this morning, since 1851, when he had attended chapel at Eton, that grand old English college, dating back to the reign of Henry VI, where is still cherished in grateful remembrance the name of their royal founder, whose hall you cannot enter without being surrounded by the busts of the greatest poets, statesmen and philosophers of the world, who were proud to call Eton their home. The Eton that to-day, though they may claim the highest honors of the grandest universities; though their reputation may be as wide as the continents, men are proud to remember and to hail from. You have read and love Gray's beautiful poem "On a Distant Prospect of Eton College," but never, until you are middle aged men, and from amid the cares and toils of life you look back upon the scenes of your early school-boy home, can you appreciate the intense beauty of the poet's song, when he stood upon the lordly terrace of Windsor Castle and saw below him, among the verdant meads, the silver Thames winding around 'the distant spires, the antique towers' of his Eton home, when came back to him the thoughts of when he was wont

"to cleave  
With pliant arm the glassy wave,  
The captive linnet to enthral,  
To chase the rolling circle's speed,  
Or urge the flying ball!"

Or when tempted by absence of the 'Prefect' to 'break bounds,'

"Some bold adventurers dash  
The balls of their little wags,  
And unknown regions dare to try;  
Still as they run they look behind,  
They hear a voice in every wind,  
And snatch a fearful joy."

Said the Rector of Eton to me, pointing to the Thames where the students were rowing, and the cricket field, where

they were striving with the bat, 'There's where my boys *work*, here, in the school-room, they only *play*; there's where the sweat pours down their faces.'\*

I heard six hundred youth chant in the Chapel of Eton College the services of the church. I said that you chanted it just as well. I don't know but you chanted it a *little better*. At any rate never suppose that this chapel service is merely an outside attachment to your instruction here; far from it; it is the *basis*, the *soul* of it all. Did I wish to read the future of a people, I would not go to the dock yards and count her ships; I would not visit her camps and number her armies, but I would go to her christian schools. The only source of rational liberty is in a true religion, and in the schools where it is taught. You etymologists know the derivation of the word 'education,' but you cannot *draw out* of a man what is not *put in* him first. It is the great glory of the Church that *her seed is in herself*, so that, from age to age, *she bears fruit after her kind*. Sectarianism, in time, will forget the peculiar tenets of her founders because they left no system behind them, just as the University of Geneva, that Calvin founded, has degenerated into infidelity. But the Church that offers the same prayers, chants the same psalms, raises the same hallowed hymns of praise from year to year and generation to generation—the Church shall rear great men and great hearts. It does not cramp and chain our minds; it bids them to expand. It tells them to study science and philosophy; to open and penetrate every field of investigation; it will find nothing, that, rightly interpreted, does not confirm and strengthen this sacred word, this Holy Book that day after day you hear read in this chapel.

Oh, if good old Bishop Berkeley, who prayed and labored to found christian education in America, who to that end placed in old Yale the first great library ever brought across the waters; (old Yale; who has forgotten that she owes anything to a Bishop of the Church,) if he could have seen in the far vista what I have seen to-day he would have cried. "If the Lord would make windows in Heaven, might this thing be." But I have seen it and I thank God

Some of you will be merchants, the merchant princes of the West; and when you are rich, come back here and *endow* your Alma Mater; come back here to her, and instead of stones, bring brass and iron; and instead of brass and iron bring silver, and build here a temple whose voice shall sound, and whose light shall illumine the great West."

A heartier "three times three" was never given than saluted the Bishop as he emerged from the robing room. These were followed by three for the Rev. Dr. SHELTON, and three for "Holiday.

Bishop COXE then visited the cricket field, where the 'Prefects' and the College Elevens were contending, and afterwards, the slowly rising walls of Taylor Hall.

\*Our boys remembered this, and when they asked the Bishop's signature to their petition for a holiday, they said: "We'll show you, Bishop, where *we* work!"

PERSONAL.—The gentleman who persistently labors under the hallucination that he possesses a mellifluous voice, can avoid the necessity of having his head irrigated with descending water, by refraining from exercising his epiglottis under a certain window in Park Hall.

N. B. The class of '67 are hereby notified that their dismal howlings, after the manner of valetudinarian calves, must be immediately and indefinitely postponed, or legal proceedings will be instituted forthwith.

Per order of President of "the society for the protection of Tympanums."

CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.—We are sorry to learn that the Historian of the '70's has been wounded by a base ball. We hope the bisected palm will re-knit in time for *that history*. The *Magnolia's* were obliged to vacate their room Friday morning. Cause, inadequate ventilation.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THE MEN OF '67.—Our exchanges inform us that Dr. Cummings has renewed the lease of his dwelling for ten years. The final catastrophe is, we therefore conclude, adjourned *nemine contra* until '77.

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THIS LARGE, FIRST CLASS HOTEL IS BEAUTIFUL

It is situated upon the banks of Lake Michigan, commanding the most picturesque view of the lake and surrounding scenery. Guests at the College, and the traveling public generally will find the best of accommodations. The rooms are large, airy, and well furnished.

Table always supplied with the Delicacies of the Season.





"Hæc Olim Meminisse Juvabit."

VOLUME I.

RACINE COLLEGE, JULY 15, 1867.

NUMBER 3.

### CLIONIAN SOCIETY.

FOUNDED A. D. 1865.

VITAM IMPENDERE VERO.

President.....EDWARD RILEY.  
Vice President.....T. L. SULLIVAN.  
Secretary.....JOHN COLEMAN JR.  
Treasurer.....H. B. WHITTEMORE.

Anniversary, July 17.

### MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

FOUNDED A. D. 1861.

VIGIAT RADIX.

Whole number of Members, . . . . . 300.

President.....ARTHUR PIPER.  
Vice President.....WM. T. COMSTOCK.  
Secretary.....W. R. MERRIAM.

### CLASS OF '67.

ALPHA PHI.

DUM VIVIMUS, VIVAMUS.

HENRY MCKEY.....President.  
L. S. BURTON.....Vice President.  
ARTHUR PIPER.....Secretary.  
F. T. KELLOGG.....Treasurer.  
JAS. APPLETON MORGAN.....Historian.

### CLASS OF '68.

Pian piano, si va lontano.

President.....R. W. GRANGE.  
Vice President.....C. E. ANDREWS.  
Secretary.....H. O. HISSDALE.  
Historian.....EDWARD RILEY.

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WM. T. COMSTOCK.....Vice President.  
C. E. ANDREWS.....Secretary.  
H. O. PRESCOTT.....Treasurer.  
MILTON C. LIGHTNER.....Captain.

### CLASS OF '69.

NULLA VESTIGIA RETRORSUM.

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H. B. WHITTEMORE.....Vice President.  
E. H. RUDD, JR. ....Secretary.  
FRANK COMSTOCK.....Historian.

### CLASS OF '70.

QUI NON PROFICIT, DEFICIT.

W. R. MERRIAM.....President.  
L. A. ROWLEY.....Vice President.  
JNO COLEMAN, JR.....Secretary.  
ALFRED SORENSON.....Historian.  
O. H. DOK.....Cor. Sec.  
G. W. BRISTOL.....Treasurer.

### SCIENTIFICS.

CLASS OF '69.

Junsi Est Pang.

NEWTON LELL.....President.  
WM. T. COMSTOCK.....Vice President.  
JOHN O. SLEMONS.....Historian.

### MAGNOLIA SOCIETY.

ARISTON METRON.

FOUNDED A. D. 1867

ERNEST A. BARRINGER.....President.  
GEO. H. CLARK.....Vice President.  
F. W. MCKEAN.....Secretary.  
CLARENCE FLEETWOOD.....Treasurer.

DIRECTORS:

FRED. H. WELLS, FRANK HARPER, MILTON C. LIGHTNER.

### Cricket Clubs.

#### THE COLLEGE ELEVEN.

O. E. ANDREWS.....President.  
R. W. GRANGE.....Vice President.  
H. B. WHITTEMORE.....Secretary.  
E. B. SPALDING.....Captain.

#### THE CLARKSON CLUB.

Captain.....L. A. ROWLEY.

#### THE BADGER CLUB.

Captain.....H. B. WHITTEMORE.

#### DE KOVEN CLUB.

Captain.....A. SORENSON.

#### UNION CLUB.

Captain.....W. R. MERRIAM

#### OSCEOLA CLUB.

Captain.....F. L. HANKEY

#### YOUNG AMERICA CLUB.

Captain.....F. S. GAULT.

#### FOURTH ELEVEN.

(CLARKSON.)

Captain.....A. L. McCREA

#### FOURTH ELEVEN.

(BADGER.)

Captain.....C. H. BURTON.

#### THE CLARKSON CUP.

Won by Clarksons', 1866.

#### THE RECTOR'S CUP.

Won by DeKovens', 1866.

#### THE HEAD MASTER'S CUP.

Won by Young Americas', 1866.

#### THE PREFECT'S CUP.

Won by Clarksons' Fourth Eleven, 1866.

Printed at the Office of the Racine Journal.

The College Mercury.

"Vigent Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, JULY 15, 1867.

Jas. Appleton Morgan, } EDITORS.  
Henry McKey, }

The MERCURY is issued semi-monthly during Term Time, on the following

TERMS:

College Half Year.....\$1.00  
Single copies ..... 10

Subscribers leaving the College can have their papers sent by leaving with us their new address.

A limited number of advertisements inserted on liberal terms.

Prospectuses of College Exchanges inserted free.

Contributions from other Colleges solicited.

Correspondents must write on one side of their paper only. The true name of the writer must invariably accompany the article, whether to be used or not, as no notice can be taken of anonymous communications.

All communications must be addressed to "EDITORS COLLEGE MERCURY, Box 233, Post office, Racine, Wisconsin."

CLASS TREES.

In looking over our College exchanges, we are struck with the prevalence of a custom, which appears to us both beautiful and suggestive. It is the planting, by each out-going Senior Class, of a *Class Tree*, to perpetuate at their Mother Institution their memories when they are gone. The Planting is a gala occasion for all the College. The exercises (which are participated in by members of the Class alone) are usually: an Address by the President, an Oration, Prophecy, History and Poem, interspersed with music, and concluding by the singing of the *Class Song*. Let the men of '67 take our suggestion, and inaugurate the ceremony here; they will plant the custom as well as the tree, and succeeding Seniors will follow their example. For once let us heartily unite in a *Class* celebration. We know we are hard pressed for time; we know that every moment is in requisition for duties before unknown, that have been assigned us; but *for once*, let no word be uttered, no protest be made, and let us join in a generous re-union. If we shall feel one pang at leaving Racine and each other, if one lingering regret shall survive the separating, it will sweeten the memories that cling to us, to recall *one* open hearted cordial handshaking, one happy celebration, of which sad to say, we have known few enough.

The '67's having been *НАЕКТРА-фид.* are squirming considerably.

COLLEGE CHORAL SOCIETY.

IT HAS been proposed to organize in the College, a "Choral Society." The idea is undoubtedly practicable, and in every respect very desirable. With the amount of musical talent which has been so well manifested in our Choral services and elsewhere, there is no reason why we should not have the most numerous and efficient amateur Musical Society in the State. The object of the society will be two fold:

*First.* The promulgation of social comfort in the College, to which nothing lends so great a charm as music.

*Secondly,* The education and development of a correct musical taste among the students.

The Society to consist of "performers and non-performers," as many will doubtless wish to join the organization, who are not desirous of participating in the active duties of the Society. Under the experience of the Rev. Mr. Machin, who has kindly offered to undertake the directorship, we are confident the attempt will be a success; we are interested in the matter and regret space will not allow further notice. Those wishing to join in this truly laudable enterprise, are requested to leave their names as soon as convenient, either with Mr. Machin, Mr. Olmstead, or at the MERCURY Office.

WE were to-day shown some magnificent views, taken during the war, of Lookout Mountain, where Hooker and Phil Sheridan "fought it out among the clouds." They are unquestionably the finest photographs we ever saw, and well worth a visit. Mr. Carpenter, the artist, at Geo. Thomas' old stand, is a skillful and finished photographer, and we recommend his gallery to those wishing good pictures. Mr. C. has also some charming views of our Chapel and College buildings. No student should leave Racine without possessing himself of some of these beautiful souvenirs.

In the account of the corner stone ceremonies in our last issue, we were mistaken in alluding to Rev. Mr. Machin as formerly *chorister* of Salisbury Cathedral; Mr. M. was *Lay Vicar*, the choir being there composed of choristers, Lay Vicars and Priests.

WE stop the press to announce that the Clionian Anniversary has been postponed until commencement week.

ST. CLAIRE'S HALL.

AIR—"Co-Chuck-a-Lunk."

The following is rather old at Racine, but we give it for the benefit of the young ladies at St. Claire's, and by special request.

O, had I fins or bright feathers,  
That would swim in sea or air;  
Or seven leagued "patent leathers,"  
That would carry me down to St. Claire!

Why should I Greek tragedy mangle?  
Nothing looks like tragedy there;  
What care I for din of triangle?  
I am going right down to St. Claire.

Old "Racine" I'd leave to its fortune,  
In Kenosha there's purer air;  
No matter how the Profs importune,  
I am going right down to St. Claire.

For would'nt I drive dull care away?  
No longer at my tasks despair;  
*Coup de pied* to my Algebra,  
I shall take the first train for St. Claire.

But then all this is useless sighing,  
It will never carry me there,  
The Faculty are proof 'gainst crying,  
So I'll begone to dream of St. Claire.

But some day I'll make my oration,  
While all the jealous burghers stare;  
Then arm myself for a flirtation,  
And woe I "get up and get" for St. Claire!

THE students who spent the Fourth in Chicago, Milwaukee, and the surrounding cities, came back looking well, and under the profound conviction; that the great American Eagle stands with one foot upon the Alleghanies, the other on the Rocky Mountains; one wing shading the Atlantic the other dipping in the Pacific Ocean—his fiery eye fixed upon Canada, and his tail feathers hovering over Mexico—that he could breakfast comfortably upon Britania, and sleep well after dining off Austria, Russia, France and Spain.

CLIONIAN ANNIVERSARY.—The second anniversary of the Clionian Society will be celebrated in Clionian Hall on the evening of Wednesday, the 17th inst., the order of exercises will be as follows:

- First.*—Address by the President.
- Second.*—Oration—Robert W. Grange.
- Third.*—Address by Rev. Mr. Hinsdale, on the benefit of Debating Societies.
- Fourth.*—Poem—Jas. Appleton Morgan.

PANDICULATIS CUM NEUROSIS ET NAUSIOSIS.—The Magnolias having resolved that the 91st birth day of our Nationality should not pass without a demonstration on their part, accordingly chartered the beautiful steamer Antelope and started *en route* for Milwaukee. The trip was pleasant and they returned safely from the treacherous dangers of the waters, not however before the *Tridentifer Neptunus* had exacted the customary tribute to his realms.

PORTLAND, JULY 4, 1866.

[We wrote the verses we re-publiſh here, one year ago; and how our trembling prophecy has been fulfilled! The majesty of our dear old home has risen again, and all her shores resound the welcome of the sea. The great day comes—and lo! she is sitting in her accustomed seat. The coast was fearful, but the morrow is grand. In her ruin and in her resurrection she has gloriously celebrated the day and the genius of America; the Declaration itself never spoke it as widely nor as well. We are free because our purpose is great, and our faith unflinching. As the courage of its citizens can withstand the elemental fury that sweeps down a city, so the spirit of the people, no tempest can fear, no party strife can sap, nor discontented states, nor partizan misrule. When we visit our native town again, we shall miss many a familiar land mark—we shall find many a broken shaft, many a silent home—but we never can forget the lesson of the fire. That **STRENGTH COURAGE AND HONEST WILL**, no fate can overwhelm.]

Now may our gulf songs be hushed, now cease the trumpet's play,  
The loveliest of our sister towns hath vanished with the day,  
The music and the martial tread that woke old Oasco's rest,  
Hath changed to mourning for the domes that smiled upon her breast;  
Her beauty and her majesty have fall'n before the fire,  
And all is lonely ruin now, in place of tree and spire.

The frontlet of the Ocean, she sat in scepter'd pride,  
And, crowding to her feet there came the treasures of the tide;

Here was the surging mart and wharf, the haunt of busy trade,  
And here was all the rural grace of leafy promenades.

And is she gone—the ancient town—in festival array,  
Amid the thunder of her forts—the nation's holiday?  
And were they here—where blackened homes the wonder'd ring stranger meets,

The mansions of her citizens—the forests of her streets?  
And has the demon of the fire o'erwhelm'd her now, and must

The city of a century now cower in the dust?  
Not once before in ashes she has droop'd her stately head,

Not for her courage still is left, altho' her beauty's dead;  
Her sons, though scattered, love her still and yet shall see her rise

All golden in the coming sun, to greet their home-turned eyes.

She fell with all her flags unfurled, amid the Jubilee  
That wared another welcome to the Birth-day of the Free;  
And she shall wake again in strength, to hold the Eastern gates,

That open to the Ocean's wealth the Sisterhood of States.

**- CRICKET.**

"Nor Troy could conquer, nor the Greeks could yield"

Among the many interesting reminiscences of the 22d ultimo it becomes our duty to chronicle the match between the "Prefects" and the best Eleven in the remainder of the College. The match was gotten up for the edification of several distinguished visitors, who were expected at the College, among them Right Rev. Bishop Coxe, who unfortunately was detained by indisposition at Nashotah, but arrived in time to render more attractive by his genial presence the termination of the game. The opposing Elevens, containing as they did the best cricketers in the College, and very evenly apportioned, gave the promise from the out-set of an interesting and well contested game, and we were not disappointed, the playing was throughout admirable. The ability so universally shown, allows us to make per-

sonal mention of none but to the reiteration of what has been said by others and outsiders that Racine should hesitate to play no Cricket Club in the land for the championship. The Prefects exhibited a little nervousness during the latter part of the match, but after their opponents passed their (the Prefects') score, and were playing with that easy confidence which certain success always inspires, their demeanor presented a model of manly resignation. If the Prefects were beaten it does not necessarily follow that they would be beaten again; upon the whole we should judge the merits of the respective Elevens to be about as evenly balanced as were the arms of the two Nations, whose names appear at the head of this article, during their memorable war. We append the score:

| COLLEGE ELEVEN.            |    | PREFECT ELEVEN.             |    |
|----------------------------|----|-----------------------------|----|
| First Innings.             |    | First Innings.              |    |
| Capt. Spalding, b by R...  | 2  | Capt. Andrews, c by M...    | 1  |
| Mead, c by B, b by Doe...  | 2  | Barringer, run out...       | 16 |
| Wheeler, D, b by Doe...    | 5  | Burton, b by M...           | 8  |
| Wheeler, E, c by S b by D  | 7  | Doe, c by O b by M...       | 7  |
| Hudson, run out...         | 7  | Rowley, b by M...           | 4  |
| Osborne, b by R...         | 6  | McClum, not out...          | 12 |
| Sparrow, b by D...         | 1  | Sorenson, b by S...         | 2  |
| Prescott, b by R...        | 0  | Whitmore, b by M...         | 2  |
| Selby, a by Andrews...     | 0  | Pardee, c by P b by M...    | 0  |
| Hamilton, not out...       | 1  | Piper b by M...             | 0  |
| Comstock, b by D...        | 6  | Grange, b by S...           | 8  |
| Byes                       | 5  | Byes                        | 8  |
| Leg byes                   | 1  | Leg eyes                    | 1  |
| Wides                      | 1  | Wides                       | 8  |
| Total                      | 49 | Total                       | 62 |
| Second Innings.            |    | Second Innings.             |    |
| Capt. Spalding, c by D...  | 0  | Capt. Andrews, c by H...    | 7  |
| Mead, b by D...            | 0  | Barringer, c by S b by M... | 2  |
| Hudson, b by R...          | 7  | Burton, c by M...           | 0  |
| Osborne, b by D...         | 0  | Doe, c by P b by S...       | 0  |
| Prescott, c by W b by R... | 3  | Rowley, a by P b by S...    | 6  |
| Selby, c by W b by D...    | 6  | McClum, a by W b by S...    | 8  |
| Hamilton, not out...       | 6  | Piper, not out...           | 0  |
| Sparrow, c by D b by R...  | 2  | Pardee, c by S...           | 0  |
| Comstock, b by D...        | 3  | Grange, b by M...           | 0  |
| Wheeler, D, c by B b by D  | 8  | Whitmore, b by S...         | 2  |
| Wheeler, run out...        | 12 | Sorenson, b by M...         | 2  |
| Byes                       | 0  | Byes                        | 2  |
| Leg byes                   | 2  | Wides                       | 1  |
| Total                      | 54 | Total                       | 25 |

| RECAPITULATION.               |     |
|-------------------------------|-----|
| "College Eleven," 1st Innings | 49  |
| 2d "                          | 54  |
| Total score                   | 103 |
| "Prefect Eleven," 1st Innings | 62  |
| 2d "                          | 25  |
| Total score                   | 87  |

REV. ROBERT LOWELL visited the College a few days ago, the guest of Professor Dean. He expressed himself delighted with everything here, and regretted the necessity which compelled him to decline the Professorship left vacant by our lamented Dr. Passmore, which was tendered him.

WE received, too late for acknowledgment in our last issue, the *Yale Courant*, *Brown Paper*, of *Brown University Bulletin College Monthly*, *Vassar Transcript*, *Hamilton College Campus*; all well edited, and readable exchanges.

**BASE BALL AT THE COLLEGE.**

Last week the Amateur Base Ball Club received a challenge from the Racine Junior Club, which was received, we believe, with some dubious forebodings as to the result; but, as is invariably the result in Cricket, so in Base Ball—victory perched on the banner of the College boys. The "Juniors" did some crack playing, however. This may be considered as inaugurating Base Ball at the College. We are champions of the Northwest in Cricket, but this is our first triumph in the new field. We have a new *penchant* at the College—thanks to the "Amateurs." Long may they wave!

| Amateur.              | O. R. | Racine Junior.      | O. R. |
|-----------------------|-------|---------------------|-------|
| Gnall, c.....         | 4     | Crashy, c.....      | 2     |
| H. Comstock, p.....   | 4     | G. Bull, p.....     | 7     |
| H. Plant, s s.....    | 8     | F. Bull, s s.....   | 5     |
| Hamilton, 1 b.....    | 4     | E. Judd, 1 b.....   | 6     |
| Elkin, 2 b.....       | 8     | Strong, 2 b.....    | 5     |
| Hitchcock, 3 b.....   | 2     | Pendleton, 3 b..... | 0     |
| Harper, 1 f.....      | 1     | Davis, 1 f.....     | 5     |
| Schweppé, c f.....    | 2     | Johnson c f.....    | 4     |
| O. Lockwood, r f..... | 4     | Jones, r f.....     | 4     |
| Total.....            | 27    | Total.....          | 27    |

| INNINGS.          |            |     |               |      |      |      |      |      |      |      |
|-------------------|------------|-----|---------------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|
|                   | 1st.       | 2d. | 3d.           | 4th. | 5th. | 6th. | 7th. | 8th. | 9th. | —Tl. |
| Amateur,          | 7          | 8   | 7             | 8    | 2    | 0    | 13   | 13   | 13   | —66  |
| Junior,           | 5          | 8   | 10            | 8    | 7    | 2    | 2    | 8    | 2    | —47  |
| Fly Catches.....  | Amateur 10 |     | Racine Junior |      | 5    |      |      |      |      |      |
| Passed Balls..... | " 14       |     | " "           |      | 19   |      |      |      |      |      |
| Called Balls..... | " 0        |     | " "           |      | 14   |      |      |      |      |      |

Umpire—H. B. Whitmore, of Racine College O. B. C.  
Sponsors—For Amateurs, M. Lightner; Racine Junior, O. M. Judd.

EVERYBODY celebrated the 4th in Racine. All day—ladies and gentlemen, in Sunday clothes, and "hold o' hands," promenaded the streets. Some choice spirits, however, determining to vary the above programme, assembled at a certain shady corner, and presented the following order of exercises:

- 1st. Nailing the flag to the mast.
- 2d. Applause.
- 3d. Oration.
- 4th. Doxology.

Of the oration we are enabled to give the following report. The speaker said:

"Fellow Citizens—(cries of hear, hear. Hip-hip-hurrah! Merry Christmas—go on.) I thank you for your kind attention; (cries of—'not at all—you're welcome—don't mention it.) this is a glorious day." Here some one announcing that it "looked like rain" the audience dispersed.

THE STRAWBERRY MAN.—During the past week, a mysterious looking cart has been several times observed standing in the road opposite Park Hall, surrounded by a mongrel group of "boys in blue," Oxford gowns and purple tassels—and back and forth across the lawn were seen students bearing pillow-cases, last year's Amidons, shaving mugs, etc., full of dulcet, delicious and most digestible strawberries.

Who would have bread with his fish ball,  
Must get it first, or not at all.

Altered from "Yale."  
**SONG—ALMA MATER FOREVER.**

No, brothers dear; brothers, come join in a song,  
 A hearty thrice welcome, our glad notes prolong;  
 Sing "salve, salve!" with spirits uproarious,  
 And wake the wild echoes with wide-sounding chorus;  
 Come sound the loud anthem o'er forest and river,  
 And sing "Alma Mater, Alma Mater" forever.  
 Chorus—Hurrah! Hurrah! Alma Mater forever!  
 Hurrah! Hurrah! Alma Mater forever!

"Alma Mater, Alma Mater," Heaven's blessings attend  
 thee,  
 While we live we will ever protect and defend thee;  
 Thy sons "cara matris" swell the loud thrilling chorus,  
 When they think of the many who've been here before us,  
 They sound the loud anthem o'er forest and river,  
 And sing "Alma Mater, Alma Mater" forever.  
 Chorus—Hurrah! &c.

We'll sing to our brethren, the far and the near,  
 Though absent in body, in spirit they're here;  
 Memory yet sees them keep watch and ward o'er us,  
 And sympathy *hears* them still join in the chorus  
 Which sounds the loud anthem o'er forest and river,  
 And sings "Alma Mater, Alma Mater" forever.  
 Chorus—Hurrah! &c.

We'll sing to the loved ones, the lost and the gone,  
 Who peacefully sleep 'neath the sod and the stone;  
 They've crossed the dark river, but tarry still for us,  
 God grant we'll meet them in Heavenly chorus,  
 To sound the loud anthems that ever and ever,  
 Praise the true "Alma Mater, Alma Mater" forever.  
 Chorus—Hurrah! &c.

"Alma Mater, Alma Mater" thy walls will grow gray,  
 And the green ivy thrive on thy mould'ring decay;  
 Yet the hearts of thy children shall but gladden the  
 more as  
 Ages on ages shall swell the glad chorus  
 Which sounds the loud anthem o'er forest and river.  
 Chorus—Hurrah! &c.

H. I. J. K. ELEMENOPE.

**JERUSALEM AND THE LEBANON.**

BY DR. JOHN B. FUELING.

One day I pitched my tent in a stony field, where grew only some dwarfed fruit trees. It was almost beneath the walls of Jerusalem, some hundred steps from the tower of David, somewhat above the fountain of Siloam, still moistening the out-trodden stone pavement of the grotto, not far from the tomb of the royal poet, who so often celebrated by song this fountain.

The high, blackened, terraces, whereon in olden times arose the temple built by Solomon, were to my left, crowned by three blue domes, and the slender, airy pillars of Omar's far famed mosque, rising from the remnants of Jehovah's House. The city of Jerusalem, even at this time devastated by the plague, looked as bathed in the sunlight, which being reflected from the hundred domes, threw the shadows of its gilded spires upon the marble walls, polished by centuries and the salt-wind of the Dead Sea.

No noise was heard about the dismal circuit of the town, which seemed to be the couch of a man struggling in death. The broad gates were desolated. One only saw now and then the white turban and red cloak of an Arabian soldier, standing sentry. No one entered or departed through these deserted gates.

The morning wind whirled at a distance the dust of the road, as if a caravan was approaching. When the blast had passed by the famous tower of Hippicus or by the palm trees of the hill, where stood the house of Caiphas, the dust fell down and the desert appeared again, without any living thing.

From time to time the two wings of this or that gate were opened, sending out those who carried to the burying place a pestilential corpse. Only two half naked slaves carried the bier, whereon the dead was lying. Sometimes the deceased was escorted by Jews, Turks, Arabs or Armenians. They walked, singing funeral dirges, between the olive trees and then returned silently and slowly to their dwellings. In most cases, however, the deceased were without any escort, and the slaves after having dug a hole scarcely two or three feet deep, threw in the corpse, sat down on the tomb, kindled their long pipes and smoked silently, puffing out of the mouth and nose thick clouds.

Before me extended the valley of Jehosaphat, with only a few old trees remaining of all its former magnificence, resembling a wide grave, through which the dry Kedron-brook was seen as a whitish line, dotted with large stones. At both sides, the declivities of the hills were almost white from the sepulchres and the turbans of Mussulman cut in the solid rock. To the right was situated the Mountain of Olives, beyond which one could behold the volcanic peaks of the mountains of Jericho and Sheba. Between the tops of the cypresses, as far as the eye could reach, one obtained fine views of the surrounding country.

The eye followed especially one direction, where it was attracted from the lead-like azure of the Dead Sea, behind the blue ridges Arabia, which border the horizon. But 'border' is not the word, for these mountains seemed to be transparent like crystal, surrounded by an azure and purple hue, from which one expected to discover an undefined landscape.

It was noon-tide, when on the highest gallery of the Minaret, the Muezzin called the faithful to prayer. All my Arabs beat their knees, folded and raised their hands, and bowing their heads, exclaimed, one after the other, Allah! Allah! Allah!

Some steps distant from me a young Turkish woman bewailed her husband on one of those little monuments of white stones, wherewith are covered the hills all around Jerusalem. She appeared hardly eighteen or twenty years old. I never saw a picture more charming and more painful. By her side played her two little children, with three black Abyssinian slaves.

It was a Christian Sabbath. Behind the high, blackened walls of Jerusalem was heard from the dome of the Greek monastery, the dying echo of the hymns and psalms of David, which were chanted

in another language on the same place where they had been inspired.

Some months afterwards, traveling in the mountains of Lebanon, I returned from the last summit of the Oriental Alps. I was a guest of the sheik of Eden, an Arabic village, that, like an eagle's nest, hovers over the steep cliffs and is habitable only at summer time. The venerable old man, accompanied by his sons and some slaves, had met me at Tripolis, in Syria, and had received me in his castle with a dignity and manner that reminded me of the old patriarchs.

Whole trunks of trees burned in the large fire place. Dead sheep, roes and stags were piled up in layers in large, cool rooms, and his slaves fetched leather bags, a hundred years old, filled with the golden wine of the Lebanon in order to refresh us. After a few days, when we departed again, the sheik gave me his eldest son and some Arabian horsemen as companions, to guide me to the cedars of Solomon, which still now, as then, more than two thousand years ago, cover those ridges.

(Concluded in next number.)

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"Hæc Olim Meminisse Juvabit."

VOLUME I.

RACINE COLLEGE, AUGUST 1, 1867.

NUMBER 4.

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DUM VIVIMUS, VIVAMUS.

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Captain,.....A. L. McCREA

#### FOURTH ELEVEN.

(BADGER.)

Captain,.....C. H. BURTON.

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#### THE HEAD MASTER'S CUP.

Won by Young Americas', 1866.

#### THE PREFECT'S CUP.

Won by Clarksons' Fourth Eleven, 1866.

Printed at the Office of the Racine Journal.

The College Mercury.

"Vigant Badix."

RACINE COLLEGE, AUG. 1, 1867.

Jas. Appleton Morgan, } EDITORS.  
Henry McKay, }

The Mercury is issued semi-monthly during Term Time, on the following

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All communications must be addressed to "EDITORS COLLEGE MERCURY, Box 233, Post office, Racine, Wisconsin."

TOO MUCH FUN FOR A CENT.

When we first agitated the idea of editing a paper, we called upon our friend of the *Journal*, to talk the matter over. After dilating upon our project with the enthusiasm that "something new" always inspires, he rather damped our ardor by remarking, "that there wasn't so much fun in being an editor, after all; that after a while we'd find it out"—and began to recite his experience. We thought it rather cruel of him, but we didn't believe anything of the sort. He has experience, and all that, but we were afraid he took a cynical view of things; in short—we knew better.

Our paper was launched, and sailed well; everything went smoothly, but bye and bye we struck bottom. We began to "snuff danger afar off." After our third edition was printed, we found we had not copies enough to satisfy our regular subscribers! Here was a fix—in vain we tried to pacify the unfortunates—told them we were Benthamites, and believed in the "greatest good to the greatest number;" that some must suffer for the good of the rest—that society was an organization where each member surrendered a part of his rights for the good of the whole. It was literally no go—they couldn't see why, out of so many, they should be the ones to suffer; we dived into Butler, Cousin, and Dr. Adams for clinchers; we tried Kant, but that they couldn't see. We gave it up. We mentioned our

stew to our friend of the *Journal*. An audible grin stole from cheery eyes, and chased itself all over his rosy face. "You begin, my boy," said he, (we editors, sometimes, in the innermost of the sanctum, drop the plural and talk like common mortals)—"to see the fun of it—wait a little, and you'll have some more." We began to understand that what we considered cynicism, was his parental solicitude for our welfare, and we thanked him warmly. Again, experience has taught us that types are totally depraved. We believed we were "somewhat" on proof-reading—last time we read two proofs of our paper with the closest scrutiny and the deepest solicitude; we stopped the press twice to insert a comma, or supply a missing letter, and offset the compliments of the pressman with the consoling expectation of presenting a faultless MERCURY. Sitting down to enjoy the perspiration that accompanies honest labor in July, and with a copy of No. 3 in our hand—what was our consternation to discover blunders, the most ghastly, the most bewildering, the most overwhelming! A gentleman confronted us on the king's highway, and—"wouldn't we spell his name rationally, next time, please;" somebody called our attention to the fact that a whole line was left out of his communication. We apologized liberally. We laid down that night a sadder and a wiser man—convinced that to err was human, man was made to mourn, life is a journey of wearisome hours, honesty is the best policy, etc., etc., and finally, that the trifold fates were bent upon our destruction.

THE NEW ASTEROID.

HAMILTON COLLEGE OBSERVATORY, }  
CLINTON, July 9, 1863, }

Yesterday morning early, July 7, astronomical date, a new member of the group of asteroids was discovered here, in twenty-one hours and twenty one minutes of right ascension, and twenty-one degrees and thirty-one minutes of southern declination. This morning it was found to have moved in twenty-four hours about twenty-five seconds to the west and six minutes to the south. Being of the 11th magnitude, and still about one month before opposition with the sun, the planet promises to be a bright one.

(Signed) C. H. F. PETERS.

We congratulate our Hamiltonian friends. The *Compass* ought to be able now to get up something original and sparkling, we hope it wont come into opposition with (the) MERCURY.

OUR FRIENDS when they enclose us their subscriptions, say a good word for and about us—for instance, (we omit the business.)

NEW YORK, July 6th, 1867.

MESSRS EDITORS:

\* \* \* \* So long as the College is a success your paper will be a success—both have the best wishes of,

Yours truly,

E. W. MILLER.

SEABURY HALL, Faribault, June, 12.

\* \* \* \* I rejoice at the prosperity of the College, and think you are doing a good work and promoting its welfare. That the MERCURY may be a success is the wish of your friend.

JAS. LYON.

CHICAGO, July 14th, 1867.

EDITORS COLLEGE MERCURY:

\* \* \* \* The Bishop of Western New York has spoken well of the College Mercury. I wish you God speed in your work, and hope you will make it and all else connected with dear old Racine College—a success. We, as alumni and as students, can raise her to be what she ought to be—The Institution of the North West—with kind remembrances to all my friends. I am Messers Editors

Yours truly,

B. FRANK FLEETWOOD.

"FORGING THE HANDWRITING OF NATURE."—The class of Sixty-Seven is studying Botany. In our perigrinations the other day we stumbled upon a youth dilligently scolloping with his pen-knife the edge of a lilac leaf. The young man evidently meditated revolutionizing the scientific world, of overturning the systems of Linnæus and Gray, with a new conformation, which should be a combination of the *acuminate*, the *retuse*, the *mucronate*, the *eulargate*, the *lyratelate pinnate*, the *pinnately trifoliate*, the *decompound* and the *cuspidate*: whose *parenchyma* should be *chlorophyll*, and whose *petiole* *anastomosing*. Lack of breath prevents our noticing the entire scheme of his aspirations.

PERSONAL.—Among the many visitors at the College since our last issue, we notice Right Rev. Bishop Lee, of Iowa, who addressed the students in some very appropriate remarks at the close of evening chapel. Dr. Littlejohn of Brooklyn, who encouraged us, if indeed we could receive more encouragement by his compliment to our MERCURY. Rev. Mr. Martin of Terre Haute; Dr. Ashley of Milwaukee; Dr. Van Rensselaer, President of De Vaux College, N. Y.; Rev. Mr. Spaulding of Evansville Ind. and Rev. Messrs. Lightner and Wadleigh of Penn.

CLASS SONG OF '67.

BY THEIR F. L.

AIR—Auld Lang Syne.

Together on we've traveled long,  
The road sometimes uneven;  
Together still we'll toll, until  
The years count Sixty-Seven.

Too soon we'll yield for other field,  
This home where we've striven;  
So ere we part, with swelling heart,  
We'll drink to "Sixty-Seven."

When'er we dream of old Racine,  
And of the bonds we've given;  
No skies so blue as those we knew  
When boys and "Sixty-Seven."

No years so kind we'll ever find,  
As these our fates have woven;  
No tasks so light, no days so bright  
As now we're "Sixty-Seven."

Then let us clasp in friendly grasp,  
The hand to each we've given;  
Maybe the last, for when 'tis past,  
No more we're "Sixty-Seven."

May fame ne'er pass unknown our class,  
Rain down thy blessings, Heaven;  
This cup we fill, in weal or ill  
The boys of "Sixty-Seven!"

THE MERCURY is now the most popular journal in the land. The ladies cannot live without it, nothing but a suit for Libel could possibly increase our circulation, and we trust such proceedings will be instituted against us forthwith.

The city Council have requested us to retract our statement as to the Fourth in Racine. We hasten to comply, and humbly proclaim, that if we have said anything we are sorry for, we are glad of it.

ATTENDITE POPULI.—The Heptade, the magic number is again complete! "Happy" were by far an inadequate expression to qualify the feelings with which we herald the arrival of Mr. E. Cornelius Chapin, formerly and at present of the senior class.

N. B. Country and especially Hindoostan papers please copy.

THE new bell has been safely mounted in the anomalous receptacle prepared for it, which reminds us of an oil well at Petroleum "diggings," or a signal station of the days when all was quiet along the Potomac.

WE have received from the library of Harvard College, a certificate signed by Thos. Hill, President, and John Langdon Sibley, Librarian, acknowledging the receipt of the COLLEGE MERCURY.

THE Churchman copies (and we are happy to add—credits us with) our report of B. P. Cox's address, and speaks a good word for Racine generally.

BASE BALL.

"TOWN AND GOWN."

Again we are called upon to chronicle a victory for the College boys. The match between the Belle City Club and the "College Nine," the first game of which was played on the 22d ult. and the return, on the 29th, has terminated, leaving the Collegians in every respect masters of the field. We would with pleasure give a synopsis of the playing did our space permit; as it is, we can only speak in general terms.

This we may denominate our inaugural match, it being our first important and decisive contest in the (permit the term) indigenous game of the land. Both clubs worked with ardor and determination, and in the first game there were times when Collegian's fortune looked a little dim. Personal mention amid general good play-in seems almost invidious, yet we cannot refrain from recalling the splendid catches of Messers. Day and Tomlinson of the College Nine. The former gentleman with wonderful agility succeeded in catching a foul when it seemed next to impossible, winding up by illustrating the "vis inertiae" in some remarkable and involuntary acrobatic performances, which proceeding we here mention as one of the few casualties of the day. Mr. Tomlinson's coup was a remarkably fine fly catch, accomplished by bending backward and reaching the ball over his head. On the part of the Belle City, Mr. Lyon's pitching and Mr. Washburn's catching deserve special attention.

The final game proved more decisively the superiority of the College Nine. In the first game the score stood—Belle City 27; College 39. In the latter the relative standing was "Town" 19, "Gown" 46; showing a great improvement on the part of the "Gowns." A foul endeavored, we observed, to enter the eye of the College catcher, which said foul, being disappointed in its effort, left as a memento some of the pitch from the "pitcher's" hand. Some facetious gentleman whom, we opine, should be immediately suppressed, observed on the occasion, that as the worthy catcher was pleasantly anticipating his dinner, it was but natural that he should take a *fowl* in his eye and a *muffin* in his hand. We have already violated our principle of non-personality, therefore we shall give all names in the score following,

so none can complain of partial mention. We advise the Collegians to practise carefully and look out for future victories.

Among the chief features of the return match were the fielding of Washburne, who caught three very fine flies, and the base playing of Tomlinson who very neatly caught Howell napping on first. The day was as fine as could have been desired for base ball. There was a slight change in both clubs; Howell playing right field instead of Bartlett, and Sparrow third base instead of Prescott. The College club won by a very handsome score as follows:

THE SCORE.

| BELLE CITY.          |       | RACINE COLLEGE.      |       |
|----------------------|-------|----------------------|-------|
| Runs.                | Outs. | Runs.                | Outs. |
| Lender, S S..... 3   | 2     | Comstock, S S..... 8 | 2     |
| Howell, R. F..... 1  | 4     | Mead, P..... 4       | 4     |
| Lyon, P..... 1       | 5     | Wheeler, L. F..... 7 | 2     |
| Ullmann, 2d B... 2   | 2     | Lightner, 2d B... 4  | 4     |
| Crosby, O..... 3     | 2     | Burchard, C F... 3   | 5     |
| Washburn, L. F. 2    | 4     | Sparrow, 3d B... 5   | 2     |
| Mattern, 3d B... 2   | 3     | Day, R. F..... 4     | 3     |
| Mitchell, 1st B... 3 | 1     | Whitmore, C... 4     | 4     |
| Farnham, C. F... 2   | 4     | Tomlinson, 1st B. 7  | 1     |
|                      | 19    |                      | 27    |

INNINGS.

|                 | 1st. | 2d. | 3d. | 4th. | 5th. | 6th. | 7th. | 8th. | 9th. | T.T. |
|-----------------|------|-----|-----|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|
| Belle City,     | 0    | 1   | 9   | 7    | 0    | 0    | 0    | 2    | 0    | 19   |
| Racine College, | 4    | 15  | 2   | 8    | 2    | 2    | 4    | 6    | 3    | 46   |

Fly Catches—Belle City—Lender 1; Mattern 2; Mitchell, 1; Washburn, 3—Total, 7.  
Racine College—Mead 2; Lightner 2; Sparrow 1; Tomlinson 1—Total, 6.  
Missed Flies—Belle City—Lender, 1; Farnham, 1; Washburne 2—Total, 4.  
Missed fouls—Racine College—Mead 1; Tomlinson 1; Whitmore 4—Total, 6. Belle City—Mitchell 2; Crosby 3—Total, 5.  
Passed Balls—Belle City—19; Racine College—4.  
Out on fouls—Belle City—10; Racine College—7.  
Left on bases—Belle City—6; Racine College—3.  
Balks—Racine College 1; Belle City 1.  
Umpire—Mr. G. F. Comstock, of Racine College Club.  
Scores—For Belle City, Cary Judd; Racine College, Mr. Bristol.  
Time of Game, three hours, fifteen minutes.

SCORE—July 22d.

| RACINE COLLEGE.       |    | BELLE CITY.          |        |    |    |
|-----------------------|----|----------------------|--------|----|----|
| O                     | R  | O                    | R      |    |    |
| Comstock, S S..... 4  | 4  | Lender, S S..... 3   | 4      |    |    |
| Mead, P..... 4        | 4  | Bartlett, V S..... 2 | 4      |    |    |
| Wheeler, L. F..... 4  | 4  | Lyon, P..... 2       | 3      |    |    |
| Lightner, 2d B... 2   | 5  | Ullmann, 2d B... 3   | 2      |    |    |
| Burchard, C. F... 5   | 1  | Crosby, C..... 5     | 1      |    |    |
| Prescott, 3d B... 3   | 4  | Washburn, 3d B... 8  | 2      |    |    |
| Day, R. F..... 1      | 6  | Mattern, C. F... 8   | 3      |    |    |
| Whitmore, C..... 3    | 5  | Mitchell, 1st B... 4 | 2      |    |    |
| Tomlinson, 1st B... 1 | 6  | Farnham, C. F... 2   | 4      |    |    |
| Total,                | 26 | 39                   | Total, | 27 | 25 |

INNINGS.

|                 | 1st. | 2d. | 3d. | 4th. | 5th. | 6th. | 7th. | 8th. | 9th. |
|-----------------|------|-----|-----|------|------|------|------|------|------|
| Racine College, | 8    | 0   | 13  | 2    | 1    | 4    | 11   | 6    | 0    |
| Belle City,     | 4    | 0   | 2   | 5    | 3    | 0    | 3    | 6    | 3    |

Fly Catches—Racine College—Mead, 1; Wheeler, 2; Burchard, 1; Tomlinson, 3—Total, 7.  
Belle City—Lender, 1; Ullman, 1; Farnham, 1; Mitchell 2—Total, 5.  
Out on fouls—Racine College, 12; Belle City, 8.  
Passed Balls—Whitmore, 6; Crosby 15  
Struck Out—Bartlett, 2; Washburne 1; Mattern 2; Farnham 1—Belle City 3.  
Balls Called—Lyon 1; Mead 1.  
Left on bases—Racine College—6; Belle City—3.  
Missed fouls—Whitmore 2; Crosby 2.  
Missed flies—Racine College—Prescott 1; Comstock 1; Lightner 1—Total, 3.  
Belle City—Lender 1; Ullman 2; Mattern 2.—Total, 5.  
Umpire—Mr. Blake of the Reserve Club of Chicago.  
Scores—Messrs. Tuckerman and Bristol.

THE weather. (100°) seems to have brought out Taylor Hall which, we are happy to chronicle, is fast approaching the perpendicular.

OUR College exchange list is necessarily small, as our sister institutions are at present enjoying their summer vacation, our successors will have a full list however.

## ODE TO MY "ANALYTICAL"

[The following burst unfolded from the breast of a certain Junior, while dreaming over the dog-eared pages of Davies' Analytical—just one year ago. Now, from the exalted campus of the Senior year, he re-dedicates it to the Juniors he beholds wriggling in the meshes of the net that once held him by the gills, with the hope, that when it shall have done with them, they will feel as grateful as did he.]

Charming chaos, glorious puzzle,  
Ojaque ethics, book of bliss;  
Thro' thy platitudes I waddle,  
O thou subtle synthesis!

To thy soft consideration,  
Give I talents, give I time;  
Though "perpetual occultation"  
Shun from me thy balmy clime.

As onto the sea-tossed trader,  
Is the guiding Polar star;  
Thou'rt my "zenith" and my "nadir,"  
Still "so near and yet so far."

Sancho never loved his graves  
As I love thy sunny face;  
Sweep-hand master-piece of Davies,  
Benefactor of his race!

Man nor god, not even "ox-eyed  
Juno," could me from thee part;  
My "entertainment," my sweet "protoxide,"  
Thou'rt the "zeugon" of my heart.

When were built the rocks azole,  
Eas't thou on the granite hill;  
And with constancy herole,  
To me thou art "azole" still.

My "syzygy," I'll ne'er leave thee,  
Thou shalt ne'er from me escheat;  
I will cherish thee, believe me,  
"Pythagorean" obsolete.

Bless me in the midnight watches,  
Ever by my pillow keep  
Ruler, chalk and black-board scratches,  
Lovely aught-mare, while I sleep.

Be "on-ordinate" forever,  
Forever my "abscissa" be;  
The fates can overwhelm me never,  
Whilst thou art in "perigee."

## JERUSALEM AND THE LEBANON.

BY DR. JOHN B. FEULING.

(Concluded.)

On our returning, we went astray between the cleft rocks and found ourselves suddenly on the edge of the steep side of a rock, at a height of several thousand feet. These high granite rocks are so precipitous that even a mountain roe is unable to climb up.

Our companions laid themselves down and glided slowly with their heads over the edge of the rock, and looked into the valley. The sun had sank already and we would reckon, that we wanted several hours to find the lost foot path that led to Eden.

Under such circumstances we are obliged to trust in the local knowledge of one of our companions, who assured us, that at a small distance steps cut in the rock by some Maronite monks many centuries ago, led down, and that by searching attentively we would find them.

We alighted and guided our horses by

the bridle. We discovered, indeed, after some searching the precipitous path, which we entered, however, with trembling, for we could look by our side into the deep precipice. The horses followed without tarrying, although they had hard tasks not to slip down. In this way we reached a prominence, from which the eye embraced the whole horizon. The peaks of these mountains were covered with snow and its sides clothed with black forests of cedars, from the valley sank down in broad terraces, as far as the green-rice meadows; which gives the same view as characterizes the meadows of the Alps. From all sides high and low, cataracts gushed into the depth below, rivulets rushed invisibly under our feet, or wound like silver-threads through the meadow-ground, where we walked.

To a great distance the bottom of the valley suddenly sunk down 400 or 500 feet and a dark hollow gaped before us, into which a brook gushed, forming many splendid cascades. A narrow path led through the hollow. In the middle of it we obtained the view of a large blue spot, which, after a more accurate examination, we recognized as a part of the Mediterranean sea, that washes the shores of Syria.

Through a distance of more than twenty miles, that bay seemed to be beneath our feet, so transparent was the air. After leaving the hollow, we recognized even the sails of two ships, which, like swans, seemed to hover between the azure of the sky, and that of the sea. This scene was so attractive, that we could not turn away our eyes, and did not pay any attention to the surrounding valley. When our eyes returned to the nearer objects and penetrated the hovering vapour of the evening and of the waters, a scene of a different kind unfolded itself before us.

At each bend of the brook appeared on the dark rocks a Maronite-cloister, built of brown red stones; while between the tops of the surrounding cypresses and Italian poplars, their smoke ascended in slender columns. Round about the cloisters, small fields contended with the rocks and brook for existence, and were cultivated with the same care as our flower gardens. Here and there monks with their black capuchins, returned from the field labor, the spade on their shoulders and driving before them Arabian ponies.

Some of these cloisters with their chapels and hermitages seemed to hang on the projections of the two arms of mountains, which embraced the valley. Others were like the haunts of wild beasts, let down into the large clefts of the rocks. One perceived of these only the entrance, over which a bell was suspended; and some terraces, cut into the rock, where the monks could take an airing.

In one of these cloisters there is a printing office, where Arabian books are printed for the instruction of the Maronite people. The monks themselves do all the

necessary work and are at the same time authors, paper manufacturers, type-founders, compositors, printers, bookbinders and booksellers.

One is not able to give an accurate description of the quantity and the picturesque aspect of all these dwellings. Each single rock seems to have its cell, each grotto its hermit, each fountain its peculiar life. Wherever we turned our eyes, we saw the valley, the mountain, even the precipices animated.

The disk of the sun sank down, the day work stopped and all the black forms disappeared in the cloisters. From everywhere began to chime the evening bells, and called the devout to the evening prayer. Soon after deep silence reigned round about, which after a few moments, was interrupted by the melancholy singing of psalms. We remained silent and enraptured by our feelings, which, united with the accords of music, seemed to transport us into higher spheres.

CARD Photographs of Dr. Passmore can be procured at the MERCURY office.

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"Haec Olim Meminisse Iuvabit."

VOLUME I.

RACINE COLLEGE, AUGUST 15, 1867.

NUMBER 5.

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VITAM IMPENDERE VERO.

President..... EDWARD REILLY.  
Vice President..... T. L. SULLIVAN.  
Secretary..... JOHN COLEMAN JR.  
Treasurer..... H. B. WHITTEMORE.

Anniversary, July 17.

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VIGeat RADIX

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DUM VIVIMUS, VIVAMUS.

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(CLARKSON.)

Captain,..... A. L. McCREA

#### FOURTH ELEVEN.

(BADGER.)

Captain,..... O. H. BURTON.

#### THE CLARKSON CUP.

Won by Clarksons', 1866.

#### THE RECTOR'S CUP.

Won by DeKovens', 1866.

#### THE HEAD MASTER'S CUP.

Won by Young Americas', 1866.

#### THE PREFECT'S CUP.

Won by Clarksons' Fourth Eleven, 1866.

Printed at the Office of the Racine Journal.

## The College Mercury.

"Vigat Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, AUG. 15, 1867.

Jas. Appleton Morgan, } EDITORS.  
Henry McKey.

The Mercury is issued semi-monthly during Term Time, on the following

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All communications must be addressed to "EDITORS COLLEGE MERCURY, Box 233, Post office, Racine, Wisconsin."

## COAST SURVEY.

In our rambles the other day, we met the Sixty-nines "coast-surveying," under the direction of Superintendent Wheeler. We remembered the day when we were Sophomore, and we sank upon the sod, exhausted at the bare reflection. How our heart went out in sympathy to the poor fellow who lugged that same old chain! How our eyes suffused, as we watched the contorted lip, the sullen eye, and caught the muttered compliments of the boy who carried the theodolite, level, compass, or whatever the thing was. We closed our eyes; but ugly visions of triangles and logarithms danced in our brain as we heard the monotonous "stick-stuck-stick-stuck" of the devoted band.

We heard a group of Freshmen, last Saturday, appealing to the inexorable boy who performs hourly on the triangle, to "Ring it gently! Oh, ring it gently, Sam!" On inquiring the motive of their agonizing prayer, we learned that Prof. Wheeler, to whom they recited their *pons asinorum* the ensuing hour, was down in the lot superintending the Sophomore "coast survey," and they didn't want its tintinnulations to bring him to time.

A one-legged, left-handed cricket match came off on the college grounds Saturday. We hear that when the game closed, the "lame duck" was ahead. If we are invited to witness the second innings, we will give our readers a detailed account of the matter next time.

## WHAT WAS IT?

The other evening a prolonged moaning, like the dismal howling of an erratic cat or the euphous serenade of a romantic screech-owl, sailed up through the stilly night, chilling the blood of the startled listeners. Visions of drowning men and midnight assassinations rose in the horror-stricken minds of all. A small but heroic band of investigators sallied forth, with dread forebodings, but returned after a fruitless search, having discovered nothing—not even an errant feline. Search was then commenced *ab intra*; when *horribile dictu!* a D. Ph. was found wanting, or, rather, not found at all. On each brow sat horror plumed. With melancholy apprehensions all retired for the night, to dream of revelations the most tragic, that would come with the morning light. The suspense was agonizing. The chapel bell summoned to prayers—when lo! in walks the worthy Doctor, arrayed in academic garb.

Our first surmise was, that not having his pocket-book with him, he had not been able to meet the demand of a *tricus* from "That grim ferryman that poets write of," and thinking Racine preferable to a century's wandering on Styx's banks, had returned to his terrene haunts and classical occupations. But the ruddy glow of his cheeks precluded the idea that what we beheld was a being of the shades. To the infinite relief of all, it turned out that the Doctor had spent the night with a friend in town. The cause of the alarm is still a mystery. We would suggest, that a law be passed for the protection of the nervous systems of the students of this college; that no cats or dogs be allowed out after dark, and that a bounty be offered for the scalp of each and every screech-owl captured within bounds.

Dr. ANTHON, whose name has been a household word to American school-boys for the last twenty years, is dead. He will be remembered with gratitude by generations of them yet to come—as the first so to edit the classics as to *aid* the scholar in his task, instead of "encumbering him with help" in the shape of notes more obscure than the text. May his good works follow him.

The Rev. F. W. A. Falk, Ph. D., late of St. James and Franklin and Marshall colleges, arrived last week, and entered upon his duties as professor of history.

THE Clonian Society was entertained on the evening of Wednesday, the 31st ult., by a lecture from Doctor Feuling. The Doctor's subject was, "The Relative Merits of the Inductive and Deductive Methods of Reasoning." Among other things the Doctor said, "The committing to memory of facts is neither science or art—only empiricism. The object of *art* is to *change*, that of *science* to *foresee* facts. So astronomy is a science; it *foresees* the eclipse, which the astronomer can not hope to alter or prevent. The effort of modern times is to bring art under the control of science.

The drawing of internal conclusions from external facts is induction; the reasoning from universal principles to outward effects is deduction. The lecturer showed that the greatest discoveries of all times had been the fruit of inductive reasoning. The discovery of gravitation was the result of deduction. The falling apple did not convince Newton of the principle; it merely turned his thoughts into the right channel. He arrived by *reason* at the great result. Goethe, the poet, arrived by deduction at the idea that the flower was but a development of the stock; and men of *facts* fought his theory for years, but at last succumbed to the man of *ideas*.

Hamlet, in the graveyard, hit upon the great truth of the imperishability of matter; but Horatio, the man of facts, whispered at his elbow, "Twere to consider too curiously to consider so."

History is composed only of *stepping-stones* to truth; but only he whose mind is a well-stocked armory, full of weapons with which to vanquish the false and extract the true, can rightly use them."

The Doctor's argument was convincing and his illustrations forcible; and the lecture was listened to with the closest attention. At its close, the thanks of the Society were voted the lecturer. It is to be hoped, that the Doctor will favor us again before the close of the term.

The Rev. Dr. Van Rensselaer, President of De Vaux College, we are informed, left ten dollars with Dr. Feuling, to be given as a prize to the best Greek scholar among the Grammar School class.

We tender our thanks to Mr. G. W. Bristol, for his assistance in securing all our base-ball and cricket reports.

LETIE.

In a strange and a far off land  
Where tumult never can be;  
There flows a river, a silent river,  
Without a wave and without a quiver,  
Down to a silent sea;  
With never a wave to roar and rave,  
And never a ripple of glee;  
With never a thrill, to break its still;  
Flowing as still as still can be,  
Forever down to the silent sea.

And on this wonderful river,  
Where tumult never can be,  
Sharing the rest of its gentle bread,  
That will not mirror a tree—  
Leaving no trace on its silver face,  
That will not mirror the trees;  
With sails all spread, that never are fed  
With never a speck of breeze:  
Ropes that never may in the moonshen sway,  
Or cannot be wet with glittering spray,  
Because there is never a breeze!  
A beautiful boat that doth scarcely float,  
For the lazy sail meets never a gale,  
Or hardly a summer breeze.

And the crew are asleep, in the shadows deep  
Of the never-veering sail;  
And they dream and dream, but never seem  
With evil dreams to quail.  
And they only wake, their thirst to slake,  
When o'er the sleepy beam,  
With lolling lip they lean, to sip  
Nepenthe from the stream.  
And the master lies, with half-closed eyes,  
On his bed of poppy flowers;  
Nor will the mate from his hammock rise,  
As pass the livelong hours;  
While the ship's asleep on her sleepy keel,  
And the wheelsman nods at his nodding wheel,  
Through all the livelong hours.

But, whither sails this nameless bark,  
And what may its landing be?  
It sails for the island of shadows stark,  
That lies in the unknown sea;  
And 'tis loded deep, in its hold so dark,  
With the fruit of the Lotus tree;  
And sooner or late, with master and mate—  
With its drowsy crew and its drowsy freight,  
'Twill sail the unknown sea.

CHORAL SOCIETY.

Pursuant to notice contained in last number of the MERCURY, a large number of musically inclined students met and proceeded to the proper organization of this Society. Rev. Mr. Machin occupying the chair; stated at length the object of the Society, its plans of operation and many interesting details with reference to the futur action of the organization, which, when they shall have become more fully developed and acted upon we shall be happy to state. The election of officers resulted as follows:

- Director.—Rev. C. J. MACHIN, B. M.
- Secretary.—T. W. McLEAN.
- Librarian.—R. W. GRANGE.

THE REV. DR. PARK, Rector of Immanuel Hall near Chicago, the founder, and late chancellor of Racine College, is in town, and looking well.

'IO, MOI, MOI!

Entering, suddenly, room No. —, Park Hall; we found a Junior in a most remarkable situation—with leg thrown over the arm of his chair, he sat, one hand clutching his wavy tresses, the other grasping a pen, the top of which he was grinding ravenously between his molars. We apprehended at once the condition of affairs—the gentleman was skirmishing with an idea, which, slippery as are all such game, seemed to be successfully eluding his grasp. We had been in the like predicament, and sympathetically tried to back out, but the mischief was done—*ejecit camenis.* He seized a handful of MSS., and rushed from the room. Just after his exodus we found a paper—evidently a rough draft for an oration, written in a labored classical style, evincing an over devotion to Sophocles and the Greek choruses generally. The following is all of the document we were able to decipher. We hope the faculty will perceive and ponder its moral, and veto a too exhaustive study of the "Grecian Dramatists."

O, triple-toothed eye of the morning!  
Twin brother of sundown, thou hast appeared at length; thou on the contrary, moreover, notwithstanding, on the other hand, that thou hast often appeared before; and thou hast dispelled the dew-drops that glistened like unto resplendent paste upon the midrib of the leaves and the cotyledon of the ferns. Now, then, I, for my part, on the one hand, having shaken slumber off my drowsy eye-winkers, bedewed as to my hands and face moreover, with castile soap dissolved in soft water of a bright yellow color, am coming on like a lion in the managerie; whom his keeper, having provided kittens, is about to sacrifice unto, and I moreover, for my part, on the one hand, thereupon, accordingly, immediately, at once, like unto this kitten-eating—cat-slaying—hoop-jumping—Van Amburg—fierce-growling—light-minded—mountain-roaring lion of the far off sultry and very warm desert, do go forth to lament the far off, never-forgotten, over-remembered land of my fathers; moreover, also, and of my brothers and sisters and first cousins related by blood; whom I can never forget—for whomsoever, on going to a far off country, forgetteth his father and mother and sisters and brothers and first cousins, related by blood, both altogether now, has been and conse-

quently hereafter ever will be esteemed by me the basest of men. O, Jove, son of Saturn! who beholdest everything that mortals do; and thou, O, Juno! both daughter and daughter-in-law of Saturn—a double title—who beholdest everything that Jove does, do thou, indeed, with thy two-eyed, double-toothed, twin-headed thunderbolts—

CRICKET stock has been depreciating for the last few weeks. Cause—relying too implicitly on Chicago promises. It is rising now, however, as we have received a challenge from that city, which looks like business. In the game of the 9th, the Prefects lead by a handsome margin of twenty tallies.

THE BASE ball clubs of the college are politely requested to "organize," as soon as possible, and then to hand in their names and officers for publication. An article intended for their especial delectation and instruction is unavoidably crowded out this week; but will appear in our next issue.

Speaking of the base-ball match between the Belle City and the college nine the *Journal* sagely remarks:

"The defeat of the Belle City boys can only be ascribed to the fact that their playing was inferior to the college boys. There are other reasons given by many, but this one can be relied upon as correct.

REV. DR. PITKIN, of Buffalo, has been spending several days at the college, and preached last Sunday evening at St. Luke's.

WILL NOT somebody give us a description of the VOTING, which took place a few weeks ago, and of which we have heard?

THE NEW Clonian badge is as handsome a thing of the kind, as we remember to have seen.

SUBSCRIBERS who are in arrears will greatly oblige us by forwarding us the amount of their subscription.

THE 68s' annual game of leap-frog came off yesterday. Several spectators present.

ONE THOUSAND dollars reward, for the youth who don't "fix" his hair in the ante-chapel, before entering the chapel proper.

## FATA MORGANA.

Ich trat mit seligem Vertrauen,  
Umspielt von gold'nem Sonnenschein,  
In meiner Kindheit sonnigblauen  
Und nie umwolkten Himmel ein.

Es dehnten sich nur grüne Matten  
Vor meinem trunk'nen Blicke aus,  
Und stille Myrten boten Schatten  
In dunkelgrünem Blätterhaus.

Die Welt war von dem Morgenlichte  
Der echten Menschlichkeit umstrahlt,  
Wie uns're Saenger im Gedichte  
Verschwand'ne Zelten oft gemalt.

Das Glück bot mir in Silbersehale  
Den gold'nen Wein der Seligkeit;  
Es waren Plato's Ideale,  
Gestalten schoener Wirklichkeit.

Doch ach! es waren Truggebilde,  
Wie sie die Wuestenfee oft malt—  
Die Sahara wird kein Gefilde,  
Der eis'ge Nord bleibt ewig kalt!

J. B. PECLINO.

## SERENADING.

RACINE COLLEGE, Aug. 13, '67.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Did you ever go serenading? If you never did, it may not be uninteresting to you to listen to the experience of one who has been, and therefore considers himself posted. Being somewhat musically inclined, we were invited to join a band of talented performers, that intended giving a serenade, and were required to be on hand at eleven o'clock P. M. This seemed late for honest people to be out, but on inquiry, we found, that to make a serenade effective, it was necessary to rouse people from their slumbers, which could not be done at an earlier hour. We also discovered that there were three conditions upon which the success of a serenade depended: First, that all should be in tune; secondly, that the performers should be able to execute several pieces, vocally as well as instrumentally; and lastly, that the whole company should get "get invited in." The last condition being considered by eminent performers of this nocturnal art, as the *summum bonum* of midnight warbling. First, then came the tuning, which was accomplished by a prolonged rasping of fiddles by Monsieur Clavisfilius and others, tooting of flutes by Signor Tibia, and a general getting into harmony by the whole company. This done, the band starts out, and is next found sitting on a fence, endeavoring to "get in tune." Again discord is conquered, and this array of talent has soon presented itself before a hospitable mansion, and is just to open the grand overture, when one gentleman remarks—by way of prelude, I suppose—

"I think we had better tune up." This rather interrupted the instrumental part of the performance, and therefore the overture was vocalized by the *dolce soprano*, assisted by the *tenore* and *basso profundo*. An audience of one appeared, and returned thanks, after which the band sought a shady tree, and by the way of variety, "tuned up." It next appeared on the front steps of a certain mansion, but owing to Monsieur Clavisfilius' peculiar evolutions, laughter seized the company, and a hasty exit was the result. We next tuned up. The next attempt was instrumental, but owing to each performer playing a different tune, the effect can be better imagined than described. What the reason of this was we did not precisely know, but some one remarked that "they ought to tune up." Accordingly they tuned. For the next serenade an invitation was received to "come in," but astonishment at the change in our success caused a panic, and the company was shortly heard in a distant part of the city tuning up. A return now took place to the scene of the company's first hasty departure, where a few vocal pieces were executed, though the conduct of Signor Tibia and Monsieur Clavisfilius was extremely improper through the whole performance. We next went out into the country, and having seated ourselves on the green-sward, proceeded with great gravity to "tune up." The next appearance was a success in some respects, but owing to the company being very hungry, it was the last effort of the evening. It's sad to tell, but we didn't fulfil the third condition in the slightest degree, except in one instance, which has been mentioned, and on the whole, we conclude that serenading isn't our forte, though we do hold that we can play one tune, and that (I may have mentioned it before) is tune "UP." BASSO PROFUNDO.

RACINE COLLEGE, Aug. 14, '67.

MR. EDITOR:—Suffer—but poor man, too much have you suffered already—and it is with a view to alleviating your pangs that I am now led to address you—so I will reconsider the expression, and beg you to allow a word of condolence from a true sympathiser in those trials of which you so bitterly complain in your last issue, which in itself bears indisputable proof that they will still continue. Such trials

he can the more fully appreciate since they are such as—

"In the happy (?) days gone by,"  
De ipso dicat "Pars ful."

Oh, the infernal *piety* of letters! How worse than galley chains to bear—how terrible in form, in type, how significant, in impression how lasting; and in the final issue, oh, how diabolically discomposing, even to one of so mercurial a temperament as yourself—take a sedative, my boy; be sure it sets well. Trust not to any old foggy prescriptions but try a new composer; let it contain nothing "stronger than coffee," and be of sufficient consistency. Avoid rare-eye-fied compounds. They produce strange *ab-beer-rations*. This is to be taken in in a thoroughly Pickwickian sense.

Incoherently yours,

H. I. K. ELEMENEPE.

WHEN are boarding-house keepers guilty of wanton cruelty? When they proceed to "hash" measures with what is meet to be let alone.

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"Hæc Olim Meminisse Juvavit."

VOLUME I. RACINE COLLEGE, SEPTEMBER 2, 1867. NUMBER 6.

CLIONIAN SOCIETY.

FOUNDED A. D. 1865.

VITAM IMPENDERE VERO.

- President, JAS. APPLETON MORGAN. Vice President, T. L. SULLIVAN. Secretary, W. F. MERRIAM. Treasurer, JOHN BLYMAN.

Anniversary, July 17.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

FOUNDED A. D. 1861.

VIGeat RADIX.

Whole number of Members, 300.

- President, ARTHUR PIPER. Vice President, WM. T. COMSTOCK. Secretary, W. R. MERRIAM.

CLASS OF '67. ALPHA PHI.

DUM VIVIMUS, VIVAMUS.

- HENRY MCKEY, President. L. S. BURTON, Vice President. ARTHUR PIPER, Secretary. F. I. KELLOGG, Treasurer. JAS. APPLETON MORGAN, Historian.

CLASS OF '68.

Pian piano, si va lontano.

- President, R. W. GRANGE. Vice President, C. E. ANDREWS. Secretary, H. G. HINSDALE. Historian, EDWARD HULL.

RACINE COLLEGE BASE BALL CLUB.

- H. B. WHITTEMORE, President. WM. T. COMSTOCK, Vice President. C. E. ANDREWS, Secretary. GEO. PRESCOTT, Treasurer. MILTON O. LIGHTNER, Captain.

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NULLA VESTIGIA RETRORSUM.

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CLASS OF '69.

Arst Ist Yung.

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ARISTONOMETRON.

FOUNDED A. D. 1867

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DIRECTORS:

- FRED. H. WELLS, FRANK HARPER, MILTON O. LIGHTNER.

Cricket Clubs.

THE COLLEGE ELEVEN.

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THE CLARKSON CLUB.

Captain, I. A. BOWLEY.

THE BADGER CLUB.

Captain, H. B. WHITTEMORE.

DE KOVEN CLUB.

Captain, A. SORENSON.

UNION CLUB.

Captain, W. R. MERRIAM.

OSCEOLA CLUB.

Captain, F. L. HANKEY.

YOUNG AMERICA CLUB.

Captain, F. S. GAULT.

FOURTH ELEVEN.

(CLARKSON.)

Captain, A. J. MCCREA.

FOURTH ELEVEN.

(BADGER.)

Captain, C. H. BURTON.

THE CLARKSON CUP.

Won by Clarksons', 1866.

THE RECTOR'S CUP.

Won by DeKovens', 1866.

THE HEAD MASTER'S CUP.

Won by Young Americas', 1866.

THE PREFECT'S CUP.

Won by Clarksons' Fourth Eleven, 1866.

Printed at the Office of the Racine Journal.

## The College Mercury.

"Vigant Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, SEPT. 2, 1867.

Jas. Appleton Morgan, } EDITORS.  
Henry McKey, }The Mercury is issued semi-monthly during  
Term Time, on the following

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can be taken of anonymous communications.All communications must be addressed to "EDITORS  
COLLEGE MERCURY, Box 238, Post office, Racine, Wis-  
consin.

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Since, with commendable dispatch, the students have organized themselves into a number of well-apportioned base ball clubs, and have, under consideration, the important though somewhat difficult task of selecting names, we thought a few suggestions, on the part of the MERCURY, touching this pertinent matter, would not be regarded as unseasonable. Now a little well-timed humility is often a great virtue. So we will lay down, as one of the rules to be observed, in the selection of a name—*modesty*. Secondly, attention should be paid to the fitness, aptness, and appropriateness of the name, which should have some relation to the especial province and design of the game. Such being the lamps, by whose light we have gathered the following (as we believe) eminently proper names, we humbly submit them to the clubs. For a newly-organized and inexperienced club, we suggest: Grand Russian Empire Club, Western Hemisphere Club, North American Unconquerables, the Universal-Vanquishing-Paude-fiant Club, Julius Caesar Club, Universal or Cosmos Club, the Aurora Borealis Club, the World or Gloria Mundi Club. For a very un-egotistical organization, we propose: the Infinite Invincible Club; for a club of remarkably good-looking youths, we propose: the Hypæion or George Castriotes Semlerberg Club. We subjoin the following miscellaneous titles, confident that some among them will prove

acceptable to the most fastidious. The Unicorn Club, the Kingdom Club, the Republic Club, the Declaration of Independence Club, Solar System Club, the Asymptotes (relative to the manner of fielding) Club, the Dunner und Blitzer Club, the Vesuvius-Skapter Jokul-Stromboli Club, the Perspire-Empire-Vampire-Never-tire-Highflyer-Sweetbriar-Sky-higher-Grand Combination and Incipient Club, the Grand Pre-Adamite Mammoths' Club, &c. &c. Now, if you base-ball devotees can't discover, in the above unostentatious list, names sufficiently unpretending for your purpose, we give up the task of assisting you.

## THREE TIMES AROUND THE RING!

The other day, a tall and shapely courser strayed through the open gate, into the college grounds. While grazing innocently there, he was supplied, by several generous little grammarians, with a non-descript attachment to his Caudal, in the shape of half-a-dozen pickled-lobster cans; (i. e.: cans which had once served as receptacles for that viand;) the ornament being secured, the Gothic steed was requested to "huddup," which he did finely. The harmony of the pickled lobster-cans added wings to his speed, and, by occasionally colliding with his hinder hoofs, formed a melodious and spirited accompaniment to his performance; materially aided, too, by the hootings of some hecatombs of small boys and little fishes. The "Gothic" was making his third round, with great *eclat*, and in a manner that would have added lustre to Dan Rice's moral circus, when Peter, the irrepressible, appeared upon the scene. Now, Peter has an unconquerable animosity to the equine race—*inside the fence*. "The horse," says Pete, "upon the highway outside the lot, followed by a *coupe* and a brilliantly dressed lady within it, or when annihilating time, upon the race-course just above us—the horse, then, is a *truly* sublime spectacle; but a horse within this enclosure, among these classic onks, where the muses are wont to recline, and where only Pegasus is admitted to pasture—a horse here," says Pete, "is out of his element—a horse, *here*, is not to be tolerated for a moment."

But, even Peter's *fiat* is sometimes impotent. So it proved in this instance, and the services of "Hash" were put under contribution. ("Hash," gentle reader,

being the name of a "yaller dog," kept on the premises for alimentary emergencies.) The proceedings, up to this time, had been interesting; now they became absolutely exciting. We had been stretched upon the sward, serenely regarding the affair; now, we raised ourself on our elbow, and gazed with soul-absorbed and eager partizanship. It is needless to say, that "Hash" entered into the affair with all the enthusiasm of his nature. The furious speed of the charger; the lobster-cans, (no longer distinguishable from the lobsters they once enclosed,) now horizontally extended in his rear, and now careening in mid-air—the energetic "yah-yahs" of Hash—the "stu-boys" of Peter—the cheers of seventy-nine small boys, and the energetic *encores* of the spectators—like Mrs. Prosser's peanuts—can better be imagined than described.

On! on! in maddened course, went horse, boys, men, and dog; a youth having taken the precaution to fasten the gate, the action would have been indefinitely prolonged, had not the sagacious animal discovered a new outlet, and essayed it, leaving his tinkling superfluity behind.

N. B. The latter *impedimenta* can be seen, on week days, at any time, by expressing a wish to that effect; and on Fridays, by applying to "Peter."

PERHAPS the majority of our readers are not aware of the extreme excellence of the choral service on Thursday morning of the 18th ult., based upon the fact that during the whole service the choir were not aided by a single note from a musical instrument. We must travel far indeed to find a body of singers rendering the difficult chants, change from key to key, and preserve the harmony with such accuracy and promptness. Were we musical *connoisseurs* we would endeavor to do justice to what may really be called the best performance of our choir, but as it is we can only mention a subject which is highly deserving of much more attention than it has received.

WE saw in the streets to-day an individual performing successfully on the bass drum, accordion, banjo, French horn, violin, cymbals, jewsharp, bagpipes, fife, tamborino, trumpet, spinnet, and cabinet organ, all at once.

The Faculty will thank us for suggesting that the services of this gentleman be procured for Commencement Day.

THE LAKE.

I sing of the lake,  
Whose billows break  
On a bench of slip-ery amber;  
That spreads to the bluff,  
On whose bosom rough,  
The weeds and grasses chamber.

'Tis a glorious lake,  
If at morn you'll take  
Your stand, ere the sun has risen;  
And watch in the gray  
Till the god of day  
Leaps out from his azure prison.

'Tis the fairest of lakes,  
When, like pearly flakes  
Of snow, seem the sailing vessels;  
But give me the shore  
When Nor'-easters roar,  
And the blast through the rigging whistles.

'Tis a thirsty lake,  
And naught can slake  
Its terrible passion for slaughter;  
Full oft when it frowned,  
Have hundreds found,  
A grave in the womb of its water.

'Tis a hungry lake,  
Like a slimy snake  
It hugs the prey it swallows;  
Winds its shore in its arms,  
Till forests and farms  
All crumble into its hollows.

'Tis the saddest of lakes,  
In our souls it wakes  
Sad strains by its ceaseless commotion;  
As the brave and the fair  
Sink alike in its lair,  
So must we in phylloxera's ocean.

'Tis a cheerful lake,  
If its lesson we'll take,  
As it silent pursues its vocation;  
In storm or in stills,  
It patient fulfills  
What its Master decreed at creation.

On the shores of this lake,  
Too soon we must break  
Of friendship the loveliest fetter;  
God grant, like its wave  
This life we may brave,  
Till we wake at the last in a better!

AMONG the guests of the College during the last fortnight, we noticed Bishops Kemper and Armitage, Drs. Reynolds, of Warsaw, and Rylance of Chicago, Ill., Revs. Street and Fleetwood, of Chicago; Rev. Mr. Boutflower, Chaplain H. B. M. ship Wolverine, and Revs. Tolman, of Pennsylvania, Gassman, of Nebraska, and Chapin, of Michigan.

CHEAP LITERATURE.—An enterprising Philadelphia firm sells an English edition of Shakespeare, in clear readable type, with an illustration to each play, for fifty cents, legal tender. The same retailing for one shilling sterling, in England.

MR. JAMES LYON will accept our thanks for the Catalogue of Shattuck Grammar School, Faribault.

THE SO CALLED EXPLANATION.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

It is hard for us to understand how an apology or explanation, so called, from the Chicago Club, at almost a week from their non-appearance, can be deemed sufficient to make the matter square. Why did they not telegraph immediately, on the day of the match, and not wait nearly a week before sending any word at all? Here's a question. we must say, that we are unable to answer, at least favorably to the Chicago club. What, we may justly ask, were Fields & Co. about, between the day appointed for the match, and that upon which the explanation was received? ten minutes would have sufficed to have sent us word that they could not be on hand, but no, they wait almost a week, supposing, no doubt, that a week would make but little difference.

Their way of treating us, to say the least, is not very business like. A full explanation, upon the day before, or at least the day after, is the only thing, in my estimation, that could at all have placed them in an honorable position, when their engagement was broken. Their announcement, coming at the time does, partakes, to a great extent, of the milk and water order, and its only effect is to disgust us with the physician who administers the dose.

SORO.

WE think our correspondent is a little too severe on our Chicago "friends." While we cannot but consider ourselves, the injured parties in the matter, we do not think our cricketers cherish any other feeling in regard to it than one of disappointment.—EDS.

ANNUAL CRICKET MATCH.

The Annual Cricket Match, between the Clarkson and Badger Clubs for the Clarkson Cup, came off on the 2d inst., resulting, for the third time in favor of the Clarkson Club. We remember when the triumph of the Badgers in such a contest as this used to be a foregone conclusion—the Cup never went out of their possession for—we can't say exactly how long a period—but we opine the credit is still on their side. But we would not dim the laurels of a well contested field. The wickets were pitched at 10:30 A. M. A number of visitors from Chicago and St. Louis were present, besides a large number of spectators from town.

Space prevents our giving a detailed account of the game. Capt. Rowley, as will

be seen by the score, made the highest number of tallies, thereby winning the bouquet provided by the College ladies for the best player. Mr. W. Comstock made one of the best raps we ever saw on a Cricket field, and well deserved the compliments he received. Mr. Andrews' Wicket keeping, and Mr. Doe's bowling, as usual, deserved special mention. The game was not calculated to develop the general excellencies of the players, as Mr. Whittemore, one of the best long-stops in the College, owing to lack of numbers, was obliged to act as bowler, and Mr. Spalding, we regret to say, did not meet with his usual success.

BADGER.

| First Innings.           |    | Second Innings. |    |
|--------------------------|----|-----------------|----|
| Capt. Whittemore, b by D | 4  | b by Doe        | 2  |
| Andrews, c by Prescott   | 4  | b by Doe        | 1  |
| Barringer, b by Rowley   | 0  | Touch ball      | 0  |
| Bray, b by Rowley        | 0  | c by Doe        | 0  |
| Burton, c by F Comstock  | 1  | c by Doe        | 2  |
| Day, F, b by Doe         | 2  | b by Rowley     | 3  |
| Lightner, W, s by Doe    | 3  | b by Doe        | 6  |
| Mead, b by Rowley        | 0  | c by Rowley     | 0  |
| Sparrow, c by Comstock   | 3  | b by Rowley     | 4  |
| Tomlinson, not out       | 0  | Not out         | 3  |
| Wheeler, D, c by Rowley  | 3  | b by Prescott   | 3  |
| Byes                     | 9  | Byes            | 6  |
| Leg Byes                 | 1  | Leg Byes        | 3  |
| No balls                 | 0  | No balls        | 0  |
| Total                    | 39 | Total           | 39 |

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

|        | Balls. | Runs. | Maidens. | Wickets. |
|--------|--------|-------|----------|----------|
| Rowley | 199    | 34    | 1        | 5        |
| Doe    | 110    | 34    | 4        | 6        |

Umpire—Burr Neeland.

CLARKSON.

| First Innings.          |    | Second Innings. |    |
|-------------------------|----|-----------------|----|
| Capt Rowley, b by A     | 14 | b by Mead       | 9  |
| Comstock, F, not out    | 3  | not out         | 2  |
| Comstock W, c by T      | 0  | b by Mead       | 7  |
| Doe, c by Wheeler       | 9  | b by Whittemore | 0  |
| Grange, b by Andrews    | 9  | b by Mead       | 2  |
| Lightner, N C, b by M   | 1  | k d wicket      | 1  |
| Osborne, b by Andrews   | 7  | c by Lightner W | 1  |
| Prescott, c by Lightner | 9  | c by Andrews    | 0  |
| Spalding, c by Andrews  | 1  | c by Whittemore | 1  |
| Sullivan, b by Andrew W | 1  | c before wicket | 1  |
| Wheeler, b by Mead      | 3  | c by Barringer  | 19 |
| Byes                    | 9  | Byes            | 7  |
| Leg byes                | 0  | Leg byes        | 0  |
| Wides                   | 0  | Wides           | 2  |
| No balls                | 0  | No balls        | 0  |
| Total                   | 59 | Total           | 63 |

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

|         | Balls. | Runs. | Maidens. | Wickets. |
|---------|--------|-------|----------|----------|
| Mead    | 220    | 34    | 0        | 2        |
| Andrews | 59     | 34    | 0        | 4        |

Umpire—A. Sorenson.

At a celebration of a marriage, a large number of young ladies were present; the minister said: "Those who wish to be joined in the holy bonds of matrimony will please stand up," and all the young ladies arose.

ANOTHER MATCH.—The annual match for the Rector's Cup, between the Union and DeKoven Clubs, comes off on Monday the 9th inst.

We are happy to re-welcome, after its long hibernation, the Unionian Miscellany, at present under the able management of Messrs. Reilly and Rudd.

## OLD AGE AND THE TOMB.

"Compare the minds of the aged, with the tomb which they are approaching"—*Parker's Aids.*"

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE 4th FORM.

The man full of years goeth down to his tomb,  
'Tis time stained and dusty, all dark and all gloom;  
'Tis stately and grand, 'tis massive and tall,  
But—the wreck of a beauty that's nigh to its fall.

So pure and so white when it first saw the day,  
And all its surroundings in goodly array;  
It shone by its brightness, but now there is none,  
Save the chance gleam of sunshine that falls on the stone.

No hand to protect it, 'tis soon overgrown,  
'Mid wild vines and nettles, it standeth alone;  
There's scarce left a flower, its beauty once spread  
Where vermin enlure them and reptiles embed.

There's a story of virtue engraved on its breast,  
The record of soul-life beneath it at rest;  
But through dampness and mould and lichens and moss  
Filling up the inscription, the legend's a loss.

The form that lay under is wasted and gone,  
Of the casket that held it no trace can be shown,  
Its brightness, its beauty, its grandeur and all,  
Yes, its meanness and honor wait only its fall.

So the mind of the aged goes down to its tomb,  
'Twas pure and 'twas bright, but 'tis shrouded in gloom;  
'Twas strong and 'twas massive, and stately and grand,  
But time hath passed by it and shaken his wand.

It shone in its brightness, but sin leaves a trace,  
The gliding of holiness scarce may efface;  
Of virtue some blossoms and fruits may be seen,  
But unrestrained passions run riot between.

Impulses of good are inscribed on the brow,  
Whose deeds unaccomplished lie hidden full low;  
And the cares of this life, like mildew and moss,  
Have wrought out much mischief and much utter loss.

Habits of evil, like nettles, run wild,  
The soul left to languish is quickly defiled;  
Grief gnaws at the root and sorrows enlure,  
Where a serpent-like bias betokens each fear.

So, formless and traceless, and wasted and gone,  
Eave only the hardness and coldness of stone;  
Less brightness, less beauty, less grandeur and all,  
A wreck and a ruin, it nods to its fall.

H. I. K. ELEMENEPS.

MESSRS. EDITORS: I received, the other day, from one of the powers that be a *cheque*, to the following effect:

"Mr. ———, 75 lines ——— late to breakfast. In twenty-four hours."

Now, sir, this paper has no Internal Revenue stamp upon it; neither has it the words "for value received;" and finally, it has no signature. Am I, in view of the above considerations, to recognize it as negotiable, binding, and endorsable paper?

*Answer*—If not, we certainly think so; but if so, we think not.—*Eds.*

THE CLASS of '67, at their meeting, August 23d, took the necessary steps toward procuring a silver cup, for the first son and heir hereafter to be presented to any one of their number.

PATCHOGUE, L. I. Aug. 14, '67.

MY DEAR MERCURY:

Although I left S. Stephen's last Commencement, I shall continue to consider myself a member of the College so long as vacation lasts at least, so that I can convey to you some expression of the love and esteem S. Stephens feels for Racine, and her delight at the success of your clever little MERCURY.

At College, it has long been the subject of earnest discussion, whesher it would not be beneficial to organize a Church Society, composed of all who are Churchmen, and are undergraduates in all the Colleges of the land, and also to include all of our Theological Students. Let its objects be something like this: Mutual sympathy and encouragement, and the dissemination of Church History and Catholic Theology among our associates who are members of denominational organizations. To a certain extent, this has been tried at Harvard and Brown, with success. One object is, to have an organization under a head, which shall work properly and systematically. Our Brotherhood at S. Stephen's was constantly receiving letters from brother undergraduates, asking us to move in the matter. From what I can learn, something will be started next fall, when all the Colleges come together. If we believe our Church to be the Catholic Church, we ought to do all we can to bring all our brothers into its fold, and to do this, we need each other's love and sympathy, and advice and prayers.

Our last class numbered six, (same as Trinity) and were all dubbed B. A. Of these, three go to the Gen. Theological Seminary, one to Berkley, one to the Pacific coast, and one will remain out a year.

We feel as if we knew you all personally, having been so highly favored with the visits of Dr. De Koven, which are looked forward to with the greatest of pleasure.

Should any Racine men come East, I know it would give S. Stephens' men the greatest delight to see them, and would do all in their power to make their stay in Annandale agreeable.

With the best of wishes for the continued success of the MERCURY.

I am yours very truly,

P. R. C.,

Class '67, S. Stephen's College.

THE ALUMNI OF RACINE COLLEGE are hereby notified that there will be a Meeting of that Association on Wednesday, the 25th day of September next, at eleven o'clock A. M. A full and punctual attendance is requested, as there is important business to be transacted.

By order of the President,  
W. E. LIGHTNER, A. B.,  
REC. SEC'Y.

WE want several copies of our issue of July 15th (No. 3). Any person having copies of that number, and wishing to dispose of them, can do so to their advantage by calling on us.

THE *American Churchman* thinks, that our proof-reader "hardly understands his business." Yet strange as it may appear, we came to the same conclusion, several weeks ago.

Empire Bakery and Confectionery.

CHAS. F. BLISS,

142 MAIN STREET, RACINE, WIS.

Plain and Fancy Candies,

FRUITS, BREAD, CAKES, CRACKERS, ETC.

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No. 148 MAIN-ST.,

Drugs, Medicines, Fancy Goods.

A Full Assortment of Toilet Goods.

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Manufacturer and dealer in

HATS, CAPS, FURS,

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LADIES' & GENTS' FURS & CAPS MADE TO ORDER.

189 Main St., two doors north of the P. O.,

RACINE, WIS.

COLLEGE CAPS

COSTANTLY ON HAND AND MADE TO ORDER.

CONGRESS HALL.

E. Raymond, Prop'r.

Corner 3d & Chatham Streets, Racine.

THIS LARGE, FIRST CLASS HOTEL IS BEAUTIFUL

ly situated upon the banks of Lake Michigan, commanding the most picturesque view of the lake and surrounding scenery. Guests at the College, and the traveling public generally will find the best of accommodations. The rooms are large, airy, and well furnished. Table always supplied with the Delicacies of the Season.





"Haec Olim Meminisse Juvabit."

VOLUME I.

RACINE COLLEGE, SEPTEMBER 15, 1867.

NUMBER 7.

### CLIONIAN SOCIETY.

FOUNDED A. D. 1865.

VITAM IMPENDERE VERO.

President,.....JAS. APPLETON MORGAN.  
Vice President,.....T. L. SULLIVAN.  
Secretary,.....W. E. MERRIAM.  
Treasurer,.....JOHN BLYMAN.

Anniversary, July 17.

### MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

FOUNDED A. D. 1861.

VIGENT RADIX.

Whole number of Members, . . . . . 300.

President,.....ARTHUR PIPER.  
Vice President,.....WM. T. COMSTOCK.  
Secretary,.....W. R. MERRIAM.

### CLASS OF '67.

ALPHA PHI.

DUM VIVIMUS, VIVAMUS.

HENRY MCKEY,.....President.  
L. S. BURTON,.....Vice President.  
ARTHUR PIPER,.....Secretary.  
F. I. KELLOGG,.....Treasurer.  
JAN. APPLETON MORGAN,.....Historian.

### CLASS OF '68.

Pian piano, si va lontano.

President,.....R. W. GRANGE.  
Vice President,.....C. E. ANDREWS.  
Secretary,.....H. G. HINGDALE.  
Historian,.....EDWARD REILLY.

### RACINE COLLEGE BASE BALL CLUB.

H. B. WHITTEMORE,.....President.  
WM. T. COMSTOCK,.....Vice President.  
O. E. ANDREWS,.....Secretary.  
GEO. PRESCOTT,.....Treasurer.  
MILTON C. LIGHTNER,.....Captain.

### CLASS OF '69.

NULLA VESTIGIA RETRORSUM.

THOS. L. SULLIVAN,.....President.  
H. B. WHITTEMORE,.....Vice President.  
E. H. RUDD, Jr.,.....Secretary.  
FRANK COMSTOCK,.....Historian.

### CLASS OF '70.

QUI NON PROFICIT, DEFICIT.

W. R. MERRIAM,.....President.  
L. A. ROWLEY,.....Vice President.  
JNO. COLEMAN, Jr.,.....Secretary.  
ALFRED SORENSON,.....Historian.  
O. R. DOE,.....Cor. Sec.  
G. W. BRISTOL,.....Treasurer.

### SCIENTIFICS.

CLASS OF '69.

Annst 1st Aug.

NEWTON LULL,.....President.  
WM. T. COMSTOCK,.....Vice President.  
JOHN O. SLEMMONS,.....Historian.

### MAGNOLIA SOCIETY.

ARISTON METRON.

FOUNDED A. D. 1867

ERRST. A. DARRINGER,.....President.  
J. E. WHEELER,.....Vice President.  
F. W. MCLEAN,.....Secretary.  
CLARENCE FLEETWOOD,.....Treasurer.

DIRECTORS:

FRED. H. WELLS, FRANK HARPER, MILTON C. LIGHTNER.

### Cricket Clubs.

#### THE COLLEGE ELEVEN.

O. E. ANDREWS,.....President.  
R. W. GRANGE,.....Vice President.  
H. B. WHITTEMORE,.....Secretary.  
E. B. SPALDING,.....Captain.

#### THE CLARKSON CLUB.

Captain,.....L. A. ROWLEY.

#### THE BADGER CLUB.

Captain,.....H. B. WHITTEMORE.

#### DE KOVEN CLUB.

Captain,.....A. SORENSON

#### UNION CLUB.

Captain,.....W. R. MERRIAM

#### OSCEOLA CLUB.

Captain,.....F. L. HANKEY

#### YOUNG AMERICA CLUB.

Captain,.....F. S. GAULT.

#### FOURTH ELEVEN.

(CLARKSON.)

Captain,.....A. L. MCCREA

#### FOURTH ELEVEN.

(BADGER.)

Captain,.....C. H. BURTON.

#### THE LARKSON CUP.

Won by Clarksons', 1867.

#### THE RECTOR'S CUP.

Won by DeKovens', 1867.

#### THE HEAD MASTER'S CUP.

Won by Young Americas', 1866.

#### THE PREFECT'S CUP.

Won by Clarksons' Fourth Eleven, 1866.

Printed at the Office of the Racine Journal.

## The College Mercury.

"Vigant Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, SEP. 15, 1867.

Jas. Appleton Morgan, } EDITORS.  
Henry McKee, }The MERCURY is issued semi-monthly during  
Term Time, on the following

## TERMS:

College Half Year.....\$1.00  
Single copies..... 10Subscribers leaving the College can have their papers  
sent by leaving with us their new address.A limited number of advertisements inserted on liberal  
terms.

Prospectuses of College Exchanges inserted free.

Contributions from other Colleges solicited.

Correspondents must write on *one side of their paper*  
only. The true name of the writer must invariably accom-  
pany the article, whether to be used or not, as no notice  
can be taken of anonymous communications.All communications must be addressed to "EDITORS  
COLLEGE MERCURY, Racine College, Racine, Wisconsin."

## VALE!

Three months ago, to-day, we issued our first MERCURY. We take the occasion of this—the last number which appears under our control—to thank our patrons for the countenance and assistance, which has enabled us, as we believe, to *permanently* establish a periodical at Racine College. We made the venture with no other motive than that of contributing to the loyalty—the *esprit du corps* which binds us together; and, in some slight degree, at the same time, to extend the usefulness and the influence of the institution; and we flatter ourselves, that, so far as in the space allotted to us we could, we have done so. Our little MERCURY has been widely read, complimented, and quoted, and we leave it in the hands of our successors with a promising future before it. With its college exchanges, it will be a link to connect Racine with her sister institutions all over the land—with thousands of students contemporary with those within her walls.

We surrender our *sanctum* and lay down our quill, firmly believing, that, under the able guidance of the gentlemen who succeed us, the MERCURY will multiply its patrons, its prosperity and its influence.

We cannot say good-bye to it, without regret. Of our sensations at leaving Racine, its college, and its citizens, not the least painful will be the thought of leaving our little MERCURY, that we have

grown to love. It has been the result of long consideration, and the object of much solicitude and care. It is a tree of our planting—the child of our rearing, and the fruit of our labors; and we are loath to part with it.

If it has afforded its readers half the pleasure in its perusal, it has given us in the preparation, it must have been a welcome visitor.

Finally, we have reason to be proud of the *mechanical* execution of our paper. We have had occasion to examine a great many similar college publications, and we have seen none that surpassed us in neatness and correctness of typographical execution. \* For this, we return our grateful acknowledgments to our kind friends of the *Journal* office. We have found them, on every occasion, solicitous to oblige us—willing to incur the annoyance of dealing with novices rather than fail of satisfying. We recommend them to our successors, and to all others who need their services.

Personally, to the students of the college—in every one of whom we see a friend—the editors of the MERCURY say good-bye. We have passed many sunny days among you. When we go away, we shall not forget you; and we hope you will, now and then, remember us. Wherever the ebb and flood of the busy tide may toss us, we shall ever be happy to meet and welcome you, for your own sakes and for the sake of old Racine. Love and honor your *alma mater*; for, however its restraints may chafe you now, be sure that, when you have left her, you will never cease to think of her with affection and with regret.

So, then, we say good-bye; our ways are to be far apart, and we may never see your kindly faces, or hear you at your tasks or sports again; but we know there is a bourn beyond all these meetings and partings, and may our Heavenly Father, in his mercy, bring us all HOME together.

THE undersigned, having made arrangements to conduct the *Mercury* for the ensuing college year, request that all persons wishing to subscribe, and those desirous of continuing their subscriptions, will communicate with us, at the college, not earlier than 13th of November, nor later than the 1st of December.

R. W. GRANGE.  
N. LULL.

Who received the longest task on record?  
*Answer*.—Tupper, when he wrote "A  
Thousand Lines."

WHERE IS THE MERCURY OFFICE?—There are some gentlemen about the institution, who have been unable to rest quietly "o'nights," through repeated failures in the solution of the above problem. It occasions them more uneasiness than Twemlow suffered, in trying to discover whether he was Veneering's oldest friend or newest friend. We are happy in being able, at last, to put them on the right track. It gives us great pleasure, to see them nearing at last the limit of their perturbations. We beg leave to refer them to our successors, Messrs. Grange and Lull.

TO OUR PATRONS.—In another column we publish the card of Messrs. Grange and Lull, our successors in the editorial department of the college MERCURY. We earnestly recommend these gentlemen to our friends, trusting that, the countenance and support, so liberally accorded us, will be extended in equal measure to them. We are the more reconciled to leaving our enterprise, that our mantle has fallen on such worthy shoulders.

Sunday, the 8th inst., St. Luke's parish occupied the elegant edifice corner of Eighth and Main streets, that has been so long preparing for them. The rector preached an eloquent sermon on the occasion. That sermon should be published, and every parishioner ought to own a box of them.

WE WOULD extend our acknowledgments to the press generally, for the many flattering notices of our little sheet while we have had charge of it.

Town is already beginning to fill up for commencement week. The hotels are full, and all the trains are loaded with visitors. Estimated attendance—45,000.

THIS being our last *Mercury*, we have issued a large number of extra copies, which we hope our friends will take off our hands.

LAFAYETTE, INDIANA,  
September 11th, 1867. }Editors *College Mercury*:

In compliance with the request in your last issue, I send you this copy of No. 3. I must beg you to accept of my thanks, for the pleasure which your paper has afforded me this summer, and hope it may be as successful in the future as it has been in the past. Sincerely your friend, etc.

The writer will please accept our acknowledgments for her thoughtful accommodation.—Eps.

**COMMENCEMENT WEEK AT RACINE COLLEGE.**

*Sunday, September 22d.*

THE BACCALAUREATE SERMON,  
By the Rector, in St. Luke's Church,  
Racine.

*Monday, September 23d.*

CLASS DAY.

"*Dum vivimus, vivamus.*"

PLANTING OF THE CLASS-TREE  
OF '67, AT 2 P. M.—ORDER  
OF EXERCISES.

ADDRESS BY HENRY MCKEY, PRESIDENT  
OF THE CLASS OF '67.

HISTORY OF CLASS.....LEGRAND S. BURTON.  
PROPHECY.....EDWARD C. CHAPIN.  
MUSIC.

Planting of the tree with Appropriate  
Ceremonies, and Singing of the  
Class-song by the Class.

MUSIC

ORATION.....ARTHUR PIPER.  
POEM.....JAS. APPLETON MORGAN.

MUSIC.

ADDRESSES BY THE RECTOR AND OTHERS.  
BENEDICTION.

*Tuesday, September 24th.*

2 P. M.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE CLONIAN  
SOCIETY—ORDER  
OF EXERCISES.

MUSIC.

ADDRESS BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE CLONIAN  
SOCIETY.

ORATION.....ROBERT W. GRANGE.  
MUSIC.

POEM.....JAS. APPLETON MORGAN.  
ADDRESS—"BENEFITS OF DEBATING SOCIETIES"  
—REV. R. G. HINSDALE

MUSIC.

ADDRESSES.  
BENEDICTION.

*Wednesday, September 25th.*

10 A. M.

THE PRIZE DECLAMATIONS, BY THE JUNIOR  
CLASS.

PRESENTATION OF THE CRICKET-CUPS.  
MEETING OF THE ALUMNI.

2 P. M.

THE COMMENCEMENT—ORDER  
OF EXERCISES.

MUSIC.

"Non nobis Domine."

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

"Now pray we for our Country."

Salutatory Oration,  
"Bruti, vel De Excidio Tyrannorum."  
HENRY MCKEY.

Oration,  
"Rulers."  
LEGRAND S. BURTON.

MUSIC.

PART SONG—"The Gloomy Forest."

Oration,

"*Mythology.*"

FRANK I. KELLOGG.

Oration,

"*Vanitas Vanitatum.*"

GEORGE S. MEAD.

MUSIC.

PIANO SOLO—"Floating on the wind."

Poem,

"*Cloud Land.*"

JAS. APPLETON MORGAN.

Oration,

"*Cola di Rienzi.*"

EDWARD C. CHAPIN.

MUSIC.

PART SONG—"All among the Barley."

Awarding of Prizes, and Presentation of the "Col  
lege," "Clarkson," and "Keane" Medals.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

MUSIC.

GERMAN MARCH—Flute, Violins, Violincello, and  
Piano.

Master's Oration,

"*Now and Then.*"

REV. C. R. BRAINARD, B. A.

Oration and Valedictory,

"*Past Examples.*"

ARTHUR PIPER.

MUSIC.

PART SONG—"Harvest Home."

BENEDICTION.

From 7:30 till 11 P. M.

THE RECTOR'S RECEPTION AND CLASS PARTY.

*Thursday, A. M.*

*Dulce, Dulce Donum.*

CRICKET.

The annual match between the De Koven  
and Union clubs, for the Rector's cup,  
came off on Monday, September 9th. The  
wickets were pitched at half past nine  
o'clock, the De Kovens taking their first  
innings. Both clubs appeared in their  
new uniforms, which added much to the  
performance.

Two fine catches were made by Captain  
Merriam of the Union Club, who acted  
as long-fielder. Williams, the Union  
bowler, was hit in the peeper by a ball  
from the bat, and is, we understand, doing  
as well as could be expected under the  
circumstances—which completes our re-  
cord of killed, wounded, and missing. The  
performances of Mr. Kueland, the  
Union long-stop, and Hamilton, De Koven  
wicket-keep, against the swift bowling of  
Hudson, Edkin, De Koven and Pardee,  
Union bowlers, deserve special mention.

The largest score ever made in the col-  
lege falls to the credit of Captain Soren-  
son (De Koven), who made, in this match,  
62 tallies—31 in each innings; next in  
order came Hudson—31; Selby 19, (both  
De Koven,) and Hitchcock (Union) 13—

the largest score on the Union side. The  
game was finished Tuesday afternoon, by  
the Union's throwing up the sponge. The  
cricketers were pretty well "played" on  
Monday evening, and we trust enjoyed  
their quota of "tired nature's sweet re-  
storer"—that "gentle thing" that knits  
up the "ravelled sleeve of care;" and  
William might have added, is better late  
than ever. The score is as follows:

| UNION.                  |                           |
|-------------------------|---------------------------|
| First Innings.          | Second Innings.           |
| Capt. Merriam, b by E/  | 0 b by Edkin..... 11      |
| Andrews, c by Hamilton, | 1 hg before wicket..... 3 |
| Barnum, c by Hamilton,  | 6 b by Edkin..... 5       |
| Brooks, run out.....    | 1 c by Hudson..... 10     |
| Cook, b by Edkin.....   | 8 b by Edkin..... 2       |
| Fleetwood, not out..... | 4 b by Edkin..... 2       |
| Hitchcock, b by Hudson, | 8 c by Edkin..... 5       |
| Lee, b by Hudson.....   | 0 b by Hudson..... 1      |
| Miller, b by Edkin..... | 2 c by Hamilton..... 4    |
| Pardee, c by Sorenson,  | 1 by Hudson..... 0        |
| Kueland, b by Hudson,   | 6 Not out..... 0          |
| Byes.....               | 7 Byes..... 16            |
| Leg Byes.....           | 1 Leg Bye..... 2          |
| No balls.....           | 1 Wides..... 2            |
| Total.....              | 43 Total..... 63          |

| ANALYSIS OF BOWLING. |       |          |          |
|----------------------|-------|----------|----------|
| Balls.               | Runs. | Maidens. | Wickets. |
| Hudson..... 169      | 69    | 7        | 6        |
| Edkin..... 162       | 45    | 10       | 7        |

Umpire—H. D. Whittemore.  
Scorer—Frank Gaulb.

| DE KOVENS.                 |                        |
|----------------------------|------------------------|
| First Innings.             | Second Innings.        |
| Capt. Sorenson, b by P. 31 | c by Pardee..... 31    |
| Bowman, not out.....       | 0 run out..... 0       |
| Burchard, b by Pardee..    | 7 c by Miller..... 8   |
| Comstock H. b by Pardee    | 0 c by Pardee..... 0   |
| Edkin, b by Pardee.....    | 0 c by Pardee..... 0   |
| Gwathney, c by Merriam     | 0, b by Pardee..... 1  |
| Hamilton, b by Pardee..    | 3 run out..... 1       |
| Hudson, c by Merriam..     | 7 b by Andrews..... 24 |
| Lockwood F., c by H... 9   | not out..... 5         |
| McLean, b by Merriam..     | 4 c by Adams..... 2    |
| Selby, b by Pardee.....    | 0 b by Pardee..... 19  |
| Byes.....                  | 7 Byes..... 6          |
| Leg Byes.....              | 1 Leg Byes..... 0      |
| Wides.....                 | 1 Wides..... 3         |
| Total.....                 | 70 Total..... 95       |

| ANALYSIS OF BOWLING. |       |          |          |
|----------------------|-------|----------|----------|
| Balls.               | Runs. | Maidens. | Wickets. |
| Pardee..... 243      | 76    | 6        | 6        |
| Williams..... 24     | 16    | 0        | 0        |
| Andrews..... 129     | 49    | 1        | 2        |
| Merriam..... 84      | 21    | 8        | 1        |

Umpire—W. E. Comstock  
Scorer—Frank Osborn.

WE notice upon the Library shelves,  
a grand old copy of Virgil's works, presen-  
ted by the Rev. James Bonnar, in mem-  
ory of a visit at the college, as the inscrip-  
tion states. As the notes are very copi-  
ous, and all in pure Latin, it will, of  
course, be eagerly pounced upon by our  
students.

AT THE convention breakfast in West-  
ern New York, last month—we quote  
from *The Gospel Messenger*—the Rev.  
Dr. Ayrault, in response to the bishop's  
call, and a suggestion that he tell us some-  
thing about Racine College, spoke in very  
high terms of it, and commended it as a  
thoroughly Christian college, and one of  
the most interesting and satisfactory sights  
he had seen, although he had seen most  
of the schools and colleges in this country  
and in England, and expressed the hope  
that he might soon have in this diocese a  
thoroughly Racine or Christian college.  
—*The Church Register.*

## THE COURANT PRIZES

We have been requested by the Editors of the *Yale Courant* to give place to the following from their columns:

"In starting a paper published in the interests of all colleges, we thought it appropriate to offer two prizes to be open for competition to all students. There is scarce a college but has its boat crew, base ball nine, or chess club, that stand ready to compete with those of any other college. The Worcester matches are becoming of more importance from year to year. It affords an opportunity for rival colleges to send their picked men, and make trial of their physical strength.

"Every college has its men who have taken its highest literary honors. They stand first among the students of their respective colleges. They feel conscious that they are able to compete with any young men of the same advantages. No opportunity, as yet, has been given to such. We have decided to offer two prizes; the first prize for the best-written essay—Appleton's New American Cyclopaedia, in library binding, valued at \$120 00; the second prize for a poem—Sunnyside edition of Irving's works, (28 vols.) valued at \$70 00, or an edition of the poets of equal value.

"Three impartial judges, in each case, outside the editorial board of the college, will be chosen to decide upon the articles. We hoped to be able to announce their names with this issue, but as the complement is not fully made up, we defer it to a subsequent one. Any student, in the academical department of any college in the United States, can compete for these prizes. The articles must be handed in on or before November 1st, 1867. The prize articles will be published in the *Courant*, and honorable mention made of the two articles next in rank to the successful ones.

"The essay must not exceed 5,000 words, nor the poem 250 lines.

"The subject we would announce for the essay is, 'The Relation of our Colleges to the Education of the Masses.' We will announce no subject for the poem.

"There will be only one condition, and this is hardly supposable, in which the prizes will not be awarded; to wit: if, in the opinion of the judges, the articles are not of sufficient merit.

"We will give fuller particulars, hereafter."

The *College Courant*, successor to the *Yale Courant*, comes to us enlarged to the size of the *Round Table*. Such a college paper as that ought to be a national pride, as it claims (and we believe, justly), to be devoted to the interests of all the colleges in the country. We cordially recommend it to our readers.

RACINE COLLEGE, Sept. 9th, '67.

Dear *Mercury*:—Since receiving my commission as special reporter for the *Mercury*, I have attended chapel three times a day—have been in the refectory at every meal—been at all the recitations—strolled out by Taylor Hall—down to the boat-houses—looked into the billiard-rooms—dropped into the students' rooms, and placed myself in every position favorable for hearing and seeing whatever is to be heard or seen; still, I am only able to present the following items:

Mr. B—k is, by all odds, the finest-looking man in college. He has an elegant figure, and long, silky, mutton-chop whiskers. Report sayeth, a buxom young widow is waiting for him, and that the firm will commence business with a united income of some \$75,000 a year.

Mr. M—t is perfectly stunning—a regular tiger with the ladies. They have only to surrender at discretion, when he approaches. He is paying assiduous attention to the charming Miss —, No —, Main street, and rumor already couples their names and \$40,000 in the same breath.

The fascinating Miss S—t is in town, and, as a consequence, the entire college, from the demurest freshmen to the most accomplished senior is in perturbations. Several hot encounters have taken place, but, as far as I can learn, bloodshed has been prevented.

Mr. E—s sports a bewildering moustache, a captivating imperial, and an unutterable goatee.

Mr. W. wears a gold-headed cane, and plays a stunning game of billiards.

Mr. D—w has no bad habits—\$7 50 per day spending money—and will succeed his father as president of the United Metropolitan Improved Hot Muffin and Crumpet Banking and Punctual Deliverance Company.

C—r has a large fortune in Europe, depending on him for support.

A Freshman—name unknown—was yesterday found stretched upon the floor of his room, and perfectly unconscious. He had, it seems, swallowed sixteen bottles of benzine, while endeavoring to remove a grease-spot from his latest white vest, some remorseless Sophomore having assured him that the preparation was to be taken *intentionally*. Till next half.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

RACINE COLLEGE, Sept. 14, '67.

Dear *Mercury*:—Some time ago you offered \$1,000 for a youth "who doesn't fix his hair in the ante-chapel." I can see your eyes sparkle, as I inform you that I have discovered *three*. (Their names will be furnished on application at S. W. P. H., No. 3.) These gentlemen always do the "fixin'" in their apartments and trip across the quadrangle with their *Oxfords in their hands*, for fear of "mus-sin" the crinicultural aborescence, which they have zylobalsamum-ated before their mirrors.

Yours truly,

GHOST OF HAMLET'S FATHER.

P. S. I leave for home next Thursday, but as I shall want to go on a little "bum" in Chicago, on my way, you will greatly oblige by enclosing that \$1,000 00 to G. O. H. F.

Empire Bakery and Confectionery.

HAS. F. BLISS,

142 MAIN STREET, RACINE, WIS.

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FRUITS, BREAD, CAKES, ORACKERS, ETC.

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CONGRESS HALL.

E. Raymond, Prop'r.

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THIS LARGE, FIRST CLASS HOTEL IS BEAUTIFUL-

ly situated upon the banks of Lake Michigan, commanding the most picturesque view of the lake and surrounding scenery. Guests at the College, and the traveling public generally will find the best of accommodations. The rooms are large, airy, and well furnished. Table always supplied with the delicacies of the season.



# COLLEGE MERCURY.

"Hæc Olim Meminisse Jurabit."

VOLUME II.

RACINE COLLEGE, DECEMBER 1, 1867.

NUMBER 1.

## THE LESSON OF THE SPIRE.

BY HENRY D. NORTON.

Fronting close to the crowded street,  
Over the noise, the dust, and heat,  
Over the city's strife and pain,  
Rises the minster's ancient fane,  
Pointing its spire to the upper air,  
It stands like a silent preacher there;  
And softly, sweetly, calmly flows  
Its words of peace to the world below.

Day by day the tolling throng  
Is pouring those strong veins along.  
Tolling on, through the weary years,  
Tolling ever, in pain and tears;  
For grasping each with skeleton hands,  
Want, like a grim Nemesis stands,  
And over the sons of labor bend  
To the weary task that shall never end.

But over the toll and conflict dire,  
Still uprises the temple spire,  
Up to the blue and bending sky  
Pointing ever and silently;  
Whispering still of the Heaven that lies  
Far in its bright immensities;  
Whispering still to the strugglers here,  
"Work in hope for thy rest is near."

Sin and suffering want and woe,  
Blight and blacken the hearts below;  
Murder, lifting his crimson hand;  
Treason, waving the blazing brand;  
Hatred, haunted by furies fell;  
Slander, breathing the blast of hell;  
And the shadow of death like a midnight pall,  
Brooding horribly over all.

But still does the silent preacher stand  
Pointing up to the Summer Land;  
To the saddened heart an I weeping eye  
Breathing of immortality.  
Telling about the glorious home,  
Where sin and sorrow may never come;  
Where the troublous wiles of the wicked cease  
In the light of God's Eternal Peace.

The seasons come and the seasons go,  
Summer's verdure and winter's snow;  
Days of blessedness, bright and fair,  
Days of hunger, and woe, and care.  
And over the human tide that beats  
In endless waves thro' the crowded streets,  
Enters the chasm that yawns before,  
And the darkness hides it forevermore.

But towering heavenward, light and fair,  
The spire of the minster standeth there;  
The day's first dawn on its summit gleams,  
It catches the light of the sun's last beams.  
Calmly, silently, over all,  
Its benedictions of gladness fall,  
Whispering ever the promise bright  
Of the endless life and perfect rest.

**SOPHOMORES.**—The Class of '70 had a jollification on the night of the 28th. Oysters and other things pleasant to the inner man were plenty.

## COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

Though some time has elapsed since our Commencement, we venture to give a condensed account of the doings of the week. We feel quite sure that it will be interesting to those of our readers who were unable to be present, and those who were present and enjoyed the exercises will have an additional benefit.

On Sunday morning the entire College formed in procession and, headed by the Choir, took up the line of march for St. Luke's, where the Baccalaureate Sermon was preached. Just before reaching the Church the Clergy and the Choir passed into a dwelling-house and robed; then they proceeded to the Church, chanting as they passed up the aisle the 23d Psalm. The building was crowded, and the Rector's sermon was a very fine one.

Monday was Class Day; the principal event was the planting of the Class Tree, in the evening, by the Class of '67. The ceremonies were very interesting, especially the "History of the Class," by Mr. L. S. Burton. The President's address by Mr. McKey, Mr. Chapin's Prophecy, Mr. Piper's Oration, and Mr. Morgan's Poem were also to be commended. After the singing of the Class Song, the company dispersed about half past nine.

Tuesday the "Clonian Society" put in an appearance. The anniversary exercises took place in the Gymnasium, where a goodly number of friends had congregated. Every thing passed off pleasantly. We noticed especially the opening address of Mr. T. L. Sullivan, Vice President of the society. He spoke in a pleasing manner and to the point. The address of the Rev. Mr. Hiusdale on the "Benefits of Debating Societies," was also exceedingly interesting.

Wednesday forenoon was occupied by the reading and declamation of the Junior Class for the "Larrabee Prize"—thirty dollars worth of books. Mr. C. E. Andrews was the fortunate contestant. Mr.

Edward Reilley was favorably noticed by the committee.

The Commencement proper took place at about two o'clock in the afternoon. The Orations of the Graduating Class were, without exception, very fine. We are pleased to make especial mention of Mr. Kellogg's and Mr. Mead's. Mr. McKey, the Salutatorian, did himself much credit in his Latin Oration, and Mr. Piper, our honored and respected Head of the College, delivered one of the finest Valuedictories we have ever heard in the Institution. The other exercises consisted in the presentation of the medals, conferring of Degrees and announcing of the Heads and Seconds of the Grammar School for the past year. Mr. McKey received the "College" medal, Mr. Pardee the "Clarkson," and Master Hubbell the "Keene." Among the Degrees we noticed one for Rev. Clinton Locke, of Grace Church, Chicago, making him a D. D. Rev. C. Roles Bells, of Douglas, Ontario, Canada, also received one converting him into a Bach. of Music. The grand *finale* was the "Rector's Reception and Class Party," which took place in the evening; "every thing went merry as a marriage bell"; the ladies danced their best and looked their prettiest. Severance & Williams, of Milwaukee, diffused *sole* stirring music, and when they broke up every one seemed inclined to dance until the "wee sma' hours o' morn." We shall not attempt to describe the supper that was served up in the dining room; it spoke for itself to those who were present, and those who were not had better never know what they missed.

Thursday morning, after chapel, the students and visitors assembled in front of Keuper Hall, where *Dulce Domum* was sung, after which commenced the usual shaking of hands and bidding of good bye. Then for home. So ended Commencement Week of '67, and so we bado adieu to another class, probably never all to meet on earth again, but

"Brothers, God grant when this life is o'er,  
In the life to come that we meet once more."

The College Mercury.

"Vigcat Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, DEC. 1, 1867.

R. W. Grange, } EDITORS.  
Newton Lull, }

The MERCURY is issued each alternate Saturday during Term Time, on the following

TERMS:

College Year.....\$2.00  
Single Copy..... 10

Subscribers leaving the College can have their papers sent to them by leaving with us their new address.

A limited number of advertisements inserted on liberal terms.

Prospectuses of College Exchanges inserted free.

Contributions from other Colleges solicited.

Correspondents must write on one side of their paper only. The true name of the writer must invariably accompany the article, whether to be used or not, as no notice can be taken of anonymous communications.

All communications must be addressed to "EDITORS COLLEGE MERCURY," Racine, Wis.

SALVETK!

FELLOW STUDENTS:—We to-day consign to your tender mercies the initial number of the second volume of the COLLEGE MERCURY. Handle it carefully. View it not with critical eyes. It is our first attempt. When first we donned the editorial mantles, we were completely enveloped in their folds. Our bodies were lost in their "vast immensities," and our brains reeled, as the feelings of self-confidence and superiority, hidden in each fold, rushed in upon us.\* After a while we partly regained possession of our distorted faculties, and then we had an attack of modesty—the real, genuine *modestia*, that ever accompanies a moderate estimate of one's own importance. She came off victorious, and straightway the flowing robes were "tucked," reefed and otherwise reduced in their dimensions, to suit the moderate views that ought to be held by an unassuming Junior and an incipient Senior. How long we shall be content with these meagre proportions we are unable to state. The close of the year may find us with "tucks" and reefs all let out, wearing the extension with all the grace and self-assurance of our illustrious predecessors.

The object of the publication of this paper was fully and clearly set before you by the gentlemen under whose direction it first came to light. Their words are still fresh in your memories. The MERCURY is still devoted to the best interests of the College. We wish it to be the link that shall join all those who have gone before, with us who are following after, and

\* The size of these garments and the strangeness they put upon us, is only to be accounted for by the fact that they were made and worn by the previous corps editorial during the last half of the Senior year at College.

we do not fear that you will hesitate to support such an undertaking. We know that to those who are absent from their Alma Mater such a messenger as this will always be most welcome. We shall do our best to make it interesting to you and to them, so we ask of you a word of encouragement and a helping hand.

TAYLOR HALL.

The contract for the building of Taylor Hall has in no wise been lived up to, or at the beginning of the College year the students would have taken possession of both the wings, and to-day the main building would be rapidly approaching completion. This non-fulfilment has occasioned the greatest inconvenience to all, and the contractor is deservedly to be censured. At the opening of the term the rooms on the second and third floors in the south wing alone were barely fit to be occupied; no others have been completed as yet. The patience with which the students bear the inconvenience of rooming around—or better, *roaming* around—deserves commendation. One enthusiastic Freshman declares he "revels in in the very midst of anticipation, and in contemplating his future comfort he is totally oblivious to the present—dormitory and all." We had laid by, during our vacation, quite a stock of superlatives which was to be exhausted in an elaborate description of the new building for this our first issue. If we had hoarded "pet names" instead, we should have found no difficulty in attaching them all to the present contractors. However, we are assured that the building is to be finished in "the course of time." When it is formally taken possession of we shall enter upon a description; and we are going to challenge competition throughout the United States in the way of a *complete* college building.

The Alumni.

The following are the officers of the Alumni elected at the last meeting of that body, September 24th, 1867:

President—Rev. Geo. Vernor, B. D.

Vice Presidents—Rev. Geo. Burton, B. D., Rev. W. C. Pope, B. D.

Rec. Secretary—W. E. Lightner, A. B.

Cor. Secretary—Geo. Wallace, A. B.

Treasurer—Rev. Geo. Whitney, B. D.

We here wish to state to the Alumni that our columns are always open to them.

"Vigcat Radix"—alias "Shinny."

The students of this Institution are noted for their loyalty; in fact, we believe they always have been noted for it. But this year bids fair to eclipse all others in the display of this most commendable virtue. For has not almost every student, from the waddling First Former to the stately Senior, made his pilgrimage to Hickory Ridge and procured a "root" rightly proportioned to his muscle? And has not each one of them, emulating the beautiful motto of our College, been "letting that root flourish?" The College grounds have certainly been put in a *flourishing* condition for the time o' year. We saw a Sixth Former the other day in a position that reminded us of a jack knife with the blade three parts shut. Both hands were clasped around one of his shins. He held his position so long that we concluded that he had "taken root." We learned afterward that our surmise was correct—he had taken it just below the knee.

THE close of vacation calls us back once more to College duties, and pleasant it seems to take once more by the hand our old friends and comrades, some of whom we bade adieu with little hope of meeting on our return. Of course we miss some familiar faces, and see a good many strange ones. But not among the boys alone has vacation wrought a change: In the Chapel we notice a beautiful Memorial Window, presented by Stiles Burton, Esq., of Chicago; also a very handsome stone Font, a present from Mr. Hanford, of Columbus, Ohio. Besides these, the accommodations of the Chapel have been increased by the insertion of two new rows of seats running the entire length of the building. The *great* improvement is the College Avenue, which is being laid out on the north line of the College property, extending to the Chicago & Milwaukee Railroad. It will be found a great convenience to strangers visiting the College, and in the future, when it is lined with Professor's residences, and grand old trees spread their umbrageous branches over the handsome stone walk, how delightful it will be to meander forth in meditative mood, with cane and cigar, just as "old Sol" retiring to rest, is bathing the dome of Taylor Hall with his last rays, and forgetful of all surrounding objects to—some irreverent Freshman interrupts us with—"You bet."

THE MERCURY.

Everything has been favorable to the publication of the MERCURY but the subscription list. The prominent business men of the city have freely advertised their wares, and the printers have, without the slightest hesitation (!), consented to print it for us. We must say, however, that we have not had the encouragement by way of subscription, that we had expected from the students. Our most sanguine friends tell us that it is owing to the large number of new students present, who know nothing of the paper; and they predict that as soon as one edition is circulated our list will be considerably augmented. This latter is quite complimentary to the knights of the quill and scissors, still we hope 'twill be so. Our expenditures will be quite large, and our receipts in subscriptions, thus far, are far from balancing them.

We intend to make the MERCURY intensely local in its nature, so that it will be quite interesting to friends at home as well as the students here.

We wish the students not to have the slightest hesitation in sending in articles for publication; short articles pertaining to local affairs, or questions of the day, are what we want. We hope that those who feel a kindly interest in our work will use their influence in procuring subscribers for us. We are considerably behind time with this our first issue; it is owing entirely to the slow and uncertain promises of support that we have received. Now that we are fairly started we hope to appear promptly.

THANKSGIVING DAY—Has come and gone. Turkeys, that once were "gobblers," have now been "gobbled." Years ago, when we were small, we remember reading a piece of poetry entitled "The night after Christmas," in which was delineated in all its horror the trouble of a youngster who had eaten too much dinner. We never expected then, to see it in real life; but Thanksgiving Eve we did see *verdant* Freshmen and one Sophomore (whose capacious stomach and cast-iron digestion we supposed were proof against anything of the kind), looking exceedingly melancholic, and suffering from an attack of—well, it wasn't exactly home-sickness. No, not exactly.

P. S.—We came to the conclusion on this day of Thanksgiving, that Racine

College students have a *Faculty* for eating turkeys, not to be excelled. This is to be taken in a strictly literal sense.

Jottings.

We acknowledge the receipt of *The Harvard Advocate, Yale Courant, The Lawrence Collegian, University Chronicle, Monmouth Clipper, Western Collegian* and *Beloit Monthly*.

The Class of '67 have disposed of themselves as follows: Mr. McKey, the Salutatorian, is attending the Ann Arbor Law School; Mr. Piper, the Valectorian, is studying Theology at Neshotah; Mr. Morgan is at the Law School of Columbia College, N. Y.; Mr. Chapin, on a requisition from the Governor of Michigan, has gone to Lansing; Mr. Burton and Mr. Mead are at present performing the arduous duties of gentlemen of leisure, and Mr. Kellogg is engaged in business in Kalamazoo. We wish them all God speed.

The Base Ball Match between the best nine from the Freshmen and Sophomores and a picked nine from the rest of the students, began well enough, but seemed to rather flatten out towards the end. We have not received the score.

Why don't some one who has the authority, call a meeting of the Histronic Society, and make some arrangements for theatricals during the winter.

—What has become of the "Choral Society?" Is it possible, that with all the musical talent of Racine College, her students have not energy enough to support a Choral Society? Why can't we have a reputation for secular as well as sacred music? It does not require so much hard work that you need fitch; one practice a week would be sufficient. "Singists," let us hear from you.

—It affords us pleasure to call the attention of the friends of the College to the notice of Prof. McAfferty in to-day's paper. Visitors will find at his house accommodations far surpassing those of the hotels, and will be but a short distance from the college.

—We shall mail this copy of the MERCURY to those of the old subscribers whom we think desire to continue their subscriptions. We hope to hear from them before our next issue.

MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride's father, on Wednesday, Oct. 2d, 1867, by Rev. James DeKoven, D. D., Rector of Racine College, Wisconsin, T. HERBERT TAYLOR, Esq., of Straurier, Scotland, late fellow of Racine College, and Miss Lydia R., daughter of Hon. Judge Charles H. Test, of Prairie View, Indiana.

Whereupon an old contributor to the MERCURY waxeth grievous, as followeth:

I mind me still of times, dear T—,  
When oft in by-gone days

We strolled the "College Campus" free,  
Made rhymes, and talked of "bays."

We'd ne'er a thought of care, dear T—,  
As we wandered to and fro,  
To watch the sails come in or flee,  
And "pip'd to the waves below."

The flowers are faded and gone, dear T—,  
Winter sounds on the breeze,  
And strangers tread the "Camp" where we  
Oft lounged beneath the trees.

I watch in vain for sails, dear T—,  
Making their to-s and fro-s,  
Only the dreary waste I see,  
And "navigation's close."

I puff, and think of thee, dear T—,  
I puff and think of thee;  
And vote this life is all *mere sham*,  
When the pipe-bowl meets mine c'e,

The smoke gets in mine eyes, dear T—,  
And starts for you each tear;  
They fall on my heart and it sighs, dear T—,  
*Pour moi-meme l'ami votre cher.*

You follow new pleasures and zests, dear T—,  
Approved by the sweetest of *Tists*—d'ye see?  
And the "stick-in-the-mud" pens this to thee  
Is ever J. K. Elemeucre.

RACINE COLLEGE, Nov. 30, 1867.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—We have a proposition to make, or rather a petition to urge upon the Faculty of this College. It is that they have an enclosure built somewhere down along the Rubicon for the accommodation of all those youths who are afflicted with the insane desire to learn to play the fiddle. A certain Sophomore, located somewhere in the south wing of Taylor Hall, makes both night and day "hideous" by torturing an ancient Cremona in the most agonizing manner. He has a programme—we know he has—for he proceeds from "Commence ye darkies all" to murder the "Carnival of Venice," with a charge from the third division of the "Lancers"—then all is still save the groans of the wounded audience in the neighboring rooms. We do not wish to be uncomplimentary at all. To prove this we will define our position with respect to "fiddlists" generally by quoting from one of the leading writers of the day—Joshua Billings, Esq. Josh says in one of his "Slivers of Thought:" "I never knew a man of much wisdom who could sing a song well or play a fiddle." We are compelled to believe that Soph has a great deal of wisdom. M. U. STEW.

**THE BISHOP OF IOWA.**

The Right Rev. H. W. Lee, Bishop of Iowa, paid a visit to the College during Wednesday and Thursday, the 20th and 21st ult., being on his way home from his visit to England, and attendance at the Pan Anglican council. At the morning service in chapel on Thursday, by the request of the Rector, he addressed the students on the subject of his visit. He gave some very interesting facts concerning the numbers of the Bishops present, and the countries from which they came. It was gratifying to know that our own country was so well represented—twenty, that is, one fourth of the number present, being from the United States.

He spoke in the highest terms of the hospitality with which all were treated; and mentioned the eagerness with which American Bishops were sought out and listened to—the people there all manifesting the greatest interest in the Church and its work in this country. Never before had he comprehended the magnitude of the work that the Church of England is doing. When he met Bishops from her missionary fields, from her colonies, and from her provinces, only then he began fully to realize the immense labor that she was performing. In speaking of the union of the Church and State, he said that while before he had entertained grave doubts as to whether such a thing should exist; now it was far from him to say that the link should be broken.

He visited the principal schools and universities, and noticed particularly Winchester and Rugby. He saw there what he had before noticed here in our own college—an earnestness in everything that was undertaken—that “when they worked, they worked, and when they played, they played.” Winchester and Rugby are the preparatory schools for the two great universities, and the Bishop declared that England owed her present prosperity to Oxford and Cambridge. The closing remarks of the Bishop were an earnest exhortation to the youth and young men before him to be “true to themselves, true to their college, and true to the church.”

**CONUNDRUM.**—Why is life like a bad conundrum?

Answer—We give it up.  
Beat that, somebody.

**NOTICE.**

The undersigned, one of the teachers, has made arrangements by which he affords the very best of accommodations to persons visiting the College. The omnibuses running from all the trains will convey visitors directly to his house, which is pleasantly situated on the bank of the Lake, but a short distance from the College.

J. K. McAFFERTY.

**CLIONIAN SOCIETY.**

FOUNDED, A. D. 1865.

*Vitam Impendere Vero.*

President..... T. L. SULLIVAN.  
Vice President..... R. W. GRANGE.  
Secretary..... LUTHER PARDEE.  
Treasurer..... H. G. HINSDALE.

Anniversary, July 17.

**MISSIONARY SOCIETY.**

FOUNDED A. D. 1861.

*Vigat Radix.*

Whole number of Members, Three Hundred.

President..... ARTHUR PIPER.  
Vice President..... WM. T. COMSTOCK.  
Secretary..... W. R. MERRIAM.

**CLASS OF '70.**

*Qui non proficit, deficit.*

President..... G. W. BRISTOL.  
Vice President..... W. I. MILLER.  
Rec. Secretary..... L. PARDEE.  
Cor. Secretary..... B. F. SELBY.  
Treasurer..... L. A. ROWLEY.  
Historian..... A. SORENSON.

**Racine College Base Ball Club.**

President..... H. D. WHITMORE.  
Vice President..... WM. T. COMSTOCK.  
Secretary..... C. E. ANDREWS.  
Treasurer..... GEO. PASCOTT.  
Captain..... MILTON C. LIGHTNER.

**THE COLLEGE ELEVEN.**

President..... C. E. ANDREWS.  
Vice President..... R. W. GRANGE.  
Secretary..... L. A. ROWLEY.  
Captain..... E. B. SPALDING.

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**SAMUEL & JAMES,**

144 Main Street,

Have purchased the stock in trade of C. Hall, and taken the store occupied by him and the late J. D. Jones, 144 Main street.

WE HAVE NOW IN STOCK

A Full Line of Goods adapted to MEN'S and BOYS' Wear, and shall be in receipt of the Latest Novelties as they appear. Also a full line of

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All of which we are ready to sell and make up at Fair Prices for ready pay.

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Yankee Notions, Millinery Goods,

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# COLLEGE MERCURY.

"Hæc Olim Meminisse Jurabit."

VOLUME II.

RACINE COLLEGE, DECEMBER 14, 1867.

NUMBER 2.

## THE VISION OF A DREAM.

BY THE LATE PROF. J. C. PASEMORE, D. D.

In silent watches of the night,  
When sleep had lulled my weary frame,  
I dreamed a dream, so beautiful,  
Methought from Heaven it came!  
Before my eyes, uprose a church,  
O! weather-stained and mossy stone;  
And sweet-toned bells chimed from its tower,  
So old and ivy-grown.  
Its oaken doors were never closed,  
From balmy morn till dewy eve;  
And rustic folk went out and in,  
Nor ever asked for leave.  
A white-robed priest, in meet array,  
Within the hallowed chancel stood;  
And there he spake the word of life,  
And dealt out angels' food.  
And one I saw—a lady fair—  
Of sober mien, and nameless grace,  
And like a heavenly bride she seemed,  
Of more than royal race.  
With pensive voice, and winning smile,  
She freely beckoned all to come:—  
Yet, though her blessing was for all,  
It seemed in vain for some.  
Behold!—an infant, child of sin,  
To yon pure font she gently leads,  
While, from a radiant Golden Book,  
A prayer the pastor reads.  
Again, as there a youthful group  
Around the sacred chancel bend,  
A bishop, from the Golden Book,  
Prays strength unto the end.  
From out that Book, the word of hope  
To wedded hearts is freely given;—  
There, too, are found those sweet old prayers,  
That waft the soul to Heaven.  
An ardent wish then o'er me stole,  
That such a precious book was mine,  
To guide my pilgrim footsteps up  
Where endless day-benches shine.  
With sudden start, my sleep was gone;—  
No time-stained church—no bride was there,  
But, clasped in fondness to my heart,  
I held—the Book of Prayer.

## How May the Glory of Manhood be Best Secured?

The above inquiry deserves most careful consideration, especially in this place where so many aspirants to the honors, are assembled. This problem has long proved a fruitful source of discussion.

The press keeps our curiosity informed of the daily attempts to solve its mysteries. The numerous victims immolated to its Manes from year to year, the world may never know.

Many people affirm that there is nothing in antiquity to compare with the splendor

of our own times—that the coffers of the past contained no such treasures as ours possess. They call our attention to the yellow grain harvested without scythe or sickle, and to those contrivances by which the steed or other power supplies the place of manual toil; and in view of such facts direct us to consider the present as the foremost period in the history of human development. Now we hold ourselves second to none in the hearty appreciation of all social refinement and manly excellence; yet at the same time we cannot help dreading the enervating effects of so much ease and luxury as is attendant on every advancement of our modern civilization.

In vain do we look here for the bone and sinew which betoken the more rigorous experience of our fathers. These characteristics have too generally departed with the necessities that brought them into play. It must be owned the past presents the finest field in which to search for pattern specimens of manhood.

Language, indeed, opens to view more splendid treasures than ever alchemist conceived. Through this medium we can obtain audience with the mighty ones of every age, with the brave and noble spirits long departed to the silent land, and learn the causes of their wide-spread celebrity. Resolute industry and determined purpose are the marks of every victor. The noblest and best have bequeathed to posterity no more sacred inheritance than the record of their own manly struggles.

We might here introduce many instances to show the happy results of earnest well directed effort. But what need is there to look abroad for examples, when such beautiful illustrations of manhood in every stage of development exist amid the scenes of our daily life. Why are the boys of Racine College so noted for health and vivacity, is a question of constant recurrence. The bracing air of Wisconsin and the admirable situation of the Insti-

tution on its handsome green sward bank, laved by the blue waters of Lake Michigan, must not be undervalued. But the real cause lies in the system of training, itself, which to be fully appreciated, must be examined in active operation. No description can do it justice. The design of this College is not restricted to the instructing of boys and young men in the formulas peculiar to this calling or that profession; her ultimate aim is to train up men, to clothe her sons with the noble dignity of manhood. Our students practice the teachings of their Alma Mater when all through the summer as eight rival clubs they make their daily appearance on the cricket field, each one straining every limb and fibre to win the honors of the game; or when in the spacious gymnasium their sinew and muscle are rendered still firmer by athletic feats on ladder rope and bar.

For these reasons none can long continue weak and sickly at Racine. Regular exercise soon calls forth the ruddy glow, and the blood courses gladly through the veins. Nor are the duties of the school-room and study less zealously performed. Our students work among their books faithfully, as with bat and ball. Thus the course of labor and training steadily goes on from day to day. And each year the world receives a certain number from among the ranks of Alma Mater, armed with those good and noble principles, which, amid academic shades they have long since learned to love. Her graduates, however, depart not with degrees in scholarship alone; they also bear away, written on every feature, the tokens of a glorious manhood. And as each one of us must thus some day or other bid farewell to the joyous scenes of youth, let us while here use our privileges so well that although our paths diverge and broaden into infinity we may yet be forever linked together by the golden chain of a pure and noble manhood.

DELTA.

The College Mercury.

"Vigant Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, DEC. 1, 1867.

R. W. Grange, } EDITORS.  
Newton Lull, }

The MERCURY is issued semi-monthly during Term Time, on the following

TERMS:

College Year..... \$2.00  
Single Copy..... 10

Subscribers leaving the College can have their papers sent to them by leaving with us their new address.

A limited number of advertisements inserted on liberal terms.

Prospectuses of College Exchanges inserted free.

Contributions from other Colleges solicited.

Correspondents must write on *one side of their paper only*. The true name of the writer must invariably accompany the article, whether to be used or not, as no notice can be taken of anonymous communications.

All communications must be addressed to "EDITORS COLLEGE MERCURY," Racine, Wis.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is coming—is almost here. Already the choirs are tuning their voices to "shout the glad tidings." Already the carol and the anthem are sounding in our ears, heralding the approach of the glorious festal day. Children's voices will echo the simple story of the wondrous child—the story that has resounded through the ages and never lost its sweetness—while the priest from his hallowed place will proclaim the second coming, the coming of the Judge Omnipotent. Surely this is a time for a sacred joy—not that which comes with this world's goods and treasures—but the joy of the reprieved, the ransomed. Let *all* rejoice. Let not the poor and needy be forgotten. Let the rich man come down from his lofty place and take his humbler brother by the hand. Forget not the angel message—let there be "peace on earth."

—WE INVITE the attention of the students in all the departments to the advertisements to be found on the last page of to-day's paper. Our subscription list was not sufficient to cover the expense of publication, so we called upon the leading business men of the city, and they cheerfully came to our assistance. Now in thus materially aiding in the support of an undertaking like this they are administering to your enjoyment, and merit a return of kindly offices whenever there is an opportunity of its being made. We ask you to take as your motto "We patronize those who patronize us." Consult the columns of the MERCURY before making purchases, for there you will see the names of those deserving your patronage.

The Walking Mania.

Under this head the Yale *Courant* anticipates an article that was intended for this paper. It says:

"Suppose we have a walking tournament next summer between the students of our Colleges. It certainly would afford an opportunity for more colleges to be represented than boating. Every college might send in a pedestrian. What a grand excitement fifty students on their pedal muscle would excite throughout the country! Let the boat race be deferred until September, and let the pedestrians start for a morning walk of twelve or fifteen hundred miles, so as to arrive in Worcester or Springfield, as the case may be, about the time the race comes off.

"Every college offers facilities for exercising for it, and as many could enter as chose. What college will send in the first challenge for a walk of five hundred miles next summer vacation."

Of course every College has its peripatetic celebrities. We have ours. Come out *Weston*, and send the first challenge.

—IT IS gratifying to us to know that our first effort was received with marked approbation by the students generally. This is all the encouragement we need. When we fail to please the students we shall feel decidedly like dropping the quill never to resume it in pursuit of Journalistic fame. Want of space and the presence, in our composition, of an immense amount of modesty, prevent our copying the very flattering remarks of the *Journal* and *Advocate*. Many thanks, gentlemen, for your compliments and kindly wishes.

—IN OUR last edition of the MERCURY we evidently stepped on the toes of the Freshmen, as we have been furiously assailed by one of the class, who declared against our right to call them *verdant*. To that particular member we would now address ourselves, since he has set himself up as a champion for the class. In the article you referred to we used the word in a sportive and general sense, not particularizing in the least; but as you have forced it upon us, we will say that when you have succeeded in casting off the boyish frivolities with which you have seen fit to begin your College course, we will be glad to apologize for anything we may have said. Until then we shall be obliged to abide by our first assertion and consider you decidedly *verdant*.

—The world estimates men by their success in life, and by general consent, success is evidence of superiority.

RACINE COLLEGE, DEC. 14, 1867.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—We noticed an article in your paper written by a person signing himself "M. U. Sicus," asking from the Faculty that a building may be prepared for that class of persons "who are afflicted with the insane desire to learn to play the fiddle, &c." Now, Messrs. Editors, as we are of that class of persons who do a very little in the musical line, it will perhaps not be inappropriate for us to make a few remarks; and in so doing would beg you to understand that we write this in vindication of the noble art of violin playing, and in reply to that would-be-facetious letter.

It is evident that he is not, as he affirms, a *musicus*; that he pays no vows at the shrine of Euterpe; for if he did he could not have spoken in such a sarcastic manner of that instrument, which, in the language of A. Ward, is "ekaled by few and exeled by none." It is a fact that passers-by have delayed their footsteps and listened with manifest admiration to the marvelous strains that flow forth from his violin, and if he continues to improve we fear lest he may move the giant oaks, as did Orpheus in ancient days. Your correspondent says he "knows he has a programme" because he goes through a regular routine each time. "Variety is the spice of life," we are told, and in consequence a "fiddlist" plays various sorts of music, under the supposition that he has listeners, as a matter of course. Some delight in musical productions of great masters. Others who can not appreciate good music, generally prefer the simpler kind. No doubt M. U. Sicus was of the latter class. We hold a very low opinion of the remark made by J. Billings that "he never knew a man of much wisdom who could sing a song well or play the fiddle," for few persons doubt that the Junior Editor of the MERCURY is a wise man, and yet he can sing a song to the satisfaction of all. In closing, let us say that we wish it understood that these brief remarks have been in defense of a persecuted "Soph" who would be a second Paganini. Yours truly,  
A FRIEND TO FIDDLERS.

—DECIDEDLY the best investment in the way of books that we have seen lately, is the Globe edition of Dickens' Works. Ten volumes for \$12—to be had at the bookstores in town.

RACINE COLLEGE, Dec. 20, '67.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—During the last two or three years it has been our good fortune to attend several "Benefits" for St. Luke's, in the shape of Sociables, Festivals, &c., and as we had always found them very pleasant, we could not refrain from going to the Festival which was held on Wednesday evening of last week. So, about half-after 7, an acute observer would have seen two young men wending their way towards Blake's Block. We reached our place of destination and found on the stairs a very gentlemanly young man. He stood by an open door, through which were to be seen bright, beaming faces. We, essaying to enter, were stopped as suddenly as though we had seen a ghost, by the aforesaid gentlemanly young man, who, pointing with the index finger of his right hand to the palm of his left, (where we discovered numerous photographs of Uncle Sam and his friends,) pronounced the mysterious words, "Two shillings," "Twenty-five cents," "Quarter of a dollar." We took the hint and next found ourselves standing at one end of the Festival, (we mean the hall,) and fronting us an immense crowd of people. We took hold of hands at first, but seeing familiar faces we concluded to "face the music," and immediately invested in a box of candy, not thinking the ladies needed anything of the kind, but merely to "open the ball." We had just finished the above mentioned negotiation, when we saw a friend of ours. He had a paper in his hand, and, thinking he wished to congratulate us on our successful purchase, we innocently stepped forward to meet him, when he propounded the following conundrum, viz: "Don't you want to buy a ticket for the Sofa cushion? Only a (we thought he was going to say, as the other man had, "a quarter," and to get the start of him, put our hands into our pockets,) dollar," he exclaimed. We gave up the conundrum and started for a crowd we saw at a distance. They were guessing for a cake. We never had guessed at a mark, but thought we would try, and so put down our weight, or rather that of the cake. It was a good place to spend your money, for even if you didn't get the cake you got the worth of your money in conversation with the young lady who kept tally. Our next move was for supper, and, speaking modestly, I think we rather

got the start of them there, for we did some of the tallest work of its kind we have ever seen. Everything was so good, we had to eat, whether or no. "All's well that ends well," and therefore we congratulate the people of St. Luke's on the success which has attended this as well as all their other attempts to raise money for the purpose of finishing their beautiful Church.

SPECTATOR.

TAYLOR HALL, Dec. 14, 1867.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—It seems to me it would be a good plan to procure a visitors' book, now that we are in our new College building, and have it placed upon the parlor table, or in some other convenient place, in order that those who honor the College with their presence, may still further honor it with their names. I have seen some of the highest dignitaries of the American Church at the College during my residence here, and I know that as the Institution increases in prosperity we may expect a larger number of visitors yearly. Such a book would be very interesting to look over in coming years. Let some one take the matter in hand. STUDENT.

We are glad to be able to announce to the students and all others who are interested in the College, the almost certain acceptance by Dr. Elmendorf of the Chair of English Literature, left vacant by the death of Dr. Passmore. He will be a valuable acquisition to our already fine corps of Professors.

—THE RECTOR announced on Friday morning that College Students would be permitted to spend New Years day away from the Institution. They are to leave on the trains of the evening before the 1st, and return on those of the evening of the 2d. We wish them all a very happy time.

—DURING the past vacation Rev. Mr. Hinsdale, our Professor of Chemistry, succeeded in procuring some much needed apparatus. It has recently arrived and of course, pleases very much the incipient "Scientifics" who are not accustomed to such things.

—We are sorry to hear of the death of the wife of Rev. Thos. Bellam, Class of '62. He was located at Ashtabula, Ohio, at the time of his sad bereavement. We learn that he has since entered the Diocese of Pittsburgh.

MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride's father, in the village of Oxford, N. Y., on Dec. 6th, 1842, by Rev. Mr. Sperry, Mr. ALEXANDER HAMILTON and Miss MELISSA BARTLE.

A very slight application of mathematics will disclose to our readers the fact that the above interesting event transpired just twenty-five years ago. On the evening of the last anniversary the happy couple held a reception for the College students in the College parlor, at which time and place they received the hearty congratulations of the entire body. Every one was most sincere in wishing that the same kind Providence that had brought them to this silver age of their wedded life, might place them, as full of strength and vigor, upon the threshold of the golden age of their hymenial existence. While gratulations were yet lingering upon the tongue, a servant appeared and announced that supper was ready in the hall below. The descent from the parlor was quickly made, and a most sumptuous repast found in readiness. It is unnecessary to make any remarks as to whether many of the good things were missing after supper; nor, knowing, as we do, would it be proper for us to tell who carried most of them away. The banquet being ended all returned to the parlor and music room, and the rest of the evening was passed pleasantly with songs and instrumental music.

Had not the event followed so closely upon the invitations, we should most certainly have had to notice some "neat speeches," or at least, a poem suited to the occasion. The youth, who, when called upon at the table, declared himself "too full for utterance," has since partially recovered, and, after herculean labors, brought forth the following, which we have coaxed from him. We give it to our readers as a rare specimen of literature. He call it

A NODE TO MR. H—.

Blight well I can't remember now,  
My dear friend Alexander,  
When you stood up and took a vow,  
In the traces to wander.

One century has quarter gone,  
Since you vowed to go it double,  
But evenly you've traveled on,  
And never minded trouble.

Wight klud has heaven been to thee,  
Sent two sons and a "dater,"  
And sent you here to us to be  
A bully old curator.

Oh! may you make Racine your home  
For another five-and-twenty,  
To give to boys that are to come,  
Good hash and "aters" plenty.

But when you've clutched your share of spoils,  
And the College have forsaken,  
May you be paid for all your tolls,  
But not in beans and bacon.

## COLLEGE MERCURY.

**MIGRATION.**—That portion of the College grounds lying between Park and Taylor Halls presented a lively appearance on Wednesday afternoon of last week. The excitement was occasioned as follows: About noon orders were issued from headquarters in Kemper Hall, to the effect that the Sophs and Fresh should evacuate their old position and move immediately on the new works. Never were orders more gladly received or more quickly carried into execution. In less time than it takes us to write it, the open space between the two buildings was literally filled with flying fragments. One fragment of the 70s was seen cavorting madly over the ground with a Saratoga "chist" on his ear. A one-horse bedstead and bedding complete, with two other fragments attached, glided smoothly across the campus, with the tattered remnants of what was once a gown sailing majestically at its head. Stately wardrobes reclined gracefully upon dilapidated wheelbarrows, and were sent wriggling through the trees, bureaus, boot-jacks, bath-tubs and books went helter skelter. Carpets, curtains, coal-hods and chairs quickly made the passage. It reminded us of rats leaving a sinking ship, or bees swarming from an old hive and settling in a new one. The excitement had in no wise abated; goods and chattels were still in a state of transition, when "Samivel" the inexorable, appeared and tolled the bell for evening chapel! Simultaneously a snow storm began! Now shall we leave the rest to the imagination of the reader, or shall we attempt to echo the cries of anguish and to paint the looks of despair? We refrain. Suffice it to say that when darkness set in every thing was under cover. Nothing was heard save the monotonous tack, tack, tacking of carpets, and subdued ejaculations like "Now stretch her, Billy;" and "How's that, old woman?"

### NOTICE.

The undersigned, one of the teachers, has made arrangements by which he affords the very best of accommodations to persons visiting the College. The omnibuses running from all the trains will convey visitors directly to his house, which is pleasantly situated on the bank of the Lake, but a short distance from the College.

J. K. McAFFERTY.

### CLONIAN SOCIETY.

FOUNDED, A. D. 1865.

*Vitam Impendere Verum.*

President ..... T. L. SULLIVAN.  
Vice President ..... R. W. GRANGE.  
Secretary ..... L. F. SELBY.  
Treasurer ..... H. G. HOSKINS.

Anniversary, July 17.

### MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

FOUNDED A. D. 1861.

*Vigent Radix.*

Whole number of Members, Three Hundred.

President ..... ARTHUR PIPER.  
Vice President ..... WM. T. COMSTOCK.  
Secretary ..... W. R. MERRIAM.

### CLASS OF '70.

*Qui non proficit, deficit.*

President ..... G. W. BRISTOL.  
Vice President ..... W. I. MILLER.  
Rec. Secretary ..... L. F. SELBY.  
Cor. Secretary ..... B. F. SELBY.  
Treasurer ..... L. A. ROWLEY.  
Historian ..... A. SOBKSON.

### Racine College Base Ball Club.

President ..... H. B. WHITTEMORE.  
Vice President ..... WM. T. COMSTOCK.  
Secretary ..... C. E. ANDREWS.  
Treasurer ..... GEO. PRESCOTT.  
Captain ..... MILTON C. LIGHTNER.

### THE COLLEGE ELEVEN.

President ..... C. E. ANDREWS.  
Vice President ..... R. W. GRANGE.  
Secretary ..... L. A. ROWLEY.  
Captain ..... E. H. SPALDING.

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JEWELLER AND DEALER IN

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SILVER AND PLATED WARE,

All of which will be sold for the next 30 days cheaper than can be bought in any other city in the west. Please call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

134 Main-St., Racine, Wisconsin.

### SAMUEL & JAMES,

144 Main Street,

Have purchased the stock in trade of C. Hall, and taken the store occupied by him and the late J. D. Jones, 144 Main street.

WE HAVE NOW IN STOCK

A Full Line of Goods adapted to MEN'S and BOYS' Wear, and shall be in receipt of the Latest Novelties as they appear. Also a full line of

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All of which we are ready to sell and make up at Fair Prices for ready pay.

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Lumps, Brushes, French and American Window  
Glass, Looking-Glass Plates, Wall Paper,  
Window Shades, Oilcloths, &c.

154 MAIN STREET, RACINE, WIS.

### SHIP CHANDLERY,

ROPES of all sizes, TAR, PITCH, ROSIN, OAKUM, &c.

Glazing and Paper Hanging done on Short Notice.



# COLLEGE MERCURY.

"Fæc Olim Meminisse Jurabit."

VOLUME II.

RACINE COLLEGE, JANUARY 4, 1868.

NUMBER 3.

For the Mercury.

## "A FRAGMENT."

Day, thou art dying now! I see thy look,  
Thy last fond smile beam from the deep'n'g sky.  
Quiet and peace are round you once again  
O islets, held in oceans' vast embrace!  
Wide as the infinitude of breathless space  
The unclouded sea rolls round—nought breaks the view  
Save that one ship whose fluttering snow-white sails  
Show broad and pure against the evening sky—  
She ploughs her way, and he that lingers there  
Is seated on the shore anigh the spot  
Where the last wave had kissed the beach.

Who does not know the force of solitude?  
Deep answers deep—the depth of sea below,  
Of air above. And through the unbroken calm  
The voice of God speaks to the awe-struck soul  
With all the might of uncreated power  
The sailor is alone. The ship except—  
His home through years of violence and crime,  
He now sees nothing but the works of God.  
O'er him is heaven's dome, an argent fringe  
Of shifting clouds surrounds its golden edge;  
Above range glowing clouds of billowy light—  
The crimson and the purple, bent with blue;  
And through the royal drapery  
Short glittering bars of mingled black and gold.  
The glassy sea reflects the glow above  
And all the splendor of the setting sun  
Is imaged on his waves.

The sound like angels' whisper brings sweet thoughts  
Of a white cottage by a flowing stream  
Nestled 'mid rustling trees—his childhood's home—  
How plain he sees it now!  
Dearest of all he sees his mother's face,  
The face that smiled upon him long ago,  
When he a school-boy, with his bag of books  
Stood on the step before the cottage door,  
And that dear mother as she said "Good bye"  
Stooped down and whispered while she kissed his cheek  
"Remember dear, God sees you all the time."  
Ah, had he but remembered? Bitter tears  
Rise in his eyes as comes the fearful thought  
"I have forgotten God."

Remorse, thy sting is terrible! But the pain  
Throws us all helpless at Jehovah's feet.  
Then Love—for God is Love—beholds us there  
And lifts us upward, till entranced we gaze  
On him who loved us; yea, and for that love  
Bore all our woes and made all our peace with God.

The calm pure stars look down upon the earth  
From out the unscathed depths of boundless space.  
How sweet to think them angels' eyes, that watch  
Unwearied through the darkest hour of night!  
The moon's pale silvery beams fall on that tale,  
And on the man who kneel beneath the stars  
And feels the "Ever-present" at his side.  
His heart revives beneath the tender smile  
Of the kind Father that his childhood knew;  
He knows, that he—for Christ's sake—is forgiven,  
For in his heart is throned the angel—Peace.

—"DOLLY."

## MIND SUPERIOR TO MATTER.

Man is not only endowed with animal strength superior in its operation to all other beings, but is, moreover, the possessor of reason, and gifted with a beautiful language to clothe his thoughts and hold sweet converse with his fellow men. This was, indeed, his earliest weapon, the insignia of his royalty, the mark of his social character. It forms, as it were, the golden thread of communication between all ages, "uniting the past, the present and the future, and blending man with man wherever found." Gems of rarest beauty glitter through its long drawn vistas. In it we behold the reflections of our common nature. No wonder, then, that in this remote age the task of the philologist should be one of such absorbing interest. His labors conduct him far up the stream of by-gone years. Amid the cities and green fields of antiquity he beholds humanity depicted under many a light and many a garb. Before his vision the whole panorama of the past appears arrayed in all its buried magnificence. Swaying multitudes crowd the forum and once more from the rostrum the voice of the ancient orator is heard. Departed heroes fight all their battles o'er again and thrice they slay the slain."

The lover of research can thus scan each link in the mighty chain of circumstances which have so elevated and ennobled the condition of humanity, and fairly estimate the relative proportion in which the physical and mental powers have contributed to man's permanent advancement. Heretofore in promoting extended social connections people have most frequently had recourse to the former method. Force in the material world subdues and unites particles of matter. In the same way many have endeavored to join mankind together. The chieftain of Macedonia developed this principal more fully than any other man. Well may he be said to have

"Stretch'd his beating sceptre o'er the sea,  
And made mankind one empire."

But of what short duration was the union he effected. Soon as the grave had claimed its own and earth received the victor's corse, the vast multitudes tore away from their allegiance and again became dissolved into hostile bands. The people felt no common sympathy for each other; no warm blood flowed through the body politic; it knew no law but the heavings of repulsion. So the compact ended. In later days Rome proclaims herself the imperial city, the mistress of the world; her pro-consuls are in every land, her citizens the honored of the earth. But at length decay sets in and the proud rival of Carthage totters to the ground, furnishing one more proof of the instability of earthly power. If any lasting union is ever established among men it must be the result of a nobler agency than mere physical force.

Armies may be annihilated, fleets destroyed, kingdoms overturned, but as well may one attempt to shut out the light of day, or stop the rolling tides of the ocean, as to smother any great principle of the human mind. It will rise above circumstances and shed light on the world long after its detractors have passed into oblivion. Fanaticism might deny the martyred Huss a grave among his fathers, but it was powerless to check the progress of the opinions for which he suffered. Time levels all national boundaries. The human frame itself decays; but the principles of our higher nature are subject to no decline.

Christianity most beautifully illustrates the superiority of mind over matter. The thrones and sceptres contemporaneous with its rise have long since fallen beneath the wrecks of time, but the religion planted in the minds of men still survives. Each succeeding age has continued to add new lustre to its primal glory. And so it will go on expanding and widening till it unites the whole human race within its fold.

The College Mercury.

"Vigat Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, JAN. 4, 1868.

R. W. Grange, } EDITORS.  
Newton Lull, }

The Mercury is issued semi-monthly during Term Time, on the following

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All communications must be addressed to "EDITORS COLLEGE MERCURY," Racine, Wis.

CHRISTMAS DAY AT THE COLLEGE.

We must preface our account of the manner in which the day was observed, by making slight mention of the preparations for the joyous occasion. At least a week before the proper time, huge boxes of good things began to arrive. The express wagons made semi-diurnal trips, and were hailed with delight on each appearance. We imagine that during the week full three hundred cubic feet of indigestion and headache were precipitated upon the students here. Other indigestible things, such as books, skates, pin-cushions and peg-tops, intended for the College tree, were all sent in the Rector's name, and were not visible to the owners until the general distribution. During three or four days previous to Christmas day the College students were excused from recitations and engaged in trimming the Chapel. The wreaths were all made in one of the large rooms in Taylor Hall and were not hung until Christmas eve, in order that the first sight of the chapel in its holiday dress might be had when it was brilliantly lighted.

And now for Christmas day. We were awakened some time in the night (as we thought) by a fearful noise. We started up suddenly, thinking the building was on fire, or something equally as dreadful was taking place. We shivered and listened, and discovered that it was only the Grammar School wishing the Rector a "Merry Christmas." They had escaped from their dormitories before daylight and assembled under his window to the number of one hundred at least, but with noise enough for five hundred. We could

not help thinking that the Rector would probably have had just about as merry a Christmas if they hadn't come quite so early. We were sure that we should. There was no more sleeping. The falling rain could not damp the ardor of the noisy group.

The first service was at 7 o'clock. The Chapel heavily dressed with wreaths of evergreen and flooded with light, looked gloriously beautiful. The main body of the students entered first. The choir, in surplices, followed, singing as a processional, the carol "Good Christian Men Rejoice." The clergy preceded by the College banner came last. The usual morning service was rendered with a heartiness that has never been excelled here. The second service was held at 11 o'clock, when the Rector preached an eloquent sermon from the text "Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive," and administered the Holy Communion. After this service came the dinner, which was pronounced by all to be a successful effort on the part of those engaged in its preparation. The afternoon being much more pleasant than the morning, many of the students went down town; the remainder amused themselves in visiting about the building. The ladies, assisted by the senior class, were decorating the tree which had been placed in the gymnasium. Evening service took place at 7 o'clock. The Chapel was so crowded with visitors that many were unable to find seats. The whole service was beautiful. We can safely say that the singing was the best we have ever had. The anthem "Behold I bring you good tidings," was especially the subject of conversation after service.

From the Chapel all went to the Gymnasium, where was the Christmas tree, and where the presents were to be distributed. As we entered we were almost blinded by the dazzling brightness. The tree seemed to be a pyramid of light, terminating in a glittering star surmounted by a brilliant cross. Suspended from the branches of the tree, arranged in piles at its base, covering tables in front and packed in baskets beneath, were the quantities of presents for the eager crowd around. We will not, of course, attempt to enumerate them. We must notice, however, the beautiful present for the

Rector. It was a very handsome clock; accompanying it was a beautiful illumination reading "To the Rector from the Students, with a merry Christmas, 1867." Other handsome presents were given by the students to members of the faculty; among them we noticed an elegant pair of dancing pumps. We are confidentially told the recipient of these will appear in them at the house-warming which is to be. A few days before Christmas the students learned that Bishop Armitage was coming down to attend the festivities. A present for him was the first thing that suggested itself. At the distribution he received an elegantly bound copy of Ritter's Geography of Palestine. He remarked, as he thanked the students, that he had wanted those very books for some time past. When the last present was given out, we ventured to glance all around the place. Every face wore a smile. No one had been forgotten—all were happy. When the bell sounded, the Grammar School went to the dormitories, the College students either to their rooms or to the parlor with the visitors to pay their respects to the Rector. An hour later and all was quiet. The day itself had vanished, but the Christmas joy is a joy that will last forever.

NEW YEARS DAY.

New Years day the College students were permitted to spend away from the Institution. Many of them took advantage of the permission and spent the day in Chicago or Milwaukee, but we noticed a few young gentlemen, who, (afflicted with some of those disagreeable infirmities which flesh is heir to) preferred remaining under the sheltering wing of Alma Mater. The Faculty, with their families, on an invitation from the Rector, dined at the College. We suppose it is unnecessary for us to remind the ladies that as 1868 is a leap year, we wait for invitations. All proposals will be made to the Senior Editor as he is the business manager for the firm. JUNIOR.

—We were glad to grasp our friend George S. Mead, of the '67s, by the hand, one day last week. He has just returned from quite a protracted visit to the East. His assurances that he has been quite well and "had a good time" are fully verified by his improved physical condition.

**RING IN THE NEW.**

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand,  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—TENNYSON.

**Monotony Relieved.**

In College life few things are so pleasant as the visits of friends—and those of female friends are especially agreeable. With this slight preface we will try and give a condensed account of a little affair which happened at this institution about ten days ago. It was the day after Christmas that a telegram came to the Rector, announcing the astounding fact that on the next evening a party of twenty-five, composed mostly of young folks, would be up from Chicago. In due season the next day appeared, and a person making the circuit of the College rooms would have found an immense amount of sweeping, dusting, &c., going on. Of course the boys had no idea any one would be in there; but then, if they should! Towards half-past seven the young gentlemen donned their best attire and with their finest boots on descended to the new parlor of Taylor Hall for a dance. Slowly the minutes passed by, and the stillness was only broken by the nervous question "Have they come yet?" Soon we received the welcome news that in a few moments they would be over from supper. Then gentlemen darted in different directions to give one parting brush to that single refractory lock which "Pomade" and "Zylobalsamum" seemed to have no effect upon. After a while all

were collected in the dancing room where they "tripped the light fantastic" until between eleven and twelve, when they broke up. Saturday was spent by the party in talking, singing, and whatever else could be found to wile away the time. Gradually the hour for their departure drew near, and after Chapel they left for the cars. Some days have passed since then, but still we look back with pleasure to their visit, and sorrow at their having gone so quickly. It was an experiment, but we hope it succeeded so well they will be inclined to try it again, for we still see in our dreams fairy forms like gleams from a brighter world lighting up the walls of Alma Mater.

**A Tale of Woe.**

Some time ago our curiosity was fully aroused and we grew quite excited over the strange movements of a Freshman in the department scientifique. Our attention was first called by seeing him, at times when his "grub struck" classmates were crowding into the dining hall, dash off towards the village. We determined to watch him one day. We saw him safely over the stile and on the race-course. It was during the Weston excitement, and we concluded he was getting up his crural muscles to give the champion a brush. But no, on he went, and vanished from our gaze amid the houses of the city. He returned very soon, and we were ready for him. Our first impression as he approached us was that he had fallen into the lake and was trying to walk so that his clothes would not touch him. We were undeceived by seeing, as he hurried past us, glass tubes of different sizes and curves, and necks of bottles with labels on them protruding from every pocket. We had it—the boy had chemistry on the brain. Half an hour later as we passed through the hall on which he lived our suffering constrained us to call out with the tortured Prometheus, "What sound, what ineffable odor has winged its way unto me?" And now comes the bloody sequel. Just as success seemed to crown his efforts; when his brain was reeling under the thought that the long sought panacea had been vouchsafed to him; when his hand was on the door-knob, and "heureka" on his lips, the whole thing "busted," scattering destruction and hydrogen in every direction. The next appearance of the youth was in the infirmary. His

dilapidated dexter digits were extended, and the matron was at work.

**MORAL.**—Don't experiment while you are so Fresh. Wait till you are Juniors.

—We have received letters from several of the Alumni since our last issue. We copy that of one of the former editors:

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, LAW DEPT.,  
ANN ARBOR, Dec. 17, 1867.

**MESSRS. EDITORS:** It gives me exceeding pleasure and satisfaction to receive, through your kind forethought, the first number of volume second of the *MERCURY*. I assure you I feel no common interest in the success and permanency of the little sheet, so very interesting to us who have left forever, as students, the walls of our Alma Mater.

It fills a place which letters alone could scarcely ever make up, in giving minutiae of news as well as the fuller accounts of those collegiate events, the knowledge of which give a pleasure that will be better understood by you, when, "in the course of time," you yourselves have taken your departure from the academic halls.

Knowing the "vacuum" sometimes present in the case of the most industrious editors, as respects subject matter, should you ever wish that I might again appear upon the pages of the *MERCURY*, it would be a pleasure to me to furnish you with a "brief" article concerning any thing in this most peculiarly "University town."

Hoping your subscription list may increase, I remain,

Sincerely yours,  
H. McKEY.

We should be delighted to hear from the gentleman. The *MERCURY* is not wanting in filial piety.

**PEDESTRIANISM.**—Mr. A. Piper, of the class of '67, is pursuing a Theological course at Nashotah Seminary about 52 miles from here. During the Christmas holidays he determined to annihilate the space referred to with his feet. He left the Seminary at 6 o'clock on the morning of the 26th ult., and arrived at the College at 11 p. m. of the same day. He acknowledges that he was "taken in" once on the way by a kind-hearted farmer who was traveling in the same direction.

**DIED.**

In the city of St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 27th, 1866, Mr. FRANK BURDICK, of Kalamazoo, Mich., and some time a member of Kalamazoo College.

**NOTICE.**

The undersigned, one of the teachers, has made arrangements by which he affords the very best of accommodations to persons visiting the College. The omnibuses running from all the trains will convey visitors directly to his house, which is pleasantly situated on the bank of the Lake, but a short distance from the College.

J. K. McAFFERTY.

# COLLEGE MERCURY.

## Anecdote of Dr. Anthon.

The following anecdote of the late Dr. Anthon, we know will be interesting to the majority of the students. Our own Professor of the Classics was a pupil of the Dr's., and has adopted his text books and mode of teaching. We are consequently brought much nearer to the great scholar than we would otherwise have been:

"When ordinary recitations had not filled up the allotted time, Dr. Anthon would permit the boys to put questions in turn to those above them in the class, beginning with the head boy, and allowing 'going up' on the answer, even when it was given by the boy who had put the question. The questions were to be on some matter connected with the day's recitation; but much latitude was allowed, and sometimes the system worked unfairly, as when, after a long struggle for the highest place, a proposed question might bring an inventive genius 'up head' from a much lower place. In one instance, when Lyeurgus, the Spartan, had been mentioned in the recitation which preceded this questioning, young H., who at the last moment found himself pretty well down in the class, got the chance, and propounded the question—'Where is the mistake in saying, 'Lyeurgus, being on his death-bed, fixed his eyes on his friends and said?' Dr. Anthon at first pooh-pooed the question, saying there could be no mistake in it; but when the proposer stoutly insisted that there was, he allowed it to be put, greatly to the disgust of those above. Every one in the class was floored by the novel question, and at length the maker of it was called upon to give the answer, for which teacher and classmate waited with fixed attention. The answer was thus: 'Lyeurgus had then but one eye.'" Dr. Anthon shook all over with merriment at this queer response, and the more and more when the boys whose places had been forfeited protested vehemently against the admissibility of such a question. Nevertheless, after he had subjected young H., to a thorough examination of the circumstances of Lyeurgus' loss of his eye, the Doctor allowed him to go up to the head. This piece of ingenuity amused the Professor so much that he afterwards put the same question himself to later classes, telling the circumstances under which it had been first introduced."

—Miss Anna E. Dickinson will lecture before the Young Men's Christian Association of Racine, upon the evening of the 14th inst. Subject—"Idiots and Women."

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*Vitam Impendere Verum.*

President..... T. L. SULLIVAN.  
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Anniversary, July 17.

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FOUNDED A. D. 1861.

*Vigat Radix.*

Whole number of Members, Three Hundred.

President..... ARTHUR PIPER.  
Vice President..... WM. T. COMSTOCK.  
Secretary..... W. R. MERRIAM.

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*Qui non profevit, defecit.*

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# COLLEGE MERCURY.

"Inec Olim Meminisse Juvabit."

VOLUME II.

RACINE COLLEGE, JANUARY 18, 1868.

NUMBER 4.

## NIobe CHANGED INTO STONE.

A SCENE FROM THE CLASSICS.

BY THE LATE PROF. J. C. PASSMORE, D. D.

It was a bright and joyous day in Thebes—  
The sun rode gaily in the vault of heaven,  
Tinging the altars with a hue of gold,  
While the grave matron and the blooming maid  
Poured incense on Latona's shrine.

With flashing eye, and step of solemn tread,  
See Niobe advance!—with haughty grace  
Shaking the tresses from her snow-white neck,  
And from each full, round shoulder. "Foolish race!"  
Exclaims the beautiful queen—"I see rites to pay  
To a poor outcast, as Latona is.  
I, vassals, am your queen; my noble blood  
Hath its pure fountain in a line of gods,  
While the twin children of my deadly foe  
Were born on floating Delos—as if earth  
Would grant no resting-place for one like her.  
I am the parent of seven lovely boys,  
Graceful in movement as the nimble deer;  
And of seven lovely daughters—fit to be  
The cherished darlings of a mother's pride."

Latona, now her injured children calls  
To the high top of Olynthus:—vengeance dire  
She breathes against the Queen:—Apollo now,  
And now the chaste Diana, she invokes  
To smite the offspring of her queenly foe.

Vengeance hath done its work; the noble sons  
Of Niobe, careering on the plain,  
Died by Apollo's arrow—and their sire  
Seeks death, by falling on his trusted sword.

Ill-fated Niobe! Alas, how changed!  
With frantic energy, she throws her arms  
Round the cold bodies of the early dead,  
And prints warm kisses on each lifeless cheek.  
"Cruel Latona!" she in madness cries—  
"Feast your hard soul upon my heavy loss!  
Thou art a victor—but what room for pride?  
Have I not yet seven daughters? Even now  
My living offspring will outnumber thine!"

Again—a twanging of the silver bow!  
And those fair daughters perish, one by one,  
Like zero leaves dropping from autumnal trees.  
But one survives! The mother braves the bolt,  
And wraps the youngest darling in her robe.  
The death-blow lingers! Ah! The arrow strikes!  
And Niobe laments her childless woe.

"They all are now departed!  
Gone to the bosom of the silent land!  
And I, the broken-hearted,  
No more may clasp my children by the hand!  
The fire scathed limb of a once fruitful tree,  
Were a fit emblem and a type of me!"

The strain is hushed, and, on her pallid lip,  
Dies in a low-breathed whisper, as she sinks,  
Seated, amid the corpses of the slain.  
A rigid coldness creeps over every limb,  
Her golden tresses stir not in the breeze—  
Each languid eye gazes on vacancy,  
As her numbed fingers to marble grows!

That lifeless form is beautiful in death,  
And, bearing still the attitude of woe,  
A weeping molature trickles from the stone.

## "SPHYNX."

Not far from the ancient city of Memphis stands in solemn grandeur the great image of the Sphynx. Four thousand years have passed away since this weird form arose, to gaze with its stony eyes upon the fertile plains of the Nile. A cloud of mystery has for ages enveloped it, and we can only form conjectures as to its origin and significance.

Ah, grim and silent wonder, if only those lips could speak what strange things they would relate! They might tell us the world's story from the time of the Patriarchs. Thine eyes gazing on us with such steadfastness, perhaps commanded the wonder of Abram and Sarai as they journeyed into Egypt to escape the famine, and beheld, all unmoved, the old and careworn patriarch as he hastened down to Pharaoh's court to see once more before his death his long lost and beloved Joseph. Beneath the shadow of thy form, concealed amid the bulrushes on the green banks of the Nile, the daughter of Pharaoh found the Hebrew boy, who, in after days exerted an influence so mighty on the destiny of Israel and of Egypt.

Thou didst behold from afar the confusion of Pharaoh's host as the wild waves of the Red Sea closed over them; and perchance their dying shrieks were heard by thee!

How often did Cleopatra, in her daintily adorned barge, pass within thy shadow, and even the countenance of this careless daughter of ease saddened as she bowed before thee. Antony and stern Caesar were alike struck by thy majesty.

In later days a vision passed more marvellous than any that had ever greeted thy sight—when the Virgin, with her Holy Child fled into Egypt to escape the wrath of Galilee's ruler.

Once thou didst receive, oh Sphynx, the glad worship of all, but now the rude stranger passing by, mocks at thee, and the Arab wantonly wounds thy face

with his sharp pointed spear. Once thou wast revered—the guardian God of Egypt, but now thou art called Abooolhol, Father of Terror.

\* \* \* \* \*

Many have sought to trace the history of the Sphynx to its origin. Many a pilgrimage the wonder loving Greek made, hoping to discover somewhat concerning its origin and significance; but in vain, and too proud to confess himself utterly baffled he at last contrived the well-known fable.

\* \* \* \* \*

The mystery of the Sphynx has been compared to that of life—"monstrous and false in form, but true and beautiful in promise." Beneath the misshapen exterior of the great stone wonder, there is concealed a truth, which if unsealed, would perhaps disclose Beauty more wondrous than ever existed, even in the imagination of the most ardent student. So in Human Life, oftimes the disproportioned shapes assumed, hide an interior loveliness, the grace and beauty of which shall be crowned hereafter.

Deep and death-like silence is the only answer which has ever been given to the inquiries of the ages concerning this most strange image. The learned philosophers of old, vainly endeavored to read its hidden meaning, and now, after the lapse of three thousand years, its secret is its own.

So with Human Life; the wise and thoughtful for ages sought to penetrate the mystery of the grave, and listened long for some voice from the gloomy shades to tell them of its secrets—but in vain. The tomb returned but the echo of their question asked in despairing accents, "What is Life?" and the weary Truth seekers were left to toil on in the darkness of nature.

It was not in Philosophy to devise a key which should touch the secret springs of this mystery, nor could the Alchemist, (Concluded on Fourth Page.)

The College Mercury.

"Vigilant Editor."

RACINE COLLEGE, JAN. 4, 1868.

R. W. Grange, } EDITORS.  
Newton Lull, }

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All communications must be addressed to "EDITORS COLLEGE MERCURY," Racine, Wis.

—IN MAKING up the MERCURY for to-day we think it right to speak to the students concerning a matter which they should seriously consider. When it was proposed to start a paper in the College some time ago, one of the great objections raised against it, was, that it could not be supported. Now gentlemen, it has been fully shown that we *are* capable of supporting a paper, so far as the subscription goes, but that is not the principal thing: we *must* have articles for the paper: if you would not have it go out among other Colleges as a mere advertising sheet. The MERCURY is a College Institution and not a private affair; it should be for your interest as much as ours to have it filled with fitting matter. But as all the material must be prepared at odd times it cannot be expected that so small an Editorial Corps can do all the work. Come, ye "grave and reverend" Seniors, from your closets, and give us the benefit of your knowledge. To one and all of our friends we appeal for that support which will show your true interest in this, *your* paper.

—WE NOTICE in the Post Office down town the plans of the new Orphan Asylum, that other monument to be erected to the memory of Isaac Taylor, Esq. The building is to be located about a mile and a half southwest of the College, on a portion of the grounds formerly known as "The Dr. Smith Farm." It is under the control of no religious body, and is to benefit the Orphans of Racine County, exclusively. Materials are already being placed upon the ground, and the work will go rapidly

forward as soon as the spring opens. This, along with the beautiful Hall that adorns our own College grounds, we hope will stand to perpetuate the name of its founder, and tell the story of his beneficence to many coming generations.

MISS DICKINSON'S LECTURE.

Miss D., as advertised appeared before the Y. M. A. and its friends in Racine, on Tuesday evening last, and said her "piece" entitled "Idiots and Women." We had heard her before, some four years ago, when she was brimming over with patriotism, and we had great curiosity to hear her again, on this her present hobby. We did not start for town until rather late, and when we entered the place where she was to hold forth, we found the young lady already "on the rampage," before a large and quite select looking audience. She had gotten through the part about Idiots before we arrived. To our whispered question,—"how about Idgits,"—a friend at our elbow responded, that "because the lawmakers, in denying the ballot to her sex, had mentioned 'women' along with 'paupers, criminals, and idiots,' she took it that they were held as being no better than the last mentioned class." We saw the point, nodded "all right," and composed myself in a position which commanded a good view of her as she perspired under her mighty effort to prove that a *wo*-man is just as good as "any other man." She attacked the laws of the country with unexampled fury. She told how in one state a naughty man had married a greenback-laden widow and then died and willed her money to somebody else; and the law sustained his action. This she called a "dead letter on the statute books," and added with terrible emphasis, "Oh, consistency, thou art a jewel—even in a man." She related many instances similar to the above, all to show what miserable wretches most men are, and how villainously her sex has been treated in not being allowed to assist in making the laws under which she lives. She raised a wail over the wretched condition of the thousands of her sex in our larger cities, and declared that all this could only be remedied by giving women the right of suffrage. She wound up in true American spread-eagle style, and relapsed into silence, a red shawl and an arm chair at the foot of the stage. Taken altogether, we think it was the most out-

landish thing we ever heard. It was our first experience in "Women's Rights," and our curiosity is now satisfied. Who ever heard a man declare that women are not, as far as mental abilities go, as well qualified to vote as his own sex? No one, we believe. "Idiots and Women," that's all gammon. Women don't want to vote. We do not believe that one out of every hundred of those who to-day would be considered old enough to vote, have given any thought or attention to the subject except to scout it as ridiculous. They do not all look upon men as their natural born enemies, either, as the "gentle Anna" does. Some of them still believe that the men who honor, respect and love them, are not treating them as idiots and fools the while. Almost all of them have the wisdom to see that if they mingle in politics they must necessarily leave the lofty sphere in which they now move, and that as soon as they do this they will miss that honor and respect that is paid to their sex in almost every land. We are quite sure that we came away from this lecture feeling less respect for the woman that was pictured to us, reveling in the midst of her "Rights," than we do for the one who demands for herself no such truly masculine perogatives.

—IN THE good old times gone by it was the custom to have once during the term a theatrical performance, given by members of "The Racine College Historionic Society." We remember the pleasure with which we used to anticipate the evening's entertainment and the thorough enjoyment which it always brought. But all this is a thing of the past. Why it should be we cannot say; it is not for lack of talent, since we have as much now as ever. We must, then, draw the inference that it is a want of energy on the part of the remaining members of the "old Society." Now, gentlemen, we really don't like to think that any society in the College was run by one man, and though all remember with pleasure the efforts of "Little Burch" in that line, we would like to see something done to show that the "Historionic" is still alive.

—HOW MANY of the College students have seen the gorgeous sunrises on the lake within the past few days? Not many, we know. If you want to see something really beautiful, get up about 7 A. M., and go out on the lake bank and wait.

Where is the Freshman Debating Society?

RACINE COLLEGE, JAN. 16, '68.

MESSRS EDITORS:—Everybody knows the answer to the above question. At the close of last term the Freshmen—at that time humble Preps.,—made a great splurge about a debating society, which they intended to form in opposition to the Clionian. They were so confident of success, that the Rector, and we believe one or two of the Professors, publicly announced at the last Clionian anniversary, that there would, without doubt, be another society formed this term. Has that society been organized? No. Have any steps been taken towards organizing it? No. Now isn't that a shameful lack of energy on the part of the Freshmen? But we cannot expect much from them, as they are so youthful and inexperienced. While they have been thus inactive, the Clionians have quietly gathered in a large number of the non-society men from the three higher College classes, and also a few Freshmen who had become disgusted with the lethargy of their class. Thus their chances for forming a society have been greatly diminished. Still, they can yet succeed, and in time may rival the Clionian. They have three years and a half before them. Next year they will be able to recruit from the incoming Freshman class, and there are several non-society men left.

Freshmen, shake off your lethargy, and go to work!

Although we have no very warm affection for your class as a whole, yet we think that it will be for the general good if you organize a society. It is a wonder that the subject of having more societies in this college has never before been agitated. There is plenty of material, and it is a shame that it is not put to a proper use. Opposition, as is very well known, stimulates the contestants to strive for the highest eminence, in whatever they may be engaged, and forces both parties to put forth greater exertions. We feel confident the Clionians will bear no enmity to opposition, but will hail it with delight, for then there will be a better opportunity afforded them to display that literary talent and power, for which they are so justly noted.

Yours truly,

SOCIETAS.

RACINE COLLEGE, Jan. 16, 1868.

MESSRS EDITORS:—We suppose that the COLLEGE MERCURY, like all other papers, has its Local Editor, and while we do not care to insinuate that he has not done his duty, we do not understand why he has not, among his other news, noticed the most remarkable fact that nearly every student in the College, from the lofty and dignified Senior to the youthful and *verdant* Freshman, is doing his utmost to raise a *beard*. A student considers himself a man in the true sense of the word, if he can feel that he will soon have "sides," or that a diminutive moustache will soon dawn upon the light of day.—Not long since we asked a certain Freshman, on whose face we could not detect the faintest signs of an approaching beard, why he performed tonsorial operations on himself, and his reply was that "a man feels better after having a comfortable shave." Another instance of the rising generation comes to our mind. A certain Soph., who resides in the neighborhood of the North Pole, went into the barber shop and asked to have his hair cut. This being done, the youth (labouring under the hallucination that he had "*whiskers*" on his face, wishing to be scraped, and not having the requisite courage to ask to be shaved,) in a most unassuming manner, began gently rubbing that part of his face where the supposed whiskers were. Whereupon the barber took the hint and asked the Soph. if he would be shaved. The reply, "Yes sir," was given in the most modest manner possible. Other instances could be related of insane collegians who labor under the vain delusion that they will soon have long silken beards. Already some of the young men have accomplished their much wished for desire, and go revelling in goatcoats, imperials, sides, &c. We know a certain Senior who strokes an interesting goatce, and if our eyes do not deceive us, will soon have "sides" to boast of. We heard rather a funny story of a Junior, not long since, who aspires to be "a fierce looking man with a moustache." It seems that the youth went down to the city and purchased an article of furniture and ordered it to be sent to the College. The following day a man knocked at the door of one of the Professors and said he had a table for a College boy; he did not know his name, but designated him as "the young fellow

with the little mustaches." We would not be guilty of injustice, but as the aforesaid Junior soon after had *barbarous* operations performed on himself, by means of which his "*little mustaches*" disappeared, we can only infer that it was on account of the above "*goak*" that was perpetrated upon him. The whole Sophomore class are bewailing because there is not a man among them who can raise a beard, though nine-tenths of them shave *regularly*. We consider it but right, Messrs. Editors, to say, that as a general thing, the College students have reason to be encouraged, and we candidly think that in *course* of time they will be able to do something in the whisker line. Raising whiskers is a manly work, and if a College student can feel a few straggling hairs upon his upper lip, he can consider himself a man indeed.

Yours truly,

BARBULA.

—We wish to propose something to the students which we feel assured will meet with their hearty approval. The new College Parlor needs one thing more to make its already handsome furnishing complete and elegant—that is, a good piano. We understand that the last hour before bed-time each evening is to be given us as a time when we can meet the ladies of the institution and members of the Faculty for the purpose of having social chats, &c. We have an abundance of instrumental as well as vocal musical talent among us, and what better opportunity could possibly be given for improving both and enjoying ourselves generally? Our Glee Club, just formed, would soon become notorious, we are sure. A moderate subscription on the part of each student for the term, would rent a first-class instrument. Let some one take the matter in hand. We are sure it will succeed.

PERSONAL.—We were glad to meet, last week, Mr. Stanton. He was a member of the Class of '69, but left about three years ago to travel in Europe. He has recently returned, and though looking well, we see shadows on his face which were not there when last we met.

Le Grand Burton, Class of '67, has been at the College on a visit during the past week. He sails for Europe on the 12th of next month.

# COLLEGE MERCURY.

in his darksome underground cell, discover the golden touchstone which should expose to view the hidden things of Life. And has this wondrous key not yet been found? Yes! Life and Immortality are brought to light! Faith is the alchemy which has revealed to us these things, and, in the words of another, "The mystery hidden from the ages is solved by this key—the Cross." X.

## Taylor Hall.

Taylor Hall is almost completed. One or two carpenters are still hanging around the hall doors, but the majority of them have left, and we are no longer disturbed in our morning *snouze* by the banging of hammers and the screeching of planes in the regions below. The Professors have all planted themselves in their new recitation rooms, and the stream of knowledge has not been broken in its flow. Several oily looking individuals, with suspicious looking buckets and kegs dangling at their elbows, have been dodging around the halls and hanging on to the balustrades for some days past. The delicate coloring of the parlor doors, and that exquisite Bismark on the outside is displayed to good advantage on the coat sleeves and backs of the gowns of quite a number of the students. We are going to wait until the building is entirely finished before we enter upon the description which we promised some time ago. Before our next issue the formal opening will have taken place. The invitations are dated and the music (Hess, of Milwaukee) engaged for the evening of the 29th. The Gymnasium is to be turned into the comfortable dancing hall that everybody knows it makes, and we anticipate having a splendid time.

## NOTICE.

The undersigned, one of the teachers, has made arrangements by which he affords the very best of accommodations to persons visiting the College. The omnibuses running from all the trains will convey visitors directly to his house, which is pleasantly situated on the bank of the Lake, but a short distance from the College.

J. K. McAFFERTY.

## MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

FOUNDED A. D. 1861.

*Vigat Radix.*

Whole number of Members, Three Hundred.

President.....R. W. CHANCE  
Vice President.....H. B. WHITTEMORE.  
Treasurer.....JOHN COLEMAN, JR.  
Secretary.....T. L. SULLIVAN.

## CLONIAN SOCIETY.

FOUNDED, A. D. 1865.

*Vitam Impendere Vera.*

President.....T. L. SULLIVAN.  
Vice President.....R. W. CHANCE.  
Secretary.....LUTHER PARDEE.  
Treasurer.....H. G. HINSDALE.

Anniversary, July 17.

## CLASS OF '70.

*Qui non proficit, deficit.*

President.....G. W. BRISTOL.  
Vice President.....W. J. MILLER.  
Rec. Secretary.....L. PARDEE.  
Cor. Secretary.....B. F. SELBY.  
Treasurer.....L. A. ROWLEY.  
Historian.....A. SORNEON.

## Racine College Base Ball Club.

President.....H. B. WHITTEMORE.  
Vice President.....WM. T. COMSTOCK.  
Secretary.....C. E. ANDREWS.  
Treasurer.....GEO. PRESCOTT.  
Captain.....MILTON C. LIGHTNER.

## THE COLLEGE ELEVEN.

President.....O. E. ANDREWS.  
Vice President.....R. W. CHANCE.  
Secretary.....L. A. ROWLEY.  
Captain.....E. R. SPALDING.

## KLEIN & BROTHER,

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IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

Pocket Cutlery, Razors, Pocket Books, Cases,  
Perfumeries, Pipes, Tobacco, Cigars  
and Fancy Goods.

Racine, January 18, 1868.

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Toilet Articles.

Also Agents for California Wines and Brandy.

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DEALER IN

Groceries,  
Crockery,  
Flour

and Feed.

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RACINE, WISCONSIN.

Empire Bakery and Confectionery.

## GEO. BLISS & CO.,

142 Main Street,

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Bread, Cakes, &c.

## JOHN ELKINS,

JEWELLER AND DEALER IN

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,

SILVER AND PLATED WARE,

All of which will be sold for the next 30 days cheaper than  
can be bought in any other city in the west. Please call  
and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

134 Main-St., Racine, Wisconsin.

## SAMUEL & JAMES,

144 Main Street,

Have purchased the stock in trade of C. Hull, and taken  
the store occupied by him and the late J. D. Jones, 144  
Main street.

WE HAVE NOW IN STOCK

A Full Line of Goods adapted to MEN'S and BOYS'  
Wear, and shall be in receipt of the Latest Nov-  
elties as they appear. Also a full line of

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

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CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS.

Manufacturers and Dealers in

BOOTS AND SHOES.

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DEALERS IN

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISH,

Turpentine, Fluid Kerosene Oil, Camphene, Alcohol,  
Lamps, Brushes, French and American Window  
Glass, Looking-Glass Plates, Wall Paper,  
Window Shades, Oilcloths, &c.

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# COLLEGE MERCURY.

"Hæc Olim Meminisse Juvabit."

VOLUME II.

RACINE COLLEGE, FEBRUARY 8, 1868.

NUMBER 5.

## BENEDICTION OF TAYLOR HALL.

### Opening of the Same, and Festivities attending the Occasion.

This event, so eagerly looked forward to by all, attained its consummation on Wednesday evening, the 29th ult., and surely so much solid enjoyment has not fallen to the lot of any body of students here upon any previous "occasion" in the history of the College. The early part of day was marked by the appearance in our midst of that august body, the Trustees, who always come with smiles on their faces and a holiday in their eyes. The afternoon found the students all, with the exception of one or two grave seniors, in a mighty state of perturbation, and as the day advanced still further, those little sensations that always herald the approach of an overwhelming force of the opposite sex, were painfully visible even in the demeanor of those youths before famous for their self-possession and garrulity. The running in and out of doors; the huskiness of the voice; the spasmodic attempts to say something, with a large lump in the throat; these were the visible signs of the various emotions that were stirred in the youthful breasts by the approach of the Milwaukee train.

Evening Chapel was at quarter past six. Immediately after service the visitors and students assembled in the parlor of the new Hall, where the service of the Benediction was to be held. After a few minutes delay, the Fellows of the College, the Professors and members of the Board of Trustees present, entered, followed by Bishop Armitage and the Warden of the College. The service was beautiful and appropriate, consisting of the 150th psalm sung as an anthem by choir, prayer, and a short address by the Bishop, the doxology and blessing.

The prayer and address of the Bishop were the very essence of benediction.—The expressions of gratitude and thankfulness for our past benefits as well as the

solemn invocation of prosperity and happiness for the future, were uttered with the fervor and earnestness of one whose whole soul was in the work—this work of Christian education. The benediction being over, Taylor Hall was announced to be open, and visitors were invited to inspect the building "from turret to foundation stone," if they wanted to. Lights were placed in every room, from the attic to the basement. The students had been informed of the projected invasion, and had dusted up things generally. Here and there a dilapidated slipper or antiquated boot-jack peeped cautiously forth from beneath some couch; but as a general thing the rooms were in good order. The young ladies seemed particularly delighted and their silvery voices echoed through the halls with a never-to-be-forgotten ring.—What youth could smother the wish that Alma Mater might just then claim these bright-eyed daughters as her own, and refuse to let them depart. Those young ladies who were so unfortunate as to have Collegians for their *chaperons* explored Taylor Hall in a remarkably short space of time. A brief glance at the invitations explained the matter, for on them, clear and bold, was printed the odious "from 7 to 11."

The Gymnasium had been thoroughly warmed and decorated, and about eight o'clock the gay and festive portion of the company was safely deposited there. Old Hercules had resigned his claim on the place for the evening, and stood grimly by watching the dextrous feet and graceful forms of the disciples of his lovely sister. The music came from the bowling alley, but was by no means "the music of the spheres." Hess and his coadjutors feited themselves *above* that. During the early part of the evening there evidently was "something wrong a brewin'." The whispered consultations and contracted brows of the committee men told it plainly. When the dancing hall was reached

the numbers of the fair sex were found to be fearfully in the minority. Had Apollo lost his sweetness, Terpsichore her charms? No! It could not be. No sooner did

"Music enter with its voluptuous swell,"

Than through the doorway rushed the girls pell mell.

"On with the dance!" was then the cry, and a burst of divinest music from the exalted Hessians told that the festivities had begun. Word was passed that the dance had a reprieve of one hour, and was not to be *suspended* until 12 o'clock. This news gave an additional lustre to the "Brightest Eyes," and a lighter step to each "Belvidere." The music was superb and the musicians in the best possible spirits. The dances were given in quick succession, so that the whole programme was gone through with—a thing never before known here. A long life and a happy one to Hess and his band.

We cannot close this article without making mention of the truly magnanimous conduct of certain gentlemen from Milwaukee. Invited to the party, they came, bringing young ladies with them. When they observed the number of fair ones to be in the minority, they relinquished all claims but those of politeness, and gave the College boys the floor. This was generous, indeed, and we wish those gentlemen to know that their kindness was appreciated by the students, to whom such occasions are always "short and far between." At 12 o'clock the opening of Taylor Hall was pronounced by the young folks, Collegians especially, to be a decided success.

—AT THE dedication of the new Chambers of Commerce in San Francisco, on a late occasion, Messrs. Chy Lung and Quan Yeuen represented the following firms of John Chiammen in that city:

Chy Lung & Co.; Tung Yu & Co.; Wing Wo. Sang & Co.; Tong Wo & Co.; Wing Soong & Co.; Hop Kee & Co.; Fook On & Co.; Ang Kee & Co.

Isn't that a hunkey lot of cognomens?

The College Mercury.

"Vigant Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, FEB. 8, 1868.

R. W. Grange, } EDITORS.  
Newton Lull, }

The Mercury is issued semi-monthly during Term Time, on the following

TERMS:

College Year.....\$2.00  
Single Copy..... 10

Subscribers leaving the College can have their papers sent to them by leaving with us their new address.

A limited number of advertisements inserted on liberal terms.

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Contributions from other Colleges solicited.

Correspondents must write on one side of their paper only. The true name of the writer must invariably accompany the article, whether to be used or not, as no notice can be taken of anonymous communications.

All communications must be addressed to "EDITORS COLLEGE MERCURY," Racine, Wis.

—THE WARDEN of the College has published the following circular to the parents and guardians of the students:

RACINE COLLEGE, FEB. 1, 1868.

In consequence of ill health I am advised that it is my duty to be absent from the College for a few months. I leave simply because I believe I shall be better able to serve its interests and those christian education, by returning with renewed strength and greater knowledge in regard to the government of similar schools abroad. Every arrangement is made for carrying on the school as efficiently and thoroughly in my absence as though I were here. A new Professor will enter upon his duties in the spring, in the department of English Literature; and the discipline, the care and the instruction were never in such good condition as now.

Letter should continue to be addressed to me as heretofore. I am,

Respectfully yours,

JAMES DEKOVEN,  
Warden Racine College.

Dr. DeKoven left the College on Tuesday morning, for the east, to pay a short visit to his friends there before departing for Europe. He held a reception on Monday evening, at which he saw and bade the students all good-bye. The deepest sorrow was felt by all at bidding him adieu; still, knowing as we do, that the sternest necessity compelled the separation, we can only wish him a good voyage and pray that he may return to us in perfect health and safety.

His plans of travel were not definitely arranged at starting. He sails from New York by the *Siberia*, on the 12th inst. He will probably pass the time until after Easter in travelling in England and on the continent. After this the state of his

health will decide as to whether he shall go to the Holy Land or not. He has as travelling companions, Rev. Wm. B. Ashley, D. D., of St. Paul's Church, Milwaukee, and Mr. LeGrand S. Burton, of the class of '67. Mr. Burton will remain in Europe for several years to pursue a course of studies that he has marked out for himself.

No for Metaphysics.

It is well known that Racine College has her poets; her orators; aye, and her chemists, too; but that in addition to those illustrious scions, the calm, deep-thinking students of philosophy are also nurtured within these classic walls, has not been so fully recognized. Let us hasten to apprise the world of this important fact.

One afternoon, during the early days of the term, you might have seen a student entering the library, in a meditative mood, evidently in search of something, yet hardly hoping to find it there. He cast a glance of indifference around on the volumes so eagerly carried off by the many. It was plain this species of literature had no charms to please, no depth to interest his herculean intellect. With an air of pity he surveyed each passing Freshman, laden with his burden of exciting romance. At this point we expected a speech on the glaring degeneracy of modern times thus unveiled before the open eye of day. But no. The gentleman turned from this scene and departed to a distant corner of the library; the solemn precincts of which none save the librarian or some reverend professor had ever courage to invade before, and there poring over the pages of a folio, my reader, would you could have beheld Plato's own disciple. Surely you would be compelled to acknowledge the affinity between man and man though born in different regions, thousands of miles apart. O, for skill to paint that ineffable expression, as he sat there absorbed in contemplating the grand idea of the divine philosopher, all unconscious to the ruder world without. But the happiest day must end, the brightest sun set. So this spell too was broken when the librarian's stentorian voice proclaimed the irrevocable "time's up." No patron of the novel bore forth his treasure with a heartier good will than did our philosopher as he marched forth with stately step, rejoicing in the production of a kin-

dred spirit. For a time all seemed calm and beautiful as a cloudless sky. But alas, it was the calm that precedes the storm; the slumbering of the waves before its raging billows highest dash their foam. Furious grew the manager of books. He harangued concerning broken laws, volumes lost and the disregarded customs of our predecessors. He vowed his determination to visit with signal vengeance every such infringement of the established regulations in his department. Those ungentle proceedings may not have been thus far seriously detrimental to the glorious triumph of philosophy; at least we hope not. But we must entreat this incensed librarian to exercise reflection and curb the rising indignation of official dignity. We warn him to desist, or else by this one act alone he may be forever upbraided by posterity as a stumbling block in the way of genius. If the disciple of Plato has kept thy volume out beyond the legitimate hour, be assured, O man of books, he will repay thee a hundred fold, in folios glowing with the splendor of mighty thoughts, echoing every sentiment of the human breast, all linked together by a noble thread of golden truth.

INVERSION IN LITERATURE.—Some of the most popular literature of the day has met with a reverse. Longfellow's "Hiawatha" has fallen into the hands of Prof. Newman, of University College, London, by whom it has been rendered into Latin. Below is a specimen of it, which we clip from one of our exchanges:

"I should answer, I should tell you;  
From the forests and the prairies,  
From the vast Northern lakes,  
From the land of the Ojibways,  
From the land of the Dacotahs."

"Ego respondeo et tibi confirmo  
Ex silvis atque inmensatibus herbosis,  
E vastis Septentrionalis lacubus,  
E finibus Ojibwalarum,  
E sedibus Dacotarum."

—A MEETING of the Board of Trustees of the College was held in Taylor Hall on the 29th ult. Much business was transacted of course, and among other things a revision of the statutes of the College. This revision takes away the name of Rector from the Rev. Dr. DeKoven, and gives him that more euphonious (?) title of Warden. A new office and officer was created, viz: Dean of the Faculty. Rev. Professor Wheeler bears the honor and presides at the meetings of Faculty in the absence of the Warden.

**Our Recitation Rooms—Their Future.**

We are now fairly established in our new recitation rooms, those places where the "young idea is taught to shoot." What a train of thought does it bring upon us to consider the future generations that will occupy the rooms where Professors hold forth with unlimited sway. When we are gone to think of the unfortunate fellows who will pass hours of torture in these ever-to-be-remembered R. R's. Many an unlucky Soph. will have cause to groan ere he reaches the finale of his Legendre. What quantities of Juniors will there be who will fail to "analyze" their Analytical. Plainly do we discern the fallen countenances of some Scientific, who has failed in making the "Problem of the lights" lucid to his benighted classmates. As we pass to that formidable locality, where the "Humanities" are driven into the obtuse minds of Collegians, we can not refrain from thinking how many there be, who will confound Spondees and Trochees, Doctyls and Iambi. We see Juniors slowly dragging their way through the mazes of Prometheus Vincetus; then will come the period, when "Bohn down to it," shall be the watchword. Clearly do we perceive at some future day the trembling squadrons of Sophomores entering the lecture room from whence "delicious aromas" issue, and where old wood and dead men's bones are in such profusion, every man fearful lest the next moment may find him lying in the vicinity of the railroad track—the effects of a newly discovered gas. Who can portray the "inard" feelings of some future Soph., as he wends his way into the room where the Teutonic language is taught. He sees "fizzle" written on the wall and black board; tremblingly does he arise when called upon to recite; after a very feeble attempt at the old, now and mixed declensions, he sits down disgusted at himself and with the feeling that German is a sell and all its declensions mixed.

Let us imagine some Scientific attempting to wade through a French verb he has not studied. He twists sounds out of his mouth that would have shamed a North American Indian to have uttered, and resumes his seat with the gratifying feeling that he will receive ten with the one left off for his recitation, and that it would have been better for him if such a place as Gaul had never existed. Let us glance for a moment at the Recitation rooms

themselves, as they will be. Years hence we shall find them old and worn. Old Father time will have left his mark; the paint which causes them to look so cleanly now, will have almost entirely vanished; the seats will show the effects of hard usage. Last, but not least, of the Professors, who at present exercise supreme authority in them, some will have passed away, others will have their heads streaked with many a silver thread. The students who then occupy them will look upon us as strangers, and will have for us no kind recognition or welcome. The College must say of itself as does the brook,

"Men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever." B

For the College Mercury.

**THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.**

**MESSRS EDITORS:**—With your permission, I desire through the columns of the MERCURY to call attention to the Missionary Society of the College, as recently newly organized. At the first meeting of this term held Sunday evening 12th inst., an important measure was adopted, making the Society henceforth a *giving* as well as a *praying* one. It was decided that in future the Society would not consider its duty discharged with prayer alone, but that, by joining alms to this, it would endeavor to greatly enhance its usefulness, and thus by *works* attest the sincerity of its *prayers*.

In a large community like ours at the College, a very large sum ought to be obtained for the cause of Missions; and, (while I do not like to suggest an amount for a limit to the liberality of the Society,) I think we should not be content in raising during the present year less than *one hundred and fifty dollars*. I trust, however, that at least this amount will be contributed by those resident at the College; and it is to be earnestly hoped that it will be largely increased by the offerings of persons outside of the College. From the extracts which I make below from the new Constitution and By-Laws, it will be noticed, among other things, that the Society will now comprise *three* kinds of members: *Acting, Associate, and Honorary*. Let me now make the extracts alluded to.

**ART. II. Objects.**—The objects of this Society shall be: The acquisition of knowledge concerning the Missions and Missionary work of the Church; the cultivation among its members of greater interest in the cause of Missions; prayer for the pro-

gress and advancement of the Church; and, the obtaining of funds in aid of Missions.

**ART. III. SECT. 2. Acting Members.**—The Rector, the Professors and Fellows of this Institution; and any Student in the College Department of the same, may become acting members of this Society by signing their names to its Constitution and By-Laws—said signature denoting their willingness to be governed by the provisions of the same.

**SECT. 3. Associate Members.**—Any scholar of the grammar school department of this Institution may become an associate member of this Society by paying the amount of subscription designated in its By-Laws; and by signing the Constitution and By-Laws. Former students of this Institution, and any other persons may become associate members by signifying to the Secretary their wish so to do, and by paying the required subscription.

**SECT. 4. Honorary Members.**—The Bishop or Bishops of the Diocese of Wisconsin; the Missionary Bishops of the American Church; and all members of this Society having left the College permanently shall constitute its Honorary members.

**ART. IV. Privileges of Members.**—None but acting members shall be allowed to take part in the management of this Society; or be admitted to its meetings until the the order of Missionary exercises and Missionary reports shall have been reached.

I may here state that the subscription for both *Acting* and *Associate* members is *ten cents* for each month in the College term.

I beg to call special attention to the provision made for *Associate* members; and I sincerely hope that whoever may read this communication will not be satisfied with having added his or her name to the list of members—in case of not having already done so. (I trust also that the *ladies* will not be behind in Missionary zeal.) Let all help the good work begun by the Missionary Society, and send to the Secretary their names and subscriptions. Though the matter is of course optional, many will doubtless find it more convenient to send in advance the subscription for a whole term, or for several months. The amount for the present term, (dating subscriptions from January,) is *forty cents*. Abundant success to the Missionary Society!

— ACCORDING to M. Paillet, the stars furnish heat enough to the earth to melt a statue of ice seventy feet thick every year.

# COLLEGE MERCURY.

## HAZING.

On Friday evening, Jan. 10, some six or seven of the Massachusetts Agricultural College students residing in town, proceeded to the College, between 9 and 10 o'clock, for the purpose of hazing a fellow student, who was left in charge of the dormitory building during vacation. The latter, warning them to leave, and threatening severe measures if molested, withdrew to his home and locked the door. His assailants bursting open the door, he attacked them with a small chisel, wounding two of their number. A scuffle ensued, in which he was thrown on the floor, and while down he succeeded in slightly stabbing two of his opponents. At this juncture all but one escaped, who, upon the arrival of President Clark, was found lying on the hall floor, senseless, and chilled through. He was so severely stabbed in the back of the head that the physicians consider his recovery doubtful. The three others were but slightly wounded, and are doing well.

Amherst, Jan. 13.

The above article is copied from the *Yak Concert* of January 15th. It speaks for itself and can hardly need any comment. The whole system of hazing is one which is radically wrong. Because a youth or man comes to College among strangers, with no friends to stand by him, is it any reason why five or six others should take on themselves to abuse him? We think not. Yet in most of our American Colleges you will find that a new hand is considered fair game for anyone who desires to make him the butt of their practical jokes. It is to be hoped that there is sufficient manly feeling among Collegians to put the thing down without being obliged to resort to such severe measures; but if it cannot be, then let each person so attacked use any and every means to preserve his person from injury.

## NOTICE.

The undersigned, one of the teachers, has made arrangements by which he affords the very best of accommodations to persons visiting the College. The omnibuses running from all the trains will convey visitors directly to his house, which is pleasantly situated on the bank of the Lake, but a short distance from the College.

J. K. McAFFERTY.

## MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

FOUNDED A. D. 1861.

*Vigant Rudis.*

Whole number of Members, Three Hundred.

President.....R. W. GRANGE.  
Vice President.....JOHN COLEMAN, JR.  
Secretary.....H. B. WHITEHORN.  
Treasurer.....T. L. SULLIVAN.

## CLONIAN SOCIETY.

FOUNDED, A. D. 1865.

*Vitam Impendere Vero.*

President.....T. L. SULLIVAN.  
Vice President.....R. W. GRANGE.  
Secretary.....LUTHER PARDEE.  
Treasurer.....H. G. HINSDALE.

Anniversary, July 17.

## CLASS OF '70.

*Qui non profecti, defecit.*

President.....G. W. BRISTOL.  
Vice President.....W. I. MILLER.  
Rec. Secretary.....L. PARDEE.  
Cor. Secretary.....B. F. SELBY.  
Treasurer.....L. A. ROWLEY.  
Historian.....A. SORRENSON.

## THE COLLEGE ELEVEN.

President.....C. E. ANDREWS.  
Vice President.....R. W. GRANGE.  
Secretary.....L. A. ROWLEY.  
Captain.....E. R. SPALDING.

## Racine College Base Ball Club.

President.....H. B. WHITTEMORE.  
Vice President.....WM. T. COMSTOCK.  
Secretary.....C. E. ANDREWS.  
Treasurer.....GEO. PRESCOTT.  
Captain.....MILTON C. LIGHTNER.

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Perfumeries, Pipes, Tobacco, Cigars  
and Fancy Goods.

Racine, January 14, 1868.

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All of which will be sold for the next 30 days cheaper than  
can be bought in any other city in the west. Please call  
and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

134 Main St., Racine, Wisconsin.

## SAMUEL & JAMES,

144 Main Street,

Have purchased the stock in trade of C. Hall, and taken  
the store occupied by him and the late J. D. Jones, 144  
Main street.

WE HAVE NOW IN STOCK

A Full Line of Goods adapted to MEN'S and BOYS'  
Wear, and shall be in receipt of the Latest Nov-  
elties as they appear. Also a full line of

## GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

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Prices for ready pay.

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# COLLEGE MERCURY.

"*Tuæ Olim Meminisse Juvabit.*"

VOLUME II.

RACINE COLLEGE, FEBRUARY 22, 1868.

NUMBER 6.

## AN OLD MAN'S MUSINGS.

"*LADATOR TEMPORIS AGI.*"—HORACE.

BY THE LATE PROF. J. C. PASSMORE, D. D.

Ah! soon for me the parting word  
To kind friends must be spoken;  
And very soon, the silver cord—  
The golden bowl—be broken;  
Soon shall the birds, in leafy bowers,  
Rejoice when I'm no more,  
And e'en my own deserted flowers  
Bloom sweetly as before.

'Tis very true, that frothy age  
Hath silvered o'er my hair;  
My furrowed cheeks are as a page  
All written o'er with care;  
But yet my heart still beats as true—  
It thrills with purer joy,  
Than when the light-winged moments flew  
Above the laughing boy.

I love to walk with feeble tread  
Where once I used to roam  
With those, the absent or the dead,  
Friends of boyhood's home.

I love to see a sportive child  
Who bounds in playful glee,  
And often stops his frolics  
With mournful glance on me.

Seems it, fair child! My dim, sunk eye,  
Was ne'er so bright as thine?  
That thy young pulse which now beats high,  
Will ne'er be slow as mine?—  
I seek not to dispel thy dream  
Which paints the world so gay:—  
Since life's young visions brightly gleam,  
Enjoy them while you may!

Fond memory still calls me back  
To sunny childhood's days,  
And as the future grows more black,  
The past hath brighter rays.

I sometimes wonder if the young  
Are happy now, as they  
Whose merry laugh once gayly rung  
Amid our youthful play.

Methinks the landscape shines less fair—  
The sun less brightly beams—  
There's less of fragrance in the air—  
Less music in the strains—  
Than when my early home was glad  
With happy children's joy:—  
Methinks, the world is grown more sad,  
Than when I was a boy!

**THE READING ROOM.**—It is a pleasure to know that the College students are to have a reading room. For the present the papers are to be placed in the College Parlour, and the students will have an opportunity of perusing the dailies each afternoon. The expense of the room is to be defrayed by the fund established for that purpose and some of the best American and English periodicals will be at the disposal of the students. Of the daily papers

there are at present the *New York Times* and the *Chicago papers*. Illustrated, the *London Illustrated News*, Harper and Frank Leslie's, Magazines, the *People's Magazine*, the *Round Table* and *Littell's Living Age*. Additions will continually be made to this list, so that no student can have an excuse for not being up in all the current literature of the day.

## REVIEW.

**Messrs Editors:**—In an obscure corner of a certain Sophomore's room, there hangs a solitary calendar for the year 1868, and across its once clear and open, and still truthful countenance, (for figures always tell the truth,) there are certain dark and deep lines. They appear as if they had been drawn with a certain kind of malicious joy. Should a stranger manifest some little curiosity to find out for what reason it had been so rudely despoiled of its pristine beauty, the despoiler, with a very wise look, would inform him that "Time flies," and that those uncouth lines marked the course and rapidity of his flight. As soon as a day has gone, it is considered as a thing of the dead past, and Mr. Soph., with a magic wand of lead, draws over it the ominous pall, that has covered so many of its predecessors.

Well, day has followed day, in quick succession, and here we are, in the last half of the long winter term, with review confronting us as unexpectedly as the strange foot track surprised the world renowned Mr. R. Crusoe. The last oasis is the 22d of February, and then our only hope is to push forward, night and day, till we reach the farther side of the desert. There is a hard task before us, and now, if ever, the "midnight oil" must be called into requisition.

Not long since, a certain Professor, being provoked at the slovenly manner in which his lesson had been prepared, threw out the dread warning that the Faculty had decided that each student, before going on with his class, must have a certificate stating that he has passed all his ex-

aminations satisfactorily. The announcement opened wide many an eye; countenances were fearfully elongated; and a general gloom fell over the class, which was at length partially dispelled by the man with "cast iron curls," who facetiously inquired, in a meek tone, if the certificate was to be a "sheepskin." The class soon recovered its equanimity, and the recitation went on; but the warning, so unexpectedly announced, will soon produce a salutary effect, if it has not done so already. The time is almost at hand when the point-blank question "*Quel livre avez-vous, Monsieur?*" will no longer be heard, and the stereotyped interrogation, "*Voulez-vous m'excuser?*" will be hushed, as its author will be all attention to the flowing translations of *Les Aventures de Telemaque*, preparatory to the swiftly approaching examinations. No more will the paper-covered novel lurk beneath the secret folds of the flowing toga; no more will be heard or seen the mimic bombardments, with chalk crayons describing the parabola; no more will the light-footed gentleman give us the double shuffle, "beating the earth with feet responsive to the music;" the "sluggish" gentleman will no longer refuse to take notes in the classical department, but will work *sharp*; everybody will do his utmost "To scan precisely metres Attic"; due respect will be paid to Monsieur Legendre; a greater affinity for chemistry will be manifested, and every one will endeavor not to "fizz;" and in every pocket will be found, instead of the latest modern publications, notes and translations of the most celebrated ancient authors, which will be brought forth from their hiding places at every spare moment to be devoured with intellectual rapacity. Already, we venture to say, that

"—In apartments small and damp,  
The candidate for college prizes,  
Stops poring by the midnight lamp;  
Goes late to bed, yet early rises."

We have not yet learned for a certainty who that candidate is; but whoever he may be, we intend to follow his good example with a "vengeance," for that ominous word "certificate" rings dismally in our ears.

LXX.

The College Mercury.

"Vigant Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, FEB. 22, 1868.

R. W. Grange, } EDITORS.  
Newton Lull, }

The MERCURY is issued semi-monthly during Term Time, on the following

TERMS:

College Year.....\$2.00  
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A limited number of advertisements inserted on liberal terms.

Prospectures of College Exchanges inserted free.

Contributions from other Colleges solicited.

Correspondents must write on one side of their paper only. The true name of the writer must invariably accompany the article, whether to be used or not, as no notice can be taken of anonymous communications.

All communications must be addressed to "EDITORS COLLEGE MERCURY," Racine, Wis.

—THE latest intelligence concerning the Warden, is that he and his party embarked safely on the 12th.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY.

To-day our Country celebrates the birth of her immortal Father. To-day we call to remembrance his lofty virtues and sing praises to his noble deeds. Let party spirit and the strife of faction be forgotten, whilst we turn our eyes toward the shades of Vernon. Let our thoughts be centred there, and then there will be for us no North, no South, no East, no West—we shall be at one again. He was, and is, and shall be our Country's Father, until his words of counsel are forgotten, and the fires of patriotism that he kindled in our fathers forever extinguished within us. Then we shall not dare to call him thus.

—WANT of refinement, lack of social culture, "&c.," is at times sadly noticeable in the inhabitants of certain localities, even in the midst of the high civilization of this latter day. The social condition of a few *Wolverines* is especially deplorable. For instance, the *University Chronicle* takes exceptions at our "Social chats, &c.," in the College Parlour. Thinks it is awfully "ambiguous," and wants to know what "&c." means. If *we* were inclined to intemperance it *might* mean "smiles," gentlemen, but as we are not, it don't. Where in the world do you pass your evenings, that you have fallen so far behind in social affairs? Come over and see us, and we will introduce you to a jolly lot of "&c's." that you will enjoy. We will Badger you gently and send you home much improved, we know.

International Boat Race.

Late numbers of the *Harvard Advocate* contain an interesting correspondence between the Harvard boat club and that of the University of Oxford. It is proposed to row a race in England some time in the next Summer vacation. There has, as yet, been no formal challenge sent, but obstacles are being removed, so that when it is forwarded there may be no hesitation about accepting it. The main point in dispute is respecting the rowing with or without a coxswain. John Bull says he always rows with a coxswain, and adds that "nine times out of ten a crew that carries one will beat a crew that does not." Yank says he never rows with a coxswain, and wants to try his style of rowing as well as his muscle, against John's. Still, John demurs, shakes his head and says "he'll see." We shall know more about it soon.

Charles Dickens.

To-day we feel it our duty to do that which nearly every other paper in the West has done long since, viz: to say something to our readers of that great man to whom the East is listening so attentively, and whose works are being so universally read. We mean, of course, Charles Dickens. He was born at Portsmouth, on 7th of February, 1812, and was intended by his father for an attorney; he passed some time in an office, but read literature rather than law. His literary career has been a prolific and brilliant one, and he now, at the very height of his renown, makes his second visit to this country. We take the following description from a neighboring journal: "Dickens' personal appearance is pleasing, leaving out the gold chain cables which he wears pendant from each pocket, and hooked to the top buttonhole of his black vest, and from which hang several "charms" of a size proportioned to the cable. This gives him a flash appearance, suggestive of Jew—peddlers, or of gentlemen in the circus or negro minstrel line of business. The diamond shirt studs are "loud" enough, in all conscience; but one could get along with them, as they are chaste in comparison to the mass of precious metal which covers, like an ancient chain armor the lower portion of his breast. This barbaric display of jewelry seems to be a hereditary taint in Dickens, and probably has its origin in the fact that his

father was a second rate provincial actor, who eked out a precarious existence in his profession in the seaport towns of the south of England."

MESSRS. EDITORS.—What an object of interest we "poor" Freshmen are to certain "individuals." What moments of "worry" and anguish do they not have in their efforts to study some new feature or failing in us to comment on. We certainly do commiserate them, and mean to do every thing in our power to assist them in their efforts of complaining.

But seriously, Messrs. Editors, why are we made the subject of an essay in every edition of your paper? We will, if needs be, plead guilty to your serious charges of "verdancy," "inexperience," and even our lack of the "warm affection" of "Societas," but do these lay us open to abuse and misuse? I hope not.

May I suggest, though in an humble way, as becomes a Freshman in the presence of those who are so vastly superior (?) both in experience and wisdom, that it would be a much more noble act in correspondents to inform us privately of our weak points instead of making us the subject of a column of uninteresting matter in the MERCURY. We are the Freshmen; we know it and are not ashamed of it; does it disgrace those who are above us to have been Freshmen? How much less does it disgrace us!

Perhaps, now I think of it, he who so regularly assails us may fall under a certain clever saying of Dickens: "He unconsciously judges us from himself. \* \* and though he affects to sneer at and despise us, he is one of the world's worst and least pleasant samples."

A FRESHMAN.

MESSRS. EDITORS: We hope the Class of '70 will not, by its silence on the subject, assent to ungentlemanly conduct on the part of any one of its members—especially at times when the Class organization is holding its meetings. Is it a rule of the body that when a gentleman knocks at the door, and politely asks to speak to a member, he shall be rudely pushed from the entrance, the door slammed in his face, and no word of reply given him? It cannot be. Such conduct must be assumed by, or *perhaps* is perfectly natural to the person who exhibits it. See to it, '70s.

DEBBUNS.

For the Mercury.  
**THE LORD UPHOLDETH WITH HIS HAND.**

MEDITATIONS FOR LENT.

|                             |               |
|-----------------------------|---------------|
| Cling to the Mighty one,    | Pa. LXXXIX 10 |
| Cling in thy grief;         | Heb. XII-11   |
| Cling to the Holy one,      | Ps. LXXXIX-18 |
| He gives relief;            | Ps. CXVI-6    |
| Cling to the Gracious one,  | Ps. CXVI-5    |
| Cling in thy pain;          | Ps. LV-4      |
| Cling to the Faithful one,  | I Thess. V-24 |
| He will sustain;            | Pa. XXVIII-3  |
| Cling to the Living one,    | Heb. VII-22   |
| Cling in thy woe;           | Pa. LXXXVI 7  |
| Cling to the Loving one,    | I John, IV-10 |
| Through all below;          | Rom. VIII-22  |
| Cling to the Pardoning one, | I John, IV-16 |
| He speaketh peace;          | John XIV-27   |
| Cling to the Healing one,   | Exod. XV-26   |
| Anguish shall cease;        | Ps. CXLVII-8  |
| Cling to the Bleeding one,  | I John, I-7   |
| Cling to His side;          | John XX-27    |
| Cling to the Risen one,     | Rom. VI-9     |
| In Him abide;               | John XV-4     |
| Cling to the Coming one,    | Rev. XXI-20   |
| Hope shall arise;           | Titus II-13   |
| Cling to the Reigning one,  | Pa. XXVII-1   |
| Joy lights thine eyes.      | Pa. XVI-11    |
|                             | "DOLLY."      |

—We owe an apology to our readers for the wretched condition in which our last issue was sent to them. We refer to typographical errors. We did not see a second proof of it, and the first one, corrected by us, was entirely overlooked by the men of types in several places.

—Our readers will remember the wailings of "Barbula," of the Sophomores, over the melancholy fact, that "there is not a man among them who can raise a beard, though nine-tenths of them shave regularly." The heart of one of their number was gladdened and his expectations made great a few days ago by the receipt of a small express package. The following letter accompanied it, and fully explains the nature of its contents:

OUR DEAR PARVUS IULUS:—With deep regret and hearty commiseration, we have learned of the loss of that most invaluable implement, your razor. After much time and considerable effort your friends have raised a sufficient sum to purchase one for you in place of the one which is lost; trusting thereby your grief will be assuaged, and that your growing beard will at once cease to be troublesome by reason of the number of its hairs, and their weight. The razor we forward you is one recently patented. It is intended to be used only on beards of tendersprouts and recent development. You will observe it is toothed, like a saw, and it is to be used with the same reciprocating motion. Hold the sprout with one hand, or put your knee on it while sawing it off; or get an assistant to hold it down for you. You will find the cut to be clean, and smooth, and highly conducive to that rapid and healthy growth so ardently desir-

ed by youthful aspirants to fame and virile dignity. Also, by this mode of cutting, the painful process of "pulling" is avoided, from which our friend Jason suffers so much. To sharpen the razor, or increase the number of teeth, all that is required is to strike it upon a peculiar mineral, (also patented,) a piece of which we send you.

We also convey some items of hirsute intelligence that may interest you. Jason has determined to raise a goatee. Its crimson foliage has already begun to put forth luxuriantly, imparting a warm glow to his chin, and is perceptible at the distance of several feet. A profile view, however, against the light, presents a much more gorgeous appearance. The rays of light, impatient at their contact with the ruby stumplets, struggle to find their way through the hairy maze, and become refracted in a thousand ways, causing a bright halo, like the first blushes of rosy Aurora, when she makes her morning appearance, abashed at finding herself up before so many of the human family. The continued effect of Tommy's sweet smiles on his little development is to give it an upward tendency, instead of the perpendicular and cataract form, like Dr. \_\_\_\_\_'s, or L\_\_\_\_\_s. The R. D., by spasmodic scraping, keeps down his growth, his countenance maintaining a serene and juvenile aspect. Pius Aeneas maintains a moderate growth under his chin, at his own expense.

Affectionately,  
 YOUR FRIENDS.

We advise that it be made a class instrument and that it be vigorously used by all. Their faces will soon lose that smooth, boyish expression that they are so anxious to get rid of.

—A BOSTON Physic is responsible for the following invitation addressed to some of his professional friends. We submit it to the Third Form:

"Doctores! Ducum nex mundi nitu Panes; trituceum at uit. Expecto meta fumen and eta beta pi. Super at Teute one; Dux, hamor clam pati, sum parates, homine, ices, jam, etc. Sideror Hoc. Feso reanonan floas sole."

—THE autograph mania has elicited the following from the "Fat Contributor":

DEAR SIR:—I have had difficulty before now in inducing people to accept my autograph, (affixed to a promise to pay.) You are welcome to it.  
 Yours truly, A. MINER GRISWOLD.  
 "Fat Contributor"

Accompanying the above was a note of inquiry concerning lecture societies. He delivers his lecture entitled "Injun Meal," in Racine on the 27th. Lot's go.

MARRIED.

In Cleveland, at St. John's Church, Jan. 20th, by Rev. Lewis Hurton, the Rev. B. F. FLEETWOOD, Class of '63, and Miss HELEN L. McDOLK, of Cleveland.

During the present week, Mr. Fleetwood brought his blushing bride and present'd her to his Alma Mater. We had the extreme felicity of taking them by the hand and wishing them "a long life and a happy one."

MESSRS EDITORS:—In one of your editions, some would-be funny gentleman occupied over a column of your valuable paper with an article on the whiskers of the College students. In the course of his very prolix remarks, he made the following statement, viz:

"A student considers himself a man in the true sense of the word when he can feel that he will soon have 'sides,' or that a diminutive moustache will soon dawn on the light of day."

Now, it is an old and acknowledged fact that each man has his own private gauge wherewith to measure those whom he meets; some have a high, and others a low standard, but I must confess I have never heard of measuring a man's abilities by the amount of hair he had on his face. I of course do not know who the *very fictitious* gentleman is, but I imagine were he to be measured by his own standard, he would find himself mentally incapacitated from voting, and would be classed by the "gentle Anna" somewhere among the "Idiots, paupers, criminals and women."

Again, he attempts to tell a funny story concerning a member of the Junior class; but he shows very plainly that relating anecdotes is not his forte. It has always appeared strange to me that any one could have such a poor idea of wit as to think they could be funny just when and where they pleased. Wit is the overflowing of a brilliant mind, and it is impossible to force it without showing that it is strained. Mr. "Barbula" had evidently seated himself to write something funny; he seems to have succeeded to his own satisfaction, but it shows that man is not the only thing of which his standard is low. As I have not seen his signature before, I presume it is his first attempt at writing for the MERCURY. Let him go on, as he has commenced, and in the course of time he may succeed in getting off something witty.

J. G. S

—We will place some of our best College exchanges in the Reading Room if the students will promise to handle them tenderly. We are very fond of our exchanges.

**WHAT BREAKS DOWN YOUNG MEN.**  
 —It is a commonly received notion that hard study is the unhealthy element of college life. But from tables of the mortality of Harvard University, collected by Professor Pierce, from the last triennial catalogue, it is clearly demonstrated that the excess of death for the first ten years after graduation is found in that portion of each class inferior in scholarship. Every one who has been through the curriculum knows that where Aeschylus and Political economy injure one, late hours and rum punches use up a dozen; and that the two little fingers of Morpheus are heavier than the loins of Euclid. Dissipation is a swift and sure destroyer, and every youth who follows it is the early flower exposed to untimely frost. Those who have been inveigled in the path of vice are named 'Legion,' for they are many—enough to convince any novice that he has no security that he shall escape a similar fate. A few hours of sleep each night, high living and plenty of "smashes" make war upon every function of the human body. The brains, the heart, the lungs, the liver, the spine, the limbs, the bones, the flesh—every part and faculty are overtaxed, worn and weakened by the terrific energy of passion and appetite loosed from restraint, until, like a dilapidated mansion, the "earthly house of this tabernacle" falls into ruinous decay. Fast young men, "right about."

—WHY is a Grammar School boy with a bad cold like a tired fisherman, when night comes on?

Ans.—Because he moors his bark and goes to bed.

**NOTICE.**

The undersigned, one of the teachers, has made arrangements by which he affords the very best of accommodations to persons visiting the College. The omnibuses running from all the trains will convey visitors directly to his house, which is pleasantly situated on the bank of the Lake, but a short distance from the College.  
 J. K. McAFFERTY.

**MISSIONARY SOCIETY.**

FOUNDED A. D. 1801.

*Vigilant Radix.*

Whole number of Members, Three Hundred.

President.....R. W. GRANGE.  
 Vice President.....JOHN COLEMAN, JR.  
 Secretary.....H. B. WHITTEMORE.  
 Treasurer.....T. L. SULLIVAN.

**CLONIAN SOCIETY.**

FOUNDED, A. D. 1865.

*Vitam Impendere Verum.*

President.....T. L. SULLIVAN.  
 Vice President.....R. W. GRANGE.  
 Secretary.....LEWIS PARDNER.  
 Treasurer.....H. G. HINSDALE.

Anniversary, July 17.

**CLASS OF '70.**

*Qui non proficit, desitit.*

President.....G. W. BRISTOL.  
 Vice President.....W. J. MILLER.  
 Rec. Secretary.....L. PARDNER.  
 Cor. Secretary.....B. F. SELBY.  
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President.....O. E. ANDREWS.  
 Vice President.....R. W. GRANGE.  
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Pocket Cutlery, Razors, Pocket Books, Canes  
 Perfumeries, Pipes, Tobacco, Cigars  
 and Fancy Goods.

Racine, January 15, 1865.

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Drugs, Medicines and an Endless Variety of Fancy  
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DEALER IN

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Empire Bakery and Confectionery.

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WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,

SILVER AND PLATED WARE,

All of which will be sold for the next 30 days cheaper than  
 can be bought in any other city in the west. Please call  
 and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

134 Main-St., Racine, Wisconsin,

**SAMUEL & JAMES,**

144 Main Street,

Have purchased the stock in trade of O. Hall, and taken  
 the store occupied by him and the late J. D. Jones, 144  
 Main street.

WE HAVE NOW IN STOCK

A Full Line of Goods adapted to MEN'S and BOYS'  
 Wear, and shall be in receipt of the Latest Nov-  
 elties as they appear. Also a full line of

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 Lumps, Brushes, French and American Window  
 Glass, Looking-Glass Plates, Wall Paper,  
 Window Shades, Oilcloths, &c..

154 MAIN STREET, RACINE, WIS.

**SHIP CHANDLERY,**

ROPES of all sizes, TAR, PITCH, ROSIN, OAKUM, &c.

Glazing and Paper Hanging done on Short Notice.



# COLLEGE MERCURY.

"Inec Olim Meminisse Iuvabit."

VOLUME II.

RACINE COLLEGE, MARCH 7, 1868.

NUMBER 7.

## "PEACE."

### PART I. "ALL NATURE SMILES."

'Tis Summer in the South;  
The fragrant breeze scarce stirs the nodding flowers,  
The parched and fevered earth, the crystal sea,  
In quiet lie beneath the glowing sun;  
And Summer glory crowns and covers all.  
The land of flowers, bright land is near,  
Clear ripples, soft murmur at her feet;  
Out where the ocean dances sparkling on  
Life rock, and reef of branching coral wrought.  
Picture the scene: above the empyron,  
With here and there a floating summer cloud,  
That scarcely dims the the brilliancy of the blue;  
Below, the rocky isles, all rich with bloom,  
Where from the glistening sands, flow bubbling forth  
Runnels of brightest water, nectar cool.  
And bounding all, far as the eye can sweep,  
The majesty of ocean, grand, immense.  
High noon has passed and now a quickning breath  
Rustles the leaves, and curls the glittering waves.

See! comes the sunset down in bodied form?  
Or have the gorgeous flowers taken wing  
And hitherward on glancing pinions flown?  
For now, the quivering air is tossed and swept  
In gushing rifts away, as downward beat  
The throbbing of a thousand radiant wings.  
They are the doves whose softly breathed "Coo-Coo,"  
But makes the soothing silence more profound.  
They hover in the air, and then descend  
With fluttering wing, and light upon the rocks.

But look! for when the horizon bounds our view,  
What is it now appears? A snow white bird,  
Whose shining plumage shimmers in the sun?  
Ah, no; is it a ship that rides apace,  
For see, the speck becomes a billowy sail  
That spreads abroad to catch the passing breeze,  
And onward speed the vessel to her port,  
Leaping from height to height she shapes her course  
Straight to the tranquil isles on Florida's coast.  
And from the decks, glad cries of dark browned men  
Hail the green isles that open to their gaze.  
What seek those swarthy men? They at last approach  
The long sought Keys of Florida.

They would draw water from those fountains clear  
Whose streams flow bubbling through the grassy vales.  
And here they anchor. Lo, 'tis past!  
And in the quiet sea they're safely moored.  
They man the boat; it dances on its way,  
A score of strong arms bending to the oars.  
With glad and eager looks the sailors greet  
The beautiful land they rapidly approach.  
They touch the shore—they graze the shining sand—  
Then leap with haste upon the stony beach.  
The sitting birds a-frighted, circle round,  
With sharp, quick, scattered notes of wild dismay—  
Then wing their flight to some more distant isle.  
Their very plumage glitters in the light,  
As, sailing, sailing on, through heaven's blue  
They lessen while we gaze, then disappear.

— From the tower of Taylor Hall is to be had a most comprehensive view of the surrounding country.

## CAP AND GOWN.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The other evening, happening to be a little late at roll, we looked out of one of the small gothic windows which abound in the third story of Taylor Hall, and espied the long and unbroken procession of College students on their way to Chapel. We had gazed upon the same scene many a time before and had never noticed anything remarkable or beautiful about it; but just as we were on the point of joining the *gentem tagatam* something induced us to cast "one longing, lingering look behind." From our position the procession appeared grand and majestic—like unto some royal train clothed in robes of state. A gentle breeze wafted to and fro the flowing garments and the silken tassels of the caps. Each student appeared, instead of walking, rather to glide along in that smooth and graceful manner, which the poets have described as belonging to the ancient deities.

The next morning we were "on time," and took our place as usual. When we reached the "bricks," the wind was blowing a small hurricane, and in the air the gowns were streaming, and several caps came flying past, one of which hit us a severe blow on the *caput*. Our eyes were opened, and we then perceived that the procession was not such a classical looking institution as our first impression led us to believe. We had viewed it at a distance, and perhaps it was this that caused us to regard the cap and gown with such admiration, for we know that "distance lends an enchantment to the view;" but being now in close proximity to the objects of our admiration we discovered, much to our disgust that they were terribly dilapidated. About two-thirds of the caps were without tassels, some were bent into the most outlandish shapes imaginable, others out at the corners, and we noticed one that was broken through the centre, forming a sort of roof on the

head of its owner. This capped the climax.

Bad as the condition of the caps seemed to us, that of the gowns appeared still worse. We noticed several in particular in so dilapidated a state that, were we asked to describe them, we should say that they were a lot of black strings tied together in about the same manner as fishing nets. Not long since a certain gentleman gave us Anthony's oration over Cæsar's dead body, and when he came to the passage—

"Look! in this place ran Cæsar's dagger through;  
See, what a rent the envious Cæsar made;  
Through this the well beloved Brutus stabbed"—

He very pathetically pointed to several rents in his own toga, as representative of the various cuts in Cæsar's mantle. However, we still cling somewhat tenaciously to our first impression, and we will do so to a far greater degree when an improvement takes place in the present dilapidated condition. We hope it will soon come to pass. Then we may indulge in extravagant thoughts upon the classic beauty and appropriateness of the cap and gown.

We have only a few more words to say on this subject. Well do we remember when we first shuffled off the *toga prætecta* (our uniform), and put on the *toga virilis*. It was in the beginning of the last half of the Sixth Form year. How proudly we felt, and how awkwardly, too! We have since learned why the Sixth Form are always allowed to wear the cap and gown in their last half. It is to give them time to get accustomed to them, and to rid themselves of awkwardness. And we would here advise them, in a friendly manner, to take warning from their predecessors, and not to imitate their pride, for it had many a fall. Evidently the cap is not the best friend to beautifully-combed hair; still we hope they will wear it on every occasion, and not carry it in their hands, as we are wont to do, in order to preserve the pristine beauty of our carefully brushed locks.

Yours truly,  
H. ASH.

The College Mercury.

"Vigcat Vadix."

RACINE COLLEGE, MARCH 7, 1868.

R. W. Grange, } EDITORS.  
Newton Lull, }

The MERCURY is issued semi-monthly during Term Time, on the following

TERMS:

College Year.....\$2.00  
Single Copy..... 10

Subscribers leaving the College can have their papers sent to them by leaving with us their new address.

A limited number of advertisements inserted on liberal terms.

Prospectuses of College Exchanges inserted free.  
Contributions from other Colleges solicited.

Correspondents must write on *one side of their paper only*. The true name of the writer must invariably accompany the article, whether to be used or not, as no notice can be taken of anonymous communications.

All communications must be addressed to "EDITORS COLLEGE MERCURY," Racine, Wis.

**THE WARDEN.**—No intelligence has been received from the Warden at present writing. We expected letters ere this, and delayed our issue one day with the hope of having something interesting concerning him and his party to give our readers. The telegraph reports the *Siberia* to have arrived safely at Liverpool on the 23d ultimo.

VER NOVUM.

"Come, gentle Spring, ethereal Mildness, come."

So sang a poet long time ago, and away down in the bottom of our heart the song is just now echoed. Almanacs advertised last Sunday as the day of its arrival, but *Aspra Hiems* with her two satellites, *Sep- tentrio* and *Boreas*, had made arrangements for giving a concert on that day, and were not to be put out. *Ver Lene* was caught and held in durance vile until the show was over. Whether it was the tears of the fair captive or the respect felt for almanac makers generally, that made *Hiems & Co.* relent and cut short the performance, we are unable to state. But relent they did, that is certain, and to-day (poetically speaking) "the tepid airs fly forth," filling "the expansive atmosphere with life and vivifying soul!" From our window we see the campus swarming with life. The sharp click of the bat as it meets the whizzing ball, the dull "thug" of the shinny-club, and commingled cries of "foul," "well caught," "send it home," are wafted to our ears, and—we're off for a game.

— BUILDING Materials are upon the ground, for the erection of the first house on College Avenue. It is to be Dr. Falk's

The Missionary Society,

We can no longer refrain from giving expression to our feelings of delight, at the increased zeal and efficiency of this organization. A correspondent, a short time ago, announced to our readers the revision of the constitution, and noticed the points wherein it had been changed. These changes seem to have been the very thing necessary to make it a *live, working* body, for ever since its meetings have been most interesting. Those who have been appointed to keep the members of the society informed as to the work done by missionaries all over the world, have spared no pains to make their reports full and interesting. The Treasurer is about to make a tour of collection, and from the spirit everywhere manifested, we do not doubt but that we shall have an Easter offering for the cause of Missions, of which we need not be ashamed.

NOT DEAD YET.

If our readers will take the trouble, they will remember our speaking in one of our back numbers of a certain society, which at one period of the College's history held a permanent place in the hearts of the boys. We refer, of course, to the Racine College Histrionic Society. We mentioned the matter at that time with the hope that a little of the old spirit would be revived and they would again put in an appearance. Our hopes have been, or rather are, in the process of fulfillment.

On Monday evening last there was an informal meeting of some of the gentlemen in the College Department, who were interested in the matter. A committee was appointed to draw up a constitution, to report the following evening. They reported and their report was accepted. Under that constitution officers were elected, and to-day the Histrionic Society comes forth once more from the cloudy past, able and willing to do its little share towards the instruction or amusement of those around. We would say to the friends of the society that they must not expect too much of it at its first appearance under the new auspices.

"If it should chance to fall below  
The greater things of long ago,  
Don't view it with a critic's eye,  
But pass its imperfections by."

We believe the plays have not yet been decided on; but when they are, the MERCURY will, if possible, inform its readers.

The exhibition will take place on Monday evening, April 13th.

Slowly, though surely, the time is passing, and every day brings us nearer to the longed-for vacation. To a stranger among us the oft-repeated words, "only six weeks more," might convey the impression that there was less love of college and more of self than there ought to be. But such is not the case. It is simply natural for us to look ahead to the time which brings with it that freedom from rule and restriction which is pleasant to every one. Looking back over the time, we can and ought to congratulate ourselves on the continued prosperity of our "Alma Mater." We noticed in the hall, the other day, the Examination Bulletin, that messenger from the future, telling those who during the term may have "cut" their lessons, that they must either "cram" or "fizzle," and bidding the more studious ones rejoice, for their hard work is nearly over.

Rev. Mr. Porter's Lectures.

Rev. Mr. Porter, Rector of St. Luke's parish, Racine, on Tuesday evening last, delivered the first of a series of six lectures on "English Literature" that he purposes giving during the season of Lent, for the benefit of his new church. In addition to this very worthy object, the acknowledged ability of Mr. Porter to handle this subject is another strong inducement for those who would spend an evening in each week pleasantly and profitably, to go and hear him. He gives a lecture on every Tuesday evening at the Court House. The room is not so large as to require much effort on the part of the speaker to be heard, so that he talks in a pleasing conversational style, which lends an additional charm to his delightful subject. The lectures properly begin with "English Ballads" next Tuesday evening, the first one having been simply prefatory to the entire subject. We hope that every student who can possibly attend them will not fail to do so. Above all other things just now we need a more extensive knowledge of English Literature.

We acknowledge the receipt of the *Qui Vive*, *Amherst Student Vilette*, *Yale Courant*, *University Chronicle*, *Western Collegian*, *Lawrence Collegian*, and *The Dartmouth*. But where is the *Advocate*? Has it gone where the "wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest?"

**MACCARONIOS.**

[The following is too good a specimen of "Canine" to allow to perish, if it does come from a rebel. It was written on the departure of General Terry from Richmond, and is clipped from a New Orleans paper:]

**CARMEN AD TERRY.**

Terry leave us, *sumus* weary;  
Jam nos *tadet* te videre  
St *via* nos with joy *impleri*,  
Terry in *haec* terra tarry  
Dlem nary.

For thy *domum* long'dst thou *nonne*?  
*Habes* wife et *filios* bonny?  
*Socios* *Afros* magis ton-y?  
Haste thee, Terry, military  
*Pedem* *ferre*.

*Fortis* Thaddeus may desire thee,  
Summer, et *id om.* admire thee  
Nuisance *nobis* not to ire thee  
We can spare thee, *magis* Terry,  
Freely, very.

Hear the *Præ*'s proclamation.  
*Nos* *fideles* to the nation—  
Gone *est* *nunc* thy place and station  
Terrifier, momentary  
*Sine* query.

Yes, thy doom *est scriptum*—"Mene."  
Longer *ne nos* *naso* *lena*  
Thou hast dogged us, *du*, *bene*,  
Loose us terrible bull-terrier.  
We'll be merrier.

Bld the *dulces* *Afros* *vale*,  
Pompey, Scipio et Sally,  
Seek some back New Haven alley,  
Terry, quit this territory  
*Con amore*.

*Sec* *verbum* *tibi* *abitu*ro,  
Pay thy rent-bills, et *conjur*o,  
*Teum* take thy precious bureau  
Terry, Turner, blue-coat *hom'nes*,  
*Abhino omnes*.

**MESSRS. EDITORS:**—Your issue of Feb. 22nd, contains a very satirical (?) letter from some individual, who evidently labours under the idea that writing for the College paper is his forte, and that in order to get substance for his communication, he must go to work and abuse the different persons that may have hitherto written for your paper. Now Messrs. Editors, I must confess it indicates a tremendously small amount of brains, in any person who will be so very small as to ridicule your former correspondents, simply because he has not the requisite sense to write a respectable article. After perusing his sarcastic effusion, one is very forcibly reminded of a story that runs something like this: In olden times there was a superannuated member of the canine race, who was in the habit of procuring a piece of meat, and transporting it to a dilapidated horse trough. Lying there, he would watch the food with most assiduous care, and if any of his brethren came around and attempted to take a "bite," nary a bit could they

have. So it is with J. &c., but with this marked contrast, that doggy could eat, but would not do so, nor permit his fellow canines, while J. G. S. cannot write, as his letter indicates, nor will let his fellow companions try, without attempting to make game of them. One thing he seems to wish to accomplish most of all, and that is to administer a "stinger" to Barbula for not being more witty. He says a man cannot be funny (at a funeral or a marriage, or at) "any other time that it suits him." This is the idea we elicited from his letter, and having made such a remark, he seems to have the idea that it must be so, and in consequence he has "squelched" Barbula from henceforth. Now Messrs. Editors, I would advise Mr. J. G. S. to wait a while before he attempts to write another letter, and it may be his efforts will be crowned with success. In course of time, no doubt his mind will be sufficiently matured to permit him to attempt something better than to abuse his neighbors. His virgin trial at newspaper corresponding has been a most ignominious failure. And above all Mr. J. G. S. don't try to be sarcastic, it cannot be your "best holt," if it is, you had better never write another letter during your natural days.

Yours

SED NON SATIRICE.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., Feb. 25, 1868.

**MESSRS. EDITORS:**—I have just been having a chat with that most welcomed of all visitors, the COLLEGE MERCURY, and have learned thereby many things, besides enjoying myself much. The thing which pleased me most, however, was the fact that the "Racine College Reading Room" had been resurrected and was again in operation, as it would seem on a strong foundation, as a fund was mentioned. Success to the enterprise. As—what shall I call it?—guardian of the "Reading Room" I still have in my charge some few things belonging to it, which I was to keep until some proper officer was appointed to whom I might deliver them. I presume there is now, at last, such an officer, but the MERCURY did not state who it is, consequently, I hereby deliver into your hands, Messrs. Editors, the afore-mentioned articles to be delivered over to the said officer. The articles are the enclosed sum of ninety cents; the rack and files which should be in the College Library; and the pile of

Round Tables and Every Saturdays which should be in the same place.

With every wish for the success of both the "Reading Room" that great blessing to those still in the College, and the MERCURY, a greater blessing to us poor exiles, I am as ever, a devoted friend to Racine College and her good institutions.

PEACHES.

**Schedule of Daily Lenten Services in the College Chapel.**

**MORNING PRAYER.**

| DAY.        | VENITE.    | BENEDICTE.  | DEBENEDICTE. | HYMN. |
|-------------|------------|-------------|--------------|-------|
| Sunday...   | 4th tone   | 5th tone    | 3d tone      |       |
| Monday....  | 3d ending, | 1st ending, | 1st ending,  | 73    |
| Tuesday...  | or         | or 1st tone | or 7th tone  | 163   |
| Wednesday   | Ton. Perg. | 1st ending, | 5th ending,  | 93    |
| Thursday... |            | or 7th tone | or 1st tone  | 98    |
| Friday..... |            | 2d ending.  |              | 92    |
| Saturday..  |            |             |              | 90    |

**EVENING PRAYER.**

| PROCES-   | DOMUM      | DEUS      | HYMN.        | RECES-  |
|-----------|------------|-----------|--------------|---------|
| SIGNAL.   | EST.       | MISER.    |              | SIGNAL. |
| S Royal   | Lamb       | F. Hayes  | Anthem       | Ps. 28  |
| M Banners | H. Purcell | Maehin 3  | 'O Lord God' |         |
| T Ps. 90  | Farrant    | Aldrich 1 | 94           |         |
| W Ps. 20  | Child      | Felton    | 97           |         |
| T Ps. 137 | Lamb       | F. Hayes  | 120          |         |
| P Ps. 88  | H. Purcell | Maehin 3  | 82           | Ps. 180 |
| S Ps. 51  | Child      | Blow      | 97           |         |

**SUNDAY COMMUNION SERVICE:** Procession, Hymn 208, Kyrie, Sanctus, Selection 6, Hymn 56, Recessional, Nunc dimittis.

The following is the list of Clergymen who have been invited to deliver the Thursday evening sermons, in the College Chapel, during the remainder of Lent:

On Thursday the 12th, Rev. Hugh Miller Thompson, D. D., of Nashotah Seminary.

On Thursday 19th, Rev. Lewis A. Kemper, of Nashotah Seminary.

On Thursday, 26th, Rev. Dr. Ryland, Rector of St. James' Church, Chicago.

On Thursday, April 2d, Rev. Dr. Cole, President Nashotah Seminary.

On Thursday in Holy week, Rev. Dr. Locke, Rector of Grace Church, Chicago.

Bishop Armitage will visit the College on Tuesday, the 31st of the present month, to administer the holy rite of Confirmation.

**THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."**—As noticed in our last issue, this individual, for a consideration, was induced to come to Racine to say "Injun Meal" and be laughed at. He drew a good house, and every body enjoyed his sayings. Lawton, an enterprising dealer in flour, feed, &c., came a good joke on the plethoric gentleman. His (the fat man's) advertisement is composed of two words, "Injun Meal," printed in the loudest letters imaginable, almost covering the side of a house. After these had been displayed to the best advantage on every available fence and building in the town, said Lawton, who keeps pulverized corn to sell, had printed in huge letters "Go to Lawton's for" and stuck it up every where above the big "Injun," making it read "Go to Lawton's for Injun Meal." Ye contributor was mightily tickled at the joke and sent Lawton a family ticket to come and taste his "corn dust."

# COLLEGE MERCURY.

MESSENGERS. EDITORS:—I am a poor unfortunate person who of late have been tried by a very strange affliction. I have a friend "whom my heart loveth" but, what am I to do? He has become a monomaniac within the past two weeks on the subject of the revolution of two wheels around each other. The first thing I hear in the morning when I awake, and the last thing at night as I close my wearied eyelids, is "It makes two revolutions." "It don't make but one." I hear it at dinner, for he has made several converts and they poke their continual "two revolutions" and one revolution" at me between each mouth full. If I put my head outside my room door but for a second, I hear some one explaining to some one else how plain it is that it makes "two revolutions," and of course the other one "don't see it," but vows it only makes "one." Morning noon and night, day in and day out. I am pestered with those two wheels, until I had rather live in a machine shop. Now gentlemen can you, can any one tell me how I am to preserve myself in such a state of affairs as this, from becoming a confirmed lunatic?

Yours, REVOLUTION.

A poor but clever student in the University of Glasgow, was met by one of the Professors, who noticing the scantiness of his academical toga, said, "Mr.—, your gown is very short." "It will be long enough, sir, before I get another," replied the student. The answer tickled the Professor greatly, and he went on quietly chuckling to himself, when he met a brother Professor, who, noticing his hilarity, enquired what was amusing him so much. "Why, that fellow—said such a funny thing. I asked why his gown was so short, and he said, "it will be a long time before I get another." "There's nothing very funny in that." "Well, no," replied the other, "there is not, after all, but it was the way he said it."

## NOTICE.

The undersigned, one of the teachers, has made arrangements by which he affords the very best of accommodations to persons visiting the College. The omnibuses running from all the trains will convey visitors directly to his house, which is pleasantly situated on the bank of the Lake, but a short distance from the College.

J. K. McAFFERTY.

## MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

FOUNDED A. D. 1861.

*Vigant Ralle.*

Whole number of Members, Three Hundred.

President.....R. W. GRANGE.  
Vice President.....JOHN COLEMAN, JR.  
Secretary.....H. B. WHITTEMORE.  
Treasurer.....T. L. SULLIVAN.

## CELESTIAN SOCIETY.

FOUNDED, A. D. 1865.

*Vitam Impendere Ferro.*

President.....T. L. SULLIVAN.  
Vice President.....R. W. GRANGE.  
Secretary.....LUTHER PARDEE.  
Treasurer.....H. G. HINSDALE.

Anniversary, July 17.

## CLASS OF '70.

*Qui non proficit, deficit.*

President.....G. W. BRISTOL.  
Vice President.....W. J. MILLER.  
Rec. Secretary.....L. PARDEE.  
Cor. Secretary.....B. F. SELBY.  
Treasurer.....L. A. ROWLEY.  
Historian.....A. SOHNSON.

## THE COLLEGE ELEVEN.

President.....G. E. ANDREWS.  
Vice President.....R. W. GRANGE.  
Secretary.....L. A. ROWLEY.  
Captain.....E. B. SPALDING.

## Racine College Base Ball Club.

President.....H. B. WHITTEMORE.  
Vice President.....WM. T. COMSTOCK.  
Secretary.....C. E. ANDREWS.  
Treasurer.....GEO. PRESCOTT.  
Captain.....MILTON C. LIGHTNER.

## KLEIN & BROTHER,

132 Main Street, Racine Wis.,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

Pocket Cutlery, Razors, Pocket Books, Cunes.  
Perfumeries, Pipes, Tobacco, Cigars  
and Fancy Goods.

Racine, January 15, 1868.

## APOTHECARIES HALL.

H. M. WORKMAN & CO.,

No. 3 Sixth Street,

Druggists and Chemists,  
AND DEALERS IN

Drugs, Medicines and an Endless Variety of Fancy  
Toilet Articles.

Also Agents for California Wines and Brandles.

## M. B. MEAD,

DEALER IN

Groceries,  
Crockery,  
Flour  
and Feed.

BLAKE'S BLOCK, SIXTH-ST.  
RACINE, WISCONSIN.

Empire Bakery and Confectionery.

## GEO. BLISS & CO.,

142 Main Street,

MANUFACTURERS AND WHOLESALE & RETAIL  
DEALERS IN

PLAIN & FANCY CANDIES, FRUITS  
Bread, Cakes, &c.

## JOHN ELKINS,

JEWELLER AND DEALER IN

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,

SILVER AND PLATED WARE,

All of which will be sold for the next 30 days cheaper than  
can be bought in any other city in the west. Please call  
and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

14 Main-St., Racine, Wisconsin.

## SAMUEL & JAMES,

144 Main Street,

Have purchased the stock in trade of C. Hall, and taken  
the store occupied by him and the late J. D. Jones, 144  
Main street.

WE HAVE NOW IN STOCK

A Full Line of Goods adapted to MEN'S and BOYS'  
Wear, and shall be in receipt of the Latest Nov-  
elties as they appear. Also a full line of

## GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

All of which we are ready to sell and make up at Fair  
Prices for ready pay.

## H. G. WINSLOW,

GENERAL DEALER IN

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AND FANCY GOODS.

146 MAIN-ST., OPPOSITE THE P. O., RACINE, WIS.

## W. A. PORTER,

74 Main Street, Racine, Wisconsin,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

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Chamber and Parlor Sets.

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FRESH OYSTERS RECEIVED DAILY.

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(Successor to S. B. STEERS.)

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AND DEALER IN

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ROUTON HOUSE BLOCK, RACINE, WIS.

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DRUGS, MEDICINES, AND FANCY GOODS.

A Full Assortment of Fancy Goods.

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BUFFALO AND FANCY ROBES.

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DEALERS IN

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISH,

Turpentine, Fluid Kerosene Oil, Camphene, Alcohol,  
Lamps, Brushes, French and American Window  
Glass, Looking-Glass Plates, Wall Paper,  
Window Shades, Oilcloths, &c.

154 MAIN STREET, RACINE, WIS.

## SHIP CHANDLERY,

ROPES of all sizes, TAR, PITCH, ROSIN, OAKUM, &c.

Glazing and Paper Hanging done on Short Notice



# COLLEGE MERCURY.

"Inex Olim Meminisse Juvabit."

VOLUME II.

RACINE COLLEGE, MARCH 21, 1868.

NUMBER 8.

## "PRACE."

### PART II.

"Remorse is as the heart \* pierced to the inmost,  
Weeps tears of blood."

Day thou art dying now! I see thy look,  
Thy last fond smile beam from the deep'ning sky.  
Quiet and peace are 'round you once again,  
O, islets, held in ocean's vast embrace!  
Wide as the infinitude of breathless space,  
The unclouded sea rolls round, naught breaks the view,  
Save that one ship, whose fluttering, snow-white sails  
Show broad and pure against the evening sky.  
The sailors—all but one—have now returned,  
Their work being done. And he that lingers there  
Is seated on the shore, ungligh the spot  
Where the last wave had kissed the sandy beach.

Who does not know the force of solitude?  
Deep answers deep, the depths of sea below,  
Of air above; and through the unbroken calm  
The voice of God speaks to the awe-struck soul  
With all the might of uncreated power.  
The sailor, is alone—The ship except,  
His home through years of violence and crime,  
He now sees nothing but the works of God.  
O'er him is heaven's dome, an argent fringe  
Of shifting clouds surrounds its golden edge;  
Above range glowing clouds of billowy light,  
The crimson and the purple blend with blue;  
And through the royal drapery  
Shoot glinting bars of mingled black and gold.  
The glassy sea reflects the glow above,  
And all the splendor of the setting sun  
Is imaged on his waves.

The little doves return,  
Now all is peace, to their loved haunt,  
The sea girl isle. Down through the dewy eve,  
How softly they descend! A gentle song  
They sing, that soothes the lone man list'ning there.  
The sound, like angel's whisper brings sweet thoughts  
Of a white cottage by a flowing stream,  
Nestled 'mid rustling trees, his childhood's home  
How plain he sees it now! Embowered in vines,  
The morning glory with its purple bloom,  
Twines around the doorway. Climbing past the room  
Which he had called his own in childhood's days,  
A rose bush lifts its wealth of odorous flowers,  
All crimson bright and sparkling with the dew.  
He sees the dove cot, with its little doors  
Made by his own hands, for those gentle birds  
To find a home in. It is painted o'er  
With many a quaint device—his handiwork.  
Dearest of all, he sees his mother's face,  
The face that smiled upon him long ago,  
When he a school boy, with his bag of books,  
Stood on the step before the cottage door,  
And that dear mother, as she said "good-bye!"  
Stooped down and whispered, while she kissed his cheek,  
"Remember, dear, God sees you all the time."  
Ah, had he but remembered! Bitter tears  
Rise in his eyes as comes the fearful thought,  
I have forgotten God, I have blasphemed  
His holy name and broken all His laws,  
And now I am cast out from mercy's seat.  
He knows himself to be alone with God;  
Not the kind Father that his mother's voice  
Had spoken of, when he was innocent;

And looking up, could see the great white throne  
Sinad pure and bright from out the cloudless heaven,  
Bright with our Father's smile, that beamed on him.  
No! 'tis the Judge, the Lord he has despised,  
Whose awful majesty dooms him to death.

MESSRS EDITORS:—On Monday last the "grace-bestowing palaestra" was deserted, (would that we could say as much of the detention room) and young and old eagerly participated in the games incident to the season Mibs, pancakes (that new and delightful game so conducive to warmth), shinny, football, one-and-over, running jump, standing jump, mule races, base-ball, and cricket. As our last base-ball match was finished on the National Thanksgiving day, so do we make this a day of thanksgiving when, for the first time this season, the ball is pitched and the willow wielded in a well ordered match. To the "Sophs" and Freshmen belongs the honor of playing this first match, and we hope that this may be the precursor of many another, not only in base-ball but in cricket. Although in many instances the "pitch on the ball did not remain in sufficient quantity to settle it firmly in the fielder's hands, and though fo(w)ls were more numerous than one would expect so early in the season, we must remember that it was the first game and make all allowance for lack of practice.

It will not be inappropriate to say in this connection a few words concerning class rivalry, as it was this which called forth the above match. Emulation in every branch of life is productive of much good, and nowhere can its effects be more beneficial than in a college like our own. Hero we are imbibing principles and forming habits which to some extent will govern all our future life. By these friendly encounters in our games and the more serious literary duties of our college life, many a quality of mind as well as of body have been developed which would otherwise have lain dormant perhaps forever. By

this rivalry, too, a class, by having a community of thought and interest, common pleasures and common afflictions, is more and more closely united. This unity will not only render our every day life pleasanter and more social, but will render us strong to present a bold and serried rank to any antagonist whether he attack us in game, in literary essay or through the columns of our college paper. All success, then, to good natured, manly rivalry. Go on. Get up class societies and play your matches. It has been said that "In time of danger men cease to be jealous." Let us show to the world a community, each member of which in calm, as well as in troublous times, prefers his brother in honor.

### Crowing Hens.

The following we submit to admirers of Female Orators generally, and the *University Chronicle* in particular:

"Why shouldn't we crow?" said the speckled hen.

"Why not?" said the white hen.

"We are as clever, as strong, as handsome, and as good every way as that domineering old cock; in my opinion we are superior," said the speckled hen.

"And in mine," said the white hen.

So they practised, and stretched out their necks, and stuck their heads on one side, all in imitation of the old cock, and a very remarkable noise they made.

"Hey-day!" said Drover, stopping, as he ran through the yard, to listen to the hubbub; "my dear creatures what are you at? Give up this nonsense. While you keep to clucking you are highly respectable, but when you take to crowing you can't think what ridiculous figures you cut. Keep to clucking, dears, keep to clucking."

THE spring vacation at Harvard has been abolished, and the Tuesday preceding the last Wednesday in June appointed for holding commencement.—*Qui Vive*.

UPON consulting the almanac for 1868, we find that our commencement will happen on the Wednesday preceding the Thursday before the last Sunday in September, that is to say, September 23d, or something to that effect.

The College Mercury.

"Vigat Radix."

RACINE COLLEGE, MARCH 21, 1868

R. W. Grange, } EDITORS.  
Newton Lull, }

The MERCURY is issued semi-monthly during Term Time, on the following

TERMS:

College Year.....\$2.00  
Single Copy..... 10

Subscribers leaving the College can have their papers sent to them by leaving with us their new address.

A limited number of advertisements inserted on liberal terms.

Prospectuses of College Exchanges inserted free.  
Contributions from other Colleges solicited.

Correspondents must write on one side of their paper only. The true name of the writer must invariably accompany the article, whether to be used or not, as no notice can be taken of anonymous communications.

All communications must be addressed to "Editors College Mercury," Racine, Wis.

THE WARDEN'S LETTERS.

Two letters have been received from the Warden, addressed to the body of the students, and read to them at the Sunday evening receptions. We are only too sorry to say that through some misunderstanding, the first one was sent East to his friends before we were aware that such an arrangement had been made, so that we are unable to give the extracts that we intended to. We shall endeavor to give a brief abstract of it from memory. He suffered from sea sickness during the entire voyage. He and his party landed safely at Liverpool. From thence they proceeded direct to London. He gave some amusing incidents of travel, which could only be fully appreciated by being told in his happy manner. At the time of his first writing, he had visited St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey. With the former he was much disappointed, considering it a huge pile, erected, not so much to the glory of God as to that of John Bull. With Westminster Abbey and its services he was much pleased, and lengthened out his description of it with evident delight. The following is the second letter, almost entire:

LONDON, Feb. 26th, 1868. }  
ASH WEDNESDAY. }

MY DEAR BOYS:—This morning we started for St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, to hear Dr. Pusey preach. The Church was crowded and thronged, and although we went sometime before service, we could only find a seat on the fount near the door, and multitudes stood; many must have gone away disappointed. They chant more slowly

than the choir at Racine does, and the effect is better, every body sings, and the Niece Creed which was "Marbeck's" was most inspiring. Dr. Pusey is an old man, but has a clear, strong voice. He preached a noble sermon, full of plain speaking about the sins of London. The sermon was about the "Pharisee and the Publican." There was no gesture, nothing that one would call eloquent, the very opposite of what would be called fine preaching in Chicago, for example. But no one could hear the sermon without having his heart touched, unless it was too hardened. The communion service which I heard fully for the first time, was very solemn. \* \* \* \*

At 5 o'clock we attended the Even Song at All Saints, Margaret street. This is a very magnificent Church, I believe the most so in London. The interior is finished with different colored bricks, and a great variety of most beautiful marbles. The stained glass is very fine. There was another very large congregation, and the singing most beautiful again; its chief effect arise from the fact that everybody seems to sing; at both services they sang "Forty Days and Forty Nights," which reminded me of home.

February 27th.

I have been to-day to the Tower of London, which dates from the time of William the Conqueror. The Wardens who show one around, are dressed in the old dress, I think of Henry the VIII's time, and except that they seem to be reciting a lesson as they show you about, and that there is generally a curious crowd of English you have to go with, one could almost recall the past. First the traitor's gate frowns at you which leads into the Tower from the river Thames, where the boats came laden with noble prisoners who passed underneath the frowning gateway, only to go forth to trial and death. You pass under another gateway where the portcullis with its sharp iron teeth grins at you, and above is the bloody Tower. Here those two young Princes the sons of Edward IV were cruelly smothered, it is said. By paying a small fee we managed to be taken to the very room where tradition says the deed was done. It was a dark little room with a small window through which they say Tyrrell looked to see if the young princes were dead. There is a stairway in the wall, recently opened, which had been closed for three hundred years, down which the bodies were perhaps cast. As they were making some repairs not long since, a stone was removed and a bushel and a half of bones fell down—some poor soul—whom, God only knows—buried long ago. Two skeletons, supposed to be those of the two young princes, were

dug up in another part of the Tower in Charles the II's time, and buried in Westminster Abbey. There is a great hall where figures of mounted Knights in complete armour, from the time of Edward I. 1272, down to the time when armour ceased to be worn, are shown; some of the suits of armour actually belonged to the very Knights, Princes and Nobles, these effigies represent; Henry the VIII's armour, the Earl of Leicester's and that of others. You pass along and seem to be in the midst of Knights of old. I was most interested in Sir Walter Raleigh's prison, and the dark little hole where he slept, and in an inscription on the wall still to be clearly read, written by some other poor prisoner: "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." They showed us too the very ax with which Charles I was slain, and the block on which the Scotch Lords, who rebelled in 1745, for the Pretender, were beheaded. You could see the very dents in the oaken block which the sharp ax made. There too was the black mask the executioner wore, with which to hide from all his execrated countenance. At the head of the room mounted on a steed, was a facsimile of Queen Elizabeth, as she rode in state through London to give thanks at St. Paul's Cathedral, after the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

Now we passed out of the tower into the open air, having seen all the wondrous curiosities in what is called the White Tower, and were standing by an iron railing with a stone in the centre. It was Tower Green, and there it was that Lady Jane Gray and Anna Boleyn were beheaded. Perhaps just such a day as this was, dim and cloudy, was the Lady Jane led forth to death. The prisoners may have gazed horror-stricken from the narrow dungeon windows of the Beauchamp Tower just opposite. The fair head was laid upon the block with face to the ground, one sharp blow and the deed was done. Close by is the Parish Church of the Tower standing on the Green. It bears the appropriate name of St. Peter in Chains. Underneath the altar, without name or inscription, lie the bodies of the Lady Jane Gray, Anna Boleyn and the Earl of Surrey, the good Duke of Somerset and many others. They sleep until the resurrection morning.

It was interesting to see in a room in the Beauchamp Tower, traced in the stone the simple inscription "Jane" probably carved by her unfortunate husband, Lord Guilford Dudley, who was there confined. We saw more than the other people, who were content with the ordinary things shown; but a judicious application of fees induced the warden to take us into the

dungeons where the prisoners were confined. They are now used for storage. Here was the spot where the instruments of torture had been used. The rack and the thumb-screw, and the scavenger's daughter. In a dark hole close by, Fisher, Bishop of Rochester was confined for many a long year for faithfulness to his religious convictions; and not far off, in a dim vault, on which the old oak door swings Guy Fawkes was immured. It is a dark, drear place, and it was darker and more terrible in those times. Thank God we know them no more!

Into the busy whirl of London, with many going to and fro, the Bank of England, the Exchange, the Post-office, Corn Hill, and above all the great dome of St. Paul was a change indeed from the dungeons of the Tower.

In the afternoon Le Grand went to see the Thames Tunnel, and I went to a service at St. Andrews, Wells street. It was the most beautiful I had heard. It seemed too beautiful almost for Lent. The anthem was one of Mendelssohn's, "Hear my Prayer," and concluded with those beautiful words "Oh, that I had wings like a dove. Then would I flee away and be at rest." Such a treble solo. No bird ever sang more sweetly than that lad. It seemed like an angel's voice. If I could once hear a treble in the chapel sing half as well I should be satisfied. I write tonight my last English letter for the present. We leave early in the morning for Paris via Dover and Calais. I had a grievous disappointment to-day. I went to my bankers this morning fully expecting letters from the college. The steamer that left New York on the 15th, was in and I had been promised that letters should be in New York by the 14th. I found none, and now I cannot hear until I get to Rome—for at least a fortnight. I hope there has been no mistake about my address, which is Brown, Shipley & Co., bankers, London. The mails for England close Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday noons.

Affectionately Yours,  
JAMES DE KOVEN.

Sophomores versus Freshmen.  
THE SCORE.

| SOPHOMORES.            |       | FRESHMEN.               |       |
|------------------------|-------|-------------------------|-------|
| Outs.                  | Runs. | Outs.                   | Runs. |
| Rowley, C. .... 2      | 6     | Brooks, 1st b. .... 4   | 4     |
| Merriman, 3d b. .... 2 | 5     | Comstock, p. .... 2     | 5     |
| Hudson, s. .... 4      | 5     | Osborne, 3d b. .... 1   | 4     |
| Sorenson 2d b. .... 3  | 6     | Wheeler, E. c. .... 4   | 4     |
| Wheeler, D. p. .... 1  | 7     | Woodle, r f. .... 3     | 4     |
| Bristol, c f. .... 4   | 4     | Harper, 2d b. .... 3    | 1     |
| Doe, f f. .... 4       | 4     | Lee, s s. .... 3        | 4     |
| Sparrow, 1st b. .... 4 | 3     | Wheeler, J. c f. .... 4 | 3     |
| Champion, r f. .... 3  | 4     | Fleetwood, 1 f. .... 3  | 1     |
| Total ..... 27         | 44    | Total ..... 27          | 29    |

Files Caught.—SOPHS. Merriman 1, Hudson 4, Sorenson 1, Wheeler D. 3, Doe 1, Sparrow 5. FRESHMEN. Brooks 1, Osborne 1, Harper 2, Fleetwood 1.  
Files Missed.—SOPHS. Sorenson 2, Wheeler D. 2. FRESHMEN. Woodle 3, Lee 1, Fleetwood 2, Wheeler J. 1.

MISS ANNA E. DICKINSON

Has been endeavoring to put things to rights over in Michigan. She has won for herself the unbounded admiration of the students of the University, if the *Chronicle* may be considered as the true exponent of their sentiments. It praises her "powers of oratory, and logical arguments," her "dignified, lady-like and impressive manner," and says "her eloquence and splendid voice held her audience bound by the magic spell which these two powerful auxiliaries to good public speaking throw around all who listen." Of course, as is evident from what we have before said, we were very differently impressed by the appearance of the young lady and by her literary effort. We considered the powerful "oratory and logical arguments" as nothing more nor less than a series of violent declamations—a mere tirade; and the very fact of her placing herself in so conspicuous a position, in our opinion, detracts from her dignity as a lady, and destroys in her all that modesty which so highly adorns the female character. As to the "eloquence and splendid voice," we certainly did admire the tenacity with which she clung to the reciting note that she first struck, and the beauty(?) and similarity of her cadences at each period—or rather each time she stopped for breath. But enough of this. There is another point of difference between us and the *Chronicle*. It assails us furiously for using what it terms "ungentlemanly familiarity" in our having spoken of this strong-minded young lady as the "gentle Anna." We beg the *Chronicle's* pardon. We do not think we need beg any one else's, inasmuch as we meant it as a compliment to Miss D., which she might feel glad to receive after having been so much abused. In conclusion we have only to say that the editors of the *Chronicle* have unconsciously placed themselves in the position of that one of their own Sophomores whom they treated so cruelly in their last paper. Gentlemen, your own words condemn you. You "have been dazzled by a masculine woman." Let that Soph. exclaim, "Oh, consistency, thou art a jewel"—even in the editors of the *Chronicle*.

Mystery in the Belfry.

MESSRS. EDs. :—A few evenings ago we were pacing to and fro on the walk west of Taylor Hall engaged in deep meditation, when suddenly our thoughts were distracted by a strange, unmusical sound proceeding from the belfry. We were struck with astonishment at hearing in such a place, the cry of a calf for its maternal ancestor, and still more so at that very cry answered in a *lone* low, by what we supposed was its mother.

We had read and heard of old college jokes, and it occurred to us that some mischievous wretch might have added another to the long list by secretly introducing some live stock into the belfry. Our curiosity was aroused. We determined to examine the matter. We ascended four flights of stairs and then opened the door of the tower and cautiously peered in, fully expecting to find the eloquent calf, but no calf was there. We ascended another flight and looked again, but saw nothing. We asked ourself aloud, "Where can it be?"

"A voice replied far up the height,  
Excelsior!"

Whether we really heard a voice utter that inspiring watchword, or whether it was all imagination we cannot now say; suffice it, that on that instant we started upward with renewed energy, confident of success. We explored the next landing place, but found not the object of our search. Nothing daunted, we still clambered upward, while the dark cloud of mystery became yet darker. Again we met with disappointment. We were now on the last flight before reaching the summit, and on that summit we expected the animal to be revealed to our expectant gaze. Alas! we had sought in vain. There was no calf to be found. Mysterious termination of our adventure.

We cannot conceive how that calf eluded our grasp, if any such animal was in the tower; and if it was not a calf, what was it? Is some ventriloquist who can imitate the bellowing of a calf, practicing his jokes on the innocent? or are there spooks in the tower?

We wait for further developments; believing, however, that it will forever remain a mystery; for whoever heard of a bell tower that did not have some mystery connected with it? Truly yours,

UMBRA.

# COLLEGE MERCURY.

## TONSORIAL.

Somewhere we have seen an idea like the following: "A man should be careful what he says, for he cannot tell the harm his words may do." We feel very certain that but few persons ever think of this, for if they did they would be more careful how they utter their thoughts. What causes us to speak so seriously at this time, is, that sometime back, a gentleman (who has been rather severely reviewed) gave to the public an article on the "whiskers of the College Students." He grieved over the scarcity of *hairs*, little thinking of the effect his words would have. Could he have seen rising up before him like the Ghost in Macbeth, the long array of youths and young men, representatives of every class, who have since been struggling day and night to raise a hair, we think he also would have cried, "Thou canst not say I did it: shake not thy gory locks at me." One bright and beautiful boy, a member of the "Class of 69" became afflicted. Slowly he wasted away, and every day we expected to miss him from his meals. 'Tis an old saying that "coming evils cast their shadows before." We don't like to doubt anything which our forefathers have believed, but we have noticed one gentleman among the Sophomores, who, after a long and arduous struggle of six weeks, has attained to the *shadow*, we can't exactly see the "coming evil." Even the august members of the Editorial Corps are *endeavoring* to show their colors. We say *endeavoring* because we are unable to speak positively as to the result of their endeavors, they having had but about six weeks trial. The weather-wise have prophesied an early spring, but the signs are against it; for the *things* don't seem to grow, and we know it is not a lack of cultivation.

## NOTICE.

The undersigned, one of the teachers, has made arrangements by which he affords the very best of accommodation to persons visiting the College. The omnibuses running from all the trains will convey visitors directly to his house, which is pleasantly situated on the bank of the Lake, but a short distance from the College.

J. K. McAFFERTY.

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FOUNDED A. D. 1861.

*Vigant Radix.*

Whole number of Members, Three Hundred.

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Vice-President.....JOHN COLEMAN, JR.  
Secretary.....H. B. WHITTEMORE.  
Treasurer.....T. L. SULLIVAN.

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*Vitam Impendens Verbo.*

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# COLLEGE MERCURY.

"Hæc Olim Meminisse Juvabit."

VOLUME II.

RACINE COLLEGE, APRIL 18, 1868.

NUMBER 9.

## "PEACE."

### PART III.

"Sorrow for past sin doth restore frail man  
To his first innocence."

The calm, pure stars look down upon the earth  
From out the unsmiled depths of boundless space.  
How sweet to think them angels' eyes, that watch  
Unwearied through the darkest hour of night!  
The moon's pale, silvery beams fall on that isle,  
And on the man who kneels beneath the stars,  
And feels the "Ever Present" at his side,  
His heart revives beneath the tender smile  
Of the kind Father that his childhood knew.  
He knows that he—for Christ's sake—is forgiven,  
For on his heart is throned the Angel—Peace!

Years rolled away;

He is no longer young  
Whose anguished youth the singing doves assured.  
His thin and flowing locks are silvered o'er  
By many a winter's frost; yet in his eyes  
There beams a light of love to all mankind,  
The frost, nor time, nor death itself can quench.

A stranger, wandering through the forest depths,  
Late in the year when all the trees had donned  
Their robes of autumn splendor, 'mid the ranks  
Of gray old trees, that for a century  
Had braved the winter's tempest—found his hut,  
A gray mossed cabin of unpainted logs.  
Kind welcome there he found, and peaceful rest;  
The hermit, while they roamed the woodland's depths,  
Oft told him tales of nature's songsters wild.—  
"I love them all," he said, "sweet innocents!  
Their songs of praise like golden arrows pierce  
The sapphire dome, above the eternal throne,  
And the 'All-Father' smiles; but most I prize  
The gentle doves. See, flying round, they come  
To greet me. Pretty, pretty birds."

Being asked

Why thus he loved the doves, he told this tale  
Of the Green Isle, amid the ocean's waves;  
And of the many-hued Iceland doves  
Who, in that silent hour, when awful thoughts  
Of everlasting doom had chilled his soul,  
With their clear, mellow voices, sung of hope  
And called him back to Peace and Love and God.

"DOLLY."

## HONG KONG.

We have been permitted to publish the following interesting extract from a letter received by one of the students from a friend of his now residing in Hong Kong, China:

"This Hong Kong is decidedly a pretty place when the people are out of it; for the majority of the foreigners here are by no means more moral and estimable than the majority of nations. The same is true all over the East. Every one, myself included, as

you see, suspecting every other one.

The mode of locomotion is in chairs carried by Coolies. We say when we go out, "we shall take our chairs;" and when you hear of ladies "taking a walk" never imagine that she uses her own feet—by no means—only those of her chair coolies. At first, newcomers are much conscience-smitten, and very backward about being carried by men. But one quickly gets used to it, and rather self-complacent when they see the same kind of men drawing loads of lumber, barrels and merchandize of all kinds, which would, to our ideas, be hard work for a team of horses. What a surplus of human life there must be in China when human beings have to do the work of dumb creatures to obtain their daily "chow chow." I don't like the race nearly as well as I did the Singalese. They seem not so clean and refined looking, are the reverse of neatness, and have no respect for the ladies, but call them, muttering in Chinese, "white devils"—Fairknow.

Hong Kong is an island, and the city is built on a steep hill side, facing two entrances to the harbor. The streets are named 'roads,' and those high upon the hill, many of them reached by stone steps, are called 'terraces.' You could scarcely see a more beautiful sight than the hills surrounding, and the harbor on a moonlight night, unless laying off in the harbor or rowing about and viewing the city with its semi-circular rows of lights rising one above the other against the dark, waving back-grounds. One evening we saw the mere blade of the new moon just rising over the highest peak Victoria, and you may fancy it was a most exquisite finish to the quiet, silent scene. About the only walk here is to "Happy Valley"—the cemetery—as appropriate a spot for such a purpose as could anywhere be found. But true to Hong Kong, disregarding anything sacred, they have taken one-half of the valley for a race course. The slope of the valley where the graves lie, is studded with low pine trees, and little rills murmur softly down among the sleeping houses. Naught but man has dared to desecrate this nature-choosen lovely "God's acre."

## Vacation.

Vacation is almost here, and that long term of twenty-two weeks, which we so much dreaded, has nearly run its course. Next Wednesday we take our departure from these classic regions, and in a few short hours Alma Mater will have representatives in every quarter of the land. Many a fireside, impatient to encircle us once more within its cheerful folds, now urges old Tempus to accelerate his pace, so that we may the sooner imprint the fond kiss upon those sweet lips at home, and grasp the warm hand of friends most dear to us, from whom we have been so long separated.

Already we can imagine the mother asking all sorts of queer questions and gazing with admiration on her darling son, and the little brothers and sisters stretching wide their eyes to make sure that it is their "big brother;" and the father inquiring as to our future prospects, &c. Many other imaginative scenes far different from these, flit across our mind; but as they are not sentimental enough we care not to describe them.

Only next week! Just think of it! Countenances that have been terribly elongated and furrowed by a continued application to studies, now resume their natural proportions, and drive away those ugly wrinkles, and instead, give birth to many a pleasant smile, which oftentimes becomes a jolly laugh. Those fierce tempers that have arisen from the effects of "cranning" for those cruel examinations, now soften at the thought. The recluse comes forth from his retired abode cheered by the welcome words "next week"—words that are on everybody's lips. Soon even those gladsome words will be numbered with the things of the past, and will be succeeded by the final "Good-bye"—sad indeed for the moment, but soon forgotten, amid the whirl of other and pleasanter thoughts.

We hope that you will all enjoy your vacation, and have a good time; and now impatient to have all our fond dreams realized, we throw down the editorial quill and bid you adieu.

The College Mercury.

"Vigant Jadin."

RACINE COLLEGE, APRIL 11, 1868

R. W. Grange, } EDITORS.  
Newton Lull, }

The MERCURY is issued semi-monthly during Term Time, on the following

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All communications must be addressed to "EDITORS COLLEGE MERCURY," Racine, Wis.

**APOLOGY.**—We are sorry to have delayed this number of the MERCURY, but it was unavoidable, as the senior editor found it necessary to leave the College in the midst of our preparation, which, of course, caused us considerable inconvenience.

THE MERCURY.

We feel now that the MERCURY has become firmly established, that it has taken a place in the affections of the students, and that they will not, willingly, let it die. These being our firm convictions, we have begun to dream of loftier flights for our winged messenger, and propose to plume him well for his ærial voyages. In other words we wish to enlarge our paper to double its present size. In doing this we do not wish to increase the price of the paper. If every student subscribes, and will do his best to get us outside subscriptions we shall be able to enlarge with perfect ease. Let each student try what he can do for us during vacation, and show us the result of his labours immediately on his return.

Whether the paper is enlarged or not, we shall enlarge our editorial corps, and we hereby announce the name of ALFRED SORENSON, of the Class of '70, as having been elected to a position in that illustrious body. We know that this selection will meet with the hearty approval of the entire body of students.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made so that all communications for the MERCURY during vacation, if directed to the College, will receive the proper attention. Persons who are desirous of subscribing, or of renewing former subscriptions, will please send their address to the Editors of COLLEGE MERCURY, Racine, Wis.

THE WARDEN'S LETTER.

GRAND HOTEL, PARIS, 1  
March 2nd, 1868.

MY DEAR BROS:—We left London on Friday morning, Feb. 25th, and were hurried away by an Express Train to Dover, and were soon on board the Steamer bound to Calais. The white cliffs of Dover with Dover Castle above, faded away, and the shores of France appeared. It takes only an hour and a-half to cross the Channel at Dover.—The day was so pleasant that no one was sea-sick, and about noon we were comfortably seated in the French Railway carriage on our way to Paris. The French country is not as beautiful as England, and the Churches in the hamlets not nearly so attractive. About the villages also there is not the same appearance of comfort. Soon we saw the great Cathedral of Amiens in the distance, and by and by passed through the forest of Chantilly. Just at dusk we began to enter the environs of Paris. In the Grand Hotel we found rooms in the fourth story, expensive enough at that, and proceeded on Saturday morning, to see what we could of Paris. Notre Dame, the Cathedral, was one of our first visits. It has been very beautifully restored by the present Emperor, who has done everything for Paris, and spent enormous sums in restoring the Churches. The Churches are no finer than those in London, but much more beautifully ornamented. The Treasury at Notre Dame is full of most costly and beautiful ornaments. Nothing interested me however, more than a memorial window to the Archbishop of Paris, Agre by name, who perished in the Revolution of 1849, in endeavoring to stop the Insurrection. In his Pontifical robes he went forth between the opposing hosts, and fell by an accidental shot. His last words were, "May my blood be the last that is shed. The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." So he perished—a true martyr, if ever there was one. We wished very much to go and hear Father Felix, a great French preacher, who preaches at Notre Dame on Sunday at 10 o'clock, and attracts great crowds, people going as early as nine o'clock in the morning to get seats, and filling the vast nave to the full; but as it would have interfered with service at the American Chapel, we reluctantly gave up the idea. Father Felix and Father Hyacinth are two of the greatest French preachers. We spent a long time in the afternoon at the picture gallery of the Louvre, but devoted almost all the time to one room where the pictures of the great martyrs are exhibited. That magnificent Madonna of the Immaculate Conception of Murillo's, in which the Blessed Virgin is represented as standing on the crescent moon with cherubs around her, of which the photograph is so common, hangs there in all its unrivaled beauty. There, too, is Raphael's glorious picture of St. Michael, trampling under his feet the dragon—a conception worthy of the greatest of painters. In all his youthful beauty, with apparently no exercise of strength, in the majesty of unstained purity, and in no sense the great Archangel he subdues the Prince of the power of the air.

There, too, is Raphael's Madonna, known as La Belle Jardiniere, and Paul Veronese's picture of the Marriage in Cana of Galilee, and many others.

Afterwards we went to the Chapelle Expiatoire, built in memory of Louis XVI and Mary Antoinette, a lovely burying place and where their remains were for awhile, but now they sleep amid the Kings and Queens of France at St. Denis.

On Sunday, the 1st of March, we attended the American Chapel in the Rue Boyard, which is under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Sansom. The church was a very nice one and reflects about the average tone of our Parish Churches at home. The service did not remind me of Racine, although it was very pleasant, and I was glad to be there.

On our way we passed by the Place de la Concorde and saw the great Obelisk which stands just where Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette were executed. As the crowd went hurrying by down the gay Champs Elysees, few thought, I dare say, of that sad scene and the bloody days of the Reign of Terror, though not much more than seventy years have passed.

I forgot to say that on Saturday afternoon Dr. Ashley, Le Grand and myself took a fashionable ride. We hired an open vulture of a most feeble appearance, driven by a fearful looking colby. There being three of us, we rather crowded the back seat, which was meant for two, and thus elegantly arranged we drove down the Champs

Elysees towards the Arc de Triomphe, just as the elegant equipages were returning from the Bois de Boulogne. Suddenly there was a dash of horsemen in livery, and lo, the Emperor and Empress. They both bowed to us. I suppose they do so all the time, but we were quite overcome.

On Sunday afternoon the streets of Paris were full of people, and after visiting the Madeleine, one of the city Churches, we attended service at one of the evening chapels.

To-day, the 2d of March, we have tired ourselves with slight seeing. First the Pantheon, or as it is more properly called, the church of St. Genevieve. It seemed out of keeping with a Christian Church to have the guide take us into the Crypt and show us the tomb of Voltaire, and that of Jean Jacques Rousseau; but the former and perhaps the latter were put there in the cruel days of the Revolution, when God was renounced and christianity given up.

We visited another most beautiful church, lately magnificently restored by the Emperor, called St. Germain des Pres, because long ago it stood in the midst of a meadow. The people were thronging in for some Lenten service. The altar steps were full of beautiful flowers, and in front was a row of white veiled novices, perhaps about to take the veil. As we went out, a nun, with a face like a marble statue, and with closed eyes knelt by the doorway to receive the alms of the faithful.

Then we saw the dome of the Invalides, where, beneath a tomb of granite and porphyry, rests all that is mortal of Napoleon I. In side chapels are the tombs of Joseph, Louis and Jerome Bonaparte, and one waits for the body of the Duke of Reichstadt, the only son of Napoleon and his Austrian Empress, who is next month to be brought from Austria to sleep as Napoleon II, near his father.

Paris is a city of magnificent beauty, luxury and worldliness. There is everything to make one feel that life is solely meant for enjoyment. Everything seems to say "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Yet everywhere, in church and street, and magnificent square, there are awful memories of blood, and war and terror, which ought to warn the gayest of a wrath that only lingers till the cup is full. Let us hope that the noble priests like Father Felix who, in words of marvelous eloquence, warn and plead, and the devoted Sisters of Charity, who gave up all for God, and the faithful souls who watch and pray may avail to turn away God's anger at sin.

On Tuesday morning at 11 o'clock, we started for Nice via Lyons, Avignon and Marseilles. One sees but little in a railway journey, and it is very tantalizing to pass by places where great deeds have been wrought, but one has to learn that he cannot see all.

Fontainebleau, where Napoleon reigned an Empire, Plombieres, where the present Emperor has a residence, Lyons, with its silk manufactures, and its memories of early christian martyrs, all were hurried by. We were too sleepy at three in the morning to do anything more than know that we were passing through ancient Avignon and with the morning light we caught, near Marseilles our first glimpse of the blue waters of the Mediterranean. From Marseilles to Nice, was a most glorious ride—such a change of climate alone. The peach trees are in blossom and the sun is as warm as in June, the fields are covered with the grey-green olive trees, gray fortresses crown the hills, with here and there a ruined church, and now a beautiful town with glimpses of the sparkling waters of the sea between. As we go farther on, the roses are in bloom and the gardens are full of orange trees with the bright, golden oranges. Beautiful chateaux and country seats look down upon the sea, and in the far distance gleam and sparkle the lofty summits of the Maritime Alps. At three in the afternoon of to-day, the 4th of March, four weeks and one day since I left Racine, I am at Nice, on the waters of the Mediterranean sea, 4000 miles and more away from you MI. A king has just died here, a man well known—that Louis, Ex-King of Bavaria, who gave up a throne for the infamous Lola Montes. She, poor soul, died a penitent some time ago, and he, at last, eighty years old and more, has gone to that judgment where kings and beggars alike give account for the deeds done in the body.

To-morrow, (D. V.) we sail for Geneva, and hope to pass Sunday in Bologna. We are hurrying on to Naples and Rome, while the proper season for being there contin

ues, and expect to return again to Paris before our return home. Meanwhile each day, I think no sea prospect as beautiful as Lake Michigan—no town as fair, in my eyes, as Racine—no cathedral as noble as the Chapel—no person so dear as my own dear boys. So good night to you all. Affectionately,

J. DEKOVAN.

The last letter received from the Warden is dated March 1st, and written from Milan. After detailing the incidents of the journey from Genoa to Milan, he proceeds to a description of the beauties which he finds in that ancient city. He notices particularly the great Cathedral of Milan with its marble columns and beautiful statues; the Brevia, Milan's glorious art gallery, where are seen those works of the old masters, such as Raphael's "Marriage of the Virgin;" Leonardo Da Vinci's "Last Supper" and Sasso Ferrato's "Madonna." In speaking of the "Last Supper," he says it is much injured by its hard usage during the time of Napoleon who used the room in which it was kept for a cavalry stable and hay magazine, though the head of our Lord which forms the centre of the group, is still very beautiful. The Church of St. Ambrose, which he visited, is very interesting on account of its age, as it is said to be a remnant of the ninth century, and preserves many of the features of the primitive Church. He writes that his health is daily improving.

DECEASED.

At Racine College, April 6th, 1868, of paralysis of the heart, WILLIAM ELLIS LIGHTNER, in the 23d year of his age.

Mr. Lightner was born at Bridgeport, Pa. In 1860, he attended the Institute of Danville, where his parents still reside. Shortly afterwards he entered St. James College, Md., where he was distinguished for his strict adherence to duty, his close attention to study, his christian principles, his cheerfulness of disposition, and his great skill in outdoor games and all athletic sports. That institution having been broken up by the operations of the war, he came to Racine in the fall of 1863, and entered the senior class ('65) of this College. He brought with him the same traits of character for which he had become noted at St. James, and it was not long before he became a general favorite with the professors and students, who loved and respected him for his many noble qualities and manly bearing. In 1865 he graduated with honor both to himself and the College. Well do we remember how that, in his valedictory, he brought tears

to the eyes of the most hardened by his touching allusion to the recent death of one of his school-fellows. Little did we think that he, too, in so short a time, would be lying cold in death.

Owing to the example he had set as a student, he was offered a tutorship in the Grammar Department, which he accepted. He soon distinguished himself by the faithful discharge of all his duties, and by his fine disciplinary qualities he soon brought the Grammar School up to a standard of obedience and order to which they had never before attained. This was indeed no easy task. He left the College for a short time; but soon returned to carry on the noble work which he had begun. For the last few months of his life he was Junior Master of this College.

He had been ill for several weeks with rheumatism, and was fast recovering from his sickness; so much so that he was able to move about his room, and on Saturday evening he wrote a long letter to his parents telling them how well he felt, and that in a short time he would be entirely restored to his former health. The same evening several of his friends paid him a visit and he conversed with them in the most cheerful manner. Just as the sun was sinking in the west he asked to have the curtains removed so that he could see it set. It had "thrown its last ray" upon the earth for him. When we afterwards thought of the incident, how prophetic it seemed to us! Later in the evening he wished to gaze upon the moon as it shed its pale and glimmering light through a neighboring window. Again how prophetic! They all remarked in what excellent spirits he seemed to be and congratulated him on his convalescence.

Between two and three o'clock Sunday morning he awoke and found great trouble in breathing. The Rev. Mr. Wheeler, as soon as word could be conveyed to him, came and said prayers with him. With great difficulty Mr. Lightner repeated the Lord's Prayer and responded "amen" to all the others. According to his wish, he was moved to a chair and he then breathed more freely; but the difficulty in breathing again returning, he suddenly became aware that his last moments were approaching and exclaimed "I am gone!" Half an hour afterwards, just as the first day of Holy Week was breaking, he breathed his last. The disease had gone

to his heart.

Thus has passed from our midst, in the morning of his life, a christian young man whose heart but a short time ago beat warm with bright hopes of the future. He was preparing for the ministry, and his ordination was not far distant; but God, to whose service he was about to devote his life here on earth, in his infinite wisdom, saw fit to take him to that

"—sweet and blessed country,  
The Home of God's elect!"

By his christian life and death he has set an example worthy of imitation. He died, as a christian ought, with the Lord's Prayer upon his lips,—that prayer the first which he lisped in childhood was the last that he poured forth from his innermost soul to the God that created him.—Oh! that we could all die so well prepared to meet our God, fearless of death and trusting to the last in the Lord that suffered for us all.

RESOLUTIONS.

At a special meeting of the Clonian society, April 6th, the following resolutions, commemorative of the late Mr. William Ellis Lightner, were passed:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in his own good time to remove from our midst William Ellis Lightner, therefore be it

Resolved, That, as members of the Clonian Society, we do mourn his loss both as one of the founders of our Society, and as a faithful and hearty co-worker with it.

Resolved, That, as members of the College we do deplore his loss as that of one who had already, by precept and example, wrought so great and good a work among us, and gave promise of accomplishing one so much greater and better.

Resolved, That, as individuals, we do mourn his loss as that of a cordial, warm-hearted companion and a sincere, unselfish friend.

Resolved, That, in token of our love for him, and respect for his memory, we do wear the customary badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his parents, extending our heartfelt sympathy; also, that they be inserted in the COLLEGE MERCURY and in the Racine Journal, and preserved in the Archives and Minutes of the Society. Very respectfully,

EDWARD REILLY,  
H. B. WHITTEMORE,  
H. G. HINSDALE.

CLONIAN HALL, April 6th, 1868.

Owing to the press of other matter we are obliged to omit several interesting contributions.

# COLLEGE MERCURY.

LAST Monday Mr. Robert W. Grange, one of the editors of this paper, accompanied the remains of the late William E. Lightner to his home, at Danville, Pa., where they will be consigned to their last resting place. Mr. Grange will not return till next term. He will spend the greater part of his vacation at Muncy, Pa.

## The Register for 1867-8.

We have before us the register of Racine College for the Academical years of 1867-8. It is the finest one that has ever gone forth from this institution, and is a most fit representative of Alma Mater. It is a "marvel of beauty" and reflects great credit upon Mr. Grange, who has displayed such fine taste and spent so much time in its arrangement, and he may well be proud of his work. We also think that the printers, Messrs. Hawks & Burdick, of Milwaukee, may rejoice at having sent from their office such a paragon of typography.

## THEY'VE DONE IT.

At the beginning of the present term and towards the end of the last, there was a good deal said among the incoming class about founding a new society which was to have the same object as the Clionian, viz: "Improvement in writing and debate." However the days went by; winter came in and went out and nothing was done. Inquiries were made concerning it but the same answer was always received, "coming." Kind friends it has come. We are glad to extend the right hand of fellowship to the "Class of '71," though we are members of the old Clionian; and as such, will be obliged to fight against them. We, nevertheless, will be glad to assist them until they get on a firm basis; but then, as the almanac says, "look out for squalls."

## NOTICE.

The undersigned, one of the teachers, has made arrangements by which he affords the very best of accommodations to persons visiting the College. The omnibuses running from all the trains will convey visitors directly to his house, which is pleasantly situated on the bank of the Lake, but a short distance from the College.

J. K. McAFFERTY.

## MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

FOUNDED A. D. 1801.

*Vigilant Rudis.*

Whole number of Members, Three Hundred.

President.....R. W. GRANGE.  
Vice President.....JOHN COLEMAN, JR.  
Secretary.....H. B. WHITTEMORE.  
Treasurer.....T. L. SULLIVAN.

## CLIONIAN SOCIETY.

FOUNDED, A. D. 1865.

*Vitam Impendere Ferro.*

President.....T. L. SULLIVAN.  
Vice President.....N. LCELL.  
Secretary.....A. SORENSON.  
Treasurer.....L. A. ROWLEY.

## CLASS OF '70.

*Qui non profest, defest.*

President.....G. W. BRISTOL.  
Vice President.....W. I. MILLER.  
Rec. Secretary.....L. PARDEB.  
Cor. Secretary.....B. F. SELBY.  
Treasurer.....L. A. ROWLEY.  
Historian.....A. SORENSON.

## THE COLLEGE ELEVEN.

President.....C. E. ANDREWS.  
Vice President.....R. W. GRANGE.  
Secretary.....L. A. ROWLEY.  
Captain.....E. B. SPALDING.

## Racine College Base Ball Club.

President.....H. B. WHITTEMORE.  
Vice President.....WM. T. COMSTOCK.  
Secretary.....C. E. ANDREWS.  
Treasurer.....GEO. PRESCOTT.  
Captain.....MILTON C. LIGHTNER.

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and Fancy Goods.

Racine, January 18, 1868.

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## Empire Bakery and Confectionery.

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and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

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144 Main Street,

Have purchased the stock in trade of C. Hall, and taken  
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Wear, and shall be in receipt of the Latest Nov-  
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Prices for ready pay.

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